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# TIME TO KILL JIM CROW

*The Negro, the South and the  
Coming Election*

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## Enforce the Constitution . . . CAREY McWILLIAMS

IN THIS year's election voters have an extraordinary opportunity to set the stage for the full, final emancipation of the southern Negro. The basic fault or weakness in the American Constitutional scheme of things has always been the disenfranchisement of a substantial part of the population in this one region. Initially the denial of equal citizenship reflected the federal character of the government established by the Constitution. The adoption of the Thirteenth, Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments—the Civil War amendments—was intended to correct this structural weakness, but the amendments were largely nullified, of course, by judicial interpretation. Now a new combination of circumstances has established the necessary pre-conditions for final settlement of a problem which has been the major burden on the American conscience for longer than anyone cares to remember. The purpose of this special issue of *The Nation* is to sharpen public awareness of the opportunity that exists for effective political action on this one major problem in what otherwise promises to be a dull campaign.

The South has experienced a century of social change in a generation; an industrial revolution has been succeeded by a social revolution which, in turn, has precipitated a political or Constitutional crisis. It is this political crisis which has created the opportunity for some effective politics.

The immediate issue relates to desegregation. But desegregation is merely the cutting edge of the Jim Crow question. By Jim Crow is meant, of course, all legally sanctioned discriminations based on racial differences. In the aggregate these discriminations constitute a social system, a means by which state power is used to maintain the supremacy of one race over another. The Jim Crow system has, of course, some important incidental consequences. It is a means by which both white and Negro labor in the South is kept unorganized and under-paid. It is also a device by which the South, as a region, has been preserved as a bastion

of reaction. The unity of the so-called Solid South is largely emotional and historical; it is held together more by the Jim Crow system than by similarity of resources or conditions. But the basic purpose of Jim Crow has always been to maintain the subordination of the southern Negro and disenfranchisement is the key to this system of social control.

It is absurd, therefore, to suggest that the issue of Jim Crow, of which desegregation is merely one phase, can be "kept out of politics"; it is basically a political problem. "What effect," asks Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois, "does the disfranchisement of Negroes have on democracy in the United States? This is a question of national importance. It does not rest on sectional jealousy or bitter memories of the Civil War. It is not a question of race prejudice or of love or hate for Negroes. It is a practical question of democratic government. . . . Any section or state which counts the Negro population as a basis for its representation in Congress, but then does not allow citizens to vote, not only degrades Negroes but takes from other parts of the nation power which belongs to them. *It transfers this power to the disfranchising section.*" (Emphasis added.) Since the adoption of the Civil War amendments, each of which gives Congress the power to enforce it by appropriate legislation, the way has been clear to end a political racket the effect of which is to give white ballots in certain southern states about six times the power of ballots cast in other regions.

The reason that disenfranchisement has gone uncorrected since the Civil War is that Jim Crow has prevented the development of a genuine two-party system. The powerful coalition of Dixiecrats and right-wing Republicans which Senator Taft put together in 1938 is only the most recent manifestation of a long-standing covert bipartisan agreement to preserve, for different reasons, the undemocratic system of representation that prevails in the South. This system could be undercut if the Constitution were enforced; the second section of



the Fourteenth Amendment is quite specific. Conservative Republicans have been no more anxious to upset the power of the Bourbon Democrats than northern Democrats who have been concerned with the recurrent fear of splitting the Democratic Party in a Presidential election; besides, the Republicans have not wanted to end a dilemma which has remained the chief weakness of the opposition from the Civil War to the present time. The basis of this understanding, however, has been undermined by the industrial and social revolution in the South. Thus it is no longer a question of whether Jim Crow should go—the weight of the underlying social factors has shifted permanently in favor of equal citizenship—but how rapidly, and how expeditiously, final emancipation can be realized. And this in turn depends on the extent to which voters in this year's election can be made aware of the pending demise of Jim Crow.

A strong national public opinion against racial discrimination exists today in the United States, but it is currently inhibited by a set of misconceptions. Removal of these misconceptions is the first task at hand. Never, for example, was the "plague-on-both-your-houses" interdiction more grotesquely misapplied than in the current attempt to equate the NAACP with the White Citizens' Councils and then to blame "these extreme groups" for the ferment which a long-delayed industrial revolution has inevitably produced in the South. If these are the extreme groups, asks Thurgood Marshall, then "who, pray, is in the middle? One group says let's violate the law. The other groups say, let's follow the law. Well, who's in-between?" The NAACP did not precipitate the revolution under way in the South; no one "agitated" the Negroes in Montgomery. Similarly it is folly to believe that the rest of the nation should follow the lead of "moderate white opinion" in the South. The *Norfolk-Virginian Pilot*, for example, concedes that "in this struggle most of the calm, thoughtful, moderate people of Virginia were squeezed out. Their influence has been minor, almost negligible." In a formal statement, the Division of Social Sciences at Howard University has pointed out: "All proposals of moderation and gradualism which constitute a cloak of defiance or obstruction of plans and programs of implementation of the Supreme Court decree must be exposed, condemned and repudiated."

Where fundamental human rights are involved, the middle ground necessarily vanishes. The Constitution is not a document to be accepted or rejected as each locality sees fit. It does not guarantee certain rights "in the future," as to one's grandchildren; Constitutional rights vest automatically. There is something cowardly about the suggestion that the Constitution should be "gradually" enforced by "moderate" means. The Dixiecrat Manifesto of March 12 stopped just short of being a revolutionary document; it came close to rejecting

Constitutional authority. When, in an earlier "sociological decision," the Supreme Court invalidated the original Civil Rights Act, the South was full of high praise for the court; today it wants to "curb" it. In the view of so distinguished a legal scholar as Dr. Paul A. Freund, the current southern agitation against the court has in fact precipitated a crisis in the role of the Supreme Court as the authoritative voice of our highest law.

National opinion must also be induced to review the proposition that since some progress has been made in the elimination of Jim Crow, the South can be trusted to finish the task in its own time and manner. The fact is of course that the changes usually cited to support this contention have come about as a result of pressure and nothing else. As the social scientists at Harvard University point out in their statement:

Pressure, world opinion, federal court decisions, relentless determination of Negroes and their white colleagues to create a semblance of democracy in the South—these have been the forces that have brought any

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changes in the South that have been measurable. Southern gradualism regarding slavery, the extension of the franchise, or the granting of equal rights has always moved at a pace that has been imperceptible even to the most scrutinizing and charitable observer.

National opinion must be convinced that enforcement of the Constitution will minimize rather than incite violence. Despite all the fearful chatter about "troops and bayonets," I have failed to find a single proposal for the use of either in the current discussion of desegregation. Given a firm stand by the leaders of both political parties in favor of the court's decision, there will be no need for troops or bayonets. But if troops were necessary to enforce the Constitution, then they should be used. There is ample precedent. The South's addiction to violence cost the lives of 493,313 Americans in the Civil War; these dead should be kept in mind when, today, ninety-three years after the issuance of the Emancipation Proclamation, we permit rioting college students to defy a federal court order.

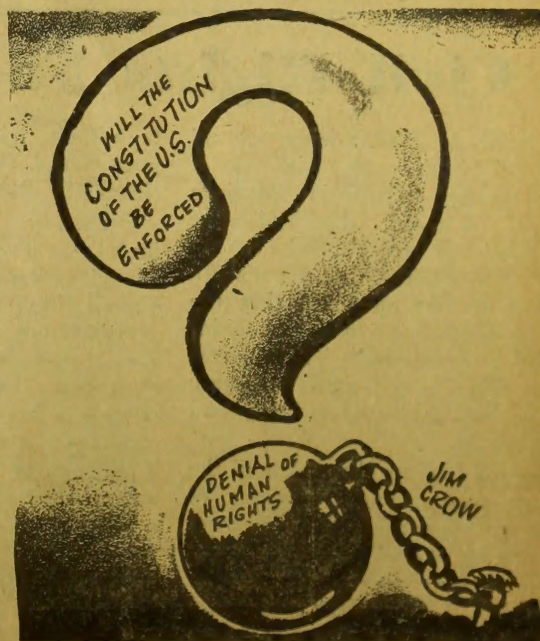
THE CONSTANT references to "troops and bayonets" has the effect of permitting elected officials of the executive and legislative branches of the government to shirk their Constitutional responsibilities. These branches, and notably the executive, are forcing the Supreme Court, whose members do not stand for re-election, to carry a burden which should be shared by all three branches. It is nonsense to suggest that only by the use of troops and bayonets can the federal government today ensure the right of a qualified Negro citizen to vote in a federal election in Mississippi. But if all other means failed, then troops and bayonets, and for that matter tanks and grenades, should be used to secure this right—and with a perfectly clear national conscience. A parliamentary government that cannot command respect for the integrity of its elections hardly deserves the title of government. The truth is that the Negro's right to vote in Mississippi goes unsafeguarded today not because we fear violence and bloodshed, but because neither political party views the extension of democratic processes throughout the South as wholly desirable. The leadership of either party has never been made to feel that the scandal of a tolerated non-compliance with the Constitution should be stopped.

Once the myths and misconceptions which the South so adroitly fosters have been demolished, a strong national opinion against discrimination can make itself felt. The means are apparent. Specifically, public opinion should demand of both parties: (1) that the second section of the Fourteenth Amendment be invoked to reduce the representation in Congress of any state that discriminates in the exercise of the franchise in federal elections on the basis of color; (2) that representation in Congress shall be based on votes cast and not on

population *per se* (if this step is necessary); (3) that modification be made of a seniority system that gives the Bourbon Democrats control of the key committee chairmanships when the Democrats control Congress; (4) that the Negro's right to vote in federal elections be safeguarded by appropriate action and legislation; (5) the adoption, as a minimum, of the civil-rights program sponsored by the Administration; (6) the enactment of the one lonely civil-rights proposal set forth in Senator Lyndon Johnson's thirteen-point legislative program for the Democratic Party—a measure to eliminate the poll-tax in federal elections.

Public opinion should insist that the federal government take such action as is required to assure that all areas of the South obey the law. The increasing gravity of the school-integration problem imposes upon the national government the obligation to do these things: (1) the President must clearly and unequivocally employ the great prestige and influence of his high office to guarantee compliance with the Constitution; (2) federal funds for education should be withheld from school districts that do not make a start toward desegregation; (3) a specific time-table should be established for compliance with the desegregation decision. The phrase "all deliberate speed" does not, as Dr. Freund notes, derive from the haunting refrain in Francis Thompson's religious poem, "The Hound of Heaven"—"Deliberate speed, majestic instance"—but it implies action, movement and good faith.

Furthermore, national opinion should insist upon the establishment of a genuine two-party system. The principal remedy against abuse of power and maladministration that nowadays remains to the ordinary



Walt Partymiller in York (Pa.) Gazette and Daily



citizen — by ordinary citizens I mean all citizens other than the estimated 20,000 who will contribute the approximately \$200,000,000 to finance this year's campaigns — is the power to "vote the rascals out," that is, to substitute one party for another. This is an effective remedy — the trump card in the democratic deck — but it assumes the existence of two parties. The denial of democracy in the South has kept the Democratic Party from being an independent alternative; even that great political leader Roosevelt was finally made to realize the South's power in the party.

The denial of democracy has also restricted the effect of national opinion in a major region and has prevented the development there of a two-party system. Jim Crow, as Dr. Du Bois pointed out in a remarkable article in this magazine (October 17, 1928), is "the central danger of American democracy; the thing that makes it impossible for American people of today to vote logically or coherently on any subject whatsoever; that incubus is the bloc of 114 to 139 electorate votes which are *out of politics* in the sense that no political discussion, no appeal to intelligence or justice, has any influence on them." (Emphasis added.)

In the South the dominance of an irrational issue has prevented the development of parties based on issues and programs and has fostered a spurious regional unity based on the Jim Crow bond. Pressure on the parties should take two forms: on the Republicans to press the civil rights issue with more than deliberate speed, including measures like the proposed Powell amendment which is in the great tradition of the Wilmot Proviso. On the other hand, pressure should be applied on the Democrats to repudiate the Dixiecrat

dominance. Candidates for the Democratic nomination this year should be called upon to repudiate the support of the Eastlands, Byrnes and other Dixiecrat leaders. Liberals did not hesitate to demand that President Eisenhower repudiate McCarthy and Jenner in 1952; they should not hesitate to insist on a repudiation of the Eastlands today. Party loyalty oaths are ill-advised; pressure of national opinion, notably of labor, minority and religious groups, can force the Democrats to disavow the Dixiecrats. But if the Democratic leaders will not repudiate the illegitimate connection, further experience as a defeated party may work the transformation.

The issue of civil rights—of Constitutional enforcement — is the burning one in this year's campaign. But with both parties committed to moderation in all things, including the question of enforcement, even this issue can be stifled. The danger is not public indifference; civil rights is the one issue which has consistently engaged the active interest of the nation. The real danger, as always, is that the political leaders of both parties will pretend that the issue does not exist and, misquoting Lincoln, will plead for more time and greater moderation. Only an indignant public opinion can prevent a repetition in 1956 of another shameful "compromise" like that of 1876. This year voters have a clear moral duty to insist that both parties take a firm stand on the one issue about which it is immoral to be moderate.

The *Nation's* editors believe that the articles in the following pages, each prepared by an expert in his field, confirm the thesis advanced in this editorial.

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## 1. Civil-Rights Football.. CLARENCE MITCHELL

ON JUNE 14, 1956, a forty-year-old Missouri Congressman, with one of the brightest futures in American politics, dropped the legislative equivalent of an H-bomb in the House Rules Committee. He made a motion to take up a bill that the seventy-three-year old chairman intended to pigeon-hole. The bill was H.R. 627, a civil-rights measure jointly backed by Democrats and Republicans.

Richard Bolling, the maker of the motion, was risking the wrath of chairman Howard Smith, uncompromising foe of civil rights, who openly

admits that he uses all of his powers and skills to destroy civil-rights bills. Both men are Democrats.

Ordinarily, Representative Bolling's age alone would have been enough to keep his motion from prevailing. Freshmen Senators and Congressmen are expected to maintain almost total silence; those under fifty, even when they have served four terms—as has Mr. Bolling—are not expected to make use of their prerogatives to confound the elder statesmen of their party.

Fortunately, Mr. Bolling had the votes to win his point and, what is equally important, one of the elder statesmen on the committee helped to back him up. Clarence Brown, veteran Republican from Ohio, sel-

dom misses a chance to spread confusion among the Democrats, but in this case he put the civil-rights issue above both party and protocol.

SHORTLY before the Rules Committee meeting, Joseph W. Martin, Jr., announced that if the Democrats would supply just two votes on the committee, the Republicans would provide the four necessary for a majority in favor of the bill. One Republican, Leo Allen of Illinois, did not support the motion and another, Henry J. Latham of New York, was absent, but Republican Harris Ellsworth of Oregon and Democrats Ray J. Madden of Indiana, James J. Delaney of New York and Thomas P. O'Neill, Jr., of Massachusetts helped

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CLARENCE MITCHELL is director of the Washington Bureau of the NAACP.



Mr. Bolling and Mr. Brown win by a vote of 6 to 4.

Southern chairmen of Congressional committees have often been able to kill or bottle up civil-rights legislation because they could count on active support from Republicans and, at the very least, a lack of resistance from northern Democrats. Without one of these props, the southern road-block to civil rights would totter. When both are removed, the road-block collapses. It is no exaggeration to say that Mississippi and Georgia Congressmen are virtually impotent without help from such states as Massachusetts and South Dakota.

THE eighty-fourth Congress has been a good illustration of Dixie at the wheel with Yankees stepping on the brake or blowing the horn. Perhaps the best example is furnished by the school-construction bill. Each day the press reports new stories on how southern legislatures are voting to defy the Supreme Court decision in the school-segregation cases. Representative Adam Clayton Powell and Senator Herbert Lehman, both New York Democrats, sponsored amendments which would prevent defiant states from using money provided under the bill to foster and extend racial segregation.

In the House, Graham Barden (D., North Carolina) is chairman of the Committee on Education and Labor which handled the bill. In the Senate, the chairman is Lister Hill (D., Alabama). Neither Mr. Barden nor Senator Hill had to carry the torch against the Powell and Lehman amendments; their colleagues from the North did the job for them. Senator Richard Neuberger, (D., Oregon) attacked the amendments because he said they rest "on the shakiest kind of moral and ethical ground." Representative Henry Aldous Dixon, (R., Utah) denounced the amendments in a lengthy statement before the House Rules Committee. Neither Mr. Neuberger nor Mr. Dixon stood up to the real problem: the simple fact that some members of Congress, like Mr. Barden, oppose federal aid to education unless states are given complete freedom to waste or misuse the money

as they choose. Other legislators, like Senator Hill, warmly favor federal aid but face possible defeat in their home states if they support a bill with an anti-segregation proviso.

So long as the "separate but equal" doctrine prevailed, Senator Hill and other southern Congressmen were willing to accept amendments on the race question. Both the Hill-Burton Hospital Act and the School Lunch Law, for instance, include amendments forbidding discrimination on the basis of race. But now that the Supreme Court has knocked out the doctrine, the situation has changed.

On a broader front, the eighty-fourth Congress was an interesting example of how opponents of civil rights can choke action with the silken cord of precedent and tricky parliamentary maneuvering.

In the Senate, the Judiciary Committee must approve appointment of federal judges, U.S. district attorneys and the Attorney General himself. It receives numerous civil-rights bills and bills designed to destroy civil rights as well as to curb the Supreme Court.

During Senator Eastland's campaign for reelection in 1954, he boasted that as chairman of a subcommittee of the Judiciary Committee he had special pockets put in his pants to carry around civil-rights bills. He told his constituents that this was how he kept the subcommittee from acting on them during his absence. Mississippi newspapers, purring with satisfaction, pointed

out that Jim Eastland was needed in the Senate because Harley Kilgore (D., West Virginia), then chairman of the Judiciary Committee, was a sick man and Eastland would really run the committee.

When Senator Kilgore died, both parties had a chance to show that they valued human rights more than precedent or political advantage. Neither party met the test. Only Senators Wayne Morse (D., Oregon) and Lehman opposed the motion that Senator Eastland should get the chairmanship because of seniority.

Although the chairman of the Judiciary Committee is powerful, he is not omnipotent. Republicans and northern Democrats could combine in committee to out-vote Eastland 11 to 4. In this instance, Mississippi's power lies in the support given by such "southern" states as Indiana, Utah and Idaho.

AT THE close of the first session of this Congress, Representatives Adam Powell (D., New York), James Roosevelt (D., California), Charles Diggs (D., Michigan), Hugh Scott (R., Pennsylvania) and John Heseltine (R., Massachusetts) agreed that Democrats and Republicans should try to get better team-work on civil-rights issues. Before the second session began, meetings of Republicans and Democrats in the House were held on an informal basis; later, the friends of civil rights began to work together on a more organized basis. They laid the groundwork for stronger and broader co-operation in future Congresses.

When it appeared that the House Rules Committee would not grant a hearing on H.R. 627—the civil-rights bill—after it had been reported favorably by the House Judiciary Committee, the group started a discharge petition to bring the measure to the floor. The petition was initiated by resolutions filed by Mr. Roosevelt in behalf of the Democrats and Mr. Charles B. Brownson (R., Indiana) in behalf of the GOP members. The document required 218 signatures, but Mr. Bolling was successful in shaking the bill free in the Rules Committee after no more than 145 signatures had been collected. It should be noted that, al-



Senator Eastland



though he is himself a member of the committee, Mr. Bolling was one of the first to sign the document.

Protection of the right to vote was a key feature of civil-rights legislation discussed at this session of Congress. Southern opposition was as vigorous as it has been to a Fair Employment Practice Committee with enforcement powers or integration in the public schools. The same moth-eaten arguments used by Mississippi's John Rankin in 1942 against the war-time FEPC were advanced by Georgia's E. L. Forrester in 1956 against legislation to protect the right to vote. The only difference is that Rankin had a sense of humor.

Careful reading of the *Congressional Record* will show that voting is the cornerstone of civil rights. Behind the white supremacists' talk about intermarriage and preservation of the Anglo-Saxon heritage is the Southerner's haunting fear that one day the increased registration and voting of colored people in the South will take the race issue out of politics.

John Bell Williams of Mississippi's Fourth District is sent to Congress by fewer than 25,000 voters, although more than 400,000 people live in his district—half of them colored. When he orates on the necessity of maintaining the purity of the white race, he is really arguing that the impurities of the Mississippi election system must be preserved.

It is impossible to believe that keen minds like that of Majority

Leader Lyndon Johnson in the Senate and Speaker Sam Rayburn in the House do not recognize that the American political system will never function with maximum effectiveness until the right to vote is fully protected in the South. What they are trying to do, apparently, is to postpone the inevitable showdown as long as possible. In a sense, this also was the attitude of President Dwight Eisenhower during 1956. He knew that Congress had an urgent obligation to act on voting problems but his long delay in sending a program to Congress gave both parties an excuse to drag their feet. The President promised in January that he would make civil-rights proposals; his Attorney General's program did not arrive until after Easter.

Aside from the importance of getting civil-rights legislation passed, there is a growing need to meet challenges that are designed to turn back the clock on many issues. Numerous bills, such as H.R. 3, which was introduced as a measure to protect states against sedition and against encroachments by the Supreme Court, actually could be used to destroy organized labor. Another high-sounding proposal—the Daniel-Mundt Resolution—would revise the system of electing the President and Vice President. Senator Price Daniel of Texas had introduced a resolution to abolish the electoral college and to give a percentage of each state's electoral votes to the major candidates instead of giving all to the winning candidate, as is now done. Senator Karl Mundt of South Dakota had a plan to retain the electors but to choose them on the same basis as members of the House and Senate are now elected. These plans were combined in a joint compromise resolution. In speaking about his plan at a meeting in Jackson, Mississippi, Senator Mundt openly admitted it was aimed at killing the influence of Negroes and labor groups in national elections.

Fortunately, the Daniel-Mundt proposal was sent back to committee on Senator Daniel's own motion when he saw it would be defeated in a final vote. (In 1950, the Senate approved a similar proposal known as the Lodge-Gossett Amendment; a



Fitzpatrick in St. Louis Post-Dispatch  
*Southern Road 'to Nowhere.*

move to bring the measure up in the House that year was defeated.) A bipartisan plan of strategy was necessary to defeat the Daniel-Mundt plan. Democratic efforts to kill the measure were led by Senators John Kennedy of Massachusetts, Paul Douglas of Illinois and John O. Pastore of Rhode Island. Senator Clifford Case of New Jersey, who had halted the earlier proposal as a member of the House in 1950, rallied Republican strength. One can be certain that another attempt to get Congressional approval for the Daniel-Mundt plan or some version of it will be made in the next Congress.

Again and again during the eighty-fourth Congress, the charge was made that Republicans or Democrats were playing politics with civil rights. Of course this charge was true, but it is equally true with respect to all major issues before Congress. Surely no one would assume that farm legislation, labor bills and health programs spring from purely altruistic motives.

The trouble with civil rights is that the issue *has not been political enough*. If more candidates thought that their elections depended on how they worked and voted for civil rights, the job of passing an FEPC with enforcement powers and all other civil-rights measures would be



St. Louis Post-Dispatch

*Carrying on the "Separate But Equal" theory.*



easy. Increased interest in civil rights among Congressional Republicans is primarily based on that party's anticipation of a swing of Negro voters from the Democratic column in November. But even if the Republican Presidential candidate is a sure bet to win, the GOP might be unable to capture Con-

gress if voters make a successful effort to defeat anti-civil rights Republicans in specific areas.

While it cannot be said that the Democrats have shown panic, it is apparent that the party leaders are no longer certain that they can retain the colored vote "because we are the poor man's party even

though Jim Eastland is a member." Their strategy seems to be centered on shifting attention from the failures of this Congress to the "great fight" Democrats plan to make for a civil-rights plank this year.

It remains to be seen what voters think about the strategy devised by both parties.

## 2. The New Negro .. E. FRANKLIN FRAZIER

THIRTY YEARS ago a New Negro made his appearance in the North, following closely upon the mass migrations of Negroes from the South during and following World War I. His emergence was marked by race riots in which he resisted violence with violence. On the spiritual plane, the emergence was heralded by an artistic and literary renaissance in which the Negro made a new evaluation of his experience in America.

Today a New Negro is emerging in the South. So far, no race riots have marked the event nor are there any indications—yet—that the new spirit among Southern Negroes will produce an artistic and literary renaissance. Nevertheless, there are indications all over the South that the Negro is no longer afraid to face the white man and say frankly that he wants equality and an end to segregation.

Nothing so dramatizes the difference between old and new attitudes of the Negro in the South as the contrast between the dignity and courage of Autherine Lucy and the reported attitude of her parents. According to the *New York Times*, Miss Lucy's father said, with reference to her behavior: "We raised ten head of children, nine of them still living and every one of them was taught to stay their distance from white folks, but to give them all their respect. If Autherine has changed from this, she didn't get her new ideas from home."

The boycott of buses in Montgomery, which began as a spontaneous mass movement against discrimination and segregation, has re-

vealed how deep and how widespread is the new spirit. Despite violence and threats of violence the Negro continues his fight to exercise the right to vote. Negro college students are for the first time showing a militant spirit in regard to segregation and discrimination. The autocratic administrations of Negro colleges, especially state schools, have taught humility and acceptance of existing racial patterns; as a consequence, their graduates have been on the whole apathetic toward the race problem. Therefore, Negroes as well as the white controllers of Negro education were startled when the students at the South Carolina State College for Negroes went on strike because state officials threatened to investigate the affiliations of the faculty and student body with the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. The leader of the students was expelled and the students went back to classes under threat from the Negro administration; they refused, nevertheless, to eat bread supplied from a bakery owned by a member of the White Citizens Council. More recently, at the State College for Negroes in Tallahassee, Florida, the students struck against the bus company after two female students were arrested for defying segregation regulations.

WHATEVER may have been the real feelings of Miss Lucy's father, his statement contains a significant observation—namely, that she did not acquire her new ideas at home. The new spirit of the Southern Negroes is a radical break from the traditional pattern of race relations. The old pattern had its roots in a rural society, and, just as the emergence of the New Negro in the North was

due to the flight of the Negro from feudal America, so the emergence of the New Negro in the South is primarily the result of the movement of Negroes to cities.

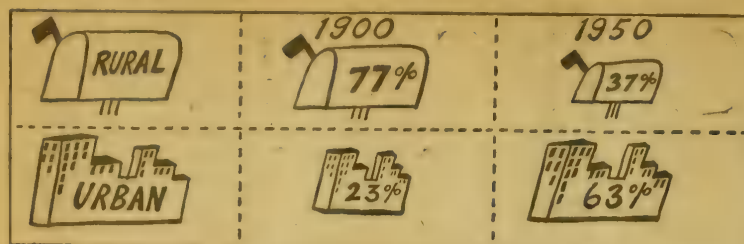
The urbanization of southern Negroes has resulted, first, in a marked change in their occupations. At present, only about a third of the Negroes in the South gain their living from agriculture. Negro workers have not been assimilated into manufacturing, trade and service industries to the same extent as white workers; and many Negroes who have migrated to the southern cities have been forced to move a second time and seek a living outside the South. Nevertheless, because of conditions in southern agriculture, Negroes continue to move into southern cities and those who find work get a new outlook on life as industrial workers. Although Negroes are still kept, on the whole, to unskilled occupations, they receive much higher wages in industry than they did from agriculture. In 1949 the median income of urban Negro workers was twice that of Negro farmers, including owners, renters and laborers, and today the median income of urban Negroes is between three and four times that of rural Negroes. Moreover, although the median income of Negro families in southern cities is only 56 per cent that of white families, this represents an increase during the past six or seven years.

This improvement in the Negro's economic status has had several important effects upon his conception of himself and of his position in the South. He has a greater sense of security and he is in a better position to contribute money to the fight for equality in American life.

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## Drift of Negroes to the Cities



Figures refer to percentage of total U.S. Negro population.  
Source: U.S. Bureau of Census.

This shows, for example, in the tremendous growth of NAACP membership in the South. The Negro can now buy those things—radios, televisions, newspapers and magazines—which symbolize a middle-class standard of living and are indicative of his new orientation to the world. The Negro middle class in the South has grown considerably, due largely to the increase in the number of Negro teachers and other professional and white collar workers as well as skilled workers.

The social consequences of urbanization, even more than the economic, helped to bring about profound changes in the Negro's attitude towards his place in southern society. First among these social consequences has been the improvement in his educational facilities. Undoubtedly the Supreme Court desegregation decisions were responsible for some of the recent improvements. But this development was already under way before the decisions, notably during the period of rapid industrialization of the South between 1940 and 1952 when the region's per capita income increased over 200 per cent. The improvement in Negro education was reflected in the reduction of the disparity between the per capita expenditure for the instruction of white and Negro children; in the increase in school attendance at all levels, especially at the secondary level; in the equalization of Negro and white teachers' salaries (except in Mississippi and South Carolina), and in new buildings and other facilities for Negroes.

The influence of formal education in bringing about a new spirit among southern Negroes is only one of a number of factors which have

been breaking down their social and mental isolation. In the larger southern cities, relations between whites and Negroes have necessarily undergone changes. For example, in the country store or small-town bank, the Negro is generally expected to observe the "etiquette of race relations" and wait until white people are served. But in the large-city chain stores the customer, who has no status because of race, takes his turn in line. One of the reasons for the present racial tensions in regard to transportation in southern cities is that there is an attempt to maintain a caste relationship in an area of social relations that has become highly mobile and secular.

The effect of mere physical mobility upon Negro attitudes should not be overlooked. Thousands of southern Negroes, rural as well as urban, are moving about the country more than at any time in their history. They see Negroes occupying positions and enjoying rights which were undreamed of a few decades ago. Moreover, they themselves are treated with greater respect when they leave the South. This physical mobility has been increased by the military draft. But military service has done more; it has given the Negro a new conception of his role and his rights as an American citizen. This effect is heightened when the Negro serves in an "integrated" army unit. Men with military experience have often taken the lead in demanding the Negro's right to the ballot. It is perhaps not an accident that the recognized leader of the bus boycott in Montgomery, Alabama, is a minister who served in the armed forces.

Thus the appearance of a New

Negro in the South is due primarily to the breakdown of the social and mental isolation in which the Negro people have lived. In a short story which appeared during the Negro renaissance in Harlem, Rudolph Fisher portrayed the astonishment of a Negro migrant from the South who could hardly believe his eyes when he saw a Negro policeman. There are few southern Negroes today who would be astonished at the sight. If they have not seen a Negro policeman in the South, they have become accustomed to seeing him on the screen or on television. Again, the increasing literacy of southern Negroes, resulting from their better education, furnishes another escape from their former mental isolation. Now they can read newspapers and magazines—especially the Negro publications, most of which are located outside the South. These publications constantly play up the Negro's fight for equality, the victories which he has won and the achievements of Negroes everywhere.

THE NEW conception which the southern Negro is acquiring of himself and his place in American life as the result of urbanization is being fostered by the dominant forces in our changing society. Although the growth of labor unions in the South has been retarded by the racial situation, Negro workers are acquiring a new grasp of their relationship to industry through the efforts of the more progressive unions. The present battle for civil rights, which has a special meaning for southern Negroes, is giving his own battle for equality a new orientation. Moreover, southern Negroes are becoming aware of the struggle of the colored colonial peoples for self-determination and the leaders, at least, are to some extent identifying their own struggle with the larger one.

This new awareness of the social and economic forces in American life as well as in the world at large is the mark of the New Negro in the South. And the attitude of the New Negro is perhaps best expressed in the response of a Negro farmer in South Carolina who had been subjected to economic pressure: "We don't scare any more."



### 3. Young Jim Crow... C. VANN WOODWARD

"OH, these grand, immutable, all-wise laws of natural forces," wrote Andrew Carnegie in 1886, "how perfectly they work if human legislators would only let them alone!"

For a long time this has been the classic appeal of those who want to be left alone by meddling law makers and courts. Defenders of segregation, like defenders of the status quo in other fields, have appealed to laissez-faire doctrine according to Herbert Spencer in their fight against innovation and reform. Leave everything to "natural forces," they argue, and all will be well.

Segregationists have supplemented the Spencerian argument with the doctrines of William Graham Sumner, the Yale sociologist, and his *Folkways*, published in 1907. It was Sumner's teaching that "stateways cannot change folkways" and that "legislation cannot make mores." These folkways of Sumner bore a family resemblance to the natural forces of Spencer. They were the product of "natural" as against "artificial" causes and shared some of the irresistible nature of biological imperatives. Such imperatives, the nineteenth century had been taught to believe, were not to be regarded lightly. Good Darwinians held them to be the secret of survival and progress. Sumner described his folkways as "uniform, universal in the group, imperative and inviolable." In addition they had the prestige of being very old, very durable, and of somewhat mysterious origin.

In their reliance upon the Spencerian and the Sumnerian imperatives, however, segregationists have involved themselves in some unacknowledged inconsistencies and contradictions. In the first place, in defiance of Spencer's principles, they have repeatedly resorted to legislation to interfere with and change the racial status quo. Indeed, they have cited Spencer and Sumner on

the utter futility of legislation in support of an elaborate program of legislation to alter racial relations. In the second place, scarcely any of the adjectives that Sumner used to characterize his folkways can be accurately applied to the segregation code. Segregation practices have not only been changed but created by "stateways." They can be described neither as uniform nor as invariable, for they have varied widely both in place and time. There is nothing very mysterious about their origin. And, finally, they are not nearly so old as has been generally assumed.

Segregation is a relatively recent phase in the long history of the white man's ways of controlling the Negro and fixing his status, his "place." There have been other and harsher phases, including bondage and limited servitude. Slavery, peonage and abortive types of apprenticeship have had their day. Exploitation of the Negro by the white man goes back to the beginning of relations between the races, and so do race conflict, brutality and injustice, mitigated in some degree by various types of paternalism. Along with these practices there developed the old assumptions of Anglo-Saxon superiority and African inferiority, white supremacy and Negro subordination.

IT IS perfectly true, therefore, that some of the unhappy aspects of race relations in America have a remote origin and a long history. But this cannot be said of the segregation code of the present day. The physical separation of the races by law would have been inconvenient, not to say impracticable, under the slave system. The supervision, care, exploitation and policing of slaves on the plantation necessitated many close contacts and accustomed the races to a degree of intimacy that outlasted slavery itself.

It is a mistake to assume that segregation followed hard upon emancipation. The number of contacts between races diminished as the freedmen threw off old restraints. The withdrawal of the Negroes from

the great Protestant churches and the establishment of independent organizations of their own were steps essential to their cultural freedom. The result was segregation in the religious community. The principle of separation of the races in public schools was entrenched during Reconstruction, and segregation in the military services, an old practice, was simply continued. Segregation in church, school and military was therefore a product of Reconstruction or earlier periods.

After Reconstruction was overthrown, the South retained such segregation practices as had already been established, but showed no immediate disposition to expand the code into other fields. Nearly a generation was to pass before segregation became the harsh, rigid and universal system that emerged in the twentieth century.

There were several reasons for this. In the first place, the Negroes had not yet crowded into the cities in large numbers and the racial tensions of urban and industrial life had not yet taken the form of a powerful demand for Jim Crowism. Even when the demand did arise there were practical difficulties. It was expensive to provide separate facilities—however unequal—in trains, stations, streetcars and factories, in public buildings, parks, playgrounds and institutions. Taxpayers as well as private enterprise showed a natural resistance to the outlay involved. The Negroes themselves could offer some resistance, for until the end of the nineteenth century they continued to vote in large numbers in most of the Southern states.

More important still as a source of resistance to extreme racism was the conservative philosophy of the Southern rulers who took charge after the overthrow of Reconstruction and dominated the South for two decades. They professed an attitude of aristocratic paternalism toward the Negro. The conservative thought of himself as standing midway between the doctrinaire Northern Negrophile of the Left and the fanatical Southern Negrophobe of

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the Right, both of whom he pictured as enemies of the freedmen's true interests. He believed that the Negro belonged in a subordinate role, but denied that subordinates had to be ostracized; he thought that the Negro belonged to an inferior race, but denied that inferiors had to be segregated or publicly humiliated. Conservative politicians needed Negro votes to maintain their governments.

SO LONG as the conservative truce prevailed and resistance continued in other quarters, Jim Crowism remained under control. Testimony of Northern reformers, foreign investigators, Southern writers and Negroes themselves agree that through the seventies and eighties and up into the nineties the Negro enjoyed a degree of freedom from segregation that he was not to enjoy in the twentieth-century South. This freedom lasted longer in the old seaboard South than in the western South. In 1885, a Negro newspaperman from Boston reported to his paper that he had traveled by train "through Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, the Carolinas, Georgia and into Florida, all the old slave States with enormous Negro populations" and that in all of them he found "a first-class ticket is good in a first-class coach." From Columbia, South Carolina, he wrote: "I feel about as safe here as in Providence, R. I. I can ride in first-class cars on the railroads and in the streets. I can go into saloons and get refreshments even as in New York. I can stop in and drink a glass of soda and be more politely served than in some parts of New England."

Conditions in Columbia were not the rule in the South, nor are they represented as typical. But the fact that they prevailed in South Carolina provides an instructive contrast with what was to come later. South Carolina was one of the last Southern states to capitulate to the movement for segregation laws. In 1897, the *Charleston News and Courier*, which calls itself the oldest paper in the South, voiced strong opposition to a proposed Jim Crow law for trains. "Our opinion is that we have no more need for a Jim Crow system this year than we had last year, and a great deal less than we had twenty

and thirty years ago." Such a law was "unnecessary and uncalled for" and "a needless affront to our respectable and well behaved colored people." The following year, 1898, the same paper ridiculed the proposal for a Jim Crow law for trains on the grounds that it would be just as logical to apply the same principle to streetcars, waiting rooms, passenger-boats, and all public accommodations, services and conveniences.

The segregation movement had already made some gains in the nineties, but the big turning point that marked the capitulation to extreme racism did not come till toward the end of the nineteenth century. The way was cleared for the extremists by a complex of events. A severe depression raised a demand for scapegoats and precipitated a politi-



cal crisis. To divert the wrath of the Populist revolt, the conservatives abandoned their stand for moderation in race policy and lifted the cry of Negro domination and white supremacy. The Populists deserted their Negro allies, blamed them for the downfall of Populism and joined the white supremacy crusade. The Supreme Court of the United States removed the last constitutional obstacles to segregation in 1896 by the *Plessy vs. Ferguson* decision and endorsed the disfranchisement of the Negro in 1898 by the *Williams vs. Mississippi* decision. Within a decade the Negroes had been effectively and thoroughly deprived of the ballot throughout the Southern states.

In the meantime the country embarked in 1898 on imperialistic adventures that brought more than eight million people of color under American rule without their consent. These acquisitions and the problems of ruling them gave the

North and West a new and much more sympathetic view of the aggressive race policy of the South. Imperialism did much to lower northern resistance to southern racism.

IT WAS only after the turn of the century that the great proliferation of Jim Crow laws took place. Up to 1900 the only law of this type adopted by the majority of Southern states was that applying to railway trains. South Carolina did not adopt that until 1898, North Carolina until 1899 and Virginia until 1900. Only three states had required or authorized separate waiting rooms in railway stations before 1899, but in the next decade nearly all the remaining states of the South fell into line. Laws applying to new fields tended to spread in waves of popularity. Only Georgia had a segregation law applying to street cars before the end of the century. Then in quick succession North Carolina and Virginia adopted such a law in 1901, Louisiana in 1902, Arkansas, South Carolina and Tennessee in 1903, Mississippi and Maryland in 1904, Florida in 1905 and Oklahoma in 1907. Montgomery, Alabama, in 1906 earned the distinction of requiring the first completely separate Jim Crow streetcar.

The mushrooming growth of segregation laws during the first two decades of the present century piled up the huge bulk of existing legislation on the subject. Much of the code was contributed by city ordinances or local rules and customs enforced without the formality of laws. The little painted signs "White" or "Colored" appeared with increasing regularity over entrances and exits, toilets and drinking fountains, waiting rooms and ticket windows. The Jim Crow code was applied in sports and recreations, in public parks and cemeteries, in hospitals and prisons. Everywhere it appeared, the principle of segregation was defended as "inevitable" and as having the sanction of ancient and immemorial usage.

The fact is that many of those who are presently defending the Jim Crow laws as ancient and immemorial folkways are older than the laws they are defending.



# 4. Politics and the Negro.. HENRY LEE MOON

AT THE heart of the continuing crisis in democracy in the South is the Negro. Students of the peculiar politics of the region agree that the presence of the Negro in the South conditions every political expression and every political maneuver originating in that area.

V. O. Key, in his authoritative volume *Southern Politics in State and Nation*, observes that politics in the South "in its grand outlines . . . revolves around the position of the Negro. It is at times interpreted as a politics of cotton, as a politics of free trade, as a politics of agrarian poverty, or as a politics of planter and plutocrat. Although such interpretations have a superficial validity, in the last analysis the major peculiarities of southern politics go back to the Negro."

In its long effort to keep the Negro in his place, the South has undertaken a debilitating and futile task. The key to the southern scheme of white supremacy is the disfranchisement of the Negro. Not until the Negro had been deprived of an effective vote, following the collapse of Reconstruction, was the Jim Crow system consolidated and codified into law. As long as the Negro could not vote, Jim Crow seemed secure and unassailable. The discriminatory system was seriously threatened only after the southern Negro again emerged as a positive political factor following the United States Supreme Court decision of 1944 which banned the Democratic white primary.

Now Negroes, under the leadership and guidance of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, were in a position to launch an all-out attack upon segregation. The tax-supported universities of the South were opened. Judicial enforcement of residential segregation was banned. The Jim Crow coach in interstate travel was

derailed. The segregated public-school system was outlawed. Public parks and recreational facilities for the exclusive use of white persons were ordered opened to all. The caste system in the Armed Forces was abandoned.

These developments stem not alone from the return of the Negro vote in the South which, though still small and restricted, has on occasion proved effective. More important has been the expanded Negro vote in the large industrial states of the North and West. Other vital factors have been the rising economic and cultural status of the Negro, the impact of world events upon America's role as leader of the Free World, and the growing realization in the nation at large that our country can no more remain half-integrated and half-segregated now than it could survive half-free and half-slave a century ago.

ACCURATE figures on the size of the Negro vote in the South (as well as elsewhere in the nation) are difficult to secure. Only Florida and Louisiana keep statewide records of registered voters by race. In Alabama, Donald S. Strong, professor of political science at the state university, reports in his recent study, *Registration of Voters in Alabama*: "There is no official record of the statewide total of registered voters, white or black. The secretary of state cannot supply these figures." What is true in Alabama is largely true throughout the region.

In an earlier study, *Southern Primaries and Elections, 1920-1949*, Strong and Alexander Heard found that "some two-fifths of the returns for the two most important offices in the South [Governor and U.S. Senator] were not available." Even less available are authentic figures on Negro registration and voting.

A compilation by the NAACP in 1952, based on reports from field representatives, newspaper clippings, local and state studies, indicated a total of 1,200,000 Negroes registered

in thirteen southern states as follows:

State	Number Registered
Alabama	30,000
Arkansas	60,000
Florida	120,900
Georgia	146,200
Louisiana	120,000
Mississippi	23,000
North Carolina	100,000
Oklahoma	55,000
South Carolina	110,000
Tennessee	135,000
Texas	205,000
Virginia	70,000
West Virginia	35,000
Total	1,200,100

The number who actually vote in any given election is an even more elusive figure. Some fail to pay the poll tax still required in four states, some may be intimidated and some, like other American voters, neglect to vote either through apathy or a sense of futility. In all of these states except Mississippi there are indications of an increased Negro vote since 1952. Strong, in his Alabama study, gives 55,000 as "the best estimate of the number of registered Negroes" in that state in 1955. Official figures from Louisiana report 156,000 Negroes registered to vote in the gubernatorial election of 1956. In Florida the number was up from 120,900 four years ago to 140,242, and in Arkansas there has been a 50 per cent increase up to 90,000. South Carolina reports 135,000, Texas, 225,000, and Virginia, 84,000.

Systematic intimidation, threats, economic pressures and assassinations amounting to a reign of terror reduced the Negro vote in Mississippi from 23,000 in 1952 to approximately 8,000 in 1955. Similar, but less harsh, purges have been attempted in Louisiana and Georgia.

THE REVIVAL of Negro voting in the South has stimulated the return of the Negro as candidate for elective office, which in turn is a stimulus to registration and voting by Negro citizens. At least a dozen cities of the South have Negroes serving in the city councils or other governing bodies. Others have Negroes elected to local boards of education. In many instances colored

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candidates have been elected with the aid of white voters. This was notably true of the election of Dr. Rufus E. Clement, president of Atlanta University, to the Board of Education in a city-wide contest in Atlanta, Georgia, in May, 1953.

No Negro, however, has sat in a state legislature in any southern state for more than half-a-century. Only the border states of Missouri, Kentucky, West Virginia and Maryland have had Negro legislators in recent years. Elsewhere in the South the legislatures have remained lily-white. Not since the dawn of the twentieth century has a Negro represented any southern district in Congress.

BY AND large the new Negro voters in the South have realistically registered Democratic, since the primaries of this party are generally the only significant elections in most areas of the region. This does not mean that they endorse in any measure the primitive racial attitudes of the region's dominant party. In Alabama, Negro Democrats have to mark their ballots under a party emblem bearing the slogan "White Supremacy." For the present, in local and state elections at any rate, the alternative is self-disfranchisement.

Addressing the State Democratic Executive Committee of Georgia on May 29 of this year, Governor Marvin Griffin reminded the national Democratic Party that the "nine segregated states" were the only states the party carried in 1952. "If it had not been for we segregated folks, you would not have carried a single state last time," the Governor is quoted as warning the party.

In making this statement the Governor gratuitously overlooked the fact that had it not been for the Negro vote in five of these nine states, Governor Adlai Stevenson would have carried only four. The

table on this page indicates the vote in these five states.

The indicated number of registered Negro voters in the table does not mean that all of these citizens voted or that all of those who did vote cast their ballot for the Democratic nominee. However, a survey of forty-seven cities, made by the NAACP following the 1952 election, reveals that better than 70 per cent of the Negro vote went to Governor Stevenson. According to the survey, the Democratic vote in Negro districts in the South averaged higher than that in colored districts throughout the nation.

This situation presents to the national Democratic Party a real challenge and one which the leaders, mesmerized by the chimera of party unity, seem loathe to take up. It should be obvious that the Democrats cannot build a national party upon the obsolete ideology of white supremacy, a doctrine incompatible not only with modern-day Americanism but with world trends. The party leaders are faced with an inescapable dilemma. Sooner or later they must decide whether they want to be a national party speaking for universal democratic ideals or to return to regional provincialism representing only the most backward elements of the nation. The opportunity to unload the burden of racial bigotry has twice been presented to the national party and twice, in vain pursuit of an illusory party unity, the leaders have refused to make the decision. The walk-out of the disgruntled Dixiecrats in 1948 and their support of the GOP in 1952 offered golden opportunities for reforming the party. There are in the South elements, white as well as Negro, upon which to rebuild a meaningful Democratic Party meeting the needs of the masses of people of both races in that region and in the nation.

For the immediate future, there

may be certain risks in this realignment. But in the long run, the political isolation of the racial bigots would be achieved and the development of a really democratic party in the South would be possible. Further, such a course would provide opportunity for the rehabilitation of the Republican Party in that region.

When one recalls that the Solid South has been decisive in a Presidential election only once in this century, even the immediate risks do not seem formidable. Only Woodrow Wilson, in 1916, needed the Solid South to assure him of election. Harry S. Truman was able to win in 1948 despite the defection of Alabama, Louisiana, Mississippi and South Carolina. History provides a lesson which the leaders of the national Democratic Party appear reluctant to study. Instead, they permit themselves to be intimidated by the threats and bluster of demagogues.

THE desegregation issue has made clear the need for widescale expansion of the Negro vote not only in the South but throughout the nation. The futile efforts to keep this issue out of politics were foredoomed to failure. Neither the defiant white supremacists who are prepared to wreck the country in a desperate effort to hold on to a decaying pattern of race relations, nor the organized Negroes and the liberal whites who insist upon implementation of the Supreme Court's decree "with all deliberate speed" would, or could, forego the use of political instruments in pursuit of their goal. The racial bigots are determined to work for the election of candidates who will join them in their obstructive tactics. The people who believe in constitutional government are equally committed to the election of candidates who will not equivocate on the issue of upholding the Constitution.

The question of racial segregation in public education and in other phases of American life affects profoundly the lives and the status of sixteen millions of Negro Americans and several times that number of whites. It is related intimately to the continuing task of fashioning a

### Negroes Saved Five States for Democrats in 1952

State	Total Vote for Eisenhower	Total Vote for Stevenson	Stevenson's Margin	Registered Negro Vote
Arkansas .....	177,155	226,300	49,145	60,000
Kentucky .....	495,029	495,729	700	100,000
Louisiana .....	306,925	345,027	38,102	120,000
South Carolina ...	163,100	173,000	4,900	110,000
West Virginia ....	419,970	453,580	33,610	70,000



working democratic society in accordance with the principles laid down in the founding documents of the American Republic. It has become, inevitably, one of the major domestic issues in American politics and bids fair to have important bearing on the choice of a President and on the election of a majority party in the next Congress.

On the southern front the NAACP is stressing the need for electing local officials who will not sabotage the Supreme Court's ruling. Under the decree of May 31, 1955, it appears that the ultimate responsibility for compliance lies with local school boards. Members of these boards are public officials either elected by the people or appointed by officials so elected. In many of the recalcitrant school districts, Negroes form a substantial, and in some instances a majority, element in the population. It is in these districts, however, that the Negro vote is generally the weakest.

The vote for the Gray Commission's plan to evade the Court's ruling in Virginia was heaviest in the black-belt counties where the Negro population is most dense. The task is to enlarge the Negro vote in these districts with a view to giving colored citizens an effective voice in determining the composition of the local school boards. In Prince Edward County, Virginia, where one of the school-segregation cases originated, Negroes are in the majority. The vote for the Gray Commission's segregation plan in the county was 2,835 to 350. Obviously, enfranchised Negroes could have reversed the outcome of that referendum in Prince Edward County.

**CURTAILMENT** of the Negro vote has given southern reaction bloated representation and power in the Congress of the United States. Although there are a few notable exceptions, these spokesmen for the South generally obstruct civil-rights measures and oppose social welfare and labor legislation. On the issue of civil rights, even the so-called liberals among them run for cover and make obeisance to white supremacy and racial segregation. Due to the one-party system which stems directly from the disfranchisement of the

### Disproportionate Voting Power of the South — Congressional Elections 1952 —

Section	Votes Cast	Representatives Elected	Votes Per Representative
South .....	6,706,798	92	72,900
Border States ....	5,845,342	53	110,289
Far West .....	8,389,773	57	147,189
Middle West .....	18,451,470	117	157,705
North East and Middle Atlantic .	18,177,000	113	160,861

Negro, southern politicians are returned to Washington election after election and succeed, on the basis of seniority, to the chairmanships of important committees whenever there is a Democratic majority.

Senator James O. Eastland of Mississippi is by no means the only reactionary Southerner to profit from this archaic system. He is merely the most notorious. In the House, Southerners are chairmen of twelve of the nineteen standing committees, including Rules, Ways and Means, Education and Labor, and Armed Services. Of the fifteen standing committees of the Senate, nine are chaired by Southerners, including the Judiciary (over which Senator Eastland presides), Armed Services, Finance, Foreign Relations, Labor and Public Welfare, and Government Operations. Most of these committee chairmen in both the House and the Senate would not be in Congress at all if all the people of their respective districts and states were freely permitted to vote.

Ironically, the Dixiecrats owe their chairmanships not only to their seniority and the disfranchisement of the Negroes in their constituencies, but also to northern Negroes whose vote has contributed substantially to Democratic majorities in congressional elections. This anomalous situation persisted through the Roosevelt and Truman regimes and down to 1954. The seeming complacency of Negro voters found some justification in the failure of the Republicans to take any positive legislative action on civil rights. The enthronement of Senator Eastland, however, aroused great resentment among Negro voters and shocked them into a realization of their own role in the complex

of political routines which placed the Mississippi Senator in a strategic position to sabotage civil-rights bills.

As of the end of June, there are indications that many northern Negroes who have previously voted for Democratic candidates are now seriously considering reverting to the traditional party of their fathers—the Republican. At this time it would be rash to speculate on how extensive this switch may be or what it may portend for the future. This observer does not now believe that the Republicans in 1956 will carry a majority of the northern Negro vote. He does believe that the Republican percentage of that vote will be measurably increased. Much depends upon what happens between now and November, who the candidates are, what the party platforms pledge and the fate of pending civil-rights legislation in Congress.

A *Congressional Quarterly* fact sheet indicates that there are sixty-one congressional districts outside of the South in which the Negro potentially holds a balance of power.

In the Senate, two Democratic incumbents who won their elections in 1950 by less than a 4 per cent margin face stiff opposition in the election this year. Both of these Senators, Thomas C. Hennings, Jr., of Missouri and Herbert H. Lehman of New York, have enjoyed and deserved, on the basis of their individual records, wide support among Negro voters. In 1950, the potential Negro vote in Missouri was 7.5 per cent of the total and in New York 6.9 per cent. In either state, a measurable shift of Negro voters could prove disastrous to the Democratic candidates.

The Jim Crow system has distorted the politics of the nation. It



has vested disproportionate legislative power in control of the most backward elements of the country. It has enabled a provincial minority to thwart the will of the majority. It has provided grist for the propaganda mills of our enemies abroad, causing endless embarrassment to the nation in international affairs.

Despite its past power and its

present desperation, the days of Jim Crow are numbered. The Negro is pressing the attack in the South and throughout the nation. His political power is greater and his allies more numerous and forthright than in earlier years. White Southerners still repeat their ancient allegation that Negroes are content with the Jim Crow system, but events at Mont-

gomery, Alabama, and elsewhere in the region eloquently refute this false claim. Although outward migration will continue, Negroes will remain a substantial element in the southern population and will, in the foreseeable future, emerge from the shadow of Jim Crow and enjoy all of their constitutional rights as American citizens.

## 5. Labor and the South . . . M. H. ROSS

DESPITE some hesitancy and confusion in union ranks, there is a likelihood that before the year is out organized labor will have another Southern drive under way. The very fact that union leaders are considering the completion of labor's largest unfinished job is itself encouraging in view of current jurisdictional problems, widespread disaffection among white union members in some areas and past lack of success in winning large groups of Southern workers in key industries.

An open-shop South today stands in surly defiance of the merged AFL-CIO. From labor's viewpoint, the recent anti-union offensive and secessionist tactics of the White Councils would seem to call for organization of the South as a matter of self-defense. Figures just released by the National Bureau of Economic Research show that fewer than 10 per cent of all non-agricultural workers in North and South Carolina are unionized, compared with some 40 per cent in Illinois, Indiana and Missouri. The united labor movement cannot permit the continued watering down of its national influence and authority by a South less than 20 per cent organized.

Immediate objectives of the drive, as announced, indicate specific aims, such as the Burlington Mills chain in textiles and R. J. Reynolds in tobacco. Every attempt at centralized control of the campaign, with accompanying fanfares of publicity, will be deliberately avoided; the

unions do not want to give the impression that they are "invading" the South. But the fact that the campaign will be planned on a nation-wide basis, by industries, should not detract from the total impact the separate efforts could have in the South.

A sustained campaign could, if successful, double present Southern union membership, adding almost two million workers—mainly in textile, chemical, lumber, clothing, paper, oil and gas, furniture, teamsters and metal products.

Hard-fisted reality, far more than idealistic concern for Negro rights, is influencing conservative trade-union leaders in favor of the drive. The objective factors requiring organization of the South today are almost as compelling as those which put industrial unionism on the agenda of the mid-1930s:

*First*, an unorganized South is a danger to union standards and to organized membership in the rest of the nation. The menace of runaway plants looms over every bargaining session in the North. Economic gains are often stymied because of low-wage competition. The increasing proportion of new-plant investment going South endangers the future growth of a national labor movement.

*Second*, certain key unions cannot attain their full potential growth. A textile union which should rate in the million-member class, along with auto, steel and teamsters, remains stunted. Without the heart of the industry in the South, its situation is as frustrating as if the auto union tried to function without Detroit.

*Third*, the unbridled Dixiecrat

power in the Democratic Party and in Congress is becoming increasingly unbearable to the spokesmen of organized labor.

*Fourth*, responsible labor leaders know that the target area hit by racist attack is not limited to the Negro. White Council objectives, according to former Governor McMath of Arkansas, include "the destruction of labor unions in the South." Textile union officials who have suffered extreme personal abuse in organizing campaigns are fully aware of this revived Ku-Kluxism which moves from Negro to labor unionist to Jew, Catholic and foreign-born. The recent textile convention, representing workers in an almost all-white industry, was united in regarding the White Councils as union-busters and scab-herders even though there were differences in approach to the school-desegregation problem.

*Fifth*, the drive will get employer



*M. H. ROSS, a union official in the South for many years and former editor of the North Carolina Law Review, has written extensively on Southern labor.*



and top-politician support from New England and other areas hurt by industrial migration. And it is not inconceivable that some wedge will be driven in employer ranks in the South, especially among national firms inclined to weigh carefully the costs and dangers of a long and bitter union campaign.

TEN YEARS ago, separate AFL and CIO organizing drives opened in the South. Despite high hopes, large staffs and much real effort, the main open-shop citadels were not captured. Although gains were made, a smaller proportion of textile workers is organized today than a decade ago.

In many ways Operation Dixie, starting in 1946, was foredoomed. Growing cold-war hysteria and repression were a perfect setting for anti-union campaigns. AFL and CIO rivalry and the internal CIO split caused confusion. Lack of a positive overall approach on race relations hampered the adoption of day-to-day tactics. Most of all, the full impact of Taft-Hartley came in the South and a united opposition, using clever new legal devices or open violence, brought the divided drives to a grinding halt.

Trends in Southern industrialization today, marked by newer-type industries and production, company mergers, more national firms under union contract elsewhere, increasing urbanization, accentuate and aggravate regional differentials and make the porkchop issues plainer to Southern workers. General Electric announced that its investments in Southern plants over the past decade exceeded \$250 million. A 1954 Department of Labor wage survey in electric-lamp plants showed why: a Southern differential of more than 30c an hour. In 1955, the non-union G.E. plant at Goldsboro, North Carolina, had a minimum wage of 90 cents, while the lowest Southern union rate in the field was \$1.30 per hour.

In more typical Southern industry, the differential is still greater. Sawmill workers averaged \$1.09 an hour in January, 1956, less than one-half the rate for the same work in the West. Federal wage-hour law provisions are academic for some

workers, since regional violations are widespread. In contrast, the fact that mine and steel unions have ended Southern differentials while packinghouse and others are well on the way, is not lost on Southern workers.

Even where wages are somewhat equalized, speedup and stretchout of the workload burden Southern workers. Senate testimony on textiles showed typical Carolina mill assignments to include about 50 per cent more looms per weaver than in New England (a McGraw-Hill publication attributes higher productivity per employee to "deep-rooted religious convictions," lack of ancient grudges and job hunger).

Substandard fringe benefits for Southern workers are common. In pensions, health and welfare, paid holidays, vacations and other non-wage increments, the past decade has actually seen some widening of regional differentials. The average salaried office secretary in Atlanta gets only half as many paid holidays as her counterpart in Boston. Workmen's compensation and unemployment insurance are almost uniformly lower in the South.

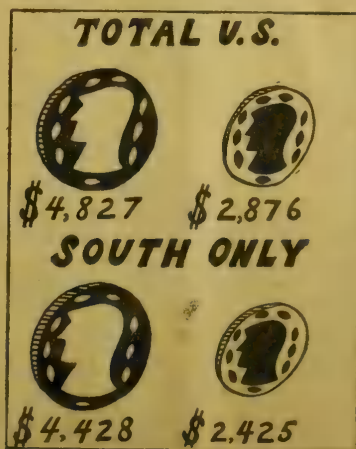
THE CREATION of a unified labor movement is a new asset in the projected drive, but even more significantly, it makes possible the utilization of greater Southern forces. Firm basic organization now exists in every industry and nearly every area. Bitter defeats disillusioned some workers, but toughened many more. The

telephone and railroad strikes last year attest to this (see *The Nation*, June 26, 1955) and in a string of mill villages and small towns all over the South a core of union loyalists await their day of retribution.

Southern open-shop employers and anti-labor politicians, for all their display of assurance and bluster, are worried men. A Jim Crow system, seemingly impregnable only short years ago, is now rocked to its foundations. Can the shaky non-union structure of low wages and second-class conditions withstand union attack? Who will guarantee that the old cry of white supremacy or the old "mongrelization" bugaboo will again split the workers? The southern Negro has developed a new vitality; he can, in large measure, assure the success of an organizing drive—if his white co-workers will accept him.

CURRENT loose talk about Southern secession from AFL-CIO is a far cry from setting up a functioning Southern labor center. Unless the White Councils create a split at the regional level, they are merely blowing smoke about a separate federation. Contracts are held by internationals, not locals; NLRB legal loopholes, found with ease to defeat left-wing unions, will be hard to turn up for Dixiecrat schisms; vested interests in full-time jobs and local treasuries will have a slowing effect on any secession movement. The holding power of an established union is often underestimated. And employers like International Harvester may cooperate to help put racist secession down.

A practical economic program and a skillful approach can win unorganized Southern white workers to unionism. The job of channeling their ample grievances so as to overcome backwardness and apathy is a complex one. To many fresh from the farm, earnings even in the unorganized factories seem tremendous compared with the unrewarded hours of labor in the fields from sunup to sundown. But the Populist tradition is still strong in the South; the people resent absentee ownership of Southern resources. Folk sentiment and agrarian indignation against the "Big Mules," frequently expressed in



Contrasting the median money income of Negro and white urban families.



Biblical quotation and country songs, coincide with many labor and liberal aims.

After all, organized labor is neither stranger nor outsider to the South. The first general strike in America took place in New Orleans. Some craft unions, like the Raleigh, North Carolina, printers were chartered a century ago. Knights of Labor were effective in southern political action seventy years ago. In the early 1890s the Chattanooga AFL was busy helping embattled white and Negro miners in East Tennessee in their struggle to end the convict lease system.

The almost never-ending series of long hard-fought strikes in textiles reflect the fighting ability of the South's key industrial workers. Texas saw the only cowboy strike in history, and its legislature received the first bill dealing with labor's right to organize. The half-century-long fight against child labor was centered in Southern unions. And contrary to popular opinion, the record of Southern labor history has notable instances of interracial harmony.

Race relations undoubtedly present the most sensitive of all the complicated problems in organizing the South. Within the general framework of creating and maintaining unity of Negro and white, varied tactical approaches may prove nec-

essary. Steady progress must be made in wiping out wage and advancement discrimination and in eliminating Jim Crow practices inside unions. But the South is so many different places and people, so many fragments of a complex whole, that a uniform policy may not be feasible.

An isolated and company-dominated Piedmont mill village with almost no colored workers is neither a Nashville nor a Greensboro with universities and Negro councilmen. Nor can Piedmont problems be equated with an all-Negro fertilizer or cotton-oil operation at a county seat in plantation country, where Negroes still can't register to vote. Workers in well-organized towns like Chattanooga, Gadsden or Durham—let alone Birmingham, Memphis or New Orleans—differ in outlook from those who continue marginal farming while they make more money than they have ever seen in the new air-conditioned plant at the crossroads.

ORGANIZING problems in the South, where the race issue can be volcanic, defy blueprint or easy solution. Liberals far removed from the battle line were sometimes shocked by concessions Dr. Frank Graham, Kefauver or Governor Folsom made in meeting the frontal onslaught of the racists. It is worth noting that mili-

tant Negro leadership closest to those situations often showed more understanding.

A firm and principled AFL-CIO position on civil rights and desegregation is one side of the coin. The other, according to sincere union officials, must be the flexibility of local day-to-day tactics that must be used to win the white workers who comprise the majority of those to be organized in the South.

In its essence, the Southern organizing drive is needed because so long as Southern workers are underpaid and unorganized, no Northern worker's pay envelope is safe. It will also have wider consequences. A successful campaign could cut away the mass base of the White Citizens Councils. Its effects on the surging Negro movement would be almost incalculable in the framework of the present segregation crisis. It could give courage to the faltering Faulkners and Carters and to liberals in the churches and the Democratic Party. It could give a voice to that vast silent South which has been virtually paralyzed by the unchallenged assault of the White Councils against the law of the land.

A Southern drive represents the most difficult organizing problem faced anywhere by American labor. The stakes—for labor, for the Negro, for the country—are immeasurably great.

## 6. Those Magnolia Myths . . . RICHARD A. LONG

NO ONE would hesitate to give the South full credit for its myth-making faculty. There is the myth of the gracious ante-bellum South. This fantasy has international currency, in spite of the slimmest historical foundations. There is the myth that the Southern white understands the Negro better than any other white folks understand anything, including relativity. This persists despite the immense human improbability that a people so fundamentally terrorized as the Southern Negro would ever be candid

enough with their terrorizers to permit the latter to understand anything about them.

Unfortunately, the South not only creates myths, but also believes in and hence is victimized by them. The acute observer of the currently steaming cauldron of Southern life should be aware of at least four grand myths in the process of construction. It is all the more important to recognize these, since they will be retailed to the American public not in the wool-hat manner of the elder Talmadge, but with the flashy techniques of Madison Avenue. Indeed, this observer has already heard or viewed echoes of the new mythology from sources

so unexpected as Eric Sevareid, Adlai Stevenson, Luce's *Life* and the *New York Times Magazine*. I do not imply that these respected sources are blind, only that myths are powerful. I will list and comment briefly on each of the current myths.

\*

*The myth of extremism.* A large portion of the comment that pours from the South seems to imply that there is no objection to securing for the Southern Negro a just right to education and freedom of the person, but that there are extremist Negro elements, particularly in the NAACP, who are trying to impose

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on the South in haste a completely new social order. Yet NAACP demands no more for the Negro than equal protection under law. It has never asked for more. Consequently, the purveyors of this myth rarely attempt to cite evidence to support the existence of this extremism. There is no such evidence.

*The myth of intervention.* This myth, derived from the carpetbagger prototype, pictures the Southern Negro as happy with his white folks, not even resenting an occasional lynching, judicial or otherwise. The smiling dandy of the myth recognizes the propriety of riding in special sections of trains and street cars, and is overjoyed when a white high-school youth half his age addresses him as Uncle Mose instead of as Mr. Smith. So happy is Mose that only wily outsiders could stir up in him any resentment against the status quo. Now the fact is that the source of pressure for a new accounting in race relations is coming directly from Southern Negroes—and not primarily from the most travelled and highly educated among them, but from what can only be called the grass-roots. The reason that the white Southerners who do not know this are deceived is traceable to the older myth of “understanding” the Negro. The Negro they understand exists only in their imagination.

In a period in which suppressed peoples all over the world are rising up against oppression of all kinds, would it not be more than strange if, in a free society possessing the finest communications in the world, an obviously depressed element of the population did not register protest? The Southern Negro has a grievance against the South and he is seeking redress in the South.

*The myth of equal complicity.* This myth is based on the indisputable fact that there is discrimination against the Negro in the North. But it is difficult to see how any responsible observer can equate the situation in the North to the almost total denial of personal liberty to the Negro in the South. However, Adlai Stevenson’s “plague on both your houses” is proof enough that

the equation is made—and not only in the South. The Negro in the South, no matter who he is, is subject to a range of personal indignity so wide as to be incomprehensible to any white without training in social psychology. And he has no real recourse to the law. A Southern jury is precluded by the mores from bringing in a decision favorable to a Negro when a white man is involved. The exceptions, and none come to mind, prove nothing.

Anti-Semitism existed in the Third Reich in the thirties; it also existed in France. Anyone who attempted to explain the anti-Semitism in Germany by reference to that of France would be laughed out of court. Negroes were too shocked to laugh at Mr. Stevenson as he fell into the trap; white Americans, alas, did not know enough to laugh. There can be no comparison between discrimination against the Negro in the North and the sustained terrorism directed against him in the South.

*The myth of the Southern moderate.* This myth is almost purely for intellectual and liberal consumption and has not been heard from the politicians. Being practical men, the politicians would be embarrassed by such a compound of subtlety and vacuity. In essence it is that there is a class of Southerners, the moderates, who have been slowly working for the cause of the Negro, but who in the present temper of

things are being driven to the wall. If extremist elements bring the crisis to a head, these moderates will be forced to take sides, moderation being incompatible with crisis, and they *will* take sides—not with the Negro for whom they have been moderately struggling, but (reluctantly) with the reactionary whites whom they have been moderately opposing. Nobel Prize-winner Faulkner put this warning in print, at a price, for all the world to see. That the lucidity of this appealed to Luce, himself a South Carolina planter and a moderate (both part-time, to be sure), is demonstrated by the follow-up editorial in *Life* cautioning Negroes, who have never been anything but slow in demanding the benefits of simple American citizenship, to “Go Slow.”

If the work of these moderates has been so inconsequential that the first faint breeze will rip it to shreds, it has been a work of dreams rather than of substance. There is a class of Southerners, soft-spoken all, who know that in the wider American society there can be no defense for the South’s treatment of the Negro and who, hankering after the acclaim of that wider society, have seemed to say so. But few of these persons have done more than make speeches and receive literary prizes in the North. Lillian Smith is not one of these. Mr. Faulkner is. He can be articulate about human dignity in Stockholm, and it is alleged by one class of critics that he treats the Negro as a human being in his fiction, but the fact remains that in the South his Stockholm appeal is not heard and his books are not read. In resting from the cause of moderation neither he nor his ilk will be missed, for they never were there. His letter to *Life* was as great a piece of effrontery as Mr. Dulles’ “brink of war” manifesto. In the South, as throughout the world, the ground for action must be unfaltering devotion to justice.

We may expect many other myths to be spawned to retard the overdue changes which are in process in the South; it is well to be aware of them, and to test each by the fundamental American ideology of the free man in the free society.





# BOOKS and the ARTS

## The Crusade of Indignation

**NEGROES ON THE MARCH.** A Frenchman's Report on the American Negro Struggle. By Daniel Guerin. George L. Weismann. \$1.50.

**GOODBYE TO UNCLE TOM.** By J. C. Furnas. William Sloane Associates. \$6.

By James Baldwin

"THE LOVE of money," St. Paul once wrote, with a fairly typical lack of precision, "is the root of all evil." This formulation seems to leave a great many evils out of account, and it does not even raise the question of just why the human heart, in which this love of money lives, should be so base. Nor does it raise the question of what money is, what is its power, what it means to people or states. With so many knotty questions thus neatly disposed of, people who share Paul's attitude about money can also believe—as he, being bigoted in quite another direction, did not—that people will be made better as their economic state improves. It is an extremely attractive theory, and most of us have at one time or another espoused it.

Only—in order to bring about this economic utopia, one needs a band of people who do not care about money—or power?—who will carry out the necessary operation of taking the money from those who now have an abundance of it and distributing it among those who have too little.

In this operation—the love of money persisting so tenaciously—blood is likely to be shed. And the shedding of blood will probably prove to be the operation's most real achievement. When things go back to what may be called normal, it will be seen that the people who were to be made better still persist in loving money and in trying—no mat-

ter what it may do to themselves, their neighbors, or their children—to make it.

People who approach the Negro problem from this doctrinaire point of view are always embarrassed by at least two facts. One is that Negroes love money quite as much as whites do, and rather more than they love one another. The other is that the people in America least attracted to the idea of a worker's state are the workers. They are not interested in themselves as workers—except in their clashes with management, in which they are represented by those other managers, the union leaders. They are interested in achieving what, in fact, can still be achieved at this period in American life: a measure of economic peace. Unless forced by outside pressure, they are not terribly concerned with what may be happening next door—among Negroes, for example.

In the Negro world, as in the white world, Negroes who have money band together and try to ignore the existence of their unluckier brothers. That is the way the love of money works. But neither money, nor the love of it, is the root of all evil. The importance of money is simply that power in the world does not exist without it and power in the world is what almost everyone would like to have.

The love of money thesis is the thesis of Daniel Guerin's *Negroes on The March*, and, since I find it impossible to take the thesis seriously, I find it rather difficult to discuss the book—which is, anyway, less a discussion of the American Negro's situation than a rather shrill diatribe against the capitalist system. No one with any pretension to intellectual honesty claims that the capitalist system is perfect, or is likely to be made so. It may indeed be doomed, and we may all be the slothful and pussy-footing creatures Mr. Guerin says we are. But his own tone is so extremely ungenerous that I cannot

avoid a certain chill when I think of the probable fate of dissenters in his vari-colored brave new world. Here he is on Gunnar Myrdal, the Swedish social scientist whose *An American Dilemma* Mr. Guerin finds "feeble in interpretation". (All italics are Mr. Guerin's). "... it does not explain *how, by whom, and why race prejudice was brought into being.*" (It certainly does not; I, too, should like to read the book which does). But Myrdal's feebleness, it turns out, is blacker than mere incompetence: "Without calling into question Myrdal's good faith, we must nevertheless make the observation that his method is quite in harmony with the concerns of those who subsidized his work and serves their interests quite well. For what did the trustees of the Carnegie Foundation actually want?" What they didn't want was a "cause-and-effect relationship. . . . established between capitalist oppression and race prejudice." Bright students, or people who have heard this song before will already have guessed the reason, as follows: "... victims of race prejudice would be likely to draw conclusions dangerous to the established order." Nor would the awakened white workers have taken long to realize that their best interests lay in black-white solidarity. Myrdal's real task, according to Mr. Guerin, was to avoid saying anything which, by leading to such a holocaust, would displease and possibly destroy the Carnegie Foundation.

A MAN whose vision of the world remains as elementary as Mr. Guerin's can scarcely be trusted to help us understand it. It is true enough, for example, as far as it goes, that slavery was established and then abolished for economic reasons; but slavery did not come into the world along with capitalism any more than race prejudice did; and it need scarcely be said, at this late date, that where capitalism has been abolished slavery and race prejudice yet remain. It is also true—again, as far as it goes—that, as Mary McLeod Bethune said, "The voice of organized

*JAMES BALDWIN is the author of Go Tell It on the Mountain and Notes of a Native Son. He is living at present in Paris.*



labor has become one of the most powerful in the land and unless we have a part in that voice our people will not be heard." But "our people" are then speaking as a part of organized labor. Labor's interests may often be identical with the Negro's interests; but Mr. Guerin fails to understand that, in the light of the white worker's desire to achieve greater status, his aims and those of the Negro often clash quite bitterly.

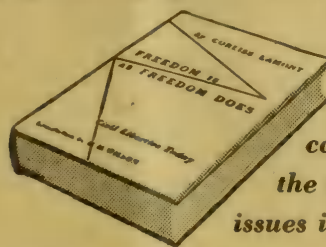
All this is changing, to be sure, but so very, very slowly, and in such unexpected ways that only a madman would dare to predict the final issue—if one can speak, in human affairs, of a final issue. The world in which people find themselves is not simply a vindictive plot imposed on them from above; it is also the world they have helped to make. They have helped to make, and help to sustain it by sharing the assumptions which hold their world together. Mr. Guerin's book, so far from having broken with any of the assumptions which have helped to cause such agony in the world—so far from being revolutionary or even "modern"—is a desperate cliché, is painfully, stiflingly old-fashioned. It is certainly not revolutionary today to suggest, that, whereas it was wrong for capitalists to murder workers, it is right for workers to murder capitalists; whereas it is wrong for whites to murder Negroes, Negroes may be pardoned for murdering whites. Mr. Guerin is unable to recognize a sadly persistent fact: the concepts contained in words like "freedom," "justice," "democracy" are not common concepts; on the contrary, they are rare. People are not born knowing what these are. It takes enormous and, above all, individual effort to arrive at the respect for other people that these words imply. Since Mr. Guerin lacks any sense of history, except as something to be manipulated, and has really no respect whatever for the human personality, he is unable to give us any sense of the perpetual interaction of these forces on one another. Without this sense all states become abstractions, and lawless ones at that.

MR. GUERIN wants us all to go out right away and begin preparing for

the equitable new state which will succeed to the present inequitable one; and should the present state seem reluctant to wither away, he has no objection to setting it to the torch. One of his heroes, John Brown, is one of the minor villains in J. C. Furnas' admirable *Goodbye To Uncle Tom*. Mr. Furnas' attitude can be gathered from his comment that "What Mrs. Stowe and John Brown did was not to create the forces that would free the slave but to make sure that North and South went into their crisis in the least promising state of mind." In view of the enormous bitterness the Civil War has left us, this statement seems disquietingly close to the truth. It sug-

gests that indignation and goodwill are not enough to make the world better. Clarity is needed, as well as charity, however difficult this may be to imagine, much less sustain, toward the other side. Perhaps the worst thing that can be said about social indignation is that it so frequently leads to the death of personal humility. Once that has happened, one has ceased to live in that world of men which one is striving so mightily to make over. One has entered into a dialogue with that terrifying deity, sometimes called History, previously, and perhaps again, to be referred to as God, to which no sacrifice in human suffering is too great.

Mr. Furnas maintains that, despite



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the world-renowned indignation of its author, *Uncle Tom's Cabin* is a shoddy and almost totally undocumented piece of fiction, which it is; and, further, that it is this book which has set the tone for the attitude of American whites toward Negroes for the last one hundred years. This may seem, at first, rather too heavy a weight to place on a single book. Yet when one considers this novel's enormous prestige and popularity, remembers that it was read for generations as though it were another Bible, that it is involved with the deepest, most lasting bitterness and the bloodiest conflict

this nation has ever known; when one reflects, above all, how it flatters the popular mind, positively discouraging that mind from any tendency to think the matter through for itself—and this to such an extent that both pro and anti-Negro sentiment have read this book as scripture—one is forced to the conclusion that Mr. Furnas is almost certainly more nearly right than wrong. Add to this the impact of the "Tom" shows, which persisted, according to Mr. Furnas, until 1933, the last one being heard of in 1950, which definitively jettisoned whatever validity Mrs. Stowe's work

might have had, and which introduced—with Topsy—that blackfaced comic-character who is the despair of Negro actors even today—well, at least it can be said that few indeed are the novels which can boast of such a long, varied and influential life, few the novels which the objective conditions conspired to keep in fashion for so long. Even today, Mr. Furnas places the annual sale of this novel at about 8,000 copies.

And, indeed, if anyone seriously doubts that the attitudes to be found in *Uncle Tom's Cabin* are still prevalent among us, he has only to wade or sit through that other publishing landmark and mammoth movie, *Gone With The Wind*, or see almost any other movie dealing with Negro life, or read almost any other novel on the same subject published in this country since 1852. Or simply: ask himself what he really knows about the American Negro, what he really feels about him. It is a question, after all, whether what we will here call the ordinary American of good will knows anything more about Negro life than what has filtered through to him via memories of an exemplary Negro maid, or the experience—for which he is almost certainly not prepared—of, say, some Billie Holiday records, perhaps a trip or two through Harlem, perhaps one or two Negro colleagues, or a Negro college friend. And what he *feels* concerning all this is a mystery, probably even to himself. The sad truth is that he has probably taken refuge from this exceedingly disturbing question in the arbitrary decision that Negroes are just like everybody else. But, obviously, and especially in this context, this is no truer than the sporadically old-fashioned notion that Negroes are inferior to everybody else: sporadically, because fashions in thought—in the breast and in the world—are subject to bewildering and shameful cycles. We have all had the experience of finding that our reactions and perhaps even our deeds have denied beliefs we thought were ours. And this is the danger of arriving at arbitrary decisions in order to avoid the risks of thought, of striking arbitrary attitudes. If the attitude is a cover, what it is covering will inevitably be revealed.

## Memo From The Publisher

A few weeks ago, the librarian of one of America's most important newspapers called our Circulation Manager on the phone.

"Cancel all seven of our subscriptions to The Nation at once and refund our money," he said.

"Why?"

"Because the way your subscription deliveries have been running lately, we can get the issues faster on the newsstands than in the mails. Our editors want The Nation the week of publication—not the following week."

All magazines prefer subscriptions to newsstand sales, of course. But in this instance our concern with losing seven subscriptions is tempered by (1) satisfaction in the thought that this important newspaper wants The Nation **on time** badly enough to pay extra for it, and (2) the notion that we are going to get those subscriptions back.

For we have good news for many of our subscribers who have patiently suffered through similarly delayed deliveries. As you know, we have been printing and mailing the magazine during the past year from Montgomery, Alabama, and the complications of the postal service have made things difficult. Now we are again mailing from New York City (printing there, too), and we feel sure we will soon have the delivery problem licked.

But apart from the delivery, we have altered the package somewhat—new, clearer type and a bolder, fresher look to the cover. Quality content, attractively packaged and delivered promptly—what more can a reader ask of a magazine?

GEORGE G. KIRSTEIN  
Publisher

P.S. If the editors of America's great dailies find The Nation necessary reading, so will your friends! A trial subscription costs \$3.50 for six months—drop a card to the Circulation Manager, The Nation, 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N. Y.



And exactly this, in fact, has happened so often that there is another, and very crucial difficulty encountered in interracial communication, in attempting to discover not *what*, but *who* the Negro is. In the first place, popular belief to the contrary, it is not enough to have been born a Negro to understand the history of Negroes in America. And, whereas whites have a complicated social machinery and a natural—and cultivated—mental and spiritual laziness operating to keep far from them any sense of how Negroes live; Negroes, beginning with the natural desire to escape the humiliations, the downright persecutions, which Negroes endure, end, often enough, by despising all the *other* Negroes who have brought them to this condition—a condition which they spend incalculable amounts of energy blotting out of their conscious minds. But they, naturally enough, therefore, also hate all whites, who make the world as bleak for them as does a cloud before the sun. This universal hatred, turning inward and feeding on itself, is not the least ghastly aspect of the heritage of the American Negro, for all that it remains, by its nature, so hidden. It is, for one thing, the absolute death of the communication which might help to liberate both Negroes and whites.

And all this, according to Mr. Furnas (and in the words of Abraham Lincoln) because of the "little woman who made this big war." Well, of course, not quite. Mr. Furnas, who clearly cannot stand the "little woman," makes the point that she was able to have such a tremendous effect because she was a mildly gift-

### Case History

In the sunny years of nearing darkness,  
The shadow of the western hill  
Climbing the sunnyside of the eastern hill  
(What with the Big Revolving)

He took a mighty slug for bracer  
Then one twice as stiff for chaser—  
And felt like a racer.

O where  
O where  
Is he now?

KENNETH BURKE

ed woman who mirrored the assumptions of her time—and place—so perfectly. She helped to inspire and keep aflame the zeal in the general Northern breast to liberate those slaves, of whom they knew only that the souls belonged to God. Of the motives beneath the zeal she helped inspire, Mrs. Stowe knew nothing; it was not real to her that the war which was finally being fought was not being fought to free the slave, that it was a hand to hand contest between the North and the South for dominance. And when the slave was finally freed, it developed that his soul did indeed belong to God and that God could take it, for all the nation seemed to care.

For it is easy to proclaim all souls equal in the sight of God: it is hard to make men equal on earth, in the sight of men. This problem had never entered Mrs. Stowe's mind, for the reason that it had never entered her mind that the Negro could conceivably *be* an equal. She knew nothing about the Africa, to which projects were made to send him, as, when writing *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, she had known nothing of slavery beyond what she had gathered by reading and one or two short trips to Kentucky. Perhaps if she had known more about the slave's condition, and what this condition does to a people, she (and the nation) would have had a more realistic, more responsible view of what would probably happen when thousands of unlettered, abruptly homeless, totally vulnerable and unprepared people were turned loose upon the body politic. Mr. Furnas is not being unjust when he observes that the righteous zeal of Mrs. Stowe, like that of most of the Abolitionists, resembled that of an anti-vivisectionist committee. It had not entered their heads that they were fighting for the rights of men like themselves. They were fighting for the right of the "sons of Ethiopia, whatever . . . their natural stupidity . . . to stretch forth their hands to God." Of the right of the "sons of Ethiopia" to conquer that unquestioned "natural stupidity," of their right to work, live, vote, marry, and even to become unbelievers, they had never thought. We are until today struggling with many of the results

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of this righteous zeal in action.

One of the results is the continuing bitterness felt by the descendants of those "sons of Ethiopia," whom we have never yet, wholly, managed to regard as men. Perhaps nothing in *Goodbye To Uncle Tom* more justifies the title than Mr. Furnas' unsentimental insistence that this must be done, and now, for no other reason than our common humanity, and that the way to begin is by taking a hard look at oneself.

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## Instead of Repression

*EROS AND CIVILIZATION.* A Philosophical Inquiry into Freud. By Herbert Marcuse. Beacon Press. \$3.95.

By Abraham Edel

THIS BOOK HAS special pertinence in a world whose tensions set up increasing psychological stress within the individual. Professor Marcuse does not try to figure out how much we can take, nor whether we are approaching a breaking-point, nor whether our inner demands, rebelling against a growing impersonal coercion, will successfully impel a reorganization of social life. Rather, he lays before us in its fullest theoretical scope, the burden that our repressive civilization places on our fundamental drives, separates carefully what is due to survival needs and what serves instead the interests of domination, shows how far the latter is unnecessary in the modern world with its advanced scientific possibilities and suggests what changes in attitude to work and play, value and association would be the consequence of a genuine relaxation of the repressive outlook.

The form which his inquiry takes is a detailed philosophical reinterpretation of Freud's speculations on the biological basis of the instincts and their repression in the history of civilization. Freud's conclusion was that civilization involves the permanent subjection of the instincts, that the reality principle is irretrievably bound up with the repression of the pleasure principle, even perhaps that rebellious outbursts of cruelty and destruction are a price that must be paid for civilization. Instead of abandoning instinct theory as many of the neo-Freudians do, Professor Marcuse attempts a reinterpretation which allows the development of a non-repressive structure. It involves, for example, seeing the death in-

stinct, the source of aggression, as primarily an attempt to avoid pain; also speculation on the path libidinal energies might take to make work lose its "alienated" character.

Professor Marcuse combines his psychological analysis with reflections on the development of such philosophical categories as reason. When he touches such a category it comes to life and all its cultural content becomes transparent in its momentous implications. In general, the book is an excellent example of the way in which speculative and sensitive philosophical inquiry steeped in scientific materials can break open a field and offer all sorts of fresh lights, making the most taken-for-granted assertion turn into a problem. But it yields too readily to a dangerous tendency which often besets such an inquiry—taking success in working out an alternative interpretation as if it constituted a kind of demonstration. Actually, the full test of such insights must depend on the further research they themselves suggest.

## The Lone Man

*THOREAU OF WALDEN.* By Henry Beetle Hough. Simon and Schuster. \$4.

By Jacob Korg

CONTENDING that critics have been wrong to call Thoreau's life "uneventful," Mr. Hough gives a nimble and detailed account of his family life, travels, friendships, attempts at making a living and occasional challenges to social order. Since no biography of Thoreau can give a fair impression of the man without quoting his own sturdy language, Mr. Hough often has recourse to quotations. Thoreau did not tell all the facts about his life, but he had the last word, in advance, on most subjects that interested him.

Mr. Hough gives the important

JACOB KORG is assistant professor of English at the University of Washington.

ABRAHAM EDEL is a member of the Department of Philosophy at the City College of New York and author of *The Theory and Practice of Philosophy and Ethical Judgment: The Use of Science in Ethics.*



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information that Thoreau was in love a number of times and had a long attachment to Emerson's wife. "Let us love," he wrote, "by refusing, not accepting one another." He worked at teaching and manufacturing pencils, but concluded, "It is not necessary that a man should earn his living by the sweat of his brow, unless he sweats easier than I do." Thoreau was an active member of the knot of Concord intellectuals grouped around Emerson, and Mr. Hough tells a great deal about these friends and their influence on him. Thoreau's comment was, "I have a great deal of company in my

Note: The third installment of Harold Clurman's Report on the German Theatre will appear next week.

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house, especially in the morning, when nobody calls."

There is no doubt that Thoreau's character was built on a New England framework. But he had the genius to transform the wisdom of the country store into a noble morality. The Yankee is an individualist; Thoreau insisted on being an individual. For his neighbors, thrift meant saving and sparing; for Thoreau it meant withholding himself from the unimportant task of making money. His Yankee shrewdness lay in finding out exactly what was necessary for life and what was not. The people of Concord were honest enough, but Thoreau's honesty led him to ask what right the government of the United States had to exist if it tolerated slavery. Using the common lumber of decent principles he made a vision, just as he took the slats from an Irishman's shanty to build his private Olympus at Walden.

One often hears the complaint that Thoreau's ideas are irrelevant to the

problems Americans face today. When the facts of his life and environment are considered, it seems clear that his roots are buried far out of the sight of a clever and prying generation. Psychoanalysis can point to his suspiciously barren sex life, but can make nothing of it. His economic theories were appropriate only to a neolithic society. He was no sociologist, for he explicitly resisted and rejected reform. He might be called a mystic if he had been less interested in the price of nails and the technique of baking bread. The fact that Thoreau offers comfort neither to a civilization ridden by complex public needs and private inadequacies nor to its critics is a part of his strategy which we are perhaps only just discovering. Though Gandhi, by exception, made use of his doctrine of civil resistance, Thoreau is not a weapon to be used in other men's wars. His stirring ideas have always inspired imitation, but they lend themselves to no motives but his own.

## TELEVISION

Anne W. Langman

ONCE upon a time there was (and there is) a TV station in California called KTTV. And KTTV had an affiliation agreement with a big network called the Columbia Broadcasting System which owned 49 per cent of its stock. So KTTV used CBS network programs and filled in with locally produced and syndicated shows. In 1951, the big network sold its KTTV stock to the *Times-Mirror* Company, publisher of the Los Angeles *Times* and the Los Angeles *Mirror-News*, and acquired 100 per cent ownership of another TV station in Los Angeles and lived happily ever after. KTTV affiliated with a middle-sized network called Dumont which, sad to relate, did not survive very long at all. In 1954, KTTV became independent and operated all by itself without a big network or a middle-sized network or even a little network. Everything went along very well for KTTV. It supplemented its live local shows with good quality film programs and was a strong com-

petitor for the network stations in its area. But after a bit President Richard A. Moore noticed that the nice filmed shows were beginning to peter out, and he was worried about KTTV and all the other TV stations that didn't have network affiliations. So Richard Moore went to Washington, where he told his troubles to the Senate Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce. He said that the reason for them was that the TV industry is not being conducted on normal principles of free competition. And what he said has caused lots of excitement in and about the TV industry.

And there is another, what you might call coincidental, fairy story: Once upon a time there was a big Republican Senator from Ohio called John W. Bricker. One of Senator Bricker's favorite pieces of legislation was something he thought up called the Bricker Amendment, which he liked so much that he wanted it to become a law. Some people thought



it was a good thing and some people did not. There was a TV producer who decided to have a discussion of the Bricker amendment on his program and he rounded up some people, including the Senator, to discuss it. But the Senator didn't get as much time on the show as he thought he should have, and the discussion didn't come out as favorably as he thought it should have and he was quite angry. Then Senator Bricker had a couple of other unpleasant experiences with the networks, who perhaps were not always willing to give him what he wanted.

Now Senator Bricker is an important man. He is the ranking Republican on the Senate Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce. He also has a lot of good friends who are important too. One of his very good and important friends is the Chandler family of Los Angeles. The Chandler family own lots of things and they like them all to be very successful. They own the *Times-Mirror* Company, and through it they own KTTV. KTTV had some trouble being successful because of certain network practices. KTTV was not very favorably inclined toward the networks because of its trouble, and Senator Bricker was not too favorably inclined toward the networks because of his trouble and the Chandler family was very favorably inclined toward Senator Bricker—so Richard Moore went to Washington and what he said caused lots of excitement in the TV industry.

TELEVISION may well end up being the most investigated industry in the U.S. Three government agencies are now in different stages of probing into it: the Federal Communications Commission, which hopes to conclude its self-examination in June 1957; the House Judiciary Antitrust Subcommittee which, led by Representative Emanuel Celler (D. N.Y.), a strong anti-truster, will investigate all government regulated industries, starting with TV and the FCC; and Senator Warren G. Magnuson's Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee which has been at its investigation for two years or more. Moore's testimony was the spark that stirred the long-smoldering embers into



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flames. The news began to make headlines: "Washington investigations of TV broadcasters raise questions concerning bigness and quality," "Senator Bricker is way off base with TV monopoly complaint," "Stanton hits at distortions by Bricker and Moore," "TV profit small Sarnoff insists," "What antitrust?" sez Stanton in defense of CBS," "TV networks at crossroads".

THE "monopoly, monopoly" cry calls up strong reactions pro and con government control of big business which are not new to American democracy. There is a large watershed of experience to draw on for just resolution of industrial gigantism. However the TV industry is uniquely dominant in American life. Consider that more than three-quarters of all the families in the country have television and spend more time watching their sets than in any other single activity except sleep. And during 1955, according to *Business Week*, "the public plunked down a solid \$3.3 billion to buy its home entertainment . . . not far below the estimated \$4 billion that Americans spent for newspapers, magazines, movies, legitimate theatre and other live attractions and all spectator sports—combined." The control of the kind and nature of programs that Americans will see is at the heart of the battle currently under way in Washington.

The networks, in large measure, have control today and are determined to keep it. The advertiser and his grey-flanneled agency man would like to latch on to a bit of control. So would the film syndicators who make filmed TV shows, and so would Senator Bricker and others in the government. To date, whatever government control exists is exerted through FCC licensing of individual stations, some of which make up the networks, some of which are independent. Otherwise, regulation is an internal matter, determined by the pressure of business competition and by operating know-how. Relationships between network and stations, network and advertiser, network and independent producers have grown, topsy-like, to the balance now under examination.

A network owns stations (seven is the legal limit), it controls affiliated stations, it owns a distributing company, it controls production. It has its own merchandising company and film company which makes, buys and distributes films for TV. In turn the network is owned by an overall company which manufactures sets and is in the electronic industry in many other capacities. The 224 page "memorandum" on "Network Practices", compiled by Frank Stanton of CBS for the current investigations, gives some idea of the size of such an operation. It costs CBS-TV \$700,000 a week to run the network operation, exclusive of program costs. This involves a payroll of 5,493 persons, 2,412 of which are employed full time. (In 1949 CBS-TV employed 427 personnel.) CBS-TV maintains twenty-nine studios involving an investment of more than 30 millions. In 1955, 2,561 hours of programming were transmitted by CBS; it cost 22 millions.

A major bone of contention in the Washington investigations is the "option time" agreements which networks make with their affiliate stations and which provide that during

three hours of each of three time segments of the day, a station will accept the sponsored program offered by the network. This precludes the use of that time (and it is the most desirable time) for any other program source. A second trouble spot is the "must-buy" principle which requires a sponsor to buy at least fifty-one per cent of outlets for his program if he wants to use prime time (7:30 to 10:30 pm) on the network.

The biggest trouble of all—and the one that makes TV different from other industries plagued by bigness—is the spectrum. No other communications business is limited by the physical construction of the universe: there is in theory no limit to the newspapers that can be printed, telephone lines built, movies made. But there is a limit to the number of TV stations that can use the spectrum. Nature here is abetting the urge to monopoly and is compounding the problems of distribution and control.

(This is the first of a series of reports on the TV investigations. Subsequent columns will take up the case for the networks and the case for their opponents.)

## RECORDS

### B. H. Haggin

TO THE Budapest Quartet's earlier recordings of the six Mozart quartets dedicated to Haydn—K.385, 421, 428, 458 (*Hunt*), 464, 465—Columbia has added recordings of K.499, which is a work of the same major stature, and the final three quartets dedicated to the King of Prussia—K.575, 589 and 590—which are not of that stature, though they contain lovely writing. K.499 and 575 are on ML-5007; 589 and 590 on ML-5008. Music-lovers have long treasured the pre-war Budapest Quartet performance of K.499 on Victor 78-rpm records for what seemed to be the ultimate in the playing of Mozart by a string quartet; and one is therefore amazed to hear this surpassed now by inflection of phrase that is even more sensitively and subtly detailed. Unfortunately Columbia's recording once

again reproduces the group's playing with dry, hard and—in Roisman's case—strident sound. Each new failure makes it more astounding that, in all the years of recording the Budapest Quartet, Columbia has managed only once, with the Dvorak Piano Quintet, to achieve an accurate reproduction of the warm sound of the four strings, and in particular the dark, rich sound of Mischa Schneider's cello. Columbia achieved this success in its New York studio, after failing with the Beethoven, Schubert and Mozart recordings in the Library of Congress auditorium; and what is incomprehensible is that after succeeding with the Dvorak in this way Columbia should have gone back to the Library of Congress to fail with Haydn's Op. 76 and now with these additional Mozart quartets.



The Quartetto Italiano's extraordinary tone, phrasing and ensemble are heard in two of Haydn's finest quartets, Op. 33 No. 3 (*Bird*) and Op. 76 No. 4 (*Sunrise*) on Angel 35297. The group plays Haydn less robustly than the Schneider Quartet, but with sufficient energy; the performances of these two works are better paced than the Schneider's; and Op. 33 No. 3 comes off with more humor. The excessive sharpness of the recorded sound is remedied by reduction of treble.

Angel 35303 places me once more in the embarrassing position of having to disagree with Mozart on the merits of his Quintet K.452 for piano and winds, which he considered one of his best pieces and I still do not. Those who agree with him will want to know that the wind parts are played with marvelous beauty of tone and phrasing by the Philharmonia Wind Quartet (the first oboe, clarinet, horn and bassoon of the London Philharmonia Orchestra), but that Gieseking's piano-playing is in his pallid, lifeless miniature Mozart style. It comes to life, however, in Beethoven's Quintet Op. 16, one of the least interesting of his early imitative pieces.

Another early work of more consequence, the Septet Op. 20 for clarinet, horn, bassoon and strings, is played excellently by members of the Vienna Octet on London LL-1191. In addition to this chamber-group-style performance there is Toscanini's enchantingly and excitingly phrased performance with a larger number of strings on Victor LM-1745.

TWO of Bach's deadly dull Suites for unaccompanied cello, Nos. 2 and 5, are played by the Russian cellist Rostropovitch on Vanguard 6026. Casals made his playing of this music exciting with the inflections of his powerful tone that created the tensions and distentions of his impassioned sustained phrasing; but as against his hair-raising performance of the Sarabande of No. 2, for example, Rostropovitch offers only a playing of the notes one after another with unattractively dry tone and without any inflection differentiating and relating them in groups.

The six Sonatas for violin and continuo by Jean-Marie Leclair the Elder that are played on Oiseau-Lyre 50087/8 by George Alès and the harpsichordist Isabelle Nef are superb works, in which the slow movements are especially fine. Alès' tone isn't pleasant, but is improved by reduction of treble; and his playing is otherwise good.

Epic LC-3227 offers one of Franck's better works, his String Quartet, characteristic in its writing that is often exquisitely wrought but repetitious. It is played well by the Lowenguth Quartet, except for the coarse tone of the first violin, which can be improved by reduction of treble.

PRESSURE of other matters has delayed this comment on one of the Concert Society of New York's chamber music concerts—a sonata recital by two outstanding ensemble musicians, the violinist Szymon Goldberg (best known perhaps for those incandescent recorded performances of Mozart sonatas with Lili Kraus) and the pianist Artur Balsam. They played several fine works—Bach's Sonata in E, Handel's in D, Mozart's K.378 and 526—and operated with the most satisfying musical skill and taste until Mozart's K.526, in which their phrasing turned fussy and finicky, with particularly damaging effect to the wonderful sustained flow of the Andante movement.

Something else which calls for comment is the technical and musical mastery one heard at Leonard Shure's piano recital, producing the detail that was so completely achieved, so coherently articulated and organized in the performance of Beethoven's Sonata Op. 109. Shure followed this with an effective statement of Schubert's posthumous Sonata in C minor; but Chopin's Sonata Op. 35 was, for me, distorted by the usual exaggerated rubato.

#### SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 678

ACROSS: 1 ABRACADABRA; 9 PROCURES; 10 OSPREY; 11 GOSSIPS; 12 PIL-LAGE; 14 VERILY; 15 MANFULLY; 17 LIKEWISE; 20 TRILBY; 22 FATALLY; 24 APPEARS; 26 RED DOG; 27 ACCUSTOM; 28 APPLE POLISH; DOWN: 2 BACK-SLIDE; 3 ATROPHY; 4 APSE; 5 and 25 AEOLIAN HARP; 6 RPEEL; 7 GROOVE; 8 BENGAL; 13 AMBER; 16 UNIVERSES; 18 IMAGES; 19 ILLEGAL; 20 TOPICAL; 21 BORZOI; 23 ADD UP.

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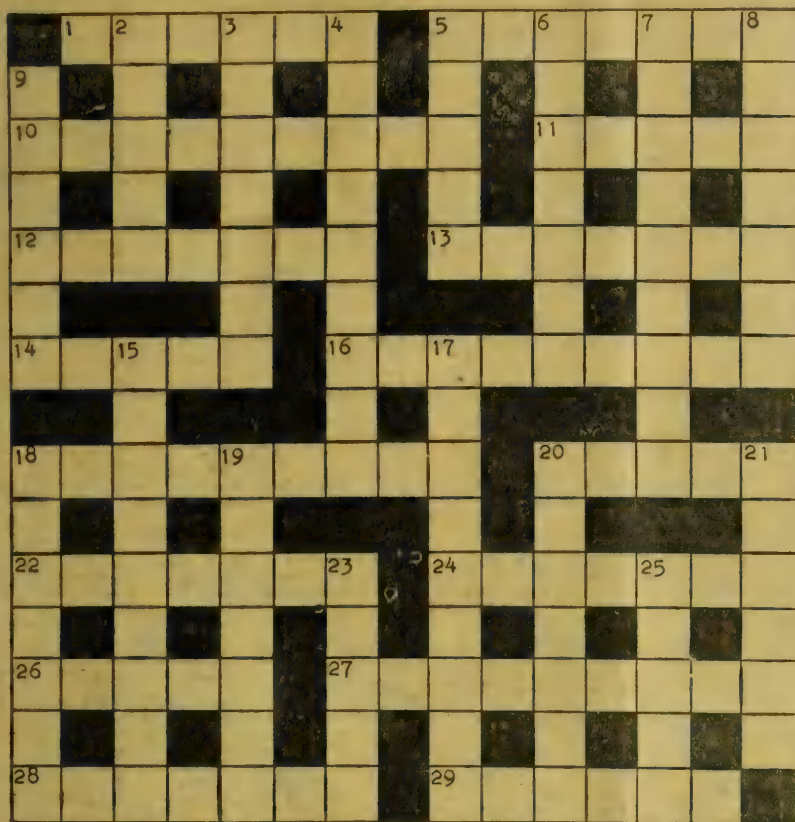
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The NATION



# Crossword Puzzle No. 679

By FRANK W. LEWIS



## ACROSS:

- 1 Good French lacework on top, perhaps! (6)
- 5 Without the middle, one wouldn't stand drinks all around. (The proof may not have a high percentage if one does!) (7)
- 10 Openings that give out only pure tears. (9)
- 11 Starts out brilliantly in school, perhaps. (5)
- 12 25 was responsible for a good deal of this 2 down. (7)
- 13 The perfect type. (7)
- 14 and 7 down Some people knock down lots with this, but it's gradually disappearing. (5, 5, 4)
- 16 Some consider such things a rare treat. (9)
- 18 They're blind — in fact will be dead in the end. (3-2-4)
- 20 Somewhat less than a friend, if headed wrong to finish like the devil. (5)
- 22 They may fit the scaffold, but are tricky with a thimble. (7)
- 24 Gets there, as around a winding river. (7)
- 26 It's not a fact that 5 down might have started it. (5)
- 27 Perhaps dangerous sort of rig with awkward divers around. (9)
- 28 The components of this stew are possibly good for a cold. (7)

- 29 Flora and Hilda? A strange combination! (6)

## DOWN:

- 2 One of these would be work! (5)
- 3 Not including the cost of the lace! (7)
- 4 Would its victim be bitten by the dance bug? (9)
- 5 Poe's a somewhat older storyteller! (5)
- 6 His is usually a different sort of work than 2. (7)
- 7 See 14 across
- 8 Preserved in libraries. (7)
- 9 A pain one might feel about six — under the feet, perhaps. (6)
- 15 It's hard to figure such things out. (9)
- 17 Wanted to get around Father, but gave up. (9)
- 18 An automobile can be made safe finally for carrying liquor. (7)
- 19 Supposedly a simple thing, but it may be difficult to remember its place according to the table. (7)
- 20 Rub the wrong way, and angle about, or just rub the right way? (7)
- 21 Stand. (6)
- 23 Cut, but not deep enough to be severe. (5)
- 25 He started out to make 27, but ended up making 2. (5)

(Answer to Puzzle 678 on page 27)

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# LETTERS

## Venerable Liberalism

Dear Sirs: Mr. Gordon Harrison's able essay, *A Balance of Fears* (June 16), well illustrates the difference between the journalistic approach and the historical. "Old-fashioned," the epithet he hurls impartially at the three books he reviews, is a journalistic term. A three-year-old car is old-fashioned. The "liberal wave" of 1932 — New Deal, Brain Trust, Popular Front — is a back number. It needed a disastrous depression, a stubborn conservative leader, a particularly supple and skillful Progressive — a coincidence which may never happen again. My liberalism, I submit, is not old-fashioned: it has attained the dignity of a period piece. It goes back not to the nineteen thirties, not to the eighteen nineties, but to the eighteenth century and even to the seventeenth. Sixty years ago, long before M. Harrison was born, I was consciously fighting the five great anti-liberal heresies of the Western world: racial pride, the Leviathan national state, the party system, the profit motive and the sectarian church. The middle-aged may be old-fashioned: the very old are venerable.

I still believe that no progress can be achieved except through persuasion: Lenin and Stalin have been retarding agencies. I do not believe in a self-appointed set of "intellectuals" assuming leadership of the masses: I believe, with Descartes, in appealing to the common sense of the common man. We have discovered the folly of matching bomb against bomb: if we want to win over the neutral world, we shall have to match reason against reason.

If we are swamped by mass production, we also have mass education; and we are achieving mass security and leisure, without which thought cannot be free. It is not more hopeless to try persuasion today than it was a hundred or two hundred years ago. It seems hopeless only to the Laodiceans. The chief obstacle is not the stupidity of the masses nor the cleverness of the profiteers, but the defeatism of many intellectuals.

Albert Guérard

Stanford, Calif.

## The Sobell Case

Dear Sirs: *The Nation* deserves our gratitude for publishing Stephen Love's well-reasoned and convincing article on The Sobell Case (June 23). The author reports that counsel for Sobell has filed a petition before the same trial judge who sentenced him asking for

a new trial. [The petition was denied —Editor]. I do not know if it is a general American procedure for the trial judge to have a monopoly on decisions for new trials. It was so in the case of the Rosenbergs. To a layman this seems an absurd and unfair practice. Judges are human beings. Like other men they find it difficult to come to the conclusion that a verdict reached after careful deliberation may have been wrong. Is not this a matter urgently calling for reform?

William Landauer

Storrs, Conn.

## Small Business . . .

Dear Sirs: It is regrettable that Carey McWilliams' excellent article (June 30) on the role of small business in defense procurement was marred by erroneous conclusions about small businesses' attitude toward the cold war. True, small business gets the small end of the stick when contracts are passed out, and most small business men who are in a position to do defense work are anxious to get their share. But this simple fact in no way justifies the conclusion that the spokesmen of small business are "mostly cold warriors" or that "big business is less warlike than small business."

Mr. McWilliams exaggerates the importance of the defense-procurement problem to most small businesses. Only a tiny fraction of this country's small business men are in a position to do defense work; most are concerned with far more pressing problems—such as a tax structure which operates unfairly against them, the steady trend of mergers which threatens to swallow them and the tight money market which limits their growth. I have studied the testimony of scores of small business men before Congressional committees and I can assure you that your statement that the spokesmen of small business are "cold warriors" is extremely unfair to a group of citizens who are no more or less warlike than any other segment of our economy. Surely, small business has yet to produce a "cold warrior" to match labor's Mr. Meany.

Furthermore, I would like to see some factual support for Mr. McWilliams' notion that small business is responsible for the Democratic Party's demand for higher military appropriations. As one who has attempted to organize small business along political lines, I find that the vast majority of small business men

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## NEXT WEEK

Frederick L. Schuman, noted historian, begins a four-part series on *The New Russia* in next week's issue of *The Nation*. Mr. Schuman has just returned from the USSR, where he visited Moscow, Leningrad and Stalingrad, among other cities, and talked to many Soviet political and cultural readers.

## Results of the *The Nation's* Presidential Poll

THE TABLE below shows the results of the Presidential Preference Poll conducted by this magazine among its readers. The outcome reflects the pre-convention thinking of a fair sample of the country's independent liberal vote — a vote which in many past elections wielded the balance of power in several key states.

The attentive reader will draw his own conclusions

from the table, but perhaps some comment on certain aspects may prove helpful to him. The eight pairings listed in the lower half almost certainly include the one which the voter will actually face on Election Day. Our idea in presenting all eight was to measure the strength of (a) an Eisenhower-Nixon ticket and (b) an Eisenhower-X ticket (X representing someone less controversial than Nixon) against each of the four

*Giving due weight to the health factor, do you believe Eisenhower should run again?*

TOTALS	
Yes .....	107
No .....	1553

*Who is your preference as Democratic nominee for President? VOTE FOR ONE.*

Harriman .....	111
Kefauver .....	239
Stevenson .....	1211
Symington .....	15

*If Eisenhower runs with Nixon as his running mate, and any of these four Democratic alternatives is given you, how do you think you will vote on Election Day? CHECK ONE BOX IN EACH PAIRING.*

Eisenhower and Nixon .....	87
Harriman .....	913

Eisenhower and Nixon .....	57
Kefauver .....	979

Eisenhower and Nixon .....	46
Stevenson .....	1463

Eisenhower and Nixon .....	157
Symington .....	715

*If the GOP choses a less controversial figure than Nixon as Eisenhower's running mate, and any of these four Democratic alternatives is given you, how do you think you will vote on Election Day? CHECK ONE BOX IN EACH PAIRING.*

Eisenhower and X .....	227
Harriman .....	769

Eisenhower and X .....	150
Kefauver .....	863

Eisenhower and X .....	90
Stevenson .....	1397

Eisenhower and X .....	354
Symington .....	524



front-running Democratic Presidential candidates.

Not all who returned ballots made eight choices, however. Some voted only four; a few voted two or one. In some cases voters undoubtedly misunderstood instructions, but in most instances — as comment scribbled on the returned ballots makes clear — the abstentions were deliberate. "If the Democrats nominate anyone but Stevenson, I may not go to the polls at all," wrote one voter. Another voter noted alongside the Eisenhower-Nixon vs. Symington pairing, "If this will be my choice on Election Day, I'll stay home and sulk — and so will a hell of a lot of others." A third commented: "If either Stevenson or Kefauver runs, I'll stay home and play tiddly-winks with my cats." Still another from a reader who returned a blank ballot: "We need a third party; neither of the existing ones gives the people a real choice." A few voters could not make up their minds when confronted with the Eisenhower-X ticket. "Because of Eisenhower's health," wrote one, "I must know the identity of X before I can make a choice." Another remarked: "The question of X is not whether he is 'controversial' or not; the question is, will he belong to the liberal Eisenhower-Warren wing of the GOP? Until I know, I can't make up my mind."

Most of our voters, however, completed the ballot in accordance with instructions, so that the totals provide a fair picture of what we were trying to find out. And one general conclusion that can be drawn is that the Republicans have the best chance of capturing the liberal independent vote if they drop Nixon — and if the Democrats are obliging enough to nominate Symington. Contrariwise, it is clear that the liberal independent vote will go overwhelmingly Democratic if Stevenson is the Democratic nominee and the GOP retains Nixon. "I'd write in the name of Senator Phog," noted one voter, "rather than vote for any ticket that included Nixon."

The poor race run by Symington in all categories is an interesting phenomenon, considering the Senator's relatively liberal record on domestic issues. Here again ballot comment may help to explain our readers' thinking. "War monger!" wrote one voter alongside the Senator's name. "The fear of war is overplayed already," wrote another, "and I cannot feel that Symington would help." Still another, who preferred Eisenhower and X over either Harriman or Symington, explained: "I believe that foreign policy is the most important issue of the day." The same concern with the war-and-peace issue was manifested on several ballots which favored Eisenhower and X over any of the Democratic candidates. "I believe Ike has proved himself a man of peace," wrote one voter. "I'm a Democrat," wrote another, "but I don't trust any of the Democrats on foreign relations."

A final comment may throw some light on what

independent liberals think of the campaign to date. *The Nation* ran a Presidential Preference Poll in 1952 under regulations similar to these under which this poll was run. In both instances, to discourage multiple voting, we printed only one ballot; in both cases, too, readers had to address their own envelopes and pay their own postage to return the ballots. Yet this year, from a readership substantially the same in size as that of 1952, we received 50 per cent fewer ballots. A good part of the explanation lies in the fact that only a few days before the ballot appeared, President Eisenhower was removed to Walter Reed Hospital and doctors replaced politicians on the front pages of the newspapers. This has been a lull in the campaign; will it prove a lull between doldrums? Voters will certainly be shaken out of their apathy if, once the conventions are over, the candidates get down to real issues. And a decision by President Eisenhower to withdraw would obviously change the whole nature of the campaign.

No matter who the candidates, there is every reason to believe that the independent liberal voter will again play his traditionally vital role in the key states where, more often than not, Presidential races are decided.

## Testing Time In Poznan

IF ANYTHING is certain about the bloody and futile uprising in Poznan, it is that its roots lay in economic misery. For a year now, the management of the giant Zispo plant has been manipulating the work "norms" so that wages — already inadequate — have been shrinking steadily. These disguised pay cuts have been a detail on a huge canvas of distress — of low wages, prohibitive prices and meager supplies. What might have brought the distress to a peak was that this was June, the month when the old stocks of food run short and the new crop is not yet gathered.

Poland has been in ferment since March, when her leaders began to echo the Soviet attacks on Stalin. In the elapsed months, there has been a broad relaxation of political tensions. An amnesty in April freed 30,000 prisoners and cut the sentences of 40,000 others. The top figures in what one Communist leader has called "vengeful justice" have been fired. More than a fifth of the Secret Police strength has been lopped off and those who remained were ordered to observe "Socialist legality." A new legal code had been drafted, and — for the first time — submitted to something like a public debate. Some of the scandalous "yellow-curtain stores" — the well-stocked establishments in which the Red elite could shop in curtained-off privacy — have been closed. And speech has become freer than

at any time in the history of this "people's democracy." No country in East Europe, in fact, has matched Poland in the fierceness or candor of the attacks on Stalinist excesses.

But if the political restraints have been eased, economic reform has not kept pace. Vague promises of a richer life have not been matched by more and cheaper goods on store shelves. In Poznan as in Warsaw, a Pole had to queue up to pay \$2 a pound for meat — when there was meat; or nearly a month's wage to re-sole his shoes; or two months' pay to buy a shoddy suit. In general, the party line has remained what it was under Stalin: all effort into heavy industry and let the consumer get along as best he can. Twenty-four hours after the fighting broke out in Poznan, Premier Josef Cyrankiewicz had gone on the air to admit "economic difficulties" in that city, and promise relief. But these soft words were drowned by sounds that had the old Stalinist ring — threats to punish the Poznan party leaders for their lack of "vigilance," mass arrests, summary trials and charges that the uprising had been inspired by "hyenas from the West," or more specifically the American Central Intelligence Agency and the West German *Gehlen Buro*.

It is true that the uprising had some intriguing features. Notable among these was the precise, almost

military, co-ordination of the attacks on the key buildings (the police armory, the party and Secret Police headquarters, the office of the prosecutor, the prison, the city hall and the radio-jamming station) and the suddenness with which a seemingly orderly demonstration turned to violence. There is also no doubt that the West German intelligence organization of General Reinhard Gehlen has been very, very busy in East Germany, Poland and Czechoslovakia. But once all this is noted, the Polish party leaders might be reminded that no revolution is imported. At the most, outsiders — whether from the *Gehlen Buro* or from Poland's own underground — might have provided direction. But all the elements of a popular uprising were already there.

Poznan offers communism its first real test since Khrushchev's attack on Stalin. Party leader Edward Ochab and Premier Cyrankiewicz can revert to the Stalinist methods of purge and violent repression. Or they can treat the uprising as a symptom of general distress and initiate broad economic reforms, even if this means slowing down the pace of heavy industrialization. Thus in the coming weeks Warsaw may provide the first real clue as to just how genuine is the promise of a better life one has been hearing in the past four months from the Communist East.

# THE WARREN COURT

## Turn to Liberalism . . by C. Hermann Pritchett

AS THE third term of the Supreme Court under Chief Justice Warren closes, its growing support for civil liberties makes clear that the Court has turned one of its historic corners. The last corner was turned, and in the opposite direction, in the summer of 1949, when Justices Murphy and Rutledge, two of the staunchest libertarians in the history of the Court, died only a few weeks apart. Their vacancies allowed President Truman to make the last two of his four appointments—Vinson, Burton, Clark and Minton. The marked absence of sensitivity in this group to the importance of freedom of speech



Chief Justice Warren

C. HERMANN PRITCHETT, professor of political science at the University of Chicago, is author of *The Roosevelt Court and Civil Liberties and the Vinson Court*.

and association so diluted the libertarian concern characteristic of the Roosevelt Court as to turn the Vinson Court into a major disaster for

civil liberties in America today.

A "box score" on judicial decisions is an inadequate and to some degree a misleading device, but it can sum up major trends without too much distortion. The Vinson Court from 1946 to 1953 decided 113 civil-liberties cases which were sufficiently controversial to cause division of opinion among the justices. Of this number only forty (35 per cent) were decided favorably to the civil-liberties issue raised. The record of the individual justices in supporting libertarians' claims in these cases will be found in a box on the next page.

Personnel-wise, the Warren Court is changed in only two respects from the latter period of the Vinson Court —by Chief Justice Warren himself, and John M. Harlan, appointed to replace Jackson in 1955. However, this time the changes, unlike those in 1949, occurred on the less liber-



tarian side of the Court, so that almost any shift in direction had to be for the better. That such a shift is taking place can be seen from the fact that of the forty-two non-unanimous civil-liberties decisions thus far made by the Warren Court, twenty-five (60 per cent) have been favorable to the liberty claimed.

These twenty-five decisions vary greatly in importance, but some of them have established principles of considerable significance. In a number of instances the protective ruling is derived directly from the Constitution, thus placing it beyond the power of any legislature to dispute. In the *Emspak* and two related 1955 decisions, the Court gave a broad interpretation to the right of witnesses to claim the protection of the Fifth Amendment before a Congressional Committee, and firmly rebuked the McCarthyite contention that the Fifth Amendment is somehow un-American. The Court has continued to reject movie censorship on First Amendment grounds. In the *Minker* case, the Court held unconstitutional a slick device thought up by the Immigration Service by which a naturalized citizen was subpoenaed as a "witness" although what the service actually sought was evidence against the man himself for denaturalization purposes.

Other noteworthy Constitutional decisions are to the effect that using a psychiatrist's wiles to get information from a criminal suspect amounts to unconstitutional coerced confession, that systematic exclusion of persons of Mexican race from Texas juries is a denial of equal protection, and that it is contrary to due process for a veteran, after discharge from the army, to be tried by court martial for a crime allegedly committed while he was in service but not discovered until after his discharge (the *Toth* case).

THE Supreme Court, however, generally attempts to escape ruling on Constitutional questions if a case can be decided on any other basis, such as statutory construction. For years the tribunal avoided a clear-cut ruling on the constitutionality of racial segregation, but in 1954 the Warren Court decided it could no longer in good conscience refuse

## Libertarian Record

	Per Cent
Murphy	100
Rutledge	96
Douglas	89
Black	87
Frankfurter	61
Jackson	31
Clark	24
Burton	22
Minton	14
Vinson	14
Reed	13
COURT	35

Source: Pritchett, *Civil Liberties and the Vinson Court*, p. 190.

to face the issue. But even the present Court has not gone out looking for Constitutional causes. For example, it has avoided consideration of any of the basic Constitutional issues raised by the Truman-Eisenhower loyalty-security program, though critical of its operation in other respects. In the *Peters* case, the Court transformed what had been expected to be a real Constitutional test into a technical problem of administrative law; the Loyalty Review Board was held to have acted contrary to Presidential order in reviewing a case on its own motion and barring an employee who had been twice cleared by an agency review board. In the recently decided *Cole* case, the Court concluded that President Eisenhower himself had violated a 1950 statute by extending the security system to employees in non-sensitive positions whereas Congress had intended to authorize coverage only of positions concerned with the nation's safety.

Where the Court's ruling is simply based on its interpretation of a statute, Congress can in effect veto the decision by amending the statute. On the day after the *Cole* decision, Representative Walter introduced a bill in the House to restore the President's power to fire employees from non-sensitive jobs on security grounds. An even better illustration is provided by the *Nelson* case, in which a conviction under the Pennsylvania Sedition Act was reversed by the Court on the ground that Congress intended the Smith Act to pre-empt the field of anti-sedition legislation. A bill declaring that this

was not the intent of Congress has already made substantial progress.

Even when the Court does rest its decision on a Constitutional base, the resulting protection may be narrowly limited. In the *Slochower* case, a five to four decision held unconstitutional a New York law requiring the automatic dismissal of a city employee who took the Fifth Amendment in an official inquiry. However, there seems little doubt that *Slochower* can be removed if it is done in a "non-automatic" fashion, with refusal to testify used merely as an indication of unsuitability for municipal employment.

WE MUST take account also of the seventeen decisions in which the majority of the Warren Court voted against the civil liberties claimed. This group includes the *Ullman* ruling validating the federal Immunity Act of 1954 under which witnesses in national-security cases can be compelled to testify before a grand jury or Congressional committee on a guarantee of immunity from prosecution for any unlawful acts uncovered by the testimony; the *Jay* case, just decided, where a five to four vote upheld the government's right to use confidential and unrevealed information in denying clemency to a deplorable alien; and the *Smith* ruling that wives of army personnel who accompany their husbands abroad on military occupation duties are subject to the jurisdiction of military courts.

Nevertheless, the total impact of the Court's libertarian decisions has been considerable—in Congress, in public discussion and—quite significantly—in the lower federal courts. The Supreme Court itself has not ruled recently on the scope of Congressional investigating power, but there has been a spate of district court decisions tending to restrict the abuses of Congressional committees. Typical is Judge Keech's ruling in the *Icardi* case that a committee had conducted an illegal "legislative trial." Of comparable interest are the recent lower court decisions questioning the State Department's assumption of unlimited power to deny passports. It seems unlikely that federal judges would be making such decisions if they

did not think there was some indication the present Supreme Court would back them up.

The same point has gotten across to the Justice Department. A federal appeals court recently held that the Coast Guard's security system for maritime workers was unconstitutional because of its use of "secret informers." The Department of Justice decided not to appeal the case to the Supreme Court.

WHO SPEAKS for civil liberties on the present Court? First, of course, there are Justices Black and Douglas, whose positions need no comment. They continue to hold the views—and the courage to express them—which led to their dissents in the original Smith Act case.

Next comes Justice Frankfurter. There can be no doubt as to his genuine devotion to the basic freedoms, but a hyper-ratiocinative approach and self-doubts about the role of the judge have often prevented him from actually casting his vote for the libertarian position. His differences with Black and Douglas are well illustrated by the Ullman compulsory-testimony decision, which he wrote and from which they dissented. He is much more deferential toward legislatures and executives than they are, but he shares fully their deep respect for due process. This was demonstrated by his decision in the Subversive Activities Control Board case, where the Court sent back the board's finding that the Communist Party was a "Communist-action organization" and so subject to the penalties of the McCarran Act. The finding, Frankfurter said, was tainted by reliance on the evidence of three paid witnesses against whom uncontested charges of perjury had been made by the party. Frankfurter and the Court majority insisted that this record be cleared, even though the board had announced that it would have come to the same conclusion without using the tainted evidence.

If Justices Black, Douglas and Frankfurter are to pick up a fourth vote, it is almost certain to be that of the Chief Justice. Warren has shown no hesitation in joining this group in dissent. In several cases he has dissented with Black and

Douglas when Frankfurter was with the majority. Better known, of course, are the cases where he has stated liberal doctrine as author of the majority opinion. This includes not only the segregation cases, but such other significant libertarian decisions as the Emspak, Peters, Nelson and Mexican jury cases.

Warren's comments in the Emspak case, where he came to the defense of the Fifth Amendment, were unusually telling and courageous. Emspak had tried to claim the privilege against self-incrimination without invoking the Fifth Amendment in so many words, apparently in order to avoid the censure now commonly attaching to "Fifth Amendment Communists." Warren replied that if this was Emspak's purpose, the defendant was justified. "If it is true that in these times a stigma may somehow result from a witness' reliance on the Self-Incrimination Clause, a committee should be all the more ready to recognize a veiled claim of the privilege. Otherwise, the great right which the clause was intended to secure might be effectively frustrated by private pressures."

If Black, Douglas, Frankfurter and Warren agree on a civil-liberties case, but can get no further support, then of course they are a dissenting minority. But with one additional vote, they constitute a majority. Their best chance of securing that vote lies with Clark or Harlan.

Tom Clark has been the surprise of the present Court. Anyone knowing his reputation when he joined it in 1949 could be pardoned for thinking that American liberalism was in for a rough time if it had to depend on him. He had been Attorney General when the federal loyalty program was initiated. He issued the first Attorney General's list. He began the first Smith Act prosecutions. He had earlier been involved in wartime Japanese relocation. Vinson wanted him, it was rumored, so that there would be one man on the Court who knew less law than the Chief Justice.

Now he has become the swing man on the Warren Court, and the strange thing is that he is swinging in the civil-liberties direction with some frequency. He wrote the Slo-

chow decision and the original opinion striking down movie censorship. He wrote the opinions in five recent decisions concerning conscientious objectors and military service. In four of these five he upheld the claims of the objector on the ground that the selective service boards had denied claims to exemption without evidence or without following due process requirements. In a case where a local "peace" committee was denied permission to use a public-school building as a forum, which the Court majority refused to hear on the ground that no Constitutional issue was present, Clark joined Warren, Black and Douglas in dissenting. He was part of the libertarian majority in the Toth, Peters and Nelson cases. He was the swing man in the five to four Griffin decision holding that Illinois was obliged to furnish a free trial transcript to a convicted burglar for appeal purposes, where a plea of indigence was made.

Naturally Clark's record is not all like this. For example, he wrote the dissenting opinion in the Cole case, protesting that the Court had struck down "the most effective weapon against subversive activity available to the Government." And he wrote a bitter protest against Frankfurter's opinion in the SACB-Communist Party case, which he contended gave the party the benefits of delay on a "flimsy pretext."

AT ONE time it appeared that Clark was much more likely to support libertarian causes than Harlan, but now Harlan's dissent in the Emspak and Slochow cases has been somewhat offset by his majority votes in the Cole and Nelson cases. Harlan's brief service on the Court gives scanty basis for generalizations, but the opinions he has so far written give the impression of keen analytical competence with no particular commitment or emotional involvement one way or the other.

Finally, there are Burton, Minton and Reed. If there is a dissent against a libertarian position, it nearly always includes one or more of this group. Of the three, Burton most often shows libertarian sympathies, as is demonstrated by the following table giving the voting record of



all the justices (except Jackson) during the past three years as measured by the support for libertarian claims in forty-two non-unanimous civil-liberties cases.

Black	98
Douglas	98
Frankfurter	76
Warren	73
Clark	51
Harlan	40
Burton	26
Minton	7
Read	5
COURT	60

It would be error to build too great expectations for the Warren

Court on the basis of this record. After all, the original Smith Act decision is still in effect. The Court, it is true, has accepted for review new Smith Act convictions from Pennsylvania and California testing the same provisions upheld in the 1951 Dennis case, and has also agreed to review the Lightfoot and Scales convictions under the as-yet-untested Communist Party membership provisions. But it would take a confirmed optimist to predict that the Dennis decision will be reversed.

Similarly the Warren Court has not yet seen fit to tackle the Constitutional objections to the federal

security system. Neither has it faced the crucial test of enforcing its segregation decision, though there can be little doubt as to the determination with which it will meet this challenge. It has taken only partial steps toward protecting the Constitutional position of aliens and naturalized citizens.

Finally, it should be recognized that part of the Court's more favorable record on civil liberties may be due to the somewhat improved climate of opinion in the country at large. Nevertheless, a corner has been turned and the Warren Court is entitled to some of the credit.

## "LIBERATED" GUATEMALA

### Giveaway Plus Takeaway . . by David Graham

*Mexico City*

TWO YEARS have elapsed since the so-called Liberation of Guatemala by Colonel Carlos Castillo Armas, but the State Department's earnest protégé has never stopped showing where he stands, as events of the last few weeks have shown. His expressions of solidarity with those who put him in power (foreign capital and domestic feudalism) have, if anything, become more profuse with time—and more concrete.

With respect to Guatemala's natural resources, for example, the Colonel has blandly unveiled a giveaway program that makes even his own personal followers gape. Toward labor, on the other hand, he has adopted a firm takeaway policy.

But Guatemalans (Guatemalans-in-exile, that is) who are still flailing away at Central America's traditional boss, the United Fruit Company, are letting their conditioned reflexes get the better of their native clairvoyance in matters political. For recent developments have

made plain that as far as American interest in Guatemala is concerned, bananas are or soon will be pretty small potatoes compared with the black gold in which, the oil industry seems confident, the country is rich.

Since Castillo Armas took over, most of the big American companies have rushed to file applications for exploration rights. On May 28 a subsidiary of the Signal Oil and Gas Company of Los Angeles landed the first concession — rights to some 671,000 acres. Further grants will have to wait until overlapping claims have been ironed out. Concessions totalling more than half the area of Guatemala have already been solicited.

Not that the Armas government has slighted any of its old sponsors. Hastening to recognize Trujillo and Franco, dissolve Congress, whittle down the electorate, levy a "liberation tax" and pass a law against "dangerous thoughts," the Colonel proceeded to restore all the lands expropriated from United Fruit and to abolish the tax on all interest, dividends and profits payable to investors living outside the country—as a result of which \$11,000,000 cascaded into the lap of a single foreign-owned company.

Nothing better illustrates the ori-

entation of the new regime than its attitude on oil and its attitude toward labor. The new policy on oil is a complete about-face. In spite of their noisy Communist fringes, the Arévalo-Arbenz regimes—the two administrations which preceded Castillo Armas—were intensely nationalistic and consequently suspicious of the United States which, it is universally believed south of the border, has been controlling and exploiting Central America for these sixty years.

To draw up his Petroleum Code, therefore, President Arévalo called in an Argentinian, Urtado Mendoza. The latter came up with a law so nationalistic that thereafter only two or three companies even nibbled at a Guatemalan deal. Which was all right with the Arévalo-Arbenz crowd; they preferred to let the stuff stay in the ground rather than have it pumped out at a fat profit to foreigners. Under the code, Guatemalans had to own 51 per cent of any exploiting company, and the oil had to be refined in Guatemala.

Castillo Armas hadn't been in power six months before he began softening the nation's oil laws by means of executive decrees. Enacted before the existence of a Constitution, his oil legislation has been on

*DAVID GRAHAM, a free-lance writer, recently returned from Guatemala, which he has visited several times. An article by him, Castillo's Guatemala, appeared in The Nation of May 21, 1955.*



## Diego Rivera on Guatemala's "Liberation"

a level with his "election" to the Presidency, when voters were invited to step up to the polling places and shout out whether they were for or against him. Only 200,000 of 3,000,000 Guatemalans wasted their breath. Guatemala's tragedy has always been blended with farce.

One of the most interesting aspects of the new Petroleum Code, promulgated July 8, 1955, is its stipulation that the authorization of concessions is the prerogative of the Executive—of Castillo Armas, that is, whose term of office lasts until 1960. Various American and Venezuelan experts drew up the code, and its provisions differ markedly from those written into law by President Arévalo's advisors. Guatemalan petroleum can now be extracted by anybody and exported in the crude state (and resold to Guatemala as gasoline). The maximum tax on production is 50 per cent of the net profits—although on its part the Venezuelan government, in reopening contracts with the American oil industry, is currently bucking for a 60-40 split, as are the Italians. The code sets forth an elaborate procedure for determining "net profits," but one wonders if the government will ever know whether or not the exploiting companies have arrived at these estimates correctly. It has not been the custom for big foreign companies to give the Guatemalan government a peek at their books.

Castillo Armas has likewise reversed his country's labor policies. Under the Arévalo and Arbenz administrations, labor was encouraged to form unions, both industrial and agricultural. The program was hasty and artificial, being long overdue, and undoubtedly a lot of anti-employer, anti-U.S. sentiment was whipped up by Communist agitators prowling along its edges. (The success of the agitators was hardly astonishing after the centuries of absolute bondage in which two-thirds of the Guatemalans had lived.) The great achievement of the Arévalo-Arbenz administrations, which followed the ugly dictatorship of Ubico and his medieval torture chamber, was to give the average Guatemalan something really new—a sense of self-respect and personal value.

Then the Liberation was hoisted



Secretary Dulles called the overthrow of the Arbenz regime by Castillo Armas a "glorious victory." Mr. Rivera used the phrase as the title for this mural depicting Castillo Armas, with a pocket full of American dollars and backed by his supporters, shaking hands with Mr. Dulles while John E. Peurifoy, then Ambassador to Guatemala, looks on.

In a letter giving *The Nation* permission to reproduce the mural, Mr.

Rivera wrote: "Among the pictures which I have painted in recent years I esteem this the most. . . . It is inspired by precise and objective observation of the social crime committed against Guatemala by the dark forces of imperialism which I have refused to call Yankee because, like the people of Guatemala and Mexico, I love the Yankee people—the people of Jefferson and Thoreau, of John Brown and Lincoln and Walt Whitman. . . ."

into the saddle by U.S. intervention and secured with good old-fashioned fascist decrees. Castillo Armas didn't wipe out the labor movement, he simply decapitated it—every labor official in the country got the ax. And before a union could start up again, it had to choose leaders acceptable to the dictatorship. One can imagine what kind of a labor movement the United States would have if all its leaders had to be "cleared" by Senator McCarthy.

As a result, working conditions under the present regime have become so shocking, with landowners seizing the property of peasants by burning them out and government tribunals striking down labor's most respectful pleas as Communist agitation, that the scandal of it has begun to leak into the press—not only the kept press of Guatemala,

but the Luce press, which two years ago was hailing the Liberation with jubilation. The following description of the kind of persecution Guatemala's small farmers have been suffering appeared in *Time's* Latin American edition for June 11:

Hoping that the Government would relent (and restore the corn patches from which they had been evicted), the dislocated peasants stayed around San Martin until planting time last month. Then, faced with the stark prospect of being unable to sow corn to feed their families, thirty-two of them [met] to choose a commission to appeal to the authorities. The meeting was hardly begun when it was surrounded by the town's police chief, mayor and cops. The thirty-two Indians were trussed in ropes, trucked off to Guatemala City. The charge: "Communist activities."

"The charge collapsed," *Time* con-



cluded in a happy-ending vein, "the peasants were freed." And so they were, but they had been given a lesson, and they didn't get back their land—one of the big landowners who had dispossessed them was a minister in the government.

Castillo Armas decapitated the labor unions, and now the headless chickens are coming home to roost. Even the government's hand-picked labor leaders are crying out against government policies. Said one of them, L. F. Balcarcel, in a May Day speech that was printed in *Prensa Libre* (but not delivered, the speaker having been howled down by anti-government demonstrators):

In the past year we have seen working conditions and the life of the people grow worse . . . with increasing unemployment and, consequently, a shrinkage in consumer buying power and a decline in commercial and industrial activity. [This despite the fact, I might add, that the United States has pumped nearly \$50,000,000 into its newest dependency.] Unemployment is especially severe in the rural areas, where assaults on the agrarian reforms by persons and minor officials of a totalitarian stripe have forced hundreds of small farmers off their lands and thus cut production, chiefly of corn and beans, which are the basic foods of most Guatemalans.

The labor and agrarian laws have aggravated the problem by facilitating layoffs and evictions. . . . The scarcity of work and land, the decline of national production and the stagnation in commercial activities have raised the cost of living. But the latter is decidedly not the result of workers getting higher wages; on the contrary, the employer class has been inhumanely lowering wages, especially in the country, where certain unscrupulous employers are paying as little as 20 and 30 cents a day.

Equally critical of the government's treatment of labor was Serafino Romualdi, Inter-American Representative of the AFL-CIO:

Vigilance against the return of communism via the labor movement is understandable. . . . But what good is this vigilance on the part of political and judicial authorities, if, at the same time, the government is helping the underground Communist movement with its growing tendency to curtail labor's rights and trim the stipulations of the Labor Code? How can anyone hope to check

renewed Communist agitation as long as Guatemalan tribunals continue shamelessly espousing the side of the employers, permitting the labor laws to be violated with impunity, and ignoring the persecutions of rural workers by landowners? [Published in *Prensa Libre*, May 26, 1956.]

Thus, there have recently been three open and violent attacks on the Castillo Armas regime, namely: the May Day demonstrations, the university students' rag at Easter time and the demonstrations of June 25 in which at least three students were killed by police bullets.

The annual student rags, which consist of a parade with floats and satirical skits, have always been political in nature; but never have their attacks on the government been more direct or brutal. The Archbishop, a founder-member of the Order of Liberation, denounced the skits as not only sacrilegious, but pornographic. One of the skits commenced with a prayer: "Our Father who art in Washington."

In Guatemala the students don't go in for sports much; they go after unpopular governments. When they get support from the army, the government is doomed. The Guatemalan army is more a police force than anything else, though it has been armed to the teeth by Dulles under the ludicrous pretext that it can help the defense of the continent. Often in the past it has served as an army of occupation, herding its own people around at the pleasure of the

reigning political boss. Fortunately, however, there are sizeable military elements who stand ever ready to make lightning adjustments to political change. And the question which Castillo Armas, mindful of the Easter, May Day and June demonstrations, must be pondering is: how loyal is the army?

Savagely as the students attacked at Easter time, they were cloaked in the immunity of their traditional blow-out. Not so with the demonstrators who flocked into Guatemala City's main square on May Day. The dictator had paid for the festivities out of his own pocket, it was said; but under the windows of the National Palace the demonstrators shouted their anti-government slogans, howled down the official speakers, took over the meeting and through captured loud-speakers hurled "Fiery protests against the Liberation and the present regime."

Of the ringleaders, one has since been beaten and jailed; another has disappeared altogether. All this was at least reported in the newspapers. But the laws are so written that Castillo Armas can clamp down on the press any time he chooses, even as the new Constitution provides that he can cancel civil liberties. Accordingly, on June 24, claiming to have discovered still another Communist conspiracy, the government imposed a "voluntary" censorship on the press and declared a thirty-day "state of siege" during which civil liberties are suspended.

While never attacking the dictator directly, leading Guatemalan dailies were for a while critical of administration policies and the men surrounding Castillo Armas. But here again the university students were well in the lead with their vitriolic *El Estudiante*, the only real opposition paper in the country and the one with the largest circulation. "If [Castillo Armas] is a Doctor of Laws," the paper commented on Columbia University's bestowal of an honorary degree on the dictator, "then any of us students can claim the Rectorship of Oxford."

On March 1, *El Estudiante* said:

Today, with the illegal and arbitrary promulgation of a new constitution on the part of the usurping Liberation Government, they



"The Spirit of May Day" as seen by a staff artist for *El Estudiante*, a Guatemalan paper which doesn't think much of the Armas regime.

pretend to legalize the most nauseating treason, the vilest insult that has ever been inflicted on Guatemala. . . . We conclude: (1) That Carlos Castillo Armas never was, has been, nor ever will be the legitimate President of Guatemala and that all the acts he has undertaken in his pretended official capacity are null and void; (2) That the convocation and acts of the Constitutional Assembly and the promulgation of the new constitution are illegitimate acts in which the political freedom of the Guatemalan people had no part.

On June 24 *El Estudiante* was suppressed.

The Guatemalan Bar Association, apparently sensing a change in the

political weather, is pressing the dictator to permit the return of exiled lawyers, including former government ministers, whose property was confiscated because they failed to climb aboard the Liberation. Foreign diplomats feel that anything can happen in Guatemala. A prominent business man said the dictator's prestige has never been lower, that no politician who isn't already committed to him would go near him, and that if United States support were withdrawn, he would collapse. *Nuncio Libre*, shedding crocodile tears over the May Day humiliation, wrote of him: "He can count on nobody and have confidence in nobody."

United States support—that is the question. Unless the oil industry demands an even more generous giveaway program than it has already wangled, the Administration in Washington seems almost as firmly stuck with Castillo Armas as it is with Chiang Kai-shek. Secretary Dulles' lone triumph has been his "glorious victory" in Guatemala. Can he now let Castillo Armas down?

If left to themselves, the Guatemalans are not likely to tolerate long their dictator, the man who handed labor over to the big landowners and the foreign corporations—the man who is regarded by friends and enemies alike as the chief instrument of Yankee intervention.



## Hugger Mugger in the 57th St. Galleries

by *Walter Goodman*

ONE MORNING in the summer of 1954, Emanuel J. Rousuck, vice president of the Wildenstein Galleries—one of the largest international art dealers in the world—received a visit from an old friend, John G. Broady. Now, one might have expected that the entry of Mr. Broady, a private detective who was soon to be proclaimed the nation's foremost wiretapper, into the rarified atmosphere of Wildenstein's richly appointed

East 64th Street salons would have caused at least a small explosion. But the Messrs. Broady and Rousuck had apparently long since achieved a chemical compatibility. In the course of their eight- or nine-year acquaintance, private detective Broady had performed numerous services for Mr. Rousuck. As the latter himself recalls: "... from time to time he checked on various people for me, got information for me. When I wanted to get the pedigree of a man or something, he would find out as to what he was and so forth."

On this particular morning, Broady made a point of going to the men's

room after the amenities of greeting had been completed—leaving his briefcase behind on a chair in Mr. Rousuck's office. When he returned, he strode to the briefcase, snapped open the lock, accomplished some rapid technical maneuvers and played off for the man of art a tape recording of every word that had been uttered in the office during their brief separation. At the conclusion of this dramatic offering, Mr. Rousuck recalls, his friend advised him that "it was a very good thing to get information from time to time ... and it was perfectly legal."

Mr. Rousuck accepted this statement at face value, but he let the opportunity pass anyway. Some weeks later, however, after Broady had repeatedly reminded him of the resource which was, so to speak, going untapped, the art dealer admitted to the private detective a large curiosity about the operations of an eminently successful rival named Rudolph Heinemann. "Do you think you could get me the information as to what has been going on?" he inquired.

Broady did indeed think so. As a matter of fact he had been tuning in on Mr. Heinemann's phone calls for the preceding eight months from his wiretapping headquarters at 360 East 55th Street. Mr. Heinemann, whose residence at the Ritz Towers put him within the compass of Broady's extensive East Side operation, is a

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prominent art expert and dealer who works closely with the Knoedler Galleries, Wildenstein's arch competitor. With a host of important and intimate contacts in art centers around the world, Heinemann is able to lay his hands on valuable pictures for Knoedler to dispose of at a substantial turnover. As the *nouveau riche* in New York these days far outnumber the *vieux riche* in Europe, a seller's market exists here for objets d'art. The problem is getting the merchandise. The man who can track down and obtain the most desired paintings is an important man. That Mr. Rousuck should have taken so personal an interest in Mr. Heinemann's telephone conversations was a tribute to the latter's connections.

Once each week after the agreement had been made, a man named Louis Arion—another friend of Mr. Rousuck—delivered to the Wildenstein vice president a record wrapped in a brown paper package, for which Mr. Rousuck paid "\$125 or \$150; I don't recall exactly." The art dealer took the disc home with him and played it on a phonograph purchased especially for these weekly occasions. He listened in on conversations in English, French and German. He heard Mr. Heinemann discourse with Gelbert Kahn, a well-known patron of the arts. He intercepted many of Heinemann's conversations with the Knoedler Galleries, as well as with his stock broker and ticket agent. Once Rousuck called Heinemann himself just for the satisfaction of hearing his own voice on the next weekly record.

This Heinemann-to-Broadly-to-Rousuck arrangement lasted until February of last year when the 55th Street wiretap den was raided and Broadly and his associates were put under arrest. Mr. Rousuck told the foregoing story at the trial in November, which resulted in the sentencing of his old friend to two to four years in prison. The Wildenstein Galleries announced after this testimony: "Mr. Rousuck has tendered his resignation."

The resignation was still hanging fire four months later when M. Knoedler and Company brought a \$500,000 suit against Wildenstein and Company, Georges and Daniel

Wildenstein and Mr. Rousuck himself for damages resulting from the wiretap. Although Broadly's associates have testified that they had listened in on Knoedler's three lines from February through October of 1954, Mr. Rousuck has declined to accept the credit for authorizing this particular effort. Knoedler nevertheless seemed to take Rousuck's guilt for granted and explained in March why the resultant pain to an art dealer was worth a half million dollars;

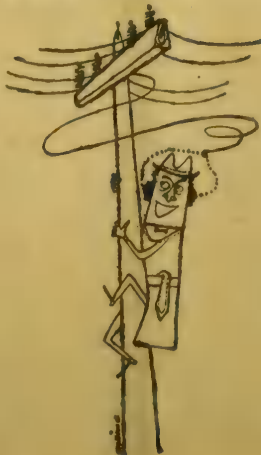
The nature of plaintiff's business requires that it keep confidential a large volume of information, including, but not limited to, the names of its customers and potential customers, the sources of works of art, the prices quoted for works of art and the identity of works which are or may be offered for sale. Important portions of its business are necessarily transacted over the telephone.

The counsel for Wildenstein countered with more vigor than clarity:

It would appear that Knoedler has instituted this action for selfish business reasons, hoping thus to obtain unfair competitive advantage. The Wildenstein Galleries, established over eighty years ago, have a reputation which is unequalled in this field. The Wildenstein Galleries welcome this opportunity to prove, in open court, that Knoedler and certain persons associated with them, have deliberately perverted the testimony in the recent Broadly trial.

At the moment, it appears highly unlikely that Wildenstein will get this fine opportunity, since the case is well on its way to being settled out of court.

Just what return did Rousuck get



for his \$2,000? Well, once he found out that Heinemann was cancelling theater tickets to a Broadway show and another time he discovered that somebody was giving a dinner party for an acquaintance from Baltimore. The most relevant piece of news he came upon was that the Heinemann-Knoedler team had sold Van Eyck's "Rothschild" Madonna to the Frick Museum for \$750,000—the highest price paid for a painting since Andrew Mellon's purchases from the USSR two decades ago. When the sale was closed, all parties were pledged to secrecy for six months. Within days, the deal was the talk of 57th Street. The Knoedler forces charge the leak to Rousuck.

Perhaps the most provocative aspect of the whole affair is the state of mind revealed by the Knoedler complaint against Wildenstein. It alleges:

... Defendants obtained much information which, in the interests of plaintiff as well as its clients, was of a confidential character, and defendants used such confidential information to compete unfairly with plaintiff. The possession and use by defendants of such confidential information caused plaintiff serious injury in its business, goodwill and reputation, in that defendants utilized such information to compete with plaintiff for the acquisition and disposition of works of art, and in that doubts were created among plaintiff's clients as to the reliance which could be placed upon plaintiff to maintain the confidential character of information acquired from such clients.

Shades of Sherlock Holmes! No matter that all Mr. Rousuck got for his \$2,000 was early news of his rival's triumphs and a great deal of embarrassment. No matter that the \$500,000 suit will probably be settled with a quiet handshake. On 57th Street there is more at issue than the matter of keeping secret the immense profit that a middleman runs up on the sale of a single item in a world of ethereal values, where buyers and sellers conspire to perpetrate an outrageous parody of a supply and demand curve.

The significance of the Wildenstein-Knoedler row lies in another realm. It helps to preserve the art world's illusions about itself in an age of disillusionment. By rating its

secrets at \$500,000, Knoedler's has helped to reassure the fellow denizens of its odd world that they exist apart from the main stream—that they, at least, still cherish Intrigue, Mystery, Romance and other obsolete virtues.

Our art dealers, breathing the air of more regal centuries in their everyday labors, absorbing it from their deep carpets, their red velvet walls, their heavy gold-threaded chairs, as well as from the pictures themselves, have apparently been infected with certain tingling court conventions. It is not unfitting that Mr. Rousuck of Wildenstein, a firm that specializes in eighteenth-century French works, should have turned to a wiretapper for an assist. Would Talleyrand have done otherwise? Broady is the contemporary version of that minor, yet indispensable,

character in dozens of old melodramas—the shady noble who actually purloins the damning letter, who overhears and relays the crucial conversation. When it comes to paintings, all conversations are clearly of this character.

The world at large tends to view the small art-dealing fraternity as rather a precious phenomenon. And so it is. But it takes imagination to exploit the imaginative creations of others into a flourishing trade. Art dealers are not mere commissionaires; they are adventurers on the high seas of luxury and prestige where other adventurers, learning of the treasures in the hold, the millionaire in the cabin, may swoop down and take all before home port is reached.

Behind the decorous facade of New York's art galleries runs a net-

work of dark and curious alleys. And through these alleys night after night pad nameless men dressed in black, their shapeless hats pulled low over their eyes, their shoulders hunched, the odor of the snooper's world around them. Who is that particularly nasty looking fellow skulking at this very moment in the shadows between those decaying buildings? Why, he's a Wildenstein agent (or is it a Knoedler agent?) on his way to a rendezvous with the wastrel scion of a grand old Viennese family which has had a priceless Rembrandt in its possession for six generations. Three hours of debauchery in a Grinzing saloon and the boy will have sold his birthright for a mess of Rhine wine. In the distance, the Orient Express shrieks terribly into the night.

# EYES ON THE CONSUMER

## GOP'S Forgotten Man . . by Wilfred Lumer

FOR THREE years the Eisenhower-Humphrey program has been devoted to building up private investment through tax and other incentives to carry the main burden of supporting economic growth and stability. The consumer sector was relegated to a secondary place. Today this fact seems to be boomeranging on the Administration. For despite the largest investment boom on record, the tapering of the rate of growth in consumer spending has brought the expansion of 1955 and early 1956 to a standstill.

The optimism which has characterized Administration and business circles in the last few years has given way to caution. Secretary Humphrey speaks of "rolling readjustments"; Secretary of Commerce Weeks sees "obstacles" to growth and admits the economy is "spotty"; a note of uncertainty about a fall pickup in automobile sales in a

speech by Henry Ford II is followed by a sharp drop in stock prices. While *Business Week* hails business plans to boost 1956 capital spending by 30 per cent as "the most important story of 1956 for business," key industrial purchasing agents stress the "need to brake the 1955-56 inventory build-up," according to the *Wall Street Journal*.

Failure of consumer spending to reach expected levels had suddenly turned what seemed to be reasonable inventories into a \$6 billion headache. Layoffs previously concentrated in autos and farm machinery are now beginning to be felt in rubber and other consumer industries. Auto workers laid off and not recalled totalled 170,000 in mid-May. That month the Department of Labor forecast further payroll declines over the next few months in auto plants and in areas specializing in farm machinery and major household appliances. While these cuts were expected to be more than offset by added hiring in steel, aircraft, metal products and electrical ma-

chinery, some steel officials were hinting that a 10 to 15 per cent cut in operations may be necessary this summer. (Comment on the steel strike emphasizes that most steel companies had planned to slow operations this month anyway.)

These are the early results of the first phase of weakening in the consumer sector—the period when consumer spending is still rising, but at a slower rate. According to the Department of Labor, man-hour output rose about 10 per cent in manufacturing industries between 1953 and 1955. Even at the peak of the 1955 boom, production-worker employment in manufacturing fell far below the peak 1953 level. During this two-year period there was a decline of 700,000 factory production-worker jobs; it has been the increase in trade and service industries, as well as in state and local government payrolls, which has kept total employment figures steadily rising.

It should be emphasized that I have so far been confining my comments to the effects of a mere slow-

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down in the rate of consumer spending. Personal income is still rising. Total personal consumption expenditures have not yet declined.

Federal purchases are stabilized at a high annual rate of \$46 billion while state and local government spending is expected to increase by \$2 billion this year. A 20 per cent decline in housing activity has been partially offset by rising industrial and commercial construction. Business spending for machinery and equipment is on the upgrade, due principally to the low ratio of machinery and equipment prices to wage rates paid by users of capital goods. Here is an example of how increases in productivity per worker in the manufacture of equipment is making it profitable for consumer-goods manufacturers to substitute machinery for labor. This phenomenon in itself represents an obstacle to increased spending rates.

Stubborn consumer behavior in the next six months could produce swift changes in business spending plans. Business men know from long experience that a top-heavy inventory position spells trouble. Prolongation of inventory liquidation could quickly change the picture with respect to output, jobs and incomes. It would effect producers' machinery and equipment purchases as well as commercial and industrial construction. Here are some key questions that need answering before one can say what the last two quarters of this year will look like:

*Can business men reduce inventories if consumer spending remains stable?*

*Can consumer spending remain stable while output and inventory adjustments are being made?*

*If consumer spending starts to decline, will business men keep their spending plans intact?*

Mere stability in consumer spending will not be sufficient. In order to bridge the inventory liquidation adjustment successfully and to justify the ambitious expansion programs now planned by industry there must be a renewed upsurge in consumer buying. Where will the stimulus for such an increase in spending rates come from? Would an easing of the extremely tight

credit restraints now imposed by the Federal Reserve Board be followed by a rise in installment buying? *Fortune* magazine recently pointed out that, to maintain the past rate of growth in consumer credit, "installment debt per debtor must increase *much faster* than it has increased in the past seven years. This would put an intolerable burden on consumers." (Emphasis mine.) *Fortune* also warns that a credit binge might end up with a substantial number of consumers "boxed in by their own fixed payments, unable to respond to the lure of relaxed terms—indeed to any lures."

A well known New Dealer, commenting on this dilemma, facetiously suggests a way out. When consumers become hocked to capacity, he advises, let us take a leaf from Old Testament days and proclaim a "Year of Jubilee." According to this ancient practice, all debts were wiped off the slate and everybody started from scratch. The idea has so far escaped the attention of the Madison Avenue boys—but who knows what 1960 will bring?

In addition to the relaxation of present credit restraints, there are other methods which can be used to provide the needed stimulus to consumer spending. Substantial wage increases in steel, spreading to other industries this fall, could provide wage-earner families the wherewithal for increased purchases. (A limiting factor in this connection, however, is the determination of steel and other industries to raise prices more than wages to provide the extra profit margin that finances new capacity and rising dividends. Obviously, if the purchasing power of newly won wage increases is immediately cut by price increases, consumer demand cannot be expected to rise very much.) Tax cuts offer still another way of stimulating consumer demand. However, the totally irrelevant criterion of a "sizeable" budget surplus is being used to determine whether we can afford a tax cut.

The Federal budget position in fiscal 1956 has been very deflationary. This is one of the reasons why Secretary of the Treasury Humphrey and Chairman Arthur Burns of the Council of Economic

Advisors may have balked at the latest Federal Reserve credit restriction. Public estimates have grossly underestimated the budget surplus, with which the Administration has clearly been playing politics. The budget estimate in January indicated a prospective \$200 million surplus. In mid-May the Treasury revised the estimate to \$1.8 billion.

But even this figure is suspect. The conservative Joint Committee on Internal Revenue's estimate is \$2.3 billion. An unidentified Treasury spokesman hinted that the Secretary might agree to a tax cut if the surplus proved that large and if economic conditions warranted. The size of the reduction, its effective date and how it would be distributed all would have a bearing on the degree to which consumer spending would be affected.

Some politically conscious analysts have assumed that in an election year Republicans will encourage a renewed upsurge in consumer installment buying by relaxing credit restraints, failing to oppose vigorously wage increases in steel and other industries, providing props to falling farm incomes—and calling for a last-minute tax cut if necessary. The Administration has already moved in the farm area; credit will be eased shortly; no pressure is being exerted to discourage a substantial steel wage settlement. Only taxes remain unchanged so far. And when it is considered that adding Pittsburgh and Chicago to Detroit and Flint in the surplus-labor market category could cost Ike the election this November, one must assume even taxes will be cut to prevent such a shift.

In effect, the outcome of the November elections will be determined in large measure by what the consumer does this summer and fall. The Administration can be counted on to try hard to influence that behavior. There is a fine bit of irony in the picture of an Administration's political fate hanging upon the behavior of the consumer sector of the economy, a sector which it disdainfully ignored for three years in favor of creating a climate and providing incentives for the financial and investor groups in the economy.

# BOOKS and the ARTS

## Strategy for the Next Plateau

*THE TRANSFORMATION OF MAN.* By Lewis Mumford. Harper and Brothers. \$3.50.

By J. Bronowski

LEWIS MUMFORD in a long and impressive sequence of books has steadily followed a single theme: the contrast between the world as it is and as it could be. Other social thinkers may be charmed from their path by one technical marvel, or driven mad by another; they may sink in the bitter bog of a political or a religious cure-all. Mr. Mumford never swerves and never slackens. He keeps fresh before him the liberal vision, which goes back to the eighteenth century (that is, to the beginning of machine industry), that men have now the means to make their lives as rich as they wish—or rather, as rich as they will. And for him, the task of the social critic is to turn the wish into will.

We have all learned, sadly, that this is not an easy undertaking, and many have come to despair of it. To them, what is self-evident is no longer attainable; the sense of helplessness lies like lead on their actions. This makes Western statesmen so maladroit when they compete with Eastern for the privilege of helping the undeveloped countries: they cannot summon the young and buoyant belief in the adventure of technical civilization which unites the have-nots.

Mr. Mumford observes this loss of nerve sharply:

The sudden evaporation of meaning and value in a civilization, often at the moment when it seems at its height, has long been one of the enigmas of history: we face it again in our own time. If the values of civilization were in fact a sufficient fulfillment of man's nature, it would be impossible to explain this inner

emptiness and purposelessness. Military defeats, economic crises, political dissensions, do not account for this inner collapse: at best they are symptomatic, for the victor is equally the victim and he who becomes rich feels impoverished. The deeper cause seems to be man's self-alienation from the sources of life.

The last sentence, of course, is only a paper diagnosis; in itself it says no more than the descriptive sentences which precede it, namely that something is felt to be missing. Unlike other modern prophets, however, Mr. Mumford has worked for the right to use such shorthand; he does not merely give an apocalyptic name to what is missing, he traces its ancestry and its morphology. The greater part of this book is an imaginative history of the interplay of mind and function in the development of man and his societies, in which Mr. Mumford tries to reach back to the inalienable "sources of life."

Mr. Mumford holds that there have been six critical steps in human development. First is the long transformation from animal to man: the growing freedom of response conferred by the intelligence, the elaborations of dream and foresight, of memory and symbol—all the complex of capacities which give man pictures of the past and the future to consider, communicate and choose. This transformation was begun more than a million years ago, and reached the point of human speech about a hundred thousand years ago.

Second came the development of agriculture and its tools, about ten thousand years ago: a culture characterized by the rule of elders, tradition and taboo. Third came, about five thousand years ago, city civilization, which is based on specialization and the division of labor, and is characterized by rigid social organization and by absolute government.

Fourth is the growth of what the author calls (after Karl Jaspers) the axial religions, about two and

a half thousand years ago: the human movements which flow beyond the loyalties of kinship and state, and find their inspiration in a sense of the unity of the creation and the value of the individual. Fifth is the period of local cultures, states and classes in the Old World before the Industrial Revolution; and sixth is the step to modern man as we know him, taken in the discovery of the New World, the Renaissance and the Scientific and Industrial Revolutions.

THIS is an enormous panorama, and Mr. Mumford's mosaic manner of compression sometimes makes the writing seem synthetic, with the marrow gone: we feel at times that we have been given a rubber bone. But broadly the description commands respect and assent, and his attempt to construct both a personal and a social psychology for each period is impressive. This is the way that we have come, more or less, in mind and skill and organization. What next?

Next, says Mr. Mumford, must come another radical transformation of man, for without it we shall drive our present development to disaster.

Man's humanity is now threatened by the possibility of relapsing into a barbarism more elemental than has ever been encountered in historic times. Though culture itself tends to be cumulative, in the process of taking it over each generation starts from scratch. Without parental love, without filial veneration, without a secure sense of the future, the very effort to become human may miscarry. Through overreliance upon mechanism and automatism our generation has begun to lose the secret of nurturing man's humanness, since he gives too little care to the conditions that make each member of the community sensitive, tender, imaginative, morally responsible, self-governing, disposed to imitate human ideals and to emulate ideal examples of humanity.

This is a sound warning; then how are we to forestall the disaster of which it warns? What directions does Mr. Mumford give us so that

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we may transform ourselves from technical men to full men?

THEY TURN out to be oddly halting and commonplace. After the thoughtful chapters of history, after a bold chapter which sketches the fearful future we must avoid, the two closing chapters do little more than throw together a number of pious proverbs. We are to love our neighbors, we should use our leisure better, we must not worship gadgets. Are these worthy but unorganized maxims really a fitting climax to Mr. Mumford's analysis? Are we really to be beckoned by the hope that "mountain tops once invaded by funiculars or motor roads will be cleared of these encumbrances, to give the aristocratic rewards of solitude and far horizons to those capable of earning them by their personal efforts?"

"World civilization will have its own tensions, difficulties, even perils, peculiar to itself," announces Mr. Mumford, "and the solution of these problems will call for political imagination of the highest order." But when we look for signs of this imagination, we find such amiable injunctions as "the flag of the United Nations should fly in every neighborhood, as a reminder of the greater community in which it functions." The flag too is cut on a familiar pattern: there may be "more than one uprising against the common decisions of the United Nations; and they may have to be summarily put down, by show of force if they are deaf to persuasion." This hardly promises a new transformation of man.

In short, Mr. Mumford's diagnosis is searching, but his cure is very flat. One could leave the matter there, and pay tribute to his book for what it is, an important work of analysis which goes no further. But it seems to me proper, as a tribute, to ask why it gets no further, and to offer a reason as I see it. The reason, I believe, lies in the sharp division which Mr. Mumford draws between the means and the ends of the civilization which is now evolving. The means of this civilization, the scientific skill and the technical apparatus, are already here, and are here to stay: this he grants. As he

says, it is the ends which must be changed; and he has in mind a simple substitution which will replace competition by cooperation, suspicion by tolerance, and the daily black and white of mass-made work and leisure by a personal fulfillment.

All this is admirable doctrine: but then, who does not support it? And who is not convinced that his own ideal system—capitalism or socialism, the dogmas of the Church, the Koran or the Party—is the one strait jacket by which alone all this can be imposed on a technical civilization? Mr. Mumford's reasonableness is no more likely to impose the ends than is a bloody world crusade on behalf of one of these faiths; for his reasonableness is no more related to the modern means of man than is their unreasonableness.

By contrast, I believe that the evolution of our civilization, which Mr. Mumford rightly calls the next transformation of man, must grow out of the means which man has

come to use. These technical means have been discovered by a small but world-wide community of men who have applied to physical nature the method of scientific enquiry and assessment. The cleft between their achievement and the backwardness of economic and political man is a cleavage of method and, more deeply, of outlook. The scientific method and outlook go back to one principle: that each man has the single responsibility to seek the truth (empirical and rational), to acknowledge it and to act on it. The cleavage today is not between materialism and high-mindedness; on the contrary, it is between the truth-seeking spirit and the lip-service to conventional absolutes.

Science is an attitude of mind with only one loyalty, to the truth, and in the search for this it recognizes no division between means and ends. The scientist undertakes not to deceive even himself (and no matter for what good end) in the most minute detail of procedure—a wave

## FOG

You see, shore-hugging is neither surety  
Nor earns salt pride braving the long sea-sweeps.  
This came up in the dark while some of us  
Bore on in our sleep. Was there  
In the dog-watch already, hiding the dog-star.  
We woke into it, rising from dreams  
Of sea-farms slanting on cliffs in clear light  
And white houses winking there—sweet landmarks  
But no help to us at the helm. Hours now  
We have been drifting. It would be near noon.  
Feeling the tides fight under our feet  
Like a crawling of carpets. Turning our heads  
To pick up the cape bell, the hoots of the shoal horn  
That seem to come from all over. Distrusting  
Every direction that is simple, to shoreward. This  
Landfall is not vouchsafed us for  
We have abused landfalls, loving them wrong  
And too timorously. What coastline  
Will not cloud over if looked at long enough?  
Not through the rings running with us of enough  
Horizons, not wide enough risking,  
Not hard enough have we wrought our homing.  
Drifting itself now is danger. Where are we?  
Well, the needle swings still to north, and we know  
Even in this blindness which way deep water lies.  
Ships were not shaped for haven but if we were  
There will be time for it yet. Let us turn head,  
Out oars, and pull for the open. Make we  
For mid-sea, where the winds are and stars too.  
There will be wrung weathers, sea-shakings, calms,  
Weariness, the giant water that rolls over our fathers,  
And hungers hard to endure. But whether we float long  
Or founder soon, we cannot be saved here.

W. S. MERWIN

length, a speck in a culture of bacteria, the failure of the remotest consequence of his theory to accord with fact. This homogeneity of outlook, this unity of belief with action, marks the scientific mind; and this is what we have to teach now, as simply as we teach reading and writing, so that it becomes a universal standard. Nothing else will do for the transformation of man.

The appeals to Plato, to Buddha and to the New Testament have demonstrably failed, because they continue to separate faith from fact, Sunday from workaday—because they give unto Caesar what is Caesar's, and unto the spirit only

what is left. No such separation exists in the scientific spirit; and we see this today in the scrupulous preoccupation of scientists with Mr. Mumford's very problems. (There are four scientists on the board of editors of the series in which his book appears.) We have to make their unity of mind the central principle of all education now: in a technical civilization, there is no loophole through which action can slip away from belief, and means from ends. Only so can we make each man accept his responsibility to every man in his smallest action, and truly found the open society for which we all yearn.

to which they belong." I submitted that a Protestant pastor named Albrecht Goes had, in his *Burnt Offering*, recently published in this country, spoken gently, but with courage, of German moral responsibility, and I quoted from Wolfgang Borchert's book, *The Man Outside*, written in a Hamburg hospital in 1946, the year preceding his early death. (In Borchert's play, his longest piece of work, which is also included in that book, the background, the drama, the conviction, the terror, the anguished conscience, are all a part of the German collapse on Russian soil. Borchert's Corporal Beckmann says:

Well, the general stands in front of his giant xylophone of human bones, and with his artificial arms beats out a march. Prussia's glory or the Badenweiler. But mostly he plays the "Entry of the Gladiators" and "The Old Comrades." . . . They rise up out of the steppes, one-eyed, one-armed, toothless, legless, with torn entrails, without skulls, without hands, shot through, stinking, blind. . . . And then I stand there before the millions of grinning skeletons, the wrecks and ruins of bone, with my responsibility, and number them off. But the fellows won't number! Their jaws jerk terribly, but they won't number. The General orders fifty knee-bends. The rotting bones rattle, lungs squeak, but they don't number. Is that not mutiny, sir? Open mutiny?)

Willi Heinrich's Corporal Rolf Steiner takes over his cut-off platoon from the wounded sergeant and leads it through the Russian lines to join up with the battalion. It is a story that carries the reader, shocked, outraged, protesting, but savagely held, from violent scene to scene. Steiner, with whom it seems apparent the author identifies himself, is psychopathic in his brutality, and he emerges as a far more romanticized and implausible figure than any of Plievier's enlightened and ennobled men. Aware of the need to make his hero convincing, Heinrich supplies an explanation which seems no more than a bit of plot machinery and fails to satisfy. Steiner has become what he is, Heinrich implies, because of the accidental death of the girl he loved, who slipped from his grasp on a snowy mountainside on an excursion before the war. Because his strength failed him as he sought to draw her back to safety, a callous

## Education on the East Front

**CROSS OF IRON.** By Willi Heinrich. Translated by Richard and Clara Winston. Bobbs-Merrill. \$4.50.

**THE TRAIN WAS ON TIME.** By Heinrich Boell. Translated by Richard Graves. Criterion. \$3.00.

By Kay Boyle

IT WAS the collapse of the military front which led to the disintegration of German national confidence, and it is logical that the two most powerful novels to come out of post-war Germany should have as plot and scene the retreat from Russia in 1943. The first is Theodor Plievier's *Stalingrad*, published in English in 1948, and the second is Willi Heinrich's *The Cross of Iron*. But, subject matter apart, they are as different as two books could be; for Plievier viewed all men, and their suffering, with intelligence and compassion, and Heinrich, writing in a prose that has the impact of machine-gun fire, does not see beyond his own sickening and Germanic blend of sentimentality and crass brutality. The German persecution of minorities, the German annihilation of the Jews of Europe, left the average German unscathed, but military disaster he understood. Victory had failed to reward him with a vision that

saw beyond national aims and national boundaries to the wider area of all humanity. For that, it required defeat—but defeat on such a stupendous scale, of such nearly indescribable horror, that the German psyche will bear the scars for generations to come.

But for all Germans, the scars are not identical. Theodor Plievier's men were strengthened, enlightened, and frequently ennobled by what they endured, and one glimpses in *Stalingrad*, as the curtain descends on those who survive, a new world in which they might take their place. But in Heinrich's *Cross of Iron*, soldiers and officers alike disintegrate as men—with the exception of a few who can be counted on the fingers of one hand; through fear, through lust, through ambition, through greed, they shed the qualities of reasoning men to such a point that death seems a just disposal of them, however ghastly the form in which it comes. This disparity in the two records is not, as one might think, because one writer was a romanticist and the other a realist, but because the first writer possessed a vision that penetrated to deeper levels, while the second possesses none.

A few weeks ago I wrote in these columns that we listen in concern for the voices of men of character to be heard in post-war Germany, for the voices of men whom Emerson called "the conscience of the society

KAY BOYLE lived in Germany from 1948 to 1953. Her most recent novel is *The Seagull on the Step*.



covering was laid over Steiner's heart, sentiment turned to rancor in him, and his mettle was such that he became a legend to his men.

The real explanation for Steiner's crippled spirit lies elsewhere; perhaps in Heinrich himself, who writes with so keen a relish of violence that James Jones' and Norman Mailer's war books seem in comparison intellectualized romance. Perhaps the explanation is to be found in Steiner's absolute silence. Although he roars, screams, bawls, shouts, he does not speak. Plievier's hero, Vilshofen, says:

And the vehicle is thundering along at full speed—past trees, telegraph poles, butts of houses, bleeding torsos, men with bandaged heads, suicides, women's hands clapped over tear-stained faces . . . and we ride and do not know where we are riding, what we are riding over, what is shrieking so loudly under the rims of our wheels. The Führer sits in the cab and cannot see, for the wind-shield has been made opaque by snow, dirt, bones, and the coagulated blood of the columns that gave one shriek of horror before they were run down. The Führer drives. . . . This is no nightmare; it is reality.

And Corporal Steiner, although he must have heard these things that Borchert's Corporal Beckmann and Plievier's Vilshofen said, remains completely silent. For Heinrich himself, who was born in 1920, was still a child when Hitler came to power, and he was nurtured on that hideous reality.

In each of these two books is a map of the terrain, and the maps are significant in themselves. The one in Plievier's book shows, at its lowest left-hand extremity, an arrow pointing the way to Rostov, which is off the page. The map in Heinrich's book places Rostov in its upper right-hand corner, as if it was intended by history that Heinrich carry on from the threshold where Plievier brought his story to a close. But Heinrich, who wrote *The Cross of Iron* a decade after Plievier's *Stalingrad* appeared, has not accepted that responsibility.

Look closely at Plievier's map and you will see two figures moving among the frozen corpses, walking over the bodies upon which wheels have passed again and again, so that

now the icy surface of the road is "a mosaic of heads, hands, and faces." One of these figures is Vilshofen (who received word by radio that he had been, in the name of the glorious Fatherland, promoted to the rank of brigadier-general); the other is the grave-digger, Gnotke. The last scene is being played.

*Vilshofen:* Look, Gnotke, beyond this abandoned battlefield and beyond this lost war gleam new battlefields and future theatres of war.

*Gnotke:* I've had enough of that.

*Vilshofen:* So have I.

*Gnotke:* I don't know, sir, how we two can team up.

*Vilshofen:* That's just what we have to find out; that's what counts.

Plievier himself adds: "That was what counted, that was what this pair had to do beneath the falling curtain, that was what they tried to clarify. It was not the end of a tragedy, but it was the close of an act." And beyond the final moment of that act, at the bridgehead on the Black Sea, Corporal Steiner may be seen relinquishing his tommy-gun only because he is lying on a stretcher with the blood running from his mouth. "I won't need it any longer," he says regretfully. Unlike Vilshofen, unlike the grave-digger, Steiner had not yet had his fill.

IN MY earlier review of contemporary German fiction, I asked in these columns if there is a place in Germany now for the individual and his lonely dreams, and my guess would now be that there is not if there are many Corporal Steiners around. But Heinrich Boell is clearly a perceptive individual, and his book, *The Train Was on Time*, is filled with lonely dreams. The year of which Boell writes is 1944, the retreat is still the climate, and the scene is first the interior of a troop train leaving Paris for Poland and the eastern front, and then a Polish brothel sixty kilometers behind the lines. The book is disappointingly frail for the matter with which it deals. The war is the same war that Plievier and Heinrich have written of, and the men are just as weary; but the sound of their ordeal is muted by the exquisite delicacy, almost the femininity of Boell's prose.

Death is present, but we scarcely recognize its face. Lust is absent: the young and beautiful prostitute with whom Andreas, Boell's infantryman, a virgin still, spends his last night on earth, is as pure and ethereal as a ballet dancer moving through the half-dusk of *Les Sylphides*. It is a night of chastity that Boell describes, during which Andreas plays Beethoven on the piano for the pale, tender prostitute; and she, who has never been able to play Bach before, plays Bach for Andreas until the music is erected in the room in a "pure and powerful growing tower of sound." Yes, it is Theodor Plievier's and Willi Heinrich's war, but in the instant that Heinrich Boell describes there is so little blood about—even in the veins of Boell's characters—that it is a surprise to find it flowing on the last page. Even Andreas, whose death it presages, mistakes it for a moment for falling tears.

## To Earth

I died but woke again  
Lying on summer ground  
Looking up through a tree  
At sunlight in green leaves  
Where speckle-dappled birds  
Played the black branches.

When I was very young  
I learned how black can shine  
By husking beady seeds  
Out of columbine pods:  
Black mica or birds' eyes  
Are not a shinier black.

Consider, furthermore,  
That these are seeds outwhispering  
Dry, dead urns—  
And poured into the earth  
Will ascend again  
And descend like doves

In white and purple clusters  
Every next spring's sun,  
Hovering like small doves;  
That Harlequin also  
Is dappled: lives and dies  
And lives—like us—and laughs.

Looking up through the tree  
I saw all shining sun  
Intermittent with leaves  
No less than the bird-song  
And buttress-branched across  
As I had loved it most.

WINFIELD TOWNLEY SCOTT

The NATION

# The Future in Balance

By O. Edmund Clubb

SOMETHING Sir Francis Low says in the foreword to his *Struggle for Asia* makes a good point of departure for modern voyages of discovery into Asia: "Only by a thorough comprehension of Asian susceptibilities can the West make its most effective contribution to the attainment of that co-operation between East and West which is vital to the future of humanity as a whole."

**BRIEF AUTHORITY.** By Edwin F. Stanton. Harper. \$4. Edwin F. Stanton began his U.S. Foreign Service career as a lowly "student interpreter" in the American Legation at Peking in 1921, and retired as Ambassador to Thailand in 1953. He served for twenty-seven years in China and Thailand alone. His personal reminiscences are even-tempered and entertaining, the narrative of a colorful career in what he rightly calls "an uncommon world."

**THE GANDHI READER.** Edited by Homer A. Jack. Indiana University Press. \$7.50. At this moment, there are signs that Mahatma Gandhi's *satyagraha* ("truth-force"—which we describe more loosely as "passive resistance") may have been transplanted to the American South. Perhaps this growth is natural: it was Indian segregation in South Africa that ignited Gandhi's revolutionary idea.

**WHAT THE UNITED STATES CAN DO ABOUT INDIA.** By Eustace Seligman. New York University Press. \$2.95. The thesis of the eminent lawyer-businessman can be put briefly: *understand* India. He endeavors to explain the Indian point of view on several international issues and proposes that, where Indian and American views conflict, the U.S. should re-assess its foreign policies and make appropriate changes. And what else is there to do? Give more material aid; and "we must join in the educational task of teaching the Indian masses the superiority of democracy over communism by giving to the Indians a true picture of the United States." Thus in the entirely commendable quest for understanding the writer has missed the essential spirit of today's India. It no

O. EDMUND CLUBB, a retired American Foreign Service officer, spent twenty years in Far Eastern posts.

longer looks to the West for guidance, but is bent on fashioning its destiny in an Asian pattern.

**AT HOME IN INDIA.** By Cynthia Bowles. Harcourt, Brace. \$3. Cynthia Bowles was fifteen when she arrived in India with her father, Ambassador Chester Bowles. She sought friends in Indian school and Indian village, and recounts her experiences in a spirit of easy familiarity. Her narrative is "unsophisticated," if one will, but the young author learned the truth found by George Moore: "After all there is but one race—humanity."

**AS I SEE INDIA.** By Robert Trumbull. William Sloane Associates. \$4. The *New York Times* correspondent in India for seven critical years, Robert Trumbull distilled a rich experience for this summing-up, and the result is good. Especially valuable is his description of the antecedents to the 1947 division of the sub-continent between India and Pakistan, the attendant disorders, and the problems today outstanding between the two countries. In an incisive chapter on "India's For-

eign Policy and the U.S." the subject is brought directly home to us.

**STRUGGLE FOR ASIA.** By Sir Francis Low. Praeger. \$3.50. It is very difficult for any writer to give balanced treatment to so complex a subject as Asia. Sir Francis Low, editor of the *Times of India* from 1932 to 1948, has succeeded admirably in doing so. With expert skill and broad knowledge, he depicts the East in its process of awakening, as the various manifestations appear in countries as removed from each other as Japan and Indonesia, the Philippines and Ceylon. There are excellent sections on China and India and the unstable balance between them. Notable are various historical occasions when statesmen have let slip the opportunity to make some timely adjustment that might have warded off the subsequent disaster. Low's argument is that "The real struggle is no tAsian nationalism *versus* the West; it is Asian nationalism *versus* Communism." But in so far as Western statesmen fail to comprehend the nature of Asia and its struggle, they may again, as they have by their blindness before, precipitate the very disaster they think to avoid.

## THEATRE IN GERMANY: III

Harold Clurman

THE anti-romanticism of such theatre people as Piscator and Brecht may be viewed, as I have done in my previous columns, not only as a function of their desire to educate in a time of trouble, but as a reaction against the ponderous pathos of the traditional German theatre. Both men aim at a certain dryness in the acting of their companies. The absence of a thick emotional tone is immediately noticeable in their productions.

This seems eminently justified in Piscator's version of Tolstoy's *War and Peace*, which I saw at the Schiller Theater in Western Berlin. This is a schematic piece which does not attempt to dramatize the novel. It seeks only to explain it and to draw some social conclusions from it. The treatment shocks those who expect the quality of the novel to be reproduced on the stage. (This would be a hopeless task in any case.) The dramatic critics in Paris

and most of my American friends who saw it there at the International Theatre Festival hated it.

I have no quarrel with them on this account, yet I admired it. I admired it even though it isn't "my kind" of theatre, which I might define as reality through poetry or poetry through reality. The theatre, I believe, should not confine itself to any single type of entertainment. The theatre of emotion is fine, but there must also be a place for the "intellectual" theatre. Nor am I averse to propaganda—and do not consider that propaganda must necessarily fail to be art. The theatre can be creatively frivolous—and I do not often object when it is just frivolous. It can also be valuably "cold," mental, "bad," or mad; it is a domain of many mansions.

Piscator's *War and Peace* in which a great battle scene is projected (or demonstrated) by the use of toy soldiers placed on a geographical



plan and in which an interlocutor explains, informs, argues, even addresses the play's characters and is answered by them, is a diagram of the novel. But it is handsomely and sometimes ingeniously drawn with a distinguished sense of the possibilities of the stage. That it is not conventionally stirring, that it is more lesson than epic, that it has little "flesh and blood," that it contains a minimum of (Russian) color or (Tolstoyan) humanity does not invalidate it for me as theatre.

I have heard it said by one of Piscator's detractors that he is more engineer than director, but that is only a left-handed way of indicating that he has technical genius. His mechanical inventions, however, always serve an artistic end. This is evident not only in his production of Buechner's *Danton's Death* (discussed earlier) but in his production of Faulkner's *Requiem for a Nun*.

When I read Faulkner's play I was certain that it would be unworkable. Most of the play is an exposition, through interminably long speeches, describing highly complex situations which have occurred off-stage. With the help of an excellent company, Piscator has made it absorbing. I am not sure I believe the story or trust either its psychology or morality, but I cannot deny that the play interested me. There is a concentration, a driving intensity—very much abetted by the stylized and yet surprisingly unobtrusive geometrical black and silver sets—which capture attention.

Piscator's craft has a certain intellectual and aristocratic elegance—like a highly civilized prose put to the uses of an ultra-rational twentieth century mind: radical, refined, aware of what may still be useful in the traditions of the past.

I HAVE hardly skimmed the surface of what may be enjoyed and studied in the German theatre—in Hamburg, Munich, Frankfurt and elsewhere. If I have gone to such lengths to report on the few plays I saw in Berlin, it is because they offer such striking contrast to what is done in New York, London and Paris. The contrast, moreover, is enlightening because what our theatre needs most

of all (apart from different economic conditions and organization) is a knowledge of the theatre's enormous scope. Our theatre is earthbound by naturalism. (It is narrow even in this respect compared to the best of the modern novel.) A certain flabbiness affects us in the shape of a petty psychology devoid of ideas or historical perspective. And I refer not simply to the texts, but to the complete theatre.

We should seek greater maturity of feeling in the psychological play (most of our actors are kids), more fantasy, color, music, variety of movement, imagination. The rhetoric of the older plays is as essential

as the silences of the modern ones. The mute byplay of actors is important: so, too, are eloquence and the projection of language through beautiful speech. I believe in the latter-day freedom of the actor, but also in the disciplines of strict forms. Our theatre is limited by a sentimental view of art (and life) which ends by becoming a technical limitation. I believe in passion in the theatre, but in thought as well. Both thought and passion may be lofty, serene, severe or hard as often as melting and tearful. You will find more concrete examples of the liberated theatre east of Paris than in any of the more familiar capitals.

## FILMS

### Robert Hatch

JOHN HUSTON'S *Moby Dick* so closely parallels the events in Melville's novel that it might well be a chronicle of the very voyage that impelled the novelist to his masterwork. The three mates are on hand — Flask, Stubb and Starbuck — and the three savage harpoonists. Ishmael gazes out from the masthead, the carpenter planes Queequeg's coffin planks by candle light, and the ivory-pegged captain paces the dark deck as the crew below listens in admiration and fear. The white whale is sighted, chased, lost, sighted again. The harpoons and the lances are driven home, Ahab flings himself to death on the hulk of his dying enemy, the beast turns on the "Pequod" and drives her under the sea, leaving only Ishmael to bring back the news. Countless such histories were brought back to the people of New Bedford.

The picture is scrupulously cast and performed with respect for the strength and courage of the sea hunters. Huston has no time for characterization at any depth, but he gives the men of the "Pequod" the grace of their terrible trade and stays quite clear of the quaintness that cheapens so many period films. His straight forward and uncluttered photography is shot in a subdued Technicolor that at last brings the spectrum down to a range that the

mind will accept as true color.

This is good work and possibly it is as much of *Moby Dick* as can be transferred to the screen. Huston obviously was trying to convey more than the chronicle. Otherwise he would not have devoted a disproportionate space to the prophetic sermon on Jonah and God's will; nor have retained — when so much else is cut — Elijah's warning or Ahab's speech on the spirit of crippling evil he pursues through and behind the body of the white whale.

BUT WHAT he hopes to imply beyond the events does not really register — too much else has been jettisoned, the style of the picture is too circumstantial, the voyage too plainly a hunt, not a quest. And Ahab himself is so mishandled as to prevent the picture from reaching beyond a tale of high sensation. The sound of the captain overhead in the night, his closed cabin door, his sudden appearance to presage the first sighting of whales — these details begin to build an image that could be Melville's Ahab. But then Huston remembers the close-up and suddenly you are staring rudely into the twitching face of Gregory Peck.

It is not Peck's fault — he does what he is told to do, which is to roll up the whites of his eyes, break into a cold sweat and talk with a

voice from the grave. The fault is in the Hollywood convention that emotion should be communicated by close-ups. Humor can be communicated so, and occasionally passive loveliness. But passion always evaporates in embarrassment when you can count the hairs in an actor's eyebrows. Actors have arms and legs, back and shoulders; they have been taught, or should have been, to move to more purpose than other men. These are the tools of their trade. But Hollywood sells faces — six feet high and two inches from your nose. An actor becomes a trademark and is robbed of the chance to create an idea. Ahab may have been a man possessed or he may have been a fallen angel; in any case, he was not one to be stared at like a lunatic in a cage. I don't know that Peck, or any other actor, could create the idea of Ahab, but given the courtesy of distance he might at least have suggested the "more" that Huston hoped his *Moby Dick* would contain.

## RECORDS

### B. H. Haggin

TOSCANINI'S delighted exclamation once, "It's like reading the score," as he listened to one of his recorded performances, is applicable to his performance of Strauss's *Till Eulenspiegel* with the NBC Symphony on Victor LM-1891. The comment expressed his basic principle that whatever was printed in the score must be heard distinctly in the sound of the performance; and listening to *Till* this time I was amazed by details I had never heard before—details which, now that they were heard, added greatly to the humorous effect of the piece. Moreover the performance gained in effectiveness from something else that was characteristic of Toscanini—the unflinching continuity and coherence of the progression in which the detail was so clearly heard. And as it happened the performance was reproduced with remarkable clarity and distinctness by recording which in fact placed the ear a little too close to the orchestra. Strauss's

*Death and Transfiguration*, an inferior work, is on the reverse side.

The *Till* was made at a recording session; the Mendelssohn *Italian* Symphony on LM-1851 is one of the recordings Victor has obtained from Toscanini's broadcasts. As against the lightness, suavity and refinement of orchestral execution and sonority that made Koussevitzky's performance of this piece the marvel it was, Toscanini's performance gives it sharpness of inflection, energy and tension. I think Koussevitzky's was the more suitable treatment of this music; but Toscanini's is an exciting experience. The bright clarity and clean definition of the recorded sound of the finale testify to the absence of the "enhancement" that produces the brasher "brilliance" up above and the confused rumble down below in the first movement. On the reverse side is Mendelssohn's dull *Reformation* Symphony.

The 1951 Rossini *Semiramide* Overture that Victor issued on LRM-7054 is exciting, but reveals points of inferiority when compared with Toscanini's miraculous 1936 performance with the New York Philharmonic (a monument to their association which, with the similar *Italiana in Algeri* Overture, should be reissued on LP). One isn't surprised to hear the introduction played faster and without the relaxed expansiveness of the 1936 performance; but one is shocked when, in the Allegro, the violin phrases leading to the recapitulation are inflected without the energy and sustained tension they have in the earlier performance. In addition the new performance comes off the record without the solidity and impact of the sound of the earlier one. Victor has been issuing not only new recordings but new versions of previously issued ones; and the reverse side of LRM-7054 has the *William Tell* Overture originally on LRY-9000, whose beautiful sound on that record is now "enhanced" by the false gloss and brightness of the cellos and the shallowness of the full orchestra.

New recordings and new versions of old ones were also combined on LM-1834, an absurd hodge-podge absurdly titled *Toscanini Plays Your Favorites*. On the one hand new re-

cordings of superb performances of Beethoven's *Egmont* and Berlioz' *Roman Carnival* Overtures, the latter with spacious, solid sound in the introduction which becomes compressed, shallow and lower in volume-level in the Allegro. And on the other hand new versions of the previously issued *Dance of the Hours* and the *Zampa* Overture—the first, which escaped "enhancement" on LRM-7005, now with cellos made unnaturally glossy and bright and the full orchestra made shallower, less solid, less clean; the second, which was given a raucous "brilliance" by "enhancement" on LRM-7014, now made even worse. Sibelius' *Finlandia* and several Brahms Hungarian Dances also are on the record. And I should add that I object only to the mixture of genres on the one record, not to Toscanini's concerning himself with *Dance of the Hours* and the *Zampa* Overture: I know no more impressive and fascinating demonstrations of his powers than what his exquisite taste in molding a phrase, his grace, his feeling for continuity of impetus, tension and shape made of these two "pop" pieces.

Another such demonstration is provided by the *Poet and Peasant* Overture, processed from a 1943

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broadcast, that is in LM-6026, a second hodge-podge titled more appropriately *Toscanini Omnibus*. Its additional new recordings gave us at last Toscanini's famous performance of Berlioz' "Queen Mab" Scherzo from *Romeo and Juliet*, this one processed from a 1951 broadcast which reproduced the delicate sounds of the antique cymbals in the last section much too loudly; a powerful new *Forza del Destino* Overture; a fine *Euryanthe* Overture; and a Berlioz *Rakoczy March* processed from a 1945 broadcast, with the tight 8H sound given artificial resonance. And the new versions of previously issued recordings included the *Carmen* Suite without the raucous "enhancement" of LRM-7013—which for a moment raised hopes that Victor might be beginning to undo the damage to Toscanini's recordings. But the Allegro of the *Mignon* Overture, though the artificial echo of LRM-7013 is removed and the reduced bass is restored, now has the treble excessively peaked. Similarly, the *Oberon* and *Freischütz* Overtures are spared "enhancement" now as they were on LRM-7028; but the *Don Pasquale* Overture has a coarsening artificial echo it didn't have on 7028; and the beautiful sound which the *Hänsel und Gretel* Overture had on LRM-7014 now exhibits a false gloss and occasional distortion up above and a loss of solidity down below. A couple of inconsequential pieces by Catalani that Toscanini liked are included.

LM-6020, *Toscanini Conducts Wagner*, also combined new and old. The new recordings gave us Toscanini's overwhelming performances of the Prelude to *Tristan* and "Siegfried's Death" from *Die Götterdämmerung* and a lovely *Siegfried-Idyll*; the previously issued performances included the Preludes to Acts 1 and 3 of *Lohengrin*, the Preludes to Acts 1 and 3 of *Die Meistersinger*, the Prelude and "Good Friday Spell" of *Parsifal*, the "Rhine Journey" from *Die Götterdämmerung*—with the beautiful sound of the "Good Friday Spell" on LM-15 and the Preludes to Act 1 of *Lohengrin* and Act 3 of *Die Meistersinger* on LRM-7029 now "enhanced" by a slight gloss on top and lessened solidity down below.

## LETTERS

(Continued from inside front cover)

are Republicans; and it is clear that in any event, the main Democratic drive has been to increase Air Force expenditures, and one of the principal points of Mr. McWilliams' article was that small business gets less of the Air Force dollar than that of the other services. Finally, it would be hard to link Senator Symington, Governor Harriman, Mr. Finletter and the other big-budget Democrats to small business.

Small business can play a vital role in maintaining a vigorous, competitive, and democratic economy. That small business finds itself in a poor competitive position after the greatest boom in the nation's history is symptomatic of a problem which *The Nation* should explore fully.

Norman Redlich

New York City

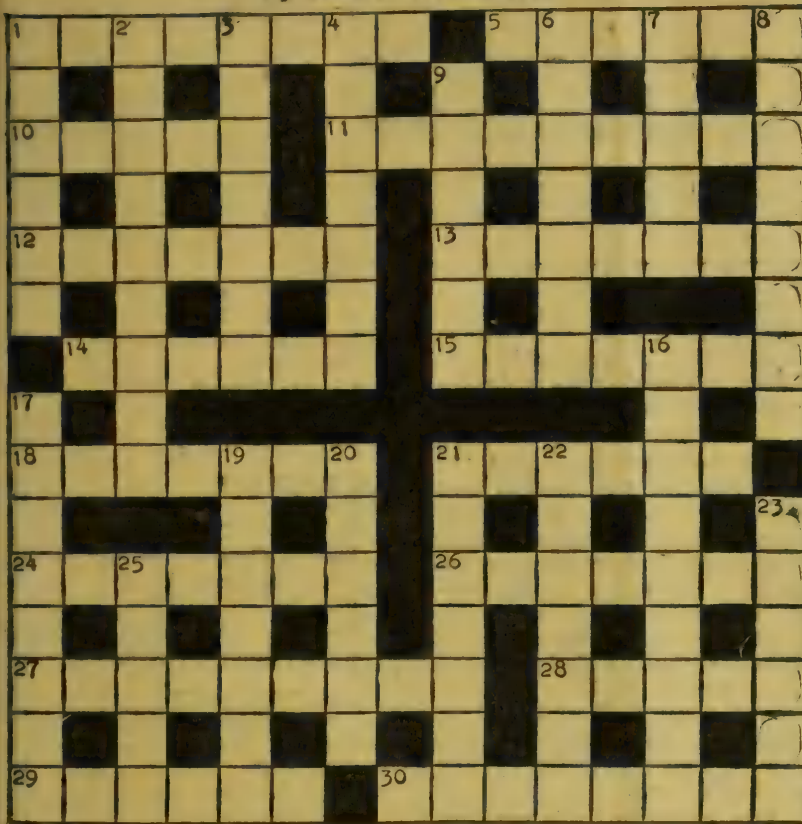
## ... And an Answer

The Democratic Party's insistence on increasing appropriations for the Air Force does, of course, indicate that it is responsive to some big-business pressures as well as pressures from small business and labor. And it well may be that, in other periods, the decisive pressure for increased arms appropriations came from the big businesses that were the prime beneficiaries. For example, during the years 1940-1945 General Motors delivered to the government products valued at twelve billion dollars—more than our total lend-lease to the USSR. But at the moment big business, as I suggested, can afford to be somewhat more philosophical than small business about defense orders. G.M.'s statement covering the first quarter of 1956 shows defense sales of \$132 million, equivalent to about 4.3 per cent of total sales for the period. Defense business in 1955 represented 7 per cent of total sales, but in 1952 and 1953 it was about 19 per cent, and in 1954 approximated 14 per cent. Actually, new products assigned to G.M. during the period January 1, 1953, to September 30, 1955, had a value of only sixteen million dollars, less than 1 per cent of total orders for the period. During this same period, G.M. received cancellation notices totaling \$584 million. When related to Secretary of Defense Wilson's recent statements on the military budget, these figures would indicate that G.M. has not figured actively in the current pressure for increased arms appropriations.

Carey McWilliams

# Crossword Puzzle No. 680

By FRANK W. LEWIS



## ACROSS:

- 1 Gives evidence, perhaps, of southern cooking in the depression. (8)
- 5 Not the prettiest part of the Impromptu Gliere wrote. (6)
- 10 Certainly not an old pioneer! (5)
- 11 A feature in steam that makes the shop worker. (9)
- 12 When you find a broken pail in one, it's like stone. (7)
- 13 4 down when not this might suggest a church dignitary. (7)
- 14 Burns, superficially. (6)
- 15 Looks around the inside, and gets excited. (7)
- 18 I more than comply with the order of such games. (7)
- 21 A case of flight, no doubt. (6)
- 24 Shingles should, where some might put a napkin. (7)
- 26 If he finds something wrong, there may be no 30 and 4. (7)
- 27 Underdoes, as a plumber might have done the second time. (9)
- 28 I'd not be responsible for it, as one says. (2,3)
- 29 One of Dickens' more healthy creations? (6)
- 30 and 4 down Represented by shave-nix and shaveneven? (6,2,7)

## DOWN

- 1 The Englishman might consider it boring nonsense, when deteriorating. (3,3)
- 2 Too bad it's about all Ur can pro-

- duce in the way of more votes. (9)
- 3 Is horsing around so irritating? (7)
- 4 See 30 across
- 6 Most of this iron is a problem. (7)
- 7 His love for Hera had him going around in circles. (5)
- 8 The harsh fate of a team without the Babe? (8)
- 9 Set flying by Tennyson's bugle. (6)
- 16, 22 and 17—Does this place at present lead to a teenager's future perfect? (4, 5, 3, 4, 8)
- 17 See 16 down
- 19 Head Indian, but certainly not clean. (7)
- 20 Broken canine tooth displayed by little angels. (6)
- 21 Chemical aids can make it, but one might have to go to extremes in Norway and Sweden to get it. (7)
- 22 See 16 down
- 23 Minos was in a trance, obviously. (6)
- 25 Stand like a fish around it. (5)

## SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 679

ACROSS: 1 BONNET; 5 ALLEGES; 10 APERTURES; 11 BRILL; 12 ITALIAN; 13 PARAGON; 14 and 7 down GOING, GOING, GONE; 16 UNDERDONE; 18 CUL-DE-SACK; 20 FIEND; 22 RIGGERS; 24 ARRIVES; 26 FABLE; 27 VERDIGRIS; 28 SWEATER; 29 DAHLIA; DOWN: 2 OPERA; 3 NETTING; 4 TARANTULA; 5 AENSOP; 6 LABORER; 8 SLENCE; 9 PAVING; 15 ILLEGIBLE; 17 DESPAIRED; 18 CARAFES; 19 ELEMENT; 20 FURBISH; 21 DEIST; 23 SEVER; 25 VERDI.

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# LETTERS

## The Presidential Poll

[The editors of The Nation sincerely thank the many readers of this magazine who participated in the Presidential Preference Poll, results of which were published in last week's issue. A large number of readers sent letters along with their ballots, explaining their vote. The following are excerpts from a sampling; space does not allow for fuller treatment.]

Dear Sirs: Until recently I rationalized that Kefauver was the least of the many evils and therefore justified my vote. But this last comfortable illusion was destroyed with this opportunist's attempt to out-warmonger Stevenson by his endorsement of continued A- and H-bomb explosions.

Even if Eisenhower were spry and sixty again, I could not vote for him. His administration's giveaways to big business are more than I can swallow. Indeed, all of the major party candidates represent the special vested interests of the one per cent of the nation's families which own two-thirds of all corporate stock. As far as I'm concerned, it is strictly a family matter; and I'm not kidding myself into thinking that I am part of the family just because they give me a vote.

O. ROBERT KAUFMAN  
New York, N. Y.

Dear Sirs: I am a delegate to the Democratic National Convention and agree with the A.D.A., of which I am a member, that Harriman, Kefauver and Stevenson are the three best candidates. My personal feeling is that Stevenson erred in accepting Sparkman as a running mate in 1952 and fear he might take on the same sort of partner this time. Governor Stevenson is a tremendous man and I could happily accept him as a candidate if he would be more direct and not so "moderate."

DICK HAM  
Boulder City, Nev.

Dear Sirs: My first reaction is to keep President Eisenhower from winning a second term if at all possible, but the question is not so simple. Mr. Eisenhower, for all his shortcomings, may have been instrumental in keeping this nation out of another war . . . Nixon, of course, is unthinkable. Symington's preoccupation with a large air force to the exclusion of all else does not

appeal to me either. The choice between Stevenson, Kefauver and Harriman is not an easy one. They are all intelligent men and I expect to vote for whichever one is nominated.

On the whole, I have a tendency to be pessimistic about the whole business. I would say, having in mind Scott Nearing's latest book, *The U. S. A. Today*, that it will make little difference in the long run whether we vote in 1956 for Tom, Dick or Harry.

HARRY RYAN  
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs: I would like to comment on one reason for marking Mr. Harriman's name instead of that of my earlier preference, Mr. Stevenson. It is this: After spending several weeks recently in North Carolina I realized how deeply entrenched racial prejudice is in the government and among the people of intelligence there, and I would prefer to vote for a candidate who is more strongly committed to integration than Mr. Stevenson seems to be.

ELIZABETH B. LYON  
East Aurora, N. Y.

Dear Sirs: Even at the risk of falling for the Eisenhower cult, I shall, as things stand now, vote for him. The Democrats seem bent on continuing the arms race: their peace proposals, if any, are watery and I think many of the important Democrats are still smarting under the charge of "soft on communism." I've never before voted for a Republican President, but even Ike sick holds out better promise in re labor and foreign policy than either Mr. Stevenson or Mr. Harriman.

ELIZABETH B. BOYDEN  
Tamworth, N. H.

Dear Sirs: Observation of the last three and a half years convinces me that the President's health makes not one whit of difference, and has not made any. The series of events that have taken place, with the possible exception of Geneva, would have taken place whether he was as incapacitated as Wilson in his last days or as robust as Teddy Roosevelt. In short, the President has been since before election nothing more than a retired general engaged as a benign "Chairman of the Board of Directors."

KAMINI K. GUPTA  
San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Sirs: Mr. Stevenson picked himself off the floor in Minnesota, slugged his way through the District of Columbia, New Jersey, Florida, Oregon and California. I rank him second, behind Thomas Jefferson, among the all-time great candidates of the Democratic Party.

LESTER SPIEGELMAN  
San Francisco, Calif.

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The Nation, July 21, 1956, Vol. 183, No. 3

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## The Shape of Things

### The Eisenhower Candidacy

The news photos of President Eisenhower which accompanied the announcement that he would run again were heartbreaking. We had known, of course, that he had lost twenty pounds following his operation, but not until we saw the familiar grin from an unfamiliar and shrunken face did the full impact hit us. Not all the Madison Avenue tripe ever "noodled" can begot the story disclosed by the photos.

The GOP "team" is reported to be in raptures over the President's decision. Our own enthusiasm is more restrained. As *The Nation* observed editorially on June 30, the Presidency is not an office to be tailored to fit the candidate. It is entirely possible that, on Election Day, so many voters will share our compassion for the subject of these photos that Mr. Eisenhower will at long last get the rest he obviously needs.

### Gesture Against G.M.

The country has had every right to assume that President Eisenhower approves of General Motors, world's largest corporation, and its practices. After all, he has had three G. M. representatives in his Cabinet—an unprecedented situation. Now, three and a half years after the President took office, *and within a few months of another national election*, the Administration announces the filing of an anti-trust action against the giant firm. Attorney General Brownell, who broke the news of the impending action on a July 4 televised interview, insisted the timing was a coincidence.

But it isn't only the timing that is suspect. Mr. Brownell made clear that the suit would be confined to the single question of whether or not G. M., which does 80 per cent by volume of the country's bus business, is a legitimate competitor in the industry. No question is to be raised of G. M.'s 76 per cent share of the locomotive business, of its dominant position in the automobile industry, of its vast interests in the home-automobile industry (though later there was vague reference to an "investigation"), of its vast interests in the home-appliance field and in diesel engines, water and lighting systems, aviation and marine products. Not even G. M.'s recent entry into the earth-moving equipment industry will be subjected to scrutiny.

Will this suit culminate, like other recent ones, in a

"soft" out-of-court agreement that will fail to restore genuine competition? Mr. Brownell's Department of Justice, for instance, started action which resulted in minor restrictions being placed upon the Hilton hotel chain and the A. T. and T.; in neither instance did the defending corporation lose its commanding position in its own field. Similarly, International Business Machines must now sell rather than lease its products, a limitation which has had no basic effect on I.B.M.'s position in its industry. With these immediate precedents in mind, the more one looks at the action against G. M., the more unreal it appears.

### Murder by the Press?

At this writing, the month-old Weinberger infant, kidnapped from its parents' home in a New York suburb, is still missing. The *Daily News* broke the story despite a police plea to the press to withhold it for the one-day deadline set by the kidnapper for payment of the ransom. It is now alleged that the police mishandled the plea, delivering it too late and in too "casual" a fashion. In any case, the rest of the metropolitan press followed the *Daily News* to the door of the stricken home. Tragedy took on the mask of harlequin. Newsmen ran wild; three of them in an automobile were permitted to keep watch on the spot from which the kidnapper was supposed to collect the ransom. Then a detective tipped off a reporter that the money was phoney. Soon a bitter mother was telling the newsmen: "I could cut all your throats."

A week later, many thoughtful New Yorkers were wondering whether their enterprising newspapers had succeeded in murdering a month-old child. Some editors looked into their own consciences. The New York *Times* published a *mea culpa* editorial; *Time* agreed that the press had overreached itself. Letters to editors demanded that police be permitted to keep reporters out of kidnapping cases. This revulsion of feeling was natural (but how many of New York's now indignant citizens encouraged the press by buying extra papers?). It can also turn out to be a dangerous reaction. At issue is not so much the freedom of the press; very much worse abuses of it can be perpetrated, and have been, than denying editors the right to endanger a baby's life by premature publicity. But there is involved here the specific need to keep an eye on the police. Without the prying eye of the reporter, the police could become an OGPU overnight, bent on un-



seen errands for inscrutable purposes, responsible to no one but themselves.

The best—and most impractical—solution would be to urge editors to suffer their pangs of conscience before and not after the fact. It is impractical because crime *does* pay—if not the criminal, then certainly the newspapers. Perhaps the answer lies in a bill introduced into Congress requiring not police but *parental* consent to the giving out of news in a kidnapping case. A life is sacrosanct; so is the right of the public to know how policemen are doing their jobs. Somehow a way must be found to accommodate both principles.

## Canadian Mouse

After devoting two and a half years to the study of capital punishment, a joint Senate-Commons committee of the Canadian Parliament has produced a mouse-like report. The death penalty would be retained for the crimes of murder, treason and piracy, for women as well as men, but would be eliminated for all offenders under eighteen and restricted in application to those between eighteen and twenty-one. The committee would replace "death by hanging" with "the electric table" on the quaint theory that with the former "so much depends on the personal competence of the hangman"! Hangmen may be a bit careless now and then but they usually manage to get their man. The real issue, of course, is not the hangman's efficiency—that might be improved, if necessary, as by offering university courses—but of capital punishment itself.

The report does contain three valuable recommendations: (1) Persons sentenced to death would have an appeal, as of right, to the Supreme Court of Canada; (2) The accused, in a capital-offense case, would have to be given complete details of the crown's case before trial; and (3) The accused would be required by law to plead not guilty. Worth noting is the fact that the committee members were not unanimous about keeping the death penalty; eight of its twenty-eight members voted to abolish it. The report brings the dominion a little nearer to the desirable goal of abolition—just as, in England, the House of Lords' disapproval of an abolition bill can do no more than postpone the inevitable.

## Strange Embargo

Out of Washington come whispered tidbits of information which indicate that the embargo on trade with China is producing some strange results. The heavy flow of sterling into the Chinese treasury, for example, is disturbing Washington officials. In the first place, it indicates that the Chinese trade offensive in Southeast Asia has been moderately successful. The Chinese are reported to be selling "appreciable quantities" of light manufactured goods, such as textiles, flashlights, fountain pens and miscellaneous metal products, at prices which probably reflect a sizable subsidy (*Journal of*

*Commerce*, July 5). As its reserves of sterling accumulate, China can use them effectively as a further wedge in its drive to dominate the markets of underdeveloped Asian countries. At the same time, the trade of Hong Kong and Japan suffers despite a growing "bootleg" trade and a steady increase in the number of items exempted from the embargo. In fact it is now a foregone conclusion that most of the allies who joined with us in imposing the embargo will insist on its revision once the U.S. election is over. It therefore seems that if an agreement to lift the embargo is to be used as the quid pro quo for a renunciation of force by the Chinese in the settlement of the Formosa issue, negotiations had better get under way pretty soon. After November, the issue may cease to have much bargaining weight.

## An Employee Society

*Business Week* recently reported with unconcealed enthusiasm that the American consumer now "spends practically everything he makes. . . . In the employee society of today, money is to spend." The middle income families (\$4,000 to \$7,500), who receive nearly 45 per cent of the spendable income, save a mere 3.6 per cent. Only those self-employed now save and with them a saving is a tool, a means of enhancing their ability to earn a livelihood. The reason for *Business Week's* jubilation is clear: a percentage-point reduction in savings can mean a difference of \$2.5 billion in expenditures on goods and services. And the trend is progressive: "The entrepreneurial element among us will probably continue to decline as a percentage of the whole. It is notable that in the face of rising production, the number of businesses in the United States has remained at just about the same level for the last fifteen years, which means that the self-employed steadily shrink in proportion to the others."

It may seem odd that a magazine like *The Nation*, which has been mistakenly characterized as a "radical" publication on more than one occasion, should regard these trends with much less "radical" enthusiasm than *Business Week*, which is hardly an "employee" magazine. Not that we believe that Ben Franklin's prudent maxims should guide current spending. It's just that we would like to see every American family with enough money in the bank so that Pop can tell off the boss, should occasion arise, without the whole family having to go on relief—for a few months. Then, too, we don't like being told not to save any more than we like being told what to buy. And the "mid-twentieth-century" consumer, notes *Business Week*, is dominated by a desire "to buy just what everyone else buys. Uniformity is the main feature of the spending patterns." But uniformity in spending patterns is another name for conformity in social and political behavior. We agree on the trend but can't share *Business Week's* enthusiasm for the proletarianization of our society.

# RUSSIA REVISITED: I

## Moscow: Symbol of Change . . by FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN

[The writer, a frequent contributor to *The Nation* and author of *Soviet Politics* and other volumes on world affairs, has recently returned from his third visit to the Soviet Union, where he went to gather data for a new book on the USSR. This is the first of four articles. The others, dealing in turn with the rebirth of Stalingrad, the cost of living in the Soviet Union and the significance of the New Russia, will appear in following issues.]

### Moscow

AEROFLOT'S standard plane, an Ilyushin 12, glides gently to rest along a runway paved with octagonal blocks. The sign above the small but attractive airport building reads: *МОСКВА*. An energetic young linguist greets the voyager from abroad and escorts him to a waiting ZIS, the Soviet version of a Packard. The driver starts out for Moscow's three Intourist hotels, the National, the Metropole and the Savoy, all exuding the conspicuous luxury and refurbished grandeur of a vanished past.

The road winds through pleasant countryside, almost wholly devoid of billboards save for a few propaganda slogans about "peace" and the urgency of increasing production. As the traveler approaches the city from the southwest, he spies from afar on the Lenin Hills the thirty-seven story tower, with its graceful wings and turreted abutments, of Moscow State University's newest building, opened in 1953. In addition to classrooms, clubrooms, laboratories and gymnasias, the structure houses most of the faculty and student body (22,000) of the new Muscovy's largest institution of higher learning. All around the imposing citadel are miles of new apartments, some completed and more under construction via the innumerable giant tower-cranes lining the horizon. The sight is breathtaking. One understands at once why

many American tourists call at the tall Embassy building on Tchaikovsky Boulevard to ask why everything is wholly different from what they had been led to expect.

My hotel is the National, where the last Czar's brother, the Grand Duke Michael, often stayed. An aged servitor remembers him well, since he tipped generously. (Tipping is now abolished, though misguided Americans may revive it.) Asked if he recalls Lenin, who stopped here briefly in 1918, he says: "No. After all, I can't remember everybody!"

Moscow shares with other Russian cities a total absence of all maps, street guides and phone directories. I saw only two street plans of the Soviet capital, both in offices of foreigners and both printed in Washington. The *Wehrmacht* in 1941-42, it seems, learned too much about urban geography from pre-war guidebooks. So, absurdly, no new ones are to be had—a fact which casts new light on the Soviet response to Eisenhower's Geneva proposal of aerial inspection. Even the population of Soviet cities is a secret. No census has been taken since 1939. Estimates of the inhabitants of the Moscow metropolitan area range from 5,000,000 to 8,000,000. Phone service is good and free in all hotels. But the finding of phone numbers requires research.

What, at first glance, most impresses a visitor who has not seen Moscow for more than twenty years? *Cleanliness*. At long last, Russians have learned to be tidy. Moscow's broad streets and great squares are washed nightly by mechanized equipment and kept painfully spic-and-span each day by women with brooms and by trash-cans five or six to a block. No pedestrian dares to cast waste paper or even cigarette butts on the sidewalk. *Punctuality*. The new Muscovites are, with few exceptions, on time. *Efficiency*. In sharp contrast to the old times, projects are now accomplished with a minimum waste of labor and materials. The golden goal of surpassing America in such matters is still far off. But a great industrial civilization, totally socialized, has come into being. Its builders are no longer filthy *muzhiks* and sloppy proletarians. They have learned the arts and skills of competence. They are, for the most part, well dressed, well fed, and, in demeanor, energetic, happy and hopeful, albeit many of the young army recruits, children of the war years, appear stunted by the malnutrition of a fearful time of troubles.

Moscow in 1928 was a city where repair scarcely kept pace with deterioration. Moscow in 1933 was a city of stresses and strains and doubt,





with no one certain as to whether the painful process of "building socialism" would succeed or fail utterly in an appalling debacle. Lincoln Steffens, in Moscow in 1918, wrote: "I have seen the future, and it works!" He hadn't. Moscow in 1956 is not "the future," save perhaps for that third of mankind under Communist rule. But it "works" and gives every appearance of a flourishing, going concern.

BY DAY and by night great throngs roam the streets, as in other Soviet cities, since cramped housing drives people, in fair weather, to seek the outdoors. If these vigorous citizens are oppressed by poverty or despotism, they show no external evidence of their feelings. Quite the contrary. All streets around the Kremlin are crowded with cars: tiny Moskviches (8,000 rubles), larger Pobedas (16,000 rubles), many trucks, and an occasional ZIM or ZIS (40,000 rubles).<sup>\*</sup> Neat trolley-buses (thirty kopeks, about eight cents at the official rate) transport tens of thousands to and from their jobs, as do the elegant, fast and frequent trains (fifty kopeks) of the far-flung Metro, with its overly elaborate marble stations, all devoid of advertising. Not to be outdone, Leningrad opened its first subway last autumn with eight stations, each more lovely and more chaste in design than Moscow's best.

The most attractive spectacle in the Soviet capital is the permanent Agricultural Exposition, established in 1939, closed during the war years and enlarged, rebuilt and reopened in 1954. Here, amid spacious gardens and dramatic fountains, are striking buildings, each in its own style, housing the displays of the sixteen Republics of the Union and of various cities and regions. Colorful maps, charts, pictures and sample products offer a detailed portrait of farming, of research in agronomy, and, in adjacent structures, of industry and atomic energy as well. If Soviet agriculture were indeed as productive and prosperous as the exposition suggests, living standards would more closely approximate those of America.

<sup>\*</sup>In the Soviet Union, the ruble is pegged at four to the dollar.

New residential building on an immense scale is everywhere in evidence in all Russian cities. Most of it, in the mass, is solid and impressive. Almost all of it is well below American and Western European standards of detailed perfection in craftsmanship. The Soviet Union, while rich in imaginative architects, is still poor in well-trained building workers. These toilers are badly paid, slipshod and migratory. A curiosity of Moscow, southwest of the Kremlin, is the huge fenced-in expanse of the crumbling foundations of the Palace of Soviets projected before the war as the tallest building in the world. Khrushchev may be right in alleging that Stalin neglected the enterprise out of envy of Lenin, whose enormous statue was to crown the structure. I prefer to believe that somewhere common sense forbade the completion of what would have been a monstrosity. Other "skyscrapers" in the Soviet capital are well designed and appropriately distributed to enhance, rather than to mar, the harmony of the metropolis. The first (1951) was the great tower on Smolenskii Boulevard housing the Ministries of Foreign Affairs and Foreign Trade. High apartment buildings loom over other districts. The most recent is the still unfinished Ukraine Hotel.

THE merits and defects of Soviet building are well exemplified in the gigantic new development on the Lenin Hills, only one of many such projects in Moscow's suburbs. Soviet conceptions of suburbia have nothing in common with American counterparts. Here are rising huge blocks of apartments, eight to ten stories high and built in hollow squares, each containing a thousand flats and enclosing vast courtyard gardens. Fragile stucco over crude brickwork alternates with more durable brick blocks or tile in the newer structures. Executives strive valiantly for "automation" in building construction. Stores and schools (but no churches) minister to the needs of the suburbanites. When completed in 1960 this new city will house 200,000 people.

A typical apartment consists of three rooms plus kitchen and bath,

renting to a family of five for eighty rubles a month (\$20 at the official exchange). The rate is very low and provides no "return" on the investment. Housing is envisaged, ideally, as a free public service. The apartments are well designed and decorated in good taste. Those fortunate enough to become tenants are delighted. Yet the ceilings are four feet higher than they need to be. And the masonry, woodwork and plumbing would, very often, not pass American inspection.

Every society excels in activities its members deem most important—cooking in France, work in Germany, music in Italy, housing, motor cars and baseball in America. Russians give priority to ballet, opera, theatre and concerts. Goals most dearly cherished are education and "culture." It is not fortuitous that Moscow's most impressive structures, apart from historic landmarks, are the new university and the old Lenin State Library where, in the shadow of the Kremlin, some 2,000 employees serve 5,000 daily readers and preside over 18,000,000 books, pamphlets and periodicals, constituting the largest library in the world. In the huge card catalogue of foreign books, I can find no "anti-Soviet" work. Inquiry reveals that the writings of Trotsky, Bukharin, Kamenev, Zinoviev and other victims of the Great Purge are on reserve, available freely to all professors and holders of doctor's degrees but accessible only by special permission to ordinary students and readers. Placards in stone on the street side of the Library memorialize Pushkin, Lermontov, Gogol, Belinsky, Herzen, Chevchenko, Nekrasov, Chernyshevsky, Dobruliubov, Saltykov-Chedrin, Turgenyev, Tolstoi, Mayakovsky and Gorky.

The Tomb, in stark brown marble, is the Holy of Holies. Here, deep down in a chilly crypt and awesomely lighted under glass panels so cleverly contrived as to be almost invisible, repose the mortal remains of The Two. Lenin, dead thirty-two years, looks waxy instead of alive as he did when I first beheld him in the original wooden tomb in 1928. Stalin, dead three years, looks for-

midably vigorous and quite unlike his heroized portraits and statues all over the land. His brownish hair is only lightly streaked with grey. His nose is curiously arched and bent. His mouth and chin seem, all at once, weak and hard and cruel.

What is most striking about this sepulchre is the enormous crowd of reverent worshippers. Every open day, rain or shine, they stand hour after hour piously in line, thousands strong and stretching in the longest

queue on earth all along Red Square and far down the park along the northwestern Kremlin wall, eagerly awaiting a brief glimpse of The Two. A small army of militiamen guides the procession. Since no one speaks in the religious silence of this ritual, no outsider can gauge the sentiments of the faithful.

Many doubtless embrace the current "line": Lenin was beneficent genius incarnate; Stalin, albeit great, was a wicked tyrant. (In the

elaborate Lenin Museum, across the square and around the corner from the huge GUM department store, Lenin and Stalin are still comrades, with no hint that Lenin ever knew a man named Trotsky.) Soviet citizens are well trained in dialectical materialism. But this mass devotion to two cadavers suggests that in this system of power, as in many others, men live not by bread alone but depend for faith on Miracle, Mystery and Authority.

## Mr. Dooley Looks at '56 .. by BARNET BASKERVILLE

IT HAS been a long time now—too long, many of us think—since we have heard with any regularity from Mr. Martin Dooley, philosopher, iconoclast and political commentator extraordinary. There was a time, now unhappily beyond the memory of most Americans, when Mr. Dooley's column was grist for hundreds of thousands of daily conversations, and when, we are told, high government officials sometimes deferred important policy decisions until they could read what Mr. Dooley had to say about the matter. Those were the days of Teddy Roosevelt and trust-busting and muckraking, of Andrew Carnegie and George Pullman and Populism, of King Edward's coronation and the Dreyfus case and Manifest Destiny, of the malefactors of great wealth and their devoted servants, the politicians. And projected into this turbulent scene from behind the bar of a little saloon on Chicago's Archey Road came the periodic, anxiously awaited pronouncements of Martin Dooley—disarmingly good humored, but devastatingly effective. Genially he punctured the flatulent ego; casually—almost as if by accident—he pulled down curtains of pretentiousness, revealing the phony in high places and in low.

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Gently, sometimes not so gently, he

censured bigotry, hypocrisy, cruelty, injustice.

Mr. Dooley has been missed. Every now and then a writer or speaker in discussing some matter of current interest will quote a neatly apposite Dooleyism, and remark that it is a pity the author himself is no longer around to give us the benefit of his reflections upon McCarthyism or desegregation or the spirit of Geneva or the crisis in education, or whatever. Not long ago, speaking for the small but loyal band of mid-century Dooleyites, one columnist sighed wistfully à la Wordsworth:

Dooley! thou should'st be living at this hour;

The U.S. hath need of thee; she is a fen

Of stagnant waters . . .

The death in 1936 of Mr. Dooley's creator, the almost anonymous Finley Peter Dunne, obliterated all hopes of a resumption in our time of the penetrating social criticism which at the turn of the century Dooley imparted to his friend Mr. Hennessy, and beyond him to all "the Hennesseys of the world who suffer and are silent." Yet we need not despair altogether. For Dunne and Dooley have left behind, safely preserved between the covers of eight books and scattered prodigally through scores of old magazines and newspapers, a lifetime of philosophic utterances about America—her customs, her institutions and her people.

Concurring in the judgment that the United States hath need of Dooley, we have winnowed what he might have called his "lithry remains" for comments made in another day which seem to have particular relevance to the political scene in America, 1956. Although selected and brought together from a commentary continuing over twenty-five years, the words are presented exactly as originally spoken. Here then is a posthumous interview with Mr. Dooley, who half a century ago was a potent social force even though he existed only in the imagination, and who today, existing only in the memory, may have an equally vivid reality.

"I meself, am ivry man," Dooley once observed. "All men are ME." Perhaps it is because of this that Mr. Dooley seems to speak to ivry age. Certainly, as the following colloquy will show, he speaks to ours.

*Q. Mr. Dooley, as an experienced political observer and a student of many local and national elections, you are in a position to provide some valuable insights into this year's Presidential race. What do you think of the campaign so far?*

A. I niver see a campaign open, as Hogan says, under more fav'able or more disagreeable auspices. Scandal that wanst was resarved fr th' mornin' iv iliction day is in full bloom at this minyit, an' th' bad language that we used to save up fr October is now freely exchanged



wherever thoughtful men gather together.

*Q. If we may judge by the public statements of their chief spokesmen, both parties have unshakable confidence that they will win.*

A. They have. Th' dimmycrats have gr-reat confidence, th' raypublicans ar-re sure . . . Today th' dimmycrats will on'y concede Vermont, Maine, an' Pennsylvania to th' raypublicans, an' th' raypublicans concede Texas, Allybammy, an' Mississippi to th' dimmycrats. But it's arly yet. Wait awhile. Th' wurruk iv th' campaign has not begun . . . About th' middle iv October th' raypublican who concedes Texas to th' dimmycrats will be dhrummed out iv th' party as a thraitor, an' y'll hear that th' dimmycratic party in Maine is so cheered be th' prospects that his frinds can't keep him sober.

*Q. You speak of politics as a game, as if it were something to be taken lightly. But aren't some political campaigns more like a moral crusade than a game?*

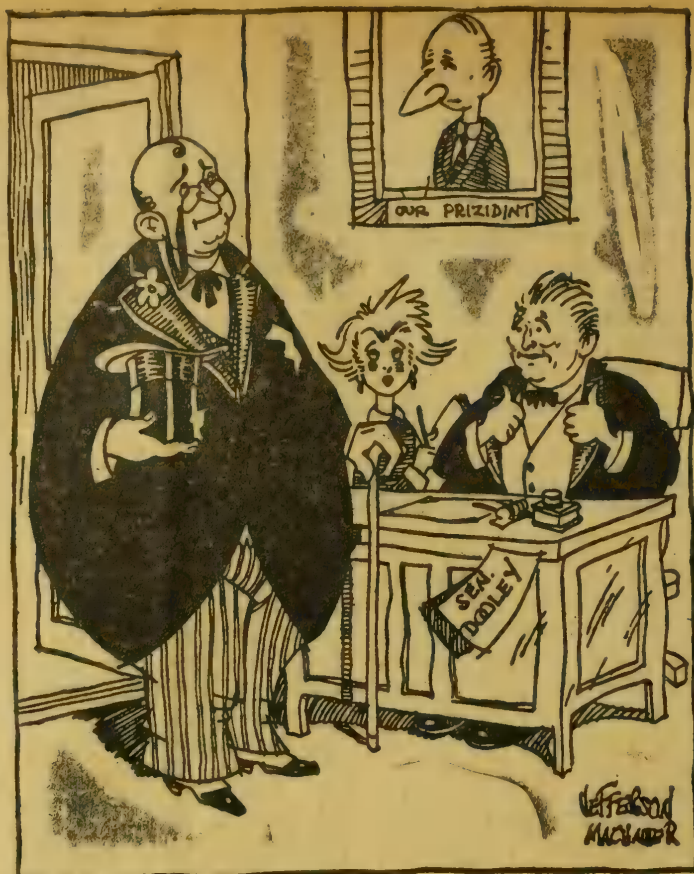
A. As a people, we're th' greatest crusaders that iver was—f'r a short distance.

*Q. What do you mean?*

A. Th' throuble is th' crusade don't last after the first sprint. Th' crusaders drops out iv th' procission to take a dhrink or put a little money on th' ace an' be th' time th' end iv th' line iv march is reached th' boss crusader is alone in th' job an' his former followers is hurlin' bricks at him fr'm th' windows iv policy shops. Th' boss crusader always gets th' double cross.

*Q. Mr. Dooley, you have had an opportunity to observe the evolution of party principles over a period of many years. I wonder, sir, if on the basis of this experience you would care to comment on present party alignments as you see them.*

A. Years ago, manny years ago, they was a race between th' dimmycrats an' th' raypublicans f'r to see which shud have a choice iv principles. Th' dimmycrats lost . . . Th' raypublicans come up an' they choose th' "we commind" principles, an' they was nawthin' left f'r th' dim-



"If Ye Find It Hard to Meet Illegent People in Washin'ton Ye Can Start an Investigation an' Sumr-on Anny Wan Y'd Like to Know"

—From "Mr. Dooley," Boston Sunday Globe, May 25, 1924.

mycrats but th' "we denounce an' deplores."

*Q. Could you be a little more specific? For example, could you predict what the party platforms will be like?*

A. Th' dimmycrat platform this year will be wan sintince: "We pint with pride to th' rottenness iv th' raypublicans."

*Q. Certainly you don't give the Democrats much of a chance to win with a platform like that?*

A. [The Democratic Party] is niver so good as whin 'tis broke, whin rayspictable people speak iv it in whispers, an' whin it has no leaders an' on'y wan principle, to go in an' take it away fr'm th' other fellows. Something will turn up, ye bet . . . An annyhow they'se always wan ray iv light ahead. We're sure to have hard times. An' whin th'

la-ads that ar-re baskin' in th' sunshine iv prosperity . . . finds that th' sunshine has been turned off an' their fellow-baskers has relieved thim iv what they had in th' dark, we'll take thim boys by th' hand an' say: "Come over with ye'er own kind. Th' raypublican party broke ye, but now that ye'er down we'll not turn a cold shoulder to ye. Come in an' we'll keep ye—broke."

*Q. You will remember the Republicans' promise to wipe out graft and corruption and introduce sound business methods into the operation of the government. Do you think they have kept that pledge?*

A. Ivry year, whin th' public conscience is aroused as it niver was before, me frinds on th' palajeems iv our liberties an' records iv our crimes calls f'r business men to swab out our government with business

methods. We must turn it over to pathrites who have made their pile in mercantile pursuits iv money wheriver they cud find it. We must injooce th' active, conscientious young usurers fr'm Wall Sthreet to take an inthrest in public affairs.

*Q. Come now, Mr. Dooley. "Wall Street" used in that way is an emotionally loaded term—a "snarl-word." Are you implying that you object to running the government on a businesslike basis?*

A. Whin a rayformer is ilticed he promises ye a business administhrathion. Some people want that but I don't . . . A reg'lar pollytician can't give away an alley without blushin', but a business man who is in pollytics jus' to see that th' civil sarvice law gets thurly enforced, will give Lincoln Park an' th' public libr'y to the beef thrust, charge an admission price to th' lake front an' make it a felony f'r annywan to buy stove polish outside iv his store, an' have it all put down to public improvemints with a pitcher iv him in th' cornerstone.

*Q. This is 1956, Mr. Dooley; times have changed since the days of the "beef trust," as you call it. Today's business—*

A. It seems to me that th' on'y thing to do is to keep pollyticians an' business men apart. They seem to have a bad infloonce on each other. Whiniver I see an alderman an' a banker walkin' down th' sthreet together I know th' Recordin' Angel will have to ordher another bottle iv ink.

*Q. Suppose we move on to what many observers feel will be the burning issue of the campaign, the predicament of the farmer.*

A. D'ye know, I'd like to be a farmer.

*Q. Oh? Is that so? That's a strange statement, coming from a lifetime city-dweller. Do you feel a need to get closer to nature?*

A. No sir, th' raison I want to be a farmer is because I need sympathy an' pity an' I get none iv ayether. Ivry four years th' weary agariculturist is almost smothered be unthrained nurses. No wan iver sympathizes with me or pities me. No wan iver notices me pollytically.

Ye don't see anny league formed f'r th' protiction iv th' down-throdden Dooley. Ye don't find anny candy-date advocatin' that th' govermint buy me surpluses in tin cint seegars f'r fifteen cints a piece . . .

An' that's what happens to th' farmer betwen ilticions. Nobody bothers much about him . . . Whin there ain't enough food to go round he's well off; whin there's too much he's broke. Whin ivry man, woman, child, pig, canary bird, an' steer in th' counthry is passin' th' plate f'r a sicond helpin' an' there ain't no sicond helpin' he buys a new six-cylinder car an' puts in a radio that lets him hear a concert at th' Impeeryal Palace in Tokyo. Whin ivrybody is stuffed with food he buys a sicond hand flivver an' goes back to th' phonygraff.

*Q. But the farmer is certainly getting his share of attention right now, is he not?*

A. Iv coorse . . . ivry four years there's a rale intilligint movement to help th' lowly an' unforchint tiller iv th' soil. A number iv lawyers, pollyticians, iditors, insurance agents, an' publicity promoters gather together. The farmer don't go to these assimblages. He's at wurruk. If a man come in that knew th' diff'rence between a silo an' a weanin' calf, they'd throw him out as a spy.

Says th' chairman iv th' gatherin': "We'll tell these loons that if they iltic us, all they'll have to do will be to back up a wagon load iv squashes in front iv th' sub-thresury, an' go off with a wagon load iv goold bars, that ivry citizen iv th' counthry will be required be law to consume a bar'l iv flour an' forty-five pork chops a week . . .

"So now, boys, on with th' overalls an' up with th' hayrake an' let our slogan be: 'A ton iv gold f'r a ton iv hay . . .'"

*Q. And do you find similar efforts on the part of political candidates to improve the lot of the urban laborer?*

A. Iv coorse . . . He's a ground-down too. Capital don't grind him down as much as it did. But he's ground down be th' farmer. An' in turn he grinds th' farmer down. The more the farmer gets f'r

his projooce th' more th' tired mechanic has to pay f'r his meals. Th' more th' weary laborer at th' steel mills dhraws down f'r his occasional labor, th' more th' burdened listener-in on th' farm has to pay f'r his carburetor.

'Tis a fact that th' more th' American mechanic dhraws down ivry week th' more throubled his frinds ar-re about his onforchint position, th' more sunk he is in their eyes, an' th' more deetarmined they are to put him on his feet an' make a man iv him be havin' thimselves iltic to good jobs.

*Q. Mr. Dooley, the anti-segregation decisions of the Supreme Court make it likely that the so-called "race question" will be an issue in the campaign. Would you care to comment on this?*

A. Me frinds down South . . . think a naygur ought to be improved slowly. Th' slower th' betther. I was r-readin' a speech be wan iv thim th' other day . . .

"Th' race question . . . can niver be settled until it is settled r-right. Th' r-right way to settle it is to lave it where it is. We give th' naygur ivry r-right guaranteed be th' Constichoocon. We permit him to vote, only demandin' that he shall prove that his father an' mother were white. We let him perform th' arjoos manyul labor iv our fair land. We bury him or gather him as soovinirs. What more can be asked? . . . In th' sunny Southland we bow to public opinyon, be it iver so noisy. Th' naygur question with us is a burnin' question, an' so it will always be. The Prisidint iv these United States mus' know that we will defend white supremacy to th' last dhrop iv their blood.

*Q. There are so many matters that we haven't even touched upon—taxes, foreign policy, the threat of the atom bomb, the—*

A. Ivry time I read iv th' destructive power iv modern explosives col' chills chase each other up an' down me spine.

*Q. Yes, it does present a terrifying prospect. But as I—*

A. I can see in me mind th' day whin explosives'll be so explosive an' guns'll shoot so far that on'y



th' folks that stay at home'll be kilt, an' life insurance agents'll be advisin' people to go into the ar-rmy.

*Q. No one can fail to be impressed, Mr. Dooley, by your zest for politics. You seem to follow these political campaigns year after year with as much interest and enthusiasm as some of your countrymen follow*

*the baseball games. Do you believe—*

A. Th' two gr-eat American spoorts are a good deal alike—pol-lyticks an' baseball. They're both played be pro-fisshyons, th' teams ar-re run be fellows that cudden't throw a base-ball or stuff a ballot-box to save their lives an' ar-re on'y intherested in countin' up th' gate

re-ceipts, an' here ar-re we settin' out in th' sun on th' bleachin' boards, payin' our good money f'r th' spoort, hot an' uncomfortable but happy, injyin' ivry good play, hootin' evry bad wan, knowin' nawthin' about th' inside play an' not carin', but all jinin' in th' cry iv "Kill th' empire." They're both grand games.

# DRUGS FOR THE MIND

## Evaluating the Tranquillizers . . by H. AZIMA

Montreal

IN THE last four years new pharmacological substances have appeared which, according to many leading newspapers and magazines, have "revolutionized" the whole field of mental illness. We are told that we now have psychiatric "aspirins" to tranquilize the mental aches of the patients (and the headaches of the doctors) and mental laxatives to purge people of their noxious spiritual alimentations. We are told that the jitters and the hiccups of mankind can now be stopped by a pill.

Unfortunately, psychiatry is unable to fulfill these expectations with any drug at the present time. As usual in matters of this kind, popular enthusiasm has outstripped the realities. Our hunger for the "spectacular," from sky-smashers to mind-tranquillizers, sometimes makes us see oceans in a pool and Himalayas in a hill. This enthusiasm is fortunate in that it engenders activity and further research; it is unfortunate in that it obscures truth.

What is the real position of these "new drugs" in the therapeutic armamentarium of mental disorders? If what follows should appear didactic in some parts, it is not due to the intention of the writer, but to the

*H. AZIMA, lecturer on psychiatry at McGill University, Montreal, collaborated in the Volume of Psychiatry of The French Encyclopédie Medico-Chirurgical.*



nature of the subject. A critical pedantry may be preferable sometimes to a vulgarized falsity.

I shall consider only four of the new drugs: two major ones, chlorpromazine and reserpine, and two of lesser importance, azacyclonol and meprobamate. Although all four have a tension-reducing, psycholeptic (tranquillizing) capacity, they are entirely different chemically and are the result of different lines of research.

Chlorpromazine (Thorazine and Largactil are trade names; so is Sparine, a promazine) evolved from twenty years of research in the Rhone-Poulenc laboratories in Paris, aimed at finding a preventive and curative measure for the phenomena of Reilly (necrosis of adrenal glands; vascular, lymphatic and hemorrhagic lesions of gastro-intestinal tracts subsequent to the irritation of the sympathetic nervous system). The researches were made with pheno-

thiazine derivatives which were found to be effective in the treatment of malaria and trypanosomiasis. It was noted that one of the derivatives, Promethiazine, with an anti-allergic property, also possessed a sedative effect. The discovery led to further study and in December, 1950, Charpentier synthesized a derivative under the laboratory name of 4560 R.P. (Rhone-Poulenc), which subsequently was introduced in European medical literature as Largactil. The drug was first used in anesthesia because it had the property of strengthening the effect of barbiturates. In 1952, Delay and Deniker, from the University of Paris, reported the first use of Largactil on mentally disturbed patients. In 1954, Lehman and Hanrahan, Azima and Ogle in Canada and Winkelman in the United States reported the psychiatric use of chlorpromazine in English medical literature.

The history of chlorpromazine has been outlined in some detail because the drug is still the most potent of the new tranquillizers, and also to underline the fact that its inception and its application were started and perfected by French investigators two years before its use on this side of the Atlantic.

Chemically, chlorpromazine is related to anti-histaminic substances used in the treatment of allergic conditions and Parkinsonism (shaking palsy). It moderately reduces blood pressure, lowers the metabolism and

body temperature and prevents vomiting. In general, it has an inhibitory effect on the vegetative nervous system, affecting in particular the structures at the base of the brain.

The other major "new" tranquillizing drug, reserpine, is an alkaloid derived from the root of the plant *Rauwolfia Serpentina*. The root itself has been used for centuries in India for the treatment of nervous and other ailments. In the market places it was called Pagla-Ka-Dacra, meaning "insanity herb." But even in India the drug rested in medical oblivion until the late thirties, when the beneficial effects on mentally ill patients were first reported in a scientific journal by Sen and Bose. About ten years later, in 1943, Gupta and his collaborators described good results in a small number of varied mental diseases. This observation, however, did not reach the Western medical public until the studies of the blood-pressure reducing effect of the drug by Vakil in 1949 (England) and Wilkins in 1953 (United States) drew attention to its concurrent tranquillizing influence and brought to the fore the psychiatric observations by Gupta and his associates. In 1954, the alkaloid reserpine (Raused, Serpasil) was used on a relatively large scale by Klein and Noce in the United States.

Reserpine's action on blood pressure is similar to that of chlorpromazine but *less rapid* and *more sustained*. Its action on the central nervous system is inhibitory and consists of a reduction of the activity of the central sympathetic nervous system. The effects of both in psychiatric cases are also relatively similar, chlorpromazine having a more rapid influence. Their primary indications are all states of excitation, increase in tension and anxiety—particularly manic states and acute psychotic conditions associated with agitation and excitation. A considerable portion of the patients lose their excited behavior and become more manageable and accessible; a small number, particularly manic states, "recover" after relatively prolonged use without the aid of any other treatment.

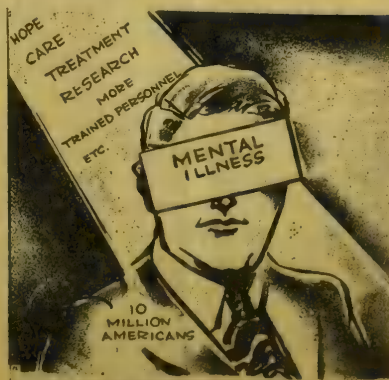
Although in some instances there are dramatic responses, the effect of the drugs is by no means universal, constant and uniform. Also—and this is important—a distinction should be made between a manageable co-operative patient and one who is psychologically recovered. A quiet and tranquillized patient may be, from a psychological point of view, in much poorer condition than an agitated, aggressive and anxious one. The most glowing and "revolutionary" reports on the drugs have come from state hospitals; reports from "open" psychiatric institutes (where admissions and discharges are voluntary) and from private practice are much less enthusiastic. The difference in attitude may be viewed from several angles, the most important of which appear to be the patient population, the therapeutic setting and the level of the expected psychological recovery. In an open institute and in private practice, where excitation and behavioral disturbances are relatively mild or of recent origin and where the expectation of psychological recovery is relatively high, the goal is not ward management but changes in personality structure and basic symptomatology. In such settings small changes which might make a great difference in a closed, chronic hospital are not viewed as significant, are not taken as indicating recovery or improvement, and therefore do not provoke the enthusiasm comparable with that experienced by doctors who for years have been struggling with "agitated wards"

and welcome any alleviation as "revolutionary."

It should be pointed out that the disappearance of overt symptoms, when it occurs, is by no means equivalent to the disappearance of basic disease processes. There is a relatively general opinion that even in so-called "recovery" cases among psychotic patients the underlying disease process is not "cured." Schizophrenia, for example, cannot be "cured" by any amount of tranquillizing. The issue of overt symptoms as against the underlying disease is particularly evident in privately treated patients where the manifest disturbances are not very alarming, the individual is functioning in the community, and the problem resides in producing an alteration in the individual's personality structure in order to change his attitudes towards his inner and outer world.

ALMOST the only accepted indication for chlorpromazine and reserpine in neurosis is an anxiety state. From 30 to 60 per cent of the individuals suffering from anxiety states show a moderate response to these two drugs. The drugs are particularly useful for patients who for economical or other reasons cannot be treated with psychotherapy. However, the reduction of anxiety and tension usually lasts only as long as the drugs are administered.

There has been some speculation about drugs "replacing" psychotherapy or psychoanalysis in the treatment of neuroses. The tranquillizers are certainly useful for neurotic patients for whom psychotherapy or psychoanalysis is not feasible and who need some kind of immediate relief. But it must be emphasized that no known drug can replace or short-cut psychotherapy or psychoanalysis. In some instances, the reduction by tranquillizers of an overwhelming anxiety or excitation may facilitate psychotherapeutic exploration and reorganization; in other instances, however, such reduction may be actually detrimental to the progress of psychotherapy. Often a certain amount of anxiety is essential for the maintenance in the patient of *motivation* for ther-



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apy. Moreover, the emergence of anxiety during psychoanalysis is indicative of shifts in the psychic economy and defense systems; it should not be removed but analyzed. An additional hazard is that the drugs themselves may, on occasion, produce anxiety, tension and even psychotic reactions (particularly depressions, which are among the complications of reserpine therapy).

These limitations to the use of the new drugs in *neuroses* are less apparent in *psychoses*, where the lessening of agitation and unbearable tension facilitates the initiation of psychotherapy. Present studies indicate that the drugs may be beneficial in entirely different psychotic pictures, namely, very withdrawn and apparently deteriorated schizophrenics where the inability to contact is due to an intense internal anxiety. By decreasing this inner terror with the drugs, a return of contact and patient-therapist relationship may become possible.

The tranquillizing capacity of chlorpromazine and reserpine has considerably diminished the need for electrical shock in "unmanageable" cases. In many centers, the insulin-coma treatment has been abandoned entirely (the results of this treatment in schizophrenia are so equivocal that not much encouragement was needed for its abandonment). However, electric shock still remains the major somatic treatment of depressions; and even in manic states electric shock is often necessary in combination with drugs, which affect the motor sphere controlling physical, but not ideational, activities.

THERE is growing evidence to indicate the importance of the *selection* of cases which will respond favorably to these drugs. Little is yet known about their definite use in "minor psychoses" and *neuroses*, perhaps because too little attention has been paid to their influence on the psychodynamic structure of personality.

True psychopharmacology begins where, according to Freudian intuition, we can determine the changes in the psychological structure of the personality brought about by drugs and use that knowledge in psycho-

logical exploration and treatment. Such studies are under way at McGill University at present. An example may illustrate this. We know that these drugs, particularly chlorpromazine, produce a kind of blunting of experience, a split in the ego system where the perceptions lose their sense of "self-belongingness" and the patient's ego seems at a distance from what is happening to the organism. This kind of psychological state is, from a humanistic point of view, certainly beneficial for patients who harbor incurable diseases such as cancer.

A WIDE variety of untoward effects accompany the use of both chlorpromazine and reserpine. This fact, plus the problem of careful selection of patients, necessitates considerable caution in their use. Chlorpromazine can provoke undue drowsiness, dizziness, collapse, dryness of the mouth, fever, dermatitis and varieties of transitory allergic conditions, occasional blood dyscrasias, Parkinsonism (shaking palsy), and particularly liver damage and jaundice. Reserpine may activate gastrointestinal disorders, may produce fever, chills, dizziness, stuffiness of the nose, weakness and (particularly) depression. There has been speculation by some ill-informed public authorities about the non-prescribed mass use of these drugs. But the complications I have described definitely militate against such use.

Azacyclonal (Frenquel) has turned out to be the least promising of the new psycholeptic drugs. When first reported, it was thought to produce a kind of tranquillization of acute psychoses, yet without "depressing" by blocking the correlated psychophysiological events. The drug has no effect on blood pressure and produces no change in the visceral or central vegetative nervous system. But after the first enthusiastic report (Fabing, 1955) subsequent studies have been quite disappointing. Its only use would appear to be in acute hallucinatory states, and even in this very limited area its efficacy seems doubtful. However, some dramatic responses achieved with the drug warrant further inquiry. Incidentally, the sudden rise

and fall of hopes for this drug is a good example of the necessity for scientific sobriety and the detrimental effect of precocious advertising.

Meprobamate (Miltown, Equanil) is the newest of the emerging tranquillizers and has become the best known because of the especial attention bestowed upon it by some "neurotic" quarters in Hollywood. From the physiological point of view, meprobamate apparently blocks the inter-neuronal connections and has a special muscle-relaxing capacity. It has few, if any, peripheral or autonomic nervous-system effects and shows very little side reaction such as fever, drowsiness or allergic manifestations. Its effectiveness is much lower but more uniform than chlorpromazine and reserpine. Present studies indicate that the drug has almost no effect on psychotic reactions; its major influence appears to be in the direction of a moderate reduction of anxiety and tension in neurotic states and in some regulation of the sleep pattern. Producing no addiction, it is useful in reorganizing some disordered sleep patterns and may permit the cessation or reduction of the use of barbiturates. Its muscle-tension reducing action makes it useful in the treatment of some headaches related to muscular spasm.

Meprobamate, chlorpromazine and reserpine are all useful in the treatment of alcoholic addiction. In withdrawal stages they usually control anxiety, restlessness, jitters, etc., and allow a smoother rehabilitation. Because they do not produce addiction, they can be used for a relatively long time without inducing the psychophysiological dependency which occurs with barbiturates and other sedatives. The effect of chlorpromazine on delirium tremens is more dramatic than that of other drugs.

To summarize, it can be seen that the most promising of the new drugs have a relatively wide variety of application. However, it can definitely be stated that they have no effect on the primary cause of any psychopathological state. They are symptomatic medications which may—and often do not—arrest the evolution of some psychopathological sequence

of events within a particular psychiatric syndrome, or in relation to other disorders which bring about mental alteration. The drugs are by no means a "replacement" or "substitute" for psychotherapy and they offer no short cut to psychoanalysis of neurotic disorders. Their major area of usefulness appears to be in mental hospitals where the point of emphasis is on ward management,

where the rate of psychological recovery is low and moderate changes in unmanageable and excited patients have a significant influence on the "atmosphere" of the hospital setting.

Further investigations are necessary to determine how the drugs affect the psychodynamic structure of personality and how they may be used in a psychotherapeutic setting to influence these structures. This

period, which we may call the period of psychopharmacology, calls for renewed attention to the possibility of altering the organic substrata of the mind in order to change its psychological strata; but it is far from pointing to the "penicillin era" of psychiatry. Great caution must be entertained in preventing enthusiasm from clouding the clarity of non-partisan, scientific attitudes.

# WATERS of JORDAN

## Border Conflict . . by DAN WAKEFIELD

*B'not Yaacov, Israel*

THE LAST recorded pilgrim who looked over Jordan and saw a band of angels was the author of "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot." The current view from the Bridge of the Daughters of Jacob, where Israel has halted work on the Jordan River diversion canal, reveals a band of Syrian soldiers who keep a constant watch for what may well be the most prophetic sign in the Middle East in the last seven years: the appearance of an Israel shovel. When it finally comes — as it finally must — Israel will get water or war.

Resumption of the digging that was stopped three years ago due to Syrian protest is now the most dangerous question mark haunting the shaky state of truce between Israel and the Arab nations. In his recent mission to the Middle East, U. N. chief Dag Hammarskjöld was unable to get any guarantee from Israel that she would not go ahead with the project; or any assurance from the Arab nations that they would not oppose it with war. Unable to resolve the problem, Hammarskjöld attempted to give it a diplomatic nudge into the future by discouraging resumption of the work with the caution that it would put "undue strain" on the border situation.

*DAN WAKEFIELD, now on an extended visit to Israel, has been writing a series on the social and political problems faced by that small country.*

July 21, 1956

Word from each camp after Hammarskjöld had left made it clear that neither side had scrapped its former approach to the digging. Damascus announced in late May that resumption would "bring a swift Arab reaction"—a reaction described many times before as armed opposition, and backed up by Nasser's assurance this spring that it would mean an Israel-Arab war. Several weeks before the Syrian announcement, former Israeli Foreign Minister Moshe Sharett had reaffirmed Israel's stand: "There has never been any date fixed for resumption of work. But we would certainly not like to lose yet another season in carrying out this vital project a stage further. We have already lost three seasons and patience has its limits."

SO DOES Israel's water supply — and there is the heart of the matter. The nation's program for water development is necessary for its economic survival. The Jordan River diversion canal is the key factor in the whole program. For nearly three years now, the Arabs have managed to block its completion.

The waiting game began in September of 1953, when Syria protested Israel's work on the B'not Yaacov canal which originates in and runs for one and a half miles of its twenty-five-mile course through the demilitarized zone created by the Israel-Syrian armistice agreement of



Israel's Water Plan

1949. The canal would divert about half the annual flow of the Jordan River water (without changing the present course of the river) at a point just south of Lake Huleh near B'not Yaacov Bridge. The water would be channeled to a power plant at Lake Tiberias, where it would generate electricity as it flowed into the lake. From there it would be taken out again and fed back via the canal to the Negev desert in the South.

Syria complained that work on the canal was a violation of the '49 armistice agreement which created the demilitarized zone. When the armistice was signed, Syrian troops



held the disputed area and claimed equal rights over the land under demilitarization. Secondly, Syria claimed that diversion of the water would violate the rights of civilian landholders east of the Jordan River, resulting in the stoppages of nine mills belonging to Arab landholders and interrupting irrigation of the "Butheia lands," an area of 4,500 acres.

Israel's guarantees to keep these areas supplied with the same amount of water heretofore available didn't change the Syrian attitude. What really bothered Syria was that part of the Jordan water would be channeled down to the Negev, meaning a revolution in settlement and agricultural possibilities in Israel. In Syria's eyes it was bad enough that Israel would get the water at all; the fact that she could use it to strengthen an almost empty section of her territory was doubly frightening.

In view of the protests, General Bennikie, then chief of staff of the U.N. Truce Supervisory Organization, requested Israel to stop work until the Security Council decided the question. In January of 1954, the Council voted on a careful resolution authorizing the chief of staff to attempt to solve the dispute in a way satisfactory to all concerned—an implication which made the resolution unacceptable to the Arabs. Russia carried their cause by vetoing the resolution, though it got a majority vote of 7-2.

Soon afterwards the Israel cabinet stated that it took the failure of the passage of any resolution on the matter to indicate the failure of the Syrian protest. It stands on that position today.

BUT WHILE the row was going on over the canal, a new and hopeful approach to the whole question of water in the Middle East had been launched in the person of Eric Johnston, special representative of President Eisenhower who had been given ambassadorial rank as a kind of "water missionary." The plan he carried to the Middle East for regional use of the Jordan waters had been devised by American TVA authorities at the request of the U.N.

The idea of a "TVA on the Jordan," providing work and food for idle refugees, was music to a U.N. that was supporting the 800,000 homeless Arabs—and to a U.S. Congress that was chipping in with 70 per cent of the bill. Beyond that, regional use of the water might lead to Israel-Arab cooperation and a final end to the threat of war between them.

As it turned out, American interest in the plan was the only thing that enabled Johnston to get his foot in the Arab door. His trip was badly timed—it coincided with the Israel reprisal attack on the Arab village of Kibya. At the moment, the notion of cooperating with Israel on anything was as welcome as the plague in Arab capitals.

Israel, too, had reservations about the Johnston plan. She had already started her own water project, worked out by several teams of visiting engineering experts; the Johnston plan would mean revisions which would reduce the amount of Jordan water she had figured to get from her own scheme. Sharett pointed out that Israel, having vainly offered to work with her neighbors on a regional water plan, felt free to go ahead on her own.

BUT THERE was also good reason for Israel to leave the door open for the Johnston plan. What she might lose in water she stood to gain in the tremendous political advantages that a regional scheme might bring about. It could mean the first step in breaking down the Arabs' refusal to recognize the state of Israel and eventually lead to a crack in the damaging economic boycott carried out by the Arabs ever since Israel's birth. These very reasons, however, made it seem unlikely to Israel that the Arabs would ever come around to accepting the plan.

When Johnston left the Middle East in the fall of 1953, he had achieved as much as seemed possible under the circumstances—guarantees from all the parties concerned that they would consider the plan and make counter-proposals to it.

Even this much had revolutionary overtones. It led, in fact, to the first

Arab plan that has ever included cooperation with the state of Israel—even on paper. The fact that it never got beyond paper doesn't completely destroy the minor miracle created when Nasser appointed an Egyptian engineer to work out a joint water scheme for Jordan, Syria, Lebanon and Israel—and the willingness of all of those nations to work on the plan and try to make it mutually acceptable.

Though Egypt was not directly involved, Johnston had consulted with Nasser and asked him to take the lead, as leader of the Arab world, in pushing an Arab proposal for the vital Jordan water plan. Israel offered her own counter-proposal. Equipped with this tangible material from both sides, Johnston set out again to the Middle East in June of 1954 with hopes of finding a satisfactory compromise.

THIS TRIP, and the two that followed it in the spring and fall of 1955, make the nerve-racking tale of Johnston's Progress. Johnston himself seemed to view it in terms of a football game. At the end of his third trip, in February of 1955, he came home to tell reporters that "the ten-yard line" had been reached; when he got back from the fourth trip last fall, he removed his helmet, wiped his brow and assured the world that the plan's adoption was now on "the one-inch line." He added, then, that he realized this might be a very big inch indeed. It was.

Both sides had made considerable concessions and finally come to an agreement. All the technical arguments had been resolved, and the only thing blocking the way was the political consideration—which was mammoth. Final adoption by the Arab nations would mean that they had, in fact, taken the first step toward abandoning their strict policy of non-cooperation with Israel, and begun to work along with her as a neighboring state. In the very shadow of their own goal, the Arabs decided to hold that line.

The decision was partially dictated by home politics. Syria was the first to balk. The unsteady government in power realized that to

accept the scheme—which was, after all, opposed to the whole fabric of its outward professions and policies—would mean instant political death. The cabinet postponed adoption of the plan and saved its own skin.

In Jordan, the news of Syria's balk was almost as bad as it was for Israel. The regional water scheme would mean that 150,000 of Jordan's 500,000 refugees could become self-supporting, and the value of its crops could rise from the present \$5,000,000 a year to nearly \$45,000,000. The tiny kingdom, which survives on artificial respiration from an annual British grant of £13,000,000, couldn't hope to undertake the development of Jordan River water on her own. The United States had promised to contribute two-thirds of the total \$200 million cost of the Johnston plan, which offered the only means for Jordan to develop her own water system to full capacity. But the Arabs had to work on a unified front; with Syria holding back, it was impossible for Jordan to proceed.

That was last fall, and the big inch to final agreement looks bigger all the time. The reasoning that made Syria balk the first time holds her in the same position. As recently as June another cabinet was dissolved; it took two weeks, several failures and much maneuvering to form a new one. The internal stability Syria needs to make such a revolutionary move as adoption of the water plan seems a long way off.

IT IS probably too far off for Israel to wait on it. The continued flow of immigration has raised the country's population from approximately 750,000 in 1948 to the current total of 1,789,000. Water has become more vital than ever. Israel might survive the war that she would risk by resuming work on the diversion canal. But leading water authorities say she could not survive the dry future without the water from the Jordan River. And the problem is not a comfortably long-term matter. Early this May, Abel Wolman, professor of sanitary engineering at Johns Hopkins and chairman of the Board of Consultants of Irrigation

Development in Israel, announced in the fourth and final report his board has made in the past seven years that, from a purely engineering standpoint, work on the diversion canal should begin immediately. He gave six months as the longest possible time that the work could be delayed without resulting in serious depletion of Israel's underground water supply, which, at the present rapid rate of use, will be ruined by salt-water seepage from the sea unless replenished by fresh water.

But it is difficult to mark out a definite deadline. According to engineers of Tahal, Israel's water-planning company, the lack of Jordan River water has already caused damage which continues with each passing week, and the government is left with the problem of deciding when the water scarcity is great enough to risk a war in order to relieve it.

The nation's groundwater supply will be tapped to the maximum in ten years. By then the Jordan River water will be a clear necessity. But by waiting that long the country will have lost valuable supplies that could have been saved by the use of Jordan water in the meantime. Delay would also hold up Israel's master water plan, of which the canal that begins at B'not Yaacov is the key feature. Tahal engineers estimate that all the work that can be done without completing the diversion canal will be finished in four to five years at the latest. At that point the full operation of the whole system will depend on digging the one-and-one-half-mile stretch of canal in the demilitarized zone. But again, waiting the four or five years until the rest of the system is finished means losing underground water stores that could be saved by earlier use of the Jordan River.

Since the founding of the state in 1947, Israel has already gone a long way in developing her water resources—mainly by work on the Yarkon River, which now has a pipeline running to the Negev; and by drainage of the malarial Huleh swamps, which have been transformed into agricultural land and a lake that feeds water into the Jor-

dan River. By developing these resources, plus the use of dams, reservoirs, underground water and flood water, Israel has doubled her area of cultivated land and tripled the area of irrigated land in nine years.

Completion of the diversion canal will mean the possibility of extensive irrigation and settlement in the Negev, the semi-desert which makes up more than half of Israel's territory; and which must be settled by large-scale immigration is to continue and if the area is to be permanently strengthened against attack. In May, Finance Minister Levi Eshkol announced plans for the settlement of 5,000 new families there. Such development will require the water from the Jordan River.

In addition to water, the diversion canal will mean power. The power plant at Lake Tiberias would provide 170,000 kilowatt hours of electricity yearly from the flow of the B'not Yaacov canal to the Lake, saving Israel 70,000 tons of imported fuel annually.

ISRAEL'S national water works are based on the agreements of the final Johnston plan; the percentage of Jordan River water she would take in the diversion scheme is exactly that assigned to her in the Johnston figures—40 per cent. The three Arab countries would get 60 per cent under the implementation of the full scheme. This means that any time the Arab countries decided to put the Johnston scheme into action, it could go according to plan from the standpoint of Israel's role in the whole picture. All that is needed is the final move across the big "one-inch line."

In the meantime, the band of Syrian soldiers sits on the opposite bank of the Jordan and awaits the moment when Israel finally begins to dig. It is hard to walk down to the western side of the Bridge of the Daughters of Jacob, even with the required police escort, and escape an uncomfortable feeling when you look across at the Syrian soldiers who are watching every step you take. This visitor, for one, would not like to be the first man who appears on the scene with a shovel.



# BOOKS and the ARTS

## Revolution, Reform and War

*THE SECOND INTERNATIONAL*. 1889-1914. Being Volume III, Part I of *A History of Socialist Thought*. By G. D. H. Cole. St. Martin's Press. Two volumes; \$16.

By Keith Hutchison

THE TITLE of this volume, Cole says in his introduction, is the best he could find; but it is not "really satisfactory" since "it puts all the emphasis on the Parties which made up the International, to the exclusion of the Trade Unions and other elements which go to the making up of the whole working-class movement." Moreover, only the first two chapters are devoted to the International itself: the bulk of the book consists of a country-by-country survey of socialist development in the twenty-five years preceding World War I.

For that matter, the title chosen for the whole of *A History of Socialist Thought* hardly does justice to its scope. Concerned with Socialist action as well as Socialist thought, it is little less than a world history of the labor movement since 1789. For this breadth we can be thankful. Two or three thousand pages of undiluted Socialist theory would be hard to take. But Cole, while paying full heed to the ideas, is equally interested in reporting their historical consequences.

Although Cole has been a participant in the Socialist movement, he maintains a fair degree of detachment as its historian. Now and again we glimpse the pluralism which inspired his Guild Socialism, or an indication of his preference for industrial as opposed to political action. But the main issue of the pre-1914 period—Revolution versus Reform—he approaches with an admirable objectivity which may reflect the

fact that, while his heart is revolutionary, his head is reformist.

The era of the Second International was one of hope and progress for the Socialist movement. Many of its national segments grew rapidly; an influential press was established; in a number of countries Socialism won a strong parliamentary position. Trade unionism, usually linked to political Socialism, was also growing. It was a period of great strikes which in some cases were for political rather than industrial ends. They provoked strong counter-measures by both employers and state authorities and frequently erupted into violence. Capitalism was alarmed by the Socialist challenge but not yet ready to compromise; when it fought back savagely, class consciousness was heightened on both sides. Ardent Socialists took this as a sign that the tide was with them; in the not-so-long run the mass strength of the aroused workers must prove irresistible.

THE First International had been burst asunder in 1872 by the irreconcilable conflict between the Socialist followers of Marx and the Anarchist adherents of Bakunin. This feud was not ended in 1889 when the Paris Congress of Marxists reconstituted the International, but it took different forms as Anarchism, in Cole's phrase, was "reincarnated as what came to be called Revolutionary Syndicalism, later simply Syndicalism." Up to 1914, despite many sharp controversies, revolutionaries and reformists worked together within the International.

The line between them, Cole points out, was not clear cut. The only countries which enjoyed both a wide franchise and fully responsible parliamentary government, thus providing an opportunity for the introduction of socialism by constitutional means, were those in the western fringe of Europe, the British Do-

minions and the United States. Russian Socialists, whatever their internal divisions, were revolutionaries willy-nilly. In the central empires a wide franchise had been won but the regimes remained basically autocratic; Austrian Socialists had to face the possibility of revolution as a prelude to full democracy.

Nevertheless, the seeds of the break which was to come after 1917, when the Bolsheviks organized their Eastern Church and claimed universal authority for its dogmas, were present in the debates of the Second International. For the western parties, even when revolutionary in theory, tended to be reformist in practice. Concerned with building parliamentary strength, they had to give attention to day-to-day bread-and-butter questions that appealed to mass electorates. "Parliamentary Socialist Parties," Cole notes, "find themselves, where these conditions exist, impelled irresistibly toward the development of the 'Welfare State' rather than toward outright social revolution."

As practical considerations began to influence strategy, so in the light of current events Socialist theorists began not merely to re-interpret Marx but to revise him. In Britain, from the start, the socialist movement was almost purely pragmatic. It derived emotional support from such evangelical works as Robert Blatchford's *Merrie England*, while for theory it largely depended on Sidney Webb's "comprehensive philosophy of Socialism based not on Marx, but on a blend of Benthamite Utilitarianism as reinterpreted by John Stuart Mill, Darwinian Evolutionism, and Jevonian Economics, with a Materialist Conception of History scientifically deguttled of its revolutionary parts."

On the surface the approach of the German Socialist Democrats—by far the largest and best organized socialist party of the day—was very different. Their formal adherence to the pure milk of Marxian orthodoxy can be illustrated by their

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official attitude to the agrarian problem. The Marx-Engels line was that the independent peasant was doomed: agriculture was destined to be taken over by large-scale scientific enterprises and the small farmer reduced to proletarian status. This, like the concentration of industry, was a necessary stage in the ripening of capitalism to a state of rotteness. Therefore, Karl Kautsky argued, there was no point in rural reforms which might help the peasants to survive. On the contrary, Socialists should welcome their decline as part of the "increasing misery" which was to herald the final crisis of capitalism.

BUT THIS stand was contested by Social Democrats in southern Germany who were angling for peasant support; it was attacked by the revisionist writer, Eduard Bernstein, who pointed out that small-holders were obstinately refusing to be proletarianized and were, in fact, growing in numbers in many parts of Europe. Bernstein went on to question the inevitability of "increasing misery" along with many other Marxian dicta. He urged, therefore, that Social Democrats abandon their policy of postponing constructive reform until after the revolution. If they were to retain the support of the workers, their objective should be rather to wring from capitalism every possible means of bettering conditions.

Bernstein's "heresies" were rejected by a majority of his party. But, although censured, he was not expelled and German Social Democracy continued to move in practice in a revisionist direction.

Why, asks Cole, did German Socialists fall "between the two stools of Marxism and Revisionism?"

It was, I think, largely because the German Reich, under Prussian leadership, had made itself the symbol of national unity and greatness in a form which they could neither accept nor whole-heartedly oppose. They could not accept it because it was autocratic, half-feudal, militaristic, and hostile to all their social aims. But equally they could not quite reject it, because it embodied their desire for national unity and their taste for coordinated power.

It was not only in Germany that Socialism was conditioned by national tradition or, when it came to the pinch of war, hamstrung by nationalist emotions. Yet, if there was any subject on which something like unanimity prevailed in the International between 1900 and 1914, it was anti-militarism. The Paris Congress of 1900 adopted by acclamation a resolution calling on its constituent parties for a continuous struggle against militarism. At Stuttgart in 1907 another resolution not only demanded every possible action to prevent war but added that, should it nevertheless occur, the organized workers must take whatever steps were necessary to end it, while seizing the occasion to bring about the fall of capitalism. This revolutionary proposal was also adopted enthusiastically; but there was sharp

opposition then, and later, to suggestions for an international general strike at the threat of war.

So the International's anti-war policy remained toothless. Yet had it issued a general strike call in 1914, it is doubtful whether the trade unions in any country would have paid much heed. For nationalism proved in the event far more potent than internationalism and at the call to arms the masses forsook the Red Flag and rallied to their national banners.

As an international movement, socialism has never recovered from its disintegration in 1914. Why this was so will be part of the theme of the next volume of this history which Cole undertakes to write "if I live." We must all wish him the health and strength to complete his great task.

## In Search of Enemies

*IN SEARCH OF HERESY.* By John W. Aldridge. McGraw-Hill. \$4.

By Charles Shapiro

THE LITERARY iconoclast who feels compelled to shake his fist at the world has a rough time of it today, for as John Aldridge observes in his new collection of essays, our democracy "in its current form gives . . . neither a dogma which might provide a basis for heretical action nor an opportunity to discover and choose a politics or faith or way of life which would represent a heresy of democracy."

Aldridge sees our typical young writer stranded without a soapbox, sapping his energies in a comfortable universe bounded by blue books and faculty meeting, cheerfully losing his integrity by shaping his talent into forms acceptable to the editors of literary quarterlies. Bemoaning this sellout, Aldridge feels a responsible writer must assume "a life dedicated wholly to the values of creative

production, not to the manufactured and institutionalized equivalents of those values." It is at this point, where Aldridge joins in the writer-in-the-university squabble, that we most clearly see the dilemma of the heretic blasting away to an audience conditioned to a happy, mass obedience. The enemy is hard to locate, for he is everywhere, he is part of ourselves, educating our children and grinning at us from the cover of *Time* magazine.

Not too long ago the issues were clear cut. In rowdier days H. L. Mencken, Burton Rascoe, and other assorted literary loudmouths would periodically administer, with great relish, deserved lambastings to college pedants specializing in the virgin field of American Letters. These attacks were often as unfair as they were vital, and the scholastics were able to roll with the blows, surviving and spawning little followers who continue to clutter up the pages of ridiculous journals and the minds of even more ridiculous students. Mencken damned English teachers as a colony of "grave and glittering fish," and speaking of the young Van Wyck Brooks, his highest compliment was to note how he differed from the reigning professors "by the

*CHARLES SHAPIRO, a member of the Department of English at Wayne University, edited with Alfred Kazin The Stature of Theodore Dreiser.*



simple circumstance that he has information and sense."

Times have changed with a vengeance, and Aldridge sees the surrender of the writer to the security of university life as symptomatic of the whole present generation of American writers who succumb to, rather than escape from the dullness of their gray flannel environment. This is a disaster for American letters, he believes, and we are reminded of Louis Kronenberger's remark that members of the younger generation, no longer sensitive or cocky, don't sell out at forty, "they sign up at twenty-two."

Unfortunately, though he is properly concerned for the American writer, Aldridge, in his university chapter as well as in other essays, often swings wildly, setting up and knocking down a collection of enemies, some of whom are straw men, many of whom have already been stomped to death. There are some writers, especially poets and critics, whose talents conceivably flourish best in a collegiate atmosphere, and Saul Bellow, Herbert Gold, and Bernard Malamud are novelists who have been able to write meaningful, perceptive critiques of our society from their positions in the academic world. The sellout does not come from how you support your family, it comes from your attitude toward life and toward yourself. As the hero of Gold's new novel cries out, "There is a good and with it way to be not with it too."

ALDRIDGE also overstates and misstates his case against the literary magazines. He pictures the editors as partners in a campaign to stereotype American writing, documenting his charges by showing that most of the winners of literary awards are from academies. Yet within these magazines one finds a healthy eclecticism, though there is a distressing repetition of contributors. While Leslie Fiedler is exhuming a work of art in a frantic search for mythossexuals, R. P. Blackmur is scavenging for far different game. I doubt whether Philip Rahv and Alan Tate see eye to eye on poetry or politics, and certainly Cleanth Brooks and

Alfred Kazin approach their typewriters with differing biases.

Aldridge accuses the quarterlies of ignoring some of our most talented writers, yet some of the pariahs he lists have yet to prove that their books belong anywhere except on a drugstore rack snuggled next to the outpourings of Caldwell, Spillane and Wouk. Chandler Brossard, Calder Willingham and Gore Vidal, three whom Aldridge feels suffer neglect, are guilty of pandering to the neglected lusts of our conformist America. Unlike such fine novelists as Algren and Mailer, they exploit rather than explore the paradoxes of sex-violence in a subdued, agreeable society. There is no reason why a responsible literary periodical should feel compelled to publish writers whose material is centered on a soft base of fraud. They have a ready-made public, populated by the folk Aldridge correctly sees as the enemies of literature.

*In Search of Heresy* is subtitled "American Literature in an Age of Conformity" and it is a pity that Aldridge did not spend more space and energy on literature, for he proves to be a perceptive and stimulating critic. Brief studies of Hemingway and Riesman are quite instructive; even when dealing with such a minor novelist as Ira Wolfert, Aldridge shows a concern and understanding for the dramatic mean-

ing of fiction. Two essays are especially sharp. In "The Society of Three Novels" Aldridge discusses the limitations of Salinger, Bellow and Styron, novelists who deal with "problems of value and belief peculiar to this society," novels which "represent . . . an approach to the problem of dramatizing value and belief through the notation of social manners." And while Aldridge is dead wrong in his unoriginal opinion that the only new vitality brought to the post-war novel has been from the South (the best novels of past months: *The Man Who Was Not With It*, *The Deer Park* and *Sideman* all are born out of smoke and neon rather than magnolias); he does a splendid job of grabbing at the center of a work. In a chapter on "The Heresy of Literary Manners," after wasting pages in a bumptious attack on Delmore Schwartz, Aldridge gives us a discerning discussion of the role of "manners" in the novel, drawing apt material from Flaubert, Dostoevski, Ford, Proust.

Aldridge's bold and often brilliant talent makes him a stimulating critic, and while he does become ridiculous, as in crushingly unfair attacks on James T. Farrell and Malcolm Cowley, his insights stem from a concern with the fate of our literature. In this cause it is more desirable to batter too many enemies than too few.

## THEATRE

### Robert Hatch

THE SECOND summer at Stratford, Connecticut, will be remembered as the season when the stage designers for the American Shakespeare Festival learned to use its remarkable theatre. This is not said to slight the considerable dramatic achievement of John Houseman, the 1956 director, Jack Landau, his associate, or the acting company—and indeed they have taken brilliant advantage of the environment provided for them. But it has been evident from the moment when the Stratford blueprints were first published that a stage of such size and

opportunity would have to be understood as one of the active elements in any production housed there.

You cannot build a production and move it onto such a stage, using the playing volume as neutral space. That was the mistake made in the first season, with the result that the space loomed around the sets, the actors huddled in a world seeming too large for them and the traffic of dramatic movement was mazed by the seductive license of a stage whose three dimensions are everywhere penetrable.

In the second season, while the

level of performance has taken a large step up, the physical spectacle seems to have been solved at one stride. This is not the only way to mount Shakespeare, but it is a noble way and one that uses in full the great resources of the Festival Theatre. Rouben Ter-Arutunian is responsible for the scenery and costumes, Jean Rosenthal for the lighting and stage production. Together they have enlisted the unwanted space and freedom as allies and produced a vision that is not only heartlifting in itself but urges the importance of whatever takes place within it.

THE genius of the setting is that it is entirely simple and completely encompassing. The raked floor of the stage extends at least as far forward of the proscenium as there is depth behind it. There is a broad, easy stair from below stage at the front of the apron and at stage center a trap, also large and of easy access, down which a whole troop can on occasion plunge at full tilt. The three sides of the stage back of the proscenium are framed to immense height and width by horizontal slats of neutral wood hung in a large number of panels and in two or more ranks deep. These panels can be raised or lowered individually in almost numberless combinations to suggest gates, doors, chambers, passageways of whatever importance; segments high in them can be swung up to evoke battlements or the win-

### The Sword

bending its fury in the air  
it cuts a tunnel in the flesh

but the armor snaps its plunge  
and blunts its edge

and though it mends as it recoils  
when it strikes it breaks

for the armor formed in the flesh  
which it cannot shake

indifferently repels  
its monotonous fall

and though its fury never fails  
its blade never enters the soul

HAROLD DICKER

dows of a ribald house (in the present instances; the allusive possibilities are infinite). The introduction of a few vertical bars creates a prison; chandeliers and a green baize table evoke an apartment of state; two stands flanking left and right produce a ceremonial avenue. Light can come from behind the slats, diffused; it can hit against them or glance across them, and the wood offers a warm or forbidding surface as the color and quality of the light determine.

The walls can seem solid barriers or yielding curtains; they can be dappled with shadow as is the world outdoors. Changes of scene take place as it were instantaneously and the swift geometry of the evolutions contributes to the dramatic urgency.

Though these slatted walls are tall and frame a huge space, they do not give the eye any units for measurement, and they offer a background against which the actors, when it is useful, can appear in stereoscopic perspective. The result is that the performers are close without being intimate; they stand large and can move with large, carrying gestures. It is a marvelously sensitive setting but so empty that whatever moves onto it is instantly endowed with great moment.

Against this spare framework and with so little furniture that a box becomes a point of focus and a plywood throne an indelible impression, Mr. Ter-Arutunian has designed costumes that bear rich and oversize detail. His colors bite and his haberdashery—civil, military, royal or bureaucratic—is both bold and a little strange. This also throws attention where it belongs—on the players.

What has been invented at Stratford this summer is not the only solution that will—or should—be made to the challenge of the theatre there, but it contains the secret to any successful solution—it takes advantage of size and avoids the traps of scale.

Houseman, meanwhile, has profited from this superb frame to stage *King John* and *Measure for Measure* (*The Taming of the Shrew* will open on August 5) as strong and driving entertainment. On paper, these two

are not among Shakespeare's most inviting dramas, but in these productions they play their heads off. I have no doubt that more subtle, reflective, even minatory interpretations of the texts can be imagined. Indeed, *Measure for Measure*, as dark a play as a comedy can well be, is here set in nineteenth century Vienna and played as though to a waltz (with snatches of absurdly appropriate music by Virgil Thomson abetting it). And *King John*, in which honor and virtue are at rare premium, emerges as a conflict among men who are rather headstrong than without scruple. That is all right—no one seeking to demonstrate the deep perspective of Shakespeare's moral landscape, or the lyric passion of his imagination, would try to make a case from these plays. As Houseman offers them they seem vital and basic (which they are) and consistently motivated and resolved (which they are not). And as he presents them you cannot fail to see that, whereas *King John* is not *Macbeth* and *Vincentio* is not *Prospero*, they were shaped by the same hand. As bold, strong-colored constructions for the popular stage, these are wonderful plays and the season thusfar at Stratford is a great year for the groundlings Shakespeare knew us to be.

OF THE company now performing there, the main point is that it has not yet become a company. There are not, as there were last year, antagonisms of style or individual inadequacies to strike down a play. But one still thinks of the productions in terms of the particular actors appearing, says to oneself that certain roles are conceived as they are because that is the way certain actors can perform them. This, as you would expect, is most evident in the leads. The supporting cast is develop-

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ing a style and a familiarity with Shakespeare's language and conventions that enable a herald, a secondary noble, a townsman or a bawd to make a sharp and right impression in the second or two that your eye is on one of them. But one feels that Houseman, for all he is a strong director who shaped the plays according to his advance decision, also to a real extent accommodated himself to the given styles of Nina Foch, John Emery, Kent Smith, Mildred Dunnock, Fritz Weaver and certain others. They are all good actors and they all offer interesting interpretations. But what one likes or dislikes about their performances, one attributes to them—and that is not what is meant by a company. It is not yet the organization that can undertake the great plays that still

lie ahead for the Festival Theatre.

How, in the long run, a company is to be created is not yet evident. The present scheme of inviting a guest director to start afresh each season with guest stars is not likely to produce it. But the Academy at Stratford is in session, the students are carrying spears on the stage and this branch of the enterprise may in time bear fruit. Meanwhile one can foresee how such a company would look by observing the present conduct of Morris Carnovsky, Arnold Moss, Hiram Sherman, Earle Hyman, Kendall Clark, Whitford Kane and some others of as yet smaller experience who begin to offer a symphonic organism that would permit a director to stage a Shakespeare repertory as great as the capacity within him.

schedule of wide public appeal." The independents say that it flouts the public interest which the stations are licensed to serve; that the license is ineffectual when the networks do the major share of the programming; that the present situation amounts to block booking of a type held unlawful by the Supreme Court in the motion picture industry.

IS THE public aware that its industry is pretty much a closed operation? The networks flatly refuse to change their option time arrangements because they must have sufficient stations for network shows or advertisers would not buy them; then, if networks did not have reasonable assurance of meeting the high costs of production and transmission, they could not provide a continuous schedule to attract and hold affiliate stations and could not produce public service programs. What it comes down to is, no monopoly, no national coverage and no good works—an impasse that the networks are in no hurry to break. And to reinforce it, NBC's Pat Weaver states, a little truculently but probably quite correctly: "Take TV away from any industry today, and it will go out of business, literally go out of business." The huge coffers of industry and the vast electronic complexities of the network make an impressive pair.

Facing this two-headed Goliath is a small band of tenacious Davids, the independent producers. Some of the strongest of them have formed the Association of TV Film Distributors, Inc. The organization has no officers, no official spokesman. None of the independents I have talked with will allow me to quote them by name; their position with the network is already precarious and they fear that if they antagonize them further they will be unable to sell anything at all for network distribution. The networks sanctimoniously point out that more than half of their programming comes from extra-network sources. What they fail to make clear, however, is that most of the so-called independent sources have entered a profit-sharing arrangement with the networks. The independent companies who have

## TELEVISION

Anne W. Langman

DR. FRANK STANTON, President of CBS, has charged the public—that pleasantly amorphous concept—with an important responsibility. Testifying before the Senate Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee during its recent investigations of the TV industry, he said: "... for television, the public is the ultimate monitor—the monitor-in-chief. What it persistently turns off, cannot be turned on again by any group of network executives... the ultimate decision is not ours but the public's. In our business the process is one of pure democracy." These sentiments were echoed by NBC's Sarnoff and ABC's Kintner. Even the acidulous John Crosby points out in the *New York Herald Tribune*: "It isn't the networks that control the public, it's the public that controls the networks."

It is a serious and important hunk of control that we have been handed so freely: to shape much of the opinion in this country, to be responsible for much of the leisure time of more than one hundred million Americans, to shape the minds of a generation of TV babies—citizens of tomorrow. It is surprising that the three net-

work bosses should suddenly and unanimously divest themselves of the responsibility which is their livelihood and for which they have fought so hard. More surprising that they are dumping the power in our laps at a time when they vigorously protest that they cannot hand over even a modicum of control to other interests in the industry or government. One can scarcely believe they mean quite what they say.

During the preparations and progress of the current hearing in Washington [see *The Nation*, July 7] the independent TV film companies and a few independent TV station owners have charged the networks with monopoly control of this most significant of industries. The networks dictate all the programming of the stations which they own outright and much of the programming of their affiliated stations. The "option time" system forces network programs onto local affiliates, prevents use of independently produced material. Networks say this practice is good for the stations: they share in the revenue, are spared the expense of programming themselves, are able to broadcast a "balanced program

not made such an arrangement can sell very little directly to the network. They do sell to sponsors who buy time from the networks and show their own films.

Here is the way Dr. Stanton's "pure democracy" works. After the sponsor has bought network time, he chooses a program for that time through his advertising agency. The independent producers must compete for this business with network-produced programs. But when the sponsor chooses an independently produced show, it must be bought "subject to network approval," and that is difficult to obtain. When a network disapproves, as it usually does, the sponsor has the choice of accepting what the network offers or losing his time—often prime time that he may have finagled for years to capture.

Many specific instances prove the willingness of the network to substitute a program in which it has a

profit-sharing deal—always on the ground of good programming, and in the public interest. It is perhaps impossible for network officials to know when their discretion and judgment are used only in the public interest, and when they are colored by private interest—the inevitable conflict of such dual responsibility. Perhaps that is why network officials have given the public the great and important charge. Rather you than I, they say in effect. If you watch the shows we present, if you buy the sponsor's product, that leaves our hands clean and our conscience clear. We must be operating in the public interest if you accept what we give you. But as things stand now, the public has a choice between what the networks give it or nothing at all—a sham power which many sponsors will bitterly understand.

(This is the second of a series on the current TV industry investigations.)

## MUSIC

### B. H. Haggin

MY OWN FEW and limited experiences with Toscanini left me with the impression of his essential personal sweetness. But if I was right how are we to account for the rages at rehearsals that were legendary; how, now, are we to account for the shocking behavior to people in his personal relations with them that Samuel Chotzinoff reveals in *Toscanini: An Intimate Portrait* (Knopf, \$3.50)? One answer is to say that such contradictions are observed in everyone, and to ask why Toscanini, merely because he was a great conductor, should be expected to be different in this respect from an engineer or a businessman. True, the contradictions were extreme in his case; but concerning this I will say what I said once before. Not only do public performers have, at the very least, the traits of character and personality of other human beings — traits conditioned, developed and distorted by the ordinary experiences with family, friends, enemies, teachers, employers — which

are reasons for their behavior to be no better than other people's. In addition they are subjected to the distorting strains of their intensive training and careers; and some of them begin with the unbalance that makes possible a fanatical dedication and concentration during long years of training and then during the years of artistic achievement—the result being often behavior that is irrational, unreasonable, outrageous. Toscanini was, in his relation to music, a man obsessed, possessed; and such a man was not rational and reasonable—not about music or anything else. Intelligent orchestral musicians understood that about him—which was why they forgave him his rages.

But there is, I suggest, still another explanation that may account for the shocking behavior Mr. Chotzinoff describes. I think Toscanini realized at some point, and probably quite early, that his powers and achievements made him an object of exploitation—by opera companies, orchestras, concert man-

agers, record companies, broadcasting companies, journalists, people he met socially. And recognizing that the exploitation not only couldn't be prevented but did after all provide him with the necessary opportunities for his work, he accepted the inevitable and profited by it: he used his energy for his work, not in futile attempts to prevent his being exploited, and he exploited his exploiters in turn. But though he accepted the situation he also resented it; and facing a world of hard-eyed people who wanted something from him he yielded to the impulse to let his resentment take its revenge on them. Even on personal friends? Even on personal friends: apparently he sensed what sort of friend Mr. Chotzinoff would turn out to be.

Where the exploitation was an exchange of benefits it was fair enough for a record company, for example, to profit by Toscanini's achievements and fame if in return it gave him proper reproduction of his performances. But Victor produced many recordings that were defective;

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worse still, it inflicted on a number, good as well as poor, an "enhancement" that amounted to sheer betrayal: after Toscanini's prodigious labor to achieve the unique sharpness of definition, clarity of texture and solidity characteristic of his performances, the "enhancement" dissolved them into blur, confusion and rumble. So with broadcasting: it was fair enough for NBC to profit by Toscanini's name if in return it gave him the accurate transmission of his performances and the audience it owed and promised him. But for thirteen years NBC sent his performances over the air with their sound made unpleasantly dry, flat and hard by Studio 8H when it was acoustically dead, or coarse and harsh when the studio was made live—in either case something very different from the sound of a Toscanini performance in Carnegie Hall. And in the fall of 1947, when NBC wanted to sell Sunday at 5 to an advertiser, it moved Toscanini from this time, when most people could listen, to Saturday at 6:30, when people in the East were busy with their children or their dinners, and many in the West were still at work.

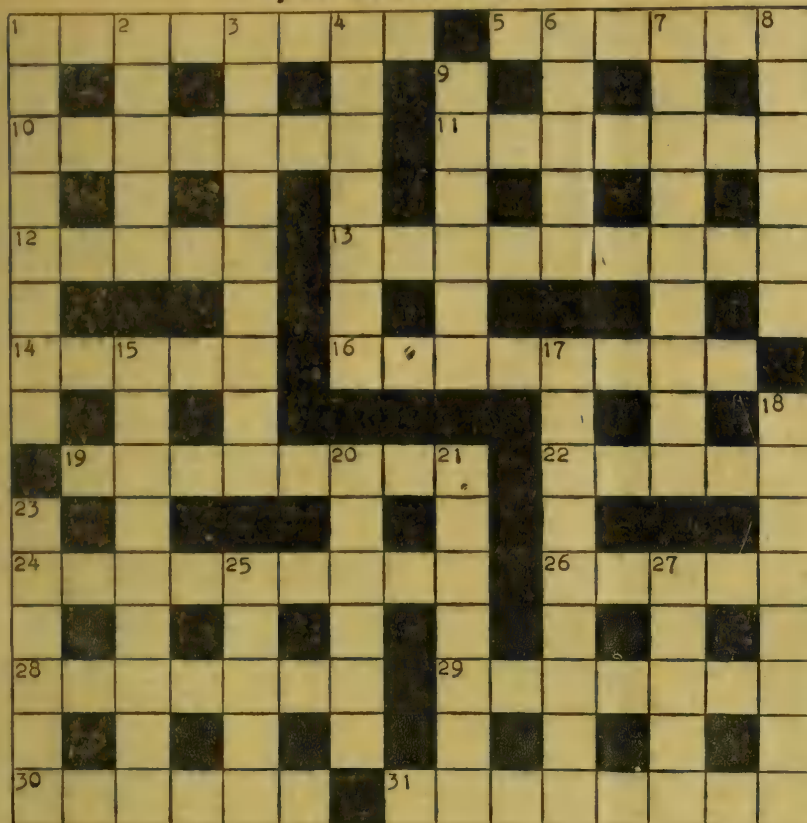
WHAT, now, of Mr. Chotzinoff? As the man whose friendship with Toscanini had enabled him to secure him for NBC and to continue to handle him for the company, Mr. Chotzinoff held a highly paid position of musical counsel there; and it was fair enough for him to profit by the friendship in this way if he gave in return what this friendship obligated him to give—if, for example, hearing what Studio 8H did to the sound of an orchestra, before Toscanini arrived in 1937, Mr. Chotzinoff spoke out against the studio and warned Toscanini about it; or if in 1947 he advised Toscanini against the change to Saturday at 6:30 that would reduce his audience. But he appears to have been as silent about 8H in 1937 as he is now; and in 1947 Toscanini repeated to me the statements of Mr. Chotzinoff that had persuaded him this was a better time which assured him a larger audience. And what of the book? It is about Toscanini; but what Mr. Chotzinoff writes about

him reveals some things about himself. He describes the bad temper, indignities and cruelties that he and others accepted at Toscanini's hands; and some readers have been too shocked by these to note or care much about the generosity, sweetness, kindness, consideration—significantly, the unfailing consideration and courtesy toward servants—that Mr. Chotzinoff also reports. Others, however, have observed that it wasn't especially admirable of Mr. Chotzinoff, when he found it advantageous, to accept mistreatment which he didn't have to accept, and which someone with integrity and pride would not have accepted. And they have thought it even less admirable, but not surprising, that Mr. Chotzinoff should now reveal Toscanini's bad behavior to the world, and violate the privacy of his personal life which he had trusted a friend to preserve.

It remains only to add that the book contains inaccuracies which are important not only in themselves but because they diminish confidence in Mr. Chotzinoff's accuracy throughout. It isn't true that NBC in 1937 created an additional new orchestra for Toscanini, incurring the added expense this implies: NBC's Red and Blue Networks had staff orchestras of sixty-five from which the required number of players were assembled whose weekly "services" now included the rehearsals and performance for Toscanini's broadcast; and what was done for Toscanini was to replace a number of these staff men with higher-calibre players who, the first years, were paid higher salaries. Nor is it true that the broadcast performances of *Fidelio*, *La Bohème*, *La Traviata* and *Otello* were recorded on wax by Victor: the recordings issued by Victor were dubbed later from the acetate recordings that NBC had made for its files. And I can mention only one of the incorrect statements about the disastrous final broadcast and its preliminaries: it isn't true that in the *Bacchanale* of *Tannhäuser* "the men stopped playing and the house was engulfed in terrible silence": the piece was completed, and if I remember correctly it was applauded.

# Crossword Puzzle No. 681

By FRANK W. LEWIS



## ACROSS:

- 1 Broken-down streetcar, merely like a wife. (8)
- 5 and 15 down This implies you may get more by accident. (6, 9)
- 10 Bovine, without the basic skeleton structure. (7)
- 11 Bears up. (7)
- 12 Cared so poorly for it, it's a wonder it could still be run! (5)
- 13 The outlandish character of Ruth Nealy. (9)
- 14 and 22 across Pretty close to drab, but some prefer their this in drink. (5, 5)
- 16 Is the skipper completely exhausted (4-4)
- 19 Does Susy, in disguised character? (8)
- 22 See 14 across
- 24 To bar this magazine implies condemning it. (9)
- 26 To outdo forty, by the sound of it! (5)
- 28 Opening, alternatively and conditionally cold. (7)
- 29 Comfortable shoes for sale here! (7)
- 30 Do men on the bench find their work so arduous? (6)
- 31 A Latin is bound to be related to them. (8)

## DOWN:

- 1 Not a breakfast-nook — though it might go with the meal. (8)

- 2 Deadly—'til eleven hundred. (5)
- 3 A woman might put her coat on—and be a trifle too richly attired. (9)
- 4 Lauding, yet flagging. (7)
- 6 Rank and column name, perhaps. (5)
- 7 This bit rather sounds like the lower price. (9)
- 8 When one writes these, is he likely to be 30? (6)
- 9 More than one class might lead the fight, with fifty more. (6)
- 15 See 5 across.
- 16 If given as taps, you'd probably not rise to the occasion. (5, 4)
- 18 Pens. (8)
- 20 A band of them moored their bark on a wild New England shore. (6)
- 21 Lots and lots of kids play this kind of baseball, and show it. (7)
- 23 Has to be agile at the right of the road, it seems (6)
- 25 Extrinsic. (5)
- 27 Secret police. (5)

## SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 680:

ACROSS: 1 DEPONENT; 5 UGLIER; 10 YOUNG; 11 MACHINIST; 12 OPALINE; 13 ORDINAL; 14 SINGES; 15 SEETHES; 18 OLYMPIC; 21 STAIRS; 24 OVERLAP; 26 AUDITOR; 27 RESOUNDED; 28 ON DIT; 29 WELLER; 30 AND 4 DOWN SAFETY IN NUMBERS. DOWN: 1 DRY ROT; 2 PLURALITY; 3 NAGGING; 6 GRIDDLE; 7 IXLION; 8 RUTHLESS; 9 ECHOES; 16, 22 AND 17 HERE TODAY AND GONE TOMORROW; 19 POLLUTE; 20 CUPIDS; 21 SCANDIA; 23 CRETAN; 25 EASEL.

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# **WITHOUT DOUBT OR DOGMA**

The Logical Basis of Liberalism

*by Richard Wollheim*

## **McClure of Pennsylvania**

Bosses Are Still in Business

*by Charles R. Allen, Jr.*

## **Suburbia at Prayer**

*by Stanley Rowland, Jr.*



# A COMMUNICATION

*The Nation is glad to publish this communication, longer than the letters it can usually accept, because of its great pertinence and because its author, long familiar with the history of radicalism in this country, writes temperately but without quibble of the present plight of the American Communist Party.*

IT IS characteristic of the essential parochialism of the American Communist Party that the Khrushchev revelations are considered solely the concern of the Communist parties of the world. It is equally characteristic that a leadership which now confesses itself blind, slavish and cowardly should boldly be asking the present Soviet leaders to explain what they were doing in Stalin's time, while making no move to ventilate its own house by offering to vacate its own powers.

In the United States the problem is possibly more complex than in most western lands. We have had, from our earliest days, an indigenous American radical tradition. Our history includes experimental colonies, ameliorative social movements, progressive political parties, syndicalist and Socialist Labor organizations, as well as both a Socialist and a Communist Party. For the better part of the last three decades, however, the Communists have had a practical monopoly of American radicalism.

With the decline, persecution and coconization of the Communist Party of the United States, practically all radical voices in this country have been stilled. It is doubtful whether the combined circulation of all left-wing publications of every shade exceeds one hundred thousand readers today. We are a country without the gadflies of social criticism, without the ferment of an active, native progressivism. Even our demagogues need no radical propositions to mouth since no radical ideas are reaching the minds of the people.

Were this country to be plunged into some great crisis, military, social or economic, we are a people that has lost the antibodies with which to fight an American fascism. The readiness to conform, the fear of unpopular opinion, the national apathy toward vital issues, the vanished capacity for indignation, the lack of knowledge, the absence of progressive principles, the cushy, shiny world of television, the deep-rooted corruption spreading from those avenues of

hypocrites—Pennsylvania and Madison—all combine to prepare a soil ready and willing to sprout armies in colored shirts.

From the standpoint of history, the chief disservice which the Communist Party has done to the American people has been to deprive it of a radical leadership. This is not to deny its part in publicizing and winning support for many worthy causes, from Sacco-Vanzetti and the Scottsboro boys to the building of the CIO. Nor need we overlook nor disparage its foresight in the long fight for labor's rights, for unemployment insurance, against discrimination and the like. But the record will show that even in these movements it consistently over-rated its own contribution.

The Communists' exaggerated sense of their role as history makers stems from several roots. For one thing, their identification with the Soviet Union gave the party members the notion that they were favored passengers if not on the locomotive of history itself, then at least in the caboose. For another, their closed, conspiratorial plan of organization imbued every participant with the feeling of membership in an exclusive society, with all the arrogance and snobishness of a Westchester country club. Aside from some food faddists among them, the leaders of the American party did not identify themselves with Americans as people, nor have they ever really understood the forces in American life. In a land with a tradition of constructive "muck-raking" they did precious little to uncover the sources of corruption. They were always in the posture of foreign visitors with a mission. This leadership came from the old "language federations" of the Socialist Party, from the "nineteen-fivers" and from the Wobblies.

It is one index to the stultifying effects of this leadership and lack of democracy that in its thirty-five years of existence the Communist Party has not produced a single original study of American capitalism. And on their list of prohibited books went every independent work, whether it was Lewis Corey's *Decline of the Middle Class* or Paul Sweezy's *The Theory of Capitalist Development*. During and since the Second World War more Americans have been living better, materially, than ever before. But the Communists refused to

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# The Shape of Things

## The Issue of Nixon

By making it "absolutely" clear that he wants Vice President Richard M. Nixon as his running mate, the President has presented the Democrats with an issue. Until it was clear that Mr. Nixon would be on the ticket, the question of the President's health remained only half-an-issue. But if the Vice President is renominated, he might bring the right wing of the Republican Party to power for he stands a good actuarial chance of succeeding to the Presidency. And here, surely, is an issue.

Even the moderate Republicans secretly fear this likely consequence of Nixon's succession to the Presidency. There was more to the numerous "ditch" Nixon plots than a realization that the Vice President might be a political liability; the Eisenhower Republicans were afraid that if he ever succeeded to the Presidency he would bring the right wing of the party to power. The "ditching" plots failed for a reason which itself confirms the existence of this fear. The success of the plots hinged on the ability of the plotters to keep Nixon from announcing his candidacy well in advance of the convention, for once he announced they would then be forced either to abandon the plot and endorse him or run the risk of an open fight with the right wing at the convention. It was the premature announcement of Nixon's candidacy—the Murray Chotiner incident dictated the timing—that upset the plots. The reluctance of the Eisenhower Republicans to run the risk of a showdown with the right wing over Nixon is revealing. If Nixon were not of the right wing would the plotters have been so fearful of antagonizing this element by "ditching" him? At the outset, too, even the President appeared to be less than enthusiastic about the Nixon candidacy; to tell a close associate to "chart his course" is a strange way for a warm-hearted person like the President to express a deeply cherished preference if he really feels it.

Thus in finally accepting Nixon, the President and his closest advisors have been forced to acknowledge the power of the right wing which, as the closing scenes of this session of Congress have demonstrated, is still the dominant element in the party. The failure of the Eisenhower Republicans to gain the upper hand in the party is also acknowledged by the appointment of Senator Knowland as a member of the United Nations

delegation. A new amiability characterizes the usually dour Knowland these days. He seems to have been more pleased with the President's endorsement of his rival, Nixon, than by his own appointment to the delegation. It was Senator Knowland who was chosen to make the announcement at Gettysburg that the President would run. It was Knowland who headed the delegation of eighteen Republican Senators that greeted the Nixons on their return from that remarkable tour of the world in eleven days. Knowland was "beaming" at the airport and "pumped" the hands of the Vice President and Mrs. Nixon with a vigor and enthusiasm that must have surprised them as much as it interested the reporters. As the leader of the right wing of the party Senator Knowland has reason to be pleased. The Administration has been forced to acknowledge the power of the right wing which now stands a good chance of inheriting the Presidency which it could never win on the merits of its program, record and policies.

And there is, of course, another dimension to the Nixon issue. Kyle Palmer, political editor of the *Los Angeles Times* and one of Nixon's mentors, professed bewilderment in a recent column over the fact that there are so many people around who "just don't like Nixon." But the Nixon issue is clear. He is disliked not because he is opportunistic—most successful politicians are—but because he has gone to such trouble to make it clear that he is above principle and beyond scruple. It is not merely that he is without principle; he is without enthusiasms, crotchets, affections, loyalties; his sole passion is self-interest. Of Tom Dewey it was said that you really had to know him to dislike him; but it is not necessary to know Nixon to dislike him—he invites it.

## The Great Pass-Along

The police chief of a Pennsylvania steel town is quoted as saying of the steel strike: "damndest strike I ever saw." Most observers will agree. It began in a strange way. Teams of equally well-dressed negotiators sat in a circle of comfortable chairs in a large conference room at the Roosevelt Hotel in New York from which that symbol of honest negotiations—the conference table—was conspicuously missing. Had they come to negotiate or to make some copy for the papers and have their pictures taken? Bargaining sessions were characterized as "listless, almost lazy." The third week



of the strike found all parties in a state of summer trance: relaxed, good-natured, indolent. Neither side had issued any bristling statements; no ugly names had been shouted; a handful of pickets policed mills from coast to coast. The over-all attitudes of the strikers were reported as "low-keyed and unemotional." Even the question of shortages was not viewed with much urgency. Reported *Business Week*: "Nor does the spate of layoff announcements from the railroad and other tributary industries worry anyone overmuch. The summer doldrums are at hand, anyway." The stock market failed to be disturbed by the strike; share prices "hardly quivered." And both Congress and the Administration were as unconcerned as management and labor.

Consumers should view this strange strike with suspicion and concern. For the key to its tranquil tone is suggested in *Business Week's* comment that many Wall Street men have been saying privately that "the strike is really a blessing in disguise" for the economy. Huge inventories are being worked off; the stage is being set for a hike in prices. When it comes, as it will, the price hike will be passed along not to steel's primary customers alone; these customers in turn will pass it along to the rest of us. Even Mr. McDonald's steel workers will be taxed, in the form of higher prices, to pay for whatever gains are ultimately given them as a reward for their participation in a strike that smacks of collusion. If private planners overshoot the market, must we stage strikes to reduce inventories? What happens to market mechanisms for regulating prices when price hikes are negotiated by the ritual of staging strikes? This is not the great steel strike of 1919; this is the Great Pass-Along of 1956.

## Post-Mortem

Any number of theories have been advanced to explain the defeat of the federal aid-to-education measure. On the one point that matters, however, there is substantial agreement. In retrospect it is clear that the Powell amendment was not responsible for the defeat of the bill. Without exception, the various post-mortem reports concede that the Southern Democrats were opposed to the bill from the outset, with or without the Powell amendment. At all times their strategy was to prevent the adoption of the bill in any form since, once on the books, the Powell or some similar amendment could be added to subsequent appropriation measures which it might then be awkward to vote against. It is rare indeed when the chairman of a committee—in this case Graham A. Barden, Democratic Chairman of the House Education and Labor Committee—gives up the leadership of a bill in the middle of the debate. Yet that happened in this instance. Reduction in the power of the Southern Democratic bloc in Congress remains the first condition for the early enactment of a federal aid-to-education measure.

## Rebels For Robots

There's one student exchange program we should like to see tried on a large scale: Central American students for U. S. students. Students in Central America are restless and rebellious. Within the last two months, Mexico, Guatemala, Honduras and El Salvador have been rocked by bitter and violent student risings. One student strike in Mexico City lasted sixty-six days. Scholars have suggested that it is the absence of political parties, in our sense, that accounts for student risings in Central American countries; students fill the gap by functioning as parties. The existence of well-established political parties may explain the absence of ferment on our college campuses but it does not explain the dearth of issues in American politics. A large influx of American students would certainly take much of the steam out of the Central American student movement and it is just possible that an equal number of Central American rebels might eventually reanimate American politics.

## Nehru's Travels

There are significant differences between the travels of Prime Minister Nehru and the frenetic junkets of Mr. John Foster Dulles. Mr. Dulles travels to escape from the consequences of his worst blunders; Nehru travels to undo the blunders that others have committed. Mr. Dulles travels to be traveling; Nehru travels with a purpose. The Dulles junkets are improvised; Nehru usually travels in the wake of India's V. K. Krishna Menon who has done the necessary spadework.

Back in June, Menon kept the door open for a settlement of the Algerian question by inducing thirteen Asia-African nations to delay their request that the Security Council consider it. Just in from Paris, Menon had brought timely word of a possible shift in the French position. Even earlier, Menon had taken the initiative which made it possible for the French to return to the Assembly after they had walked out over the Algerian issue. This friendly initiative no doubt made it easier for him to induce them to shift their position. The new French position, set forth in a resolution of the Socialist Party on July 1 and since adopted by the government, is largely based on Nehru's five-point proposal for a settlement advanced on May 5. Representatives of the Algerian National Liberation Front were quick to concede that the French proposal contained "new elements." Three Algerian spokesmen were on hand for a word with him when he arrived in Pula for his talks with Nasser and Tito. And from Pula, he journeyed to Cairo with Nasser. If anyone can induce the Algerian rebels to accept a cease-fire it is probably Nasser. A cease-fire in Algeria might well be followed by a cease-fire in Cyprus.

This is diplomacy at its best. It suggests how fruitful

the cancelled four-day Nehru-Eisenhower talks might have been. The summer heat seems to have induced a general forgetfulness of the fact that July 30 is the deadline on the agreement to schedule elections in Indo-China. The President might well have listened to Nehru on Indo-China, not to mention Korea, disarmament, Cyprus, neutralism, Germany, Algeria, Formosa, the admission of China to the United Nations and the significance of recent developments in the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe. It would seem, too, that a session with Nehru in Washington might have been less ex-

hausting for the President than the excursion to Panama. In the meantime, of course, the Nehru-Menon team, with no encouragement from Washington and not much from London and Paris, continues to pull British, French and American chestnuts out of the fire. If Nehru and Menon can achieve a cease-fire in Algeria and Cyprus, Britain and France should ante up a portion of what each will save for Indian development. The "pacification" of Algeria, it is estimated, will cost France \$805,000,000 this year and almost as much in 1957.

# NO HURRAH FOR McCLURE

An Old-time Boss at Work . . by CHARLES R. ALLEN, JR.

IF THE "cult of the individual" has been getting its share of knocks abroad, so too has a domestic institution of a somewhat parallel nature: the old-line political Boss. For some time now a spate of nostalgic novels, critical articles and learned speakers has been telling us that The Boss in America has passed from the scene. In his place, as a recent *New York Times Magazine* article concludes, has been ushered The Leader.

The Boss is no longer with us, it is argued, because the crudities and naked power politics which marked his era are no longer tolerated by a more mature electorate. Moreover, so it is said, the spread of public welfare services has robbed the old-time Boss of his most powerful weapon—a weapon symbolized by the Christmas food basket.

The impression gained from such analyses is that we have entered a sort of electoral millenium where enlightened popular sovereignty faces little or no threat from one-man rule. Maybe. Maybe not.

In rich and historic Delaware County, Pennsylvania, there rules John James McClure, Republican. He has been ruling for fifty years. His absolute mastery of a rich and highly educated electorate in one of Philadelphia's more fashionable

"bedroom communities" does not square with the formulations of the *New York Times*. It has withstood F.D.R., the New Deal, labor unions, the state's largest population gains and the influx of a lower middle-class of previously marked Democratic persuasion. It has also withstood the shock of at least two major scandals big enough to have destroyed outright most political organizations.

A close look at the man, his career and the political machine which he created might reveal how and why his kind of rule has outlasted, say, the Curley regime in Boston.

The origins of John J. McClure seem an echo of *The Last Hurrah* and *The Big Fella*. He is a second-generation Irishman (but not Catholic). His father first secured a political beach-head in the tough, tenement-ridden wards of Chester. From early youth he was closely associated with such legendary overlords as Boies Penrose, the Vare brothers of Philadelphia and, later, Joe and Howard Pew and Joe Grundy.

But John J. McClure is no cigar-chewing, bowler-hat caricature. For a man of seventy, he is erect, unusually strong; he speaks softly and well, a fact which may in some measure derive from his college education. He looks and dresses more like a banker than a ward boss; his sharp though not unhandsome features are

dominated by a determined jaw. His offices atop Chester's largest building are somewhat old-fashioned. There is about him an air of friendly yet studied anonymity.

His earliest recollection is that of politics. "It was the only thing we talked about," McClure now says. As a boy, he remembers his father hammering away at the "fundamentals": the precinct, the committeeman and the indispensable personal contact with the voters. The father died while John, not yet twenty, was at Swarthmore. The young man suddenly found himself faced with the task of handling both his family's prospering business and, more important, his father's growing political "estate."

Under the watchful eye of the father's lieutenants, the heir-apparent "listened . . . asked questions, marked well and learned." Within a few years he was contesting for personal control of the city machine. During the elections of 1919-21, according to the *Chester Times*, "McClure emerged as the undisputed leader in Delaware County politics." This crucial struggle, the press of the day records, was characterized by charges of violence, fraud and vote-buying in the classical tradition.

From that date—with but one minor exception—the McClure regime has never relinquished its hold over county affairs. In 1928, McClure ran for public office for the

CHARLES R. ALLEN, JR., a freelance writer, is an occasional contributor to *The Nation*.

July 28, 1956



first—and last—time. He easily won a seat in the state senate. Upon entering office, he immediately began to exercise powers which, for a freshman senator, were remarkable. He was chairman of the all-powerful Finance Committee and played a dominant role as a member of the Judiciary, Elections, Public Utilities, State, County and Municipal Government committees. His ability with finances earned him the reputation as a "political Andy Mellon." He authored basic legislation favorable to private utilities and the ship-building industry (the Pews of the Sun Ship and Sun Oil companies are residents of Delaware County). Despite his unpopular stand as a "dry" during prohibition and as an opponent of Sunday baseball, he won a second term. It was taken for granted that he would become governor and, eventually, U. S. Senator.

But now the Rum Ring case—the first of the two major scandals which have marked the McClure regime—broke across the nation's headlines. More than ninety persons were indicted for criminal conspiracy to violate the prohibition law. Named as the leader of a fantastic operation whose center was Chester, and which reached as far as Nova Scotia, was John J. McClure, the unpopular "dry." His co-defendants included gangsters, brothel-keepers, ex-convicts, policemen, Sun Ship crewmen and several imposing pillars of respectability—including the chief clerk of the Pennsylvania legislature.

The trial was highlighted daily by dramatic face-to-face confrontations between McClure and a parade of recanting ex-lieutenants. But the histrionics of the court room threw less light on the role of McClure than did the fact that the Rum Ring was a tightly-knit, highly-disciplined, imaginatively constructed and extraordinarily profitable organization which was characterized as "the biggest and best" of the prohibition era by the then U. S. Attorney General, Homer Cummings.

The jury found McClure and his co-defendants guilty as charged. Judge George A. Welsh, a former Republican Congressman, sentenced the state senator to the maximum

term of eighteen months in prison and a fine of \$10,000.

The same press which had done so much to build McClure up in the public mind now said that he and his organization were finished. "A dynasty that has ruled Delaware County for a generation has ended!" declared one paper. "McClure is doomed," echoed a second. "He is finished . . . And so is his machine," concluded a third.

TIME proved these forecasts somewhat exaggerated. Senator McClure never served a day in prison or paid a dime in fines. As a result of the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, all convictions under the Volstead Act were set aside. True, after the convictions the Democrats were able to win the office of sheriff for their first (and last) victory in county history. And McClure, who immediately announced he intended to retain his senate seat, lost the election. But it required an unprecedented Fusion ticket of Republicans, Democrats and Independents to beat him by a narrow margin. McClure never again entered the public lists. Yet he remained the acknowledged head of the county organization.

The second scandal which struck the McClure organization occurred in 1941 and is usually referred to as the Chester Water Case. For many generations, Chester's drinking water had been exceeded in foul taste and smell only by Philadel-

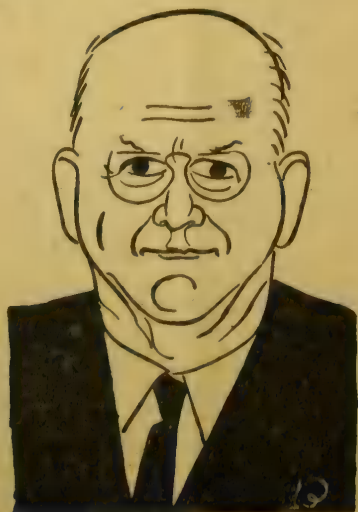
phia's "Schuylkill punch." When it was announced that the city council had sold the water company to a private syndicate, the public welcomed the news. Several months later, however, a grand jury indicted the mayor of Chester and four city councilmen for criminal conspiracy, alleging that the group, under the direction of John J. McClure, had made a \$250,000 "secret profit" from the sale. McClure personally was alleged to have taken \$85,000.

There then followed what was in many respects a duplication of the Rum Ring trial. High federal officials played active roles in prosecuting the case and the élite of the Philadelphia bar rushed to McClure's defense. Yet, while McClure and his co-defendants were ordered by the trial judge to return the quarter-million-dollar profit to the city and the commonwealth's highest court took pains to "disapprove the morals of the transaction," McClure was acquitted, on appeal, of all charges.

To this day, old-line county residents do not get too excited over McClure's complicity in the Rum Ring scandal ("Hell, we were all running hooch in those days!"). Yet many have decided reservations about the water case. "It literally took an act of his friends in the legislature to get him out of that one," a veteran county editor remarked. In the long run Chester profited; as a result of the sale and the subsequent litigation, the city now has a good water system.

Since the water case, every election year brings routine charges of "corruption" and "scandal" against the McClure machine. And now that the Democrats control the state government, rumor persists that the attorney general will conduct a full-scale probe of the McClure organization before the fall elections. But a widely-known commentator told me: "John McClure can look back over fifty years in politics and feel sublimely certain that his power has never been so secure as it is today. They haven't been calling him 'King John', 'The Czar' and 'The Boss' for nothing."

To McClure himself the success of his organization is easily explain-



John J. McClure



ed. He calls it "good government," by which he means "that government which works best, most efficiently and most economically for the voter." He went on: "If you conduct the business of politics in the same way that big industry is conducted, make it show a *profit*, make it *work*, then the people will return you to control no matter what is said about you."

Certainly one of the key elements in McClure's brand of "good government" is the close and quick access which a voter has to the organization. He sketched several examples of how voters are assured prompt attention. "When a man walks out of my office he'll get action. He'll know from personal experience what is meant by good government."

What, McClure was asked, have been the strategy and tactics behind his success? "One principle has guided me in this regard," he answered emphatically. "Teamwork! I have calculated that a one-man organization lasts no longer than fifteen years. If you are building an organization that is here to stay then you'll build not around a man but a *team* of men and women. Let me show you how it works."

McClure produced a large oblong notebook. "This is the basic book of organization. It came out of years of trial-and-error. I got the idea for it back in 1927. You will see that it is statistical, but from it you can infer its operative principles."

THE Delaware County Board of Supervisors is the unofficial policy-making body of the McClure organization. "This is the team," its chief said proudly. "Often the papers call it the 'war board'. No, don't write down 'war board.' It is just the Board of Supervisors." The group is composed of twelve members who are referred to by McClure as "section leaders"; together they head up the county's twelve political divisions. They usually meet once a month; more often just before and during a campaign. McClure presides over the meetings in a "loose, informal manner."

The supervisor, McClure explained, acts as liaison between his constituency and the board. He is re-

quired to have at his fingertips a host of relevant facts about every family in his area. In McClure's notebook were detailed graphs plotting such data as the age, sex, color and nationality of every voter in a district. "The war board," — McClure used the term repeatedly despite his apparent distaste for it — "coordinates each section's work so that it meshes with the flow of our general policies."

McClure made it clear that organization is not everything. "Flexibility," he pointed out, "is also necessary. That's why I never allow myself to become dogmatic. That's why I discourage office holders from holding more than two consecutive terms." As an example of this flexibility, McClure and I ticked off the names of more than a dozen prominent Republicans presently holding high office at state and federal levels whose careers began as vocal opponents of "Boss McClure." He smiled: "Yes. That's what I mean. You see, there are just two ways of getting into the organization: show enough strength to beat us at the polls; or show enough personal ability to get invited in."

McClure prefers the patronage system to civil service, which he calls "destructive of initiative and honest work." Of patronage he says: "Call it what you will — patronage, the spoils system, booty, whatever — but the fact remains that there are X number of jobs worth X millions of dollars to be filled in this county. They are not rewards, but trusts. To the party which the people vote into control goes the responsibility for discharging these trusts. That's so-called patronage."

On January 1, 1956, the McClure organization had at its disposal some \$2,549,085 worth of patronage. A separate book of organization (labelled, incidentally, "Patronage") showed how it was parceled out. Each district was awarded a sum in direct proportion to the vote it turned out over and against the majority vote realized by the whole organization.

No books were shown me which might indicate how much McClure himself has profited from his political career. He is reputed to be a mil-

lionaire. His building-materials company and insurance and bonding corporations presumably are not handicapped by their owner's position of political power. Nor has there been any public confirmation of how much influence his celebrated card-index file has had in his organization's success. An ex-lieutenant told me that the file has been maintained assiduously for thirty years. "And you should see those cards! That guy knows the skeleton in every damned closet in the county. It's all down on that little 3 x 5."

THAT any opposition to the McClure machine can learn much from its magnificent organization is, of course, quite clear. But this is not the essential meaning of John McClure, insists a well-known political science professor whose special province is the county organization in American politics. McClure, he says, has demonstrated how, within the framework of an electoral democracy, an anti-democratic regime can maintain itself in power. In this instance, responsibility must be assumed by what the political scientist characterizes as a "select minority of respectable persons." He borrowed the phrase from an editorial of the *Philadelphia Record* of November 25, 1933, following the Rum Ring trial:

That McClure was a liquor racketeer is not so important... That he used this... power to further political conquest is a common, ordinary sin. Some of our best politicians do that. McClure's great offense is that he used great political power to further the economic interests of a select minority of respectable persons against the interests of the mass of people.

This, the professor of political science maintains, still applies to McClure and the role of the boss today. There has been too much preoccupation with the "colorful" sides of one-man rule: the graft, plunder, scandals and the like. The career of John McClure tends to confirm the thesis that the sources of political power in this county have been changing in the last two decades. McClure's true talent as a politician may well rest in his early recognition — and exploitation — of that fact.



# WITHOUT DOUBT OR DOGMA

## The Logic of Liberalism . . by RICHARD WOLLHEIM

THERE ARE two current theories about the foundations of liberalism. The first theory is that liberalism is based upon, is untenable without, a belief in some more general system or order, in the law of nature or the scheme of things. The other theory is that liberalism is the expression of, is acceptable only on the basis of, total skepticism about ultimate values. One hears a great deal of both theories, from defenders and opponents of liberalism alike, sometimes indeed from one and the same person: though I should have thought it quite apparent that they were in flagrant contradiction. As a recent example of the first theory one might quote Mr. Walter Lippmann's *The Public Philosophy*: as an example of the second any work of Catholic political thought since the decisive encyclicals of Leo XIII, *Immortale Dei* and *Libertas, praesantissimum*.

Both theories are, I am convinced, fundamentally false. I do not wish to deny that someone might cleave to the principle of liberalism on account of some more general belief in the order of nature: or that he might come to it through skepticism. What I wish to deny is that either skepticism or the "public philosophy" is necessary as a justification of liberalism: or, what is the same thing in other words, that liberalism presupposes either.

I shall first consider the skeptical thesis. The argument runs something like this: According to liberalism anyone should be free to do what he wants to do or to say what he wants to say. But what a man wants to do might be wrong, and what he wants to say might be false. And so if the state allows him complete liberty, it might be permitting evil and error: indeed, since a man's actions and

words can easily influence others, it might even be encouraging evil and error. Now clearly no one thinks it right that evil and error should be knowingly encouraged. Accordingly the only good reason the state could have for allowing the subject complete liberty is that it can never know, it can never be absolutely certain, that what it permits is evil or error. In other words, the sole justification for liberalism is skepticism on the great issues of truth and goodness.

Personally I find this argument rather more persuasive when directed against liberty of speech than when directed against liberty of action: so I shall consider it in this form. For here any attempt to brush the argument aside can be met by a charge of disingenuousness: "Consider," it will be said, "consider some simple case of error: a historical thesis, a mathematical conjecture that is definitely, beyond a shadow of doubt, known and proved to be false. Would you encourage its propagation? Surely not. If, then, you are prepared to allow complete liberty of speech in matters of morals or religion or social theory, this must be because you do not really believe that one can ever attain to certainty in these matters."

WHAT CAN we say, what is a liberal to say to this challenge? In part, I think, its force depends upon a confusion, perhaps a deliberate confusion. For it runs together the beliefs that one thinks should be taught and the beliefs one thinks should be permitted. And it may well be that the first class of beliefs is somewhat narrower than the second. I do not know. But anyhow it is with the second class that I am here concerned. Still, even after this distinction has been made, enough of the challenge remains. What are we to say to it? One might capitulate to it, but I think that one need not.

John Stuart Mill in his great essay *On Liberty* said that when a new opinion arises in opposition to accepted ways of thought, there are three possibilities. The new opinion may be true, it may be partly true, it may be false. But in all three contingencies alike, there is, Mill claims, a good, indeed an overwhelming, reason for tolerating the opinion. If it is true or partly true, the case for doing so is obvious. But if it is false, the case is no less strong. For unless the new opinion is tolerated, the received opinion will thereby suffer. It will be held by the majority of those who receive it "in the manner of a prejudice, with little comprehension or feeling of its rational grounds:" and, ultimately, it will come to be "a mere formal profession," a string of words, deprived or enfeebled of all meaning.

I should hesitate to describe this argument as conclusive: though personally I accept it. For my present purposes, however, the question of its acceptability is not the issue. All that matters is whether it is a reasonable argument. For if it is reasonable, then we here have definite proof that someone can without absurdity subscribe to liberalism and not subscribe to skepticism: which is what I set out to prove. And surely the argument is a reasonable argument. Liberalism, then, does not presuppose skepticism about ultimate issues. Indeed in a sense—I hope that it does not seem too trivial a sense—it may be said that they are incompatible. For there is at least one ultimate issue the liberal not merely need not, but must not, be skeptical about: and that issue is the value of individual liberty.

I want to turn now to the other current theory about the justification of liberalism: namely, that it depends on, that it is unpalatable without, some more general belief about the universe and man's place in it, what Lippmann has called the

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"public philosophy." I cannot see the force of this argument. Of course the liberal must believe in the principle of liberalism, and he must doubtless have reasons for believing in it; but why should it be thought necessary for him also to believe in some more general principle from which this principle can be inferred? Behind the idea that it is, there lurks, surely, the suggestion, the feeling, that the strength of a principle somehow depends upon the generality of the principle from which we can infer it. Those principles which follow from principles far more general than themselves are the best. But this feeling must be wrong. For ultimate principles are, by definition, those which cannot be inferred from more general principles: and surely no principles can have so strong a claim upon our allegiance as ultimate principles. In other words, the demand for a justification of a principle—in the sense of another principle from which it follows—seems to betray a certain uneasiness about, a certain dissatisfaction with, the principle as it stands. It is significant that Mr. Lippmann, who is so active in his demand for a "philosophy" of liberalism, should also show himself to be singularly discontented about the practice of liberalism itself.

THE JUSTIFICATION of liberalism has a history, and a revealing one. In the seventeenth century, the principle of liberty was defended by Puritans by an appeal to the commandments of God: in the eighteenth century it was defended by the Encyclopaedists by an appeal to the order of nature: in the nineteenth century it was defended by John Stuart Mill by an appeal to the needs of human personality. At each

stage, the distance across which the appeal is made contracts. To some this may seem tantamount to saying that at each stage the case for liberalism is weakened, its prestige reduced. But to me the opposite seems the case. For surely what has happened is that at each stage that which justifies human liberty, and all else, is seen as closer to human liberty, and human liberty as closer to it, and in consequence the value of human liberty is enhanced. And if the final stage in this history is, as I believe it is, to find the justification for the principle of liberty in liberty itself, then by this means the value of liberty is raised to the utmost: it becomes an ultimate value.

I should like to consider for a moment a particular version of the theory that liberalism rests upon, or presupposes, certain general assumptions about the nature of man and the universe: and that is the view that the principle of liberalism implies an "optimistic" conception of human nature. The fundamental error of the "children of light," as Dr. Reinhold Niebuhr calls traditional liberals, in opposition to the "children of darkness," the moral cynics, is a stupid, fatuous optimism. There is no doubt that many of the great classical thinkers of liberalism did hold very naive views about human psychology. But I do not think that such views are necessary to their liberalism: above all, I do not think that they are necessary to their belief in liberty of thought and speech. And yet the contrary view has often been urged. For, it is said, it would be against human reason to support complete toleration unless one believed that ultimately truth was likely to triumph over error. And so this must be what liberals believe. And if they believe this, they can believe anything.

But is this view that is attributed to them really so silly? Is it really so "optimistic" to believe that if people are allowed complete access to all opinions and all the evidence for them, they are more likely to accept those which are true than those which are false? If the current set of opinions is incomplete or the available stock of evidence inadequate, then mistakes are under-



standable. But otherwise they are surely the exception rather than the rule. To suppose differently is to take a very whimsical view indeed of the connection between evidence and true conclusion: as though it were a passage one was only likely to effect in consequence of some mysterious skill or luck: whereas in fact it is just the hall mark of a human being that, other things being equal, this is something he brings off quite naturally. I do not think it is true that, as some philosophers have urged, the truth on a particular matter of fact just is that conclusion which people move to when they have considered all the evidence. But I think that there is a sufficiently intimate connection between evidence and conclusion to make this a pardonable exaggeration.

I do not want to deny that there are dark instinctive forces that pull men into beliefs that they would not otherwise accept, or blind them to opinions they would otherwise accept. But surely the power that these forces exercise can be weakened by, perhaps only by, the continuous, uninterrupted, uncensored flow of evidence. It is often argued that the findings of modern psychology have obliterated the picture of man as a thinking, calculating being that is essential to the "optimistic" social thought of Condorcet or Mill. I do not think that this is really true. Indeed in some respects, paradoxical though it may be, modern psychology can be said to have gone over the picture and freshened it. The phenomenon of repression, for instance, in a curious, oblique way testifies to the strength of the rational process in man: for the fear in which the mind stands of uncomfortable evidence is the tribute it pays to the power that this evidence if uncensored would exert over it. And if psycho-analytical theory has at the same time laid bare the



Drawings by Zanetti



extent to which the mind also consists of non-rational elements, the practice of analysis shows the extent to which these elements can be subdued by reason. Modern psychology, it seems to me, by making clear the true character of the powers of unreason, so far from producing a case against liberty of discussion, demonstrates in an empirical fashion that its existence is not a luxury but a necessity of civilized life.

And now a final point. Confusion is often made between the presuppositions of liberal theory and the prerequisites of liberal society. The presuppositions of liberal theory are the theories about man or nature or society or knowledge that are entailed by liberal theory: that must be true if it is true. The prerequisites of liberal society are the social conditions that are necessary for liberal society: that must exist if it is to exist. The two things, though quite different, are often confused: one reason being doubtless the wide-

spread view that the prerequisite of liberal society is a belief on the part of its members in the presuppositions of liberal theory.

I have argued that there are no presuppositions of liberal theory. And I have argued on grounds of logic. And appropriately. For the question is one of logic. On the other hand, whether there are any prerequisites of liberal society is an empirical question: not to be answered in that brisk *a priori* fashion in which it ordinarily is. To some people, for instance, it seems obvious that liberal society, if it is to work, must be composed of liberal citizens. But I doubt if that is so. Montalembert once summed up the policy of his church *vis-à-vis* the world as "When I am the weaker, I ask you for liberty, because it is your principle; but when I am the stronger, I take it away from you, because it is not my principle." Since Montalembert's day, churches other than his, religious and secular, have embraced the

same policy, but it is absurd to suppose that their members cannot settle down in a liberal society in which they are fortunately outnumbered. They are a permanent risk in any liberal society: but not its undoing.

The question, then, whether there are any prerequisites of liberal society can be answered only by a careful investigation of the liberal experiment. It is often said that nineteenth-century liberals in their folly thought that the precincts of Westminster could be reproduced in every dark corner of the world, and there would be light: whereas now, in the modern age, we know better. It deserves to be remembered, however, that John Stuart Mill, one of the least blinkered or cynical of men, once thought that a good way of ridiculing certain thinkers was to suggest that they advocated the extension of liberal institutions to Bedouins. It is agreeable to realize that in politics also the cautious have no monopoly of the truth.

# SPLIT DOWN THE MIDDLE

## New Power Shifts in Italy . . by J. ALVAREZ DEL VAYO

*Milan*  
IT SEEMS appropriate to send this article from Milan, especially since this Socialist stronghold has just experienced an event that illustrates the main point of the story: the increasing tendency in Italy in favor of "*dell' apertura a sinistra*"—the opening to the left. In Milan, Professor Virgilio Ferrari, candidate of the Social Democrats—the Saragat party—has been elected mayor with the backing of the Nenni Socialists and the Communists. It was the first appearance in Italy of the "specter of the People's Front."

As soon as the vote was announced, Saragat, who holds the post of Vice Premier in the Segni Cabinet—a coalition of Christian Democrats, Liberals and Social Democrats, supported from outside by the Republicans

—realized that the election of one of his men by the votes of Nenni's left-wing Socialists and the Communists could create a serious crisis in Rome. It might break the centrist coalition and even bring down the government. Consequently he asked Professor Ferrari to resign. The new mayor refused, saying he would do so only if explicitly ordered by the party itself.

On the night of July 17, the Milan city council confirmed Ferrari as mayor by a vote of 64 to 7; this closed the immediate incident but it did nothing to resolve the central issue. The real struggle is between those who favor continuing the formula of the "Democratic Center" (*quadripartismo*) as the basis for the government, and those who now support

an "opening to the left" to include in the governing coalition the forces which were really victorious in the municipal elections on May 27. Saragat himself, though not particularly eager to embrace the Nenni Socialists, realizes the strong pressure in that direction. As a result of the Milan incident he asked Prime Minister Segni to relieve him of his duties as Vice Premier so that he might devote all his energies to a "reorganization of the party."

The May 27 elections, which resulted in the present agitated political situation, were in fact the first national test of Socialist strength since the parliamentary elections of June, 1953. The result was clear cut: victory for the Socialists, of all shades. If Nenni was the big winner, the Social Democrats of Saragat suc-

ceeded in regaining a third of the votes they lost in 1953. Even other, smaller, independent Socialist groups like *Unità Popolare*, inspired by former Premier Parri, and *Unione Socialista Indipendente* produced evidence that, through one wing or another, Italian voters were shifting toward socialism. Nenni's campaign slogan, "It is the hour of the Socialists!" was more than a romantic boast.

In Italy's electorate, now numbering 31 million, women voters are a majority. As in Spain during the Republic, it was on the vote of the women that the Church and the Right in general placed their greatest hopes. This time the Church, knowing that the local elections would have a national impact and influence the next parliamentary elections, did its utmost to help the Christian Democrats defeat the Left. The Vatican paper, *Osservatore Romano*, several dailies representing Catholic Action, and the small but influential parochial press made full use of the charges published by the Twentieth Congress in Moscow to embarrass the Communists and their Left Socialist allies. Their efforts were not notably successful. The Christian Democrats are still the strongest party in Italy; they won around 10 million votes. The Communists, in spite of losses, garnered 6 million. The situation of both is rather static. Only the Socialists, including both parties and the independent groups, showed a real advance. Today they can claim 5½ million votes and most observers agree that if they should accomplish Socialist reunification in the interim they would make far greater gains in the next general elections.

But the outstanding fact at the moment is that the Democratic Center is showing increasing evidence of its incapacity to work as a harmonious government team. I have described the crisis in Milan. The mayoralty election in Rome was another case in point. The Vatican naturally did not want a Socialist at the head of the city council—scarcely a quarter-hour's walk from its sanctuary. A great effort was made to elect the Christian Democrat candidate, Umberto Turpini. He was

victorious but only with the support of the Neo-Fascists and the Monarchists. It was the other side of the medal: in Milan a right-wing Socialist, representing the Democratic Center, won only with the aid of the extreme Left; in Rome the Center had to lean on the extreme Right. As in Milan it was Saragat who told the new mayor of Rome that he should resign. Turpini, unlike Ferrari, took this advice, but was then reelected by the city council—after repudiating support from the right and thus disarming the parties of the center. In both cities, and in many other localities where city councils could not be formed for weeks after the elections, one fact stood out: the parties of the Democratic Center were quarreling among themselves and *quadripartismo* had begun to crack.

An attempt was made by certain progressive elements of the bourgeoisie and some intellectuals to create a new "radical" party, like the French Radical Party of some decades ago. It had been conceived as a sort of "secular democracy" that could compete with "Christian democracy" in laying the basis for a more effective, daring Democratic Center, one that would not have to depend on the support of either the Vatican or the Marxist parties. Secularism is still a strong issue here, for the Vatican, under the always shrewd leadership of Pacelli, neglects no opportunity to exercise its political influence over the nation. One day it appeals to the prevailing pacifism by advocating the abolition of A- and H-bomb explosions; the next, it appeals to conservatives by denouncing the spiritual dangers of communism. The Vatican has become very modern in its methods of propaganda. The Pope bestows his benediction before the cameras of the Italian Television. Day by day TV is spreading through the convents, colleges and other religious institutions. Of the three hundred apartments in the Vatican, a third are now provided with TV equipment.

But powerful as are the forces the Vatican can marshal in support of the Christian Democrats, it also has its limitations. The government coalition is no longer led by a De Gas-



NENNI

peri. The policy of Fanfani, its present chief, leads almost fatally toward a middle-of-the-road clericalism that disturbs the average Italian who wants no alliance between the church and the Democratic Center. Still, the effort to create a secular left-of-center party failed, leaving the field, at least for the time being, to the existing parties of the left.

The trend of the Italian people is clearly toward social progress. This explains the great popularity of President Gronchi, who has been described as one "who sees far without being a visionary." The enthusiasm with which he was greeted the other day in Parma where he dedicated the "Monument to the Partisans" reached a high point when he hailed the Resistance as a continuation of the era opened by the *Risorgimento*. He is criticized by a few because he takes a more active part in the conduct of affairs than is customary for a chief of state, but he is beloved by the people. Though loyal to his Western friends, as was finally admitted by a mistrustful Washington during his recent visit to the United States, he is too much a realist not to recognize that many things have changed since the signing of the Atlantic Treaty. Revisionist tendencies in Europe, which have been encouraged by Russia's current foreign policy, have in President Gronchi an active supporter, convinced that his duty is not only to play a decorative



role but to help orient the country. He lately lent the prestige of his presence to the Fifth Congress for Peace and Christian Civilization in Florence where he delivered a remarkable address, furnishing an ideological foundation for the policy of coexistence. Standing at his side, the organizer of the congress, Mayor Giorgio La Pira, bad boy of the Christian Democrats, expressed the hope that next year the spiritual leaders of Russia would come to Florence and attend the sessions.

The general atmosphere therefore favors an "opening to the left." The directing committee of the Nenni Socialists, which just ended a meeting lasting several days, concluded that while no considerable advance had yet been made in that direction—despite popular feeling as expressed in the elections—the issue would certainly dominate the political debate of the coming months. This seems to me correct. It is recognized, however, that the Left has some problems of its own to solve. Much is being said these days about a possible divorce of the Nenni Socialists and the Communists. Differences between them resulting from the Moscow Congress and the controversy over Khrushchev's report obviously exist, though they have been overlaid in the world press. By taking

a few lines from an interview with Nenni or Togliatti, by picking up a couple of phrases from an article or editorial, it is easy to point to such a disparity of views that a continuation of the unity-of-action pact between them appears unthinkable. But areas of agreement also exist. Both parties—of course with a noticeable difference in emphasis—believe the Khrushchev report failed to answer certain essential questions; both think the new situation calls for greater autonomy for Communist parties in each country; both favor a regrouping of the left forces in Italy. That the near-Communist *Paese-Sera* finds Nenni's language—"the cataclysm of de-Stalinization"—"unbecoming," or that *Avanti*, organ of the Nenni party, is less satisfied than the Communists with the latest Soviet Party communique answering Italian and French criticisms does not necessarily mean that unity of action will be abandoned.

Another problem, hardly less urgent, is that of Socialist unification. This will not come about tomorrow, but here too the pressure of the masses is beginning to be felt. In Saragat's camp the left wing led by Zagari and Faravelli, favoring union with the Nenni Socialists, is rapidly gaining strength. This could explain Saragat's recent offer to resign from

the Cabinet. But the problem of consolidating the Socialist ranks will also, of course, be affected by the development of relations between Nenni's group and the Communists.

One thing is sure: Italy is becoming one of the most interesting countries of Europe and its politics in the months ahead should be watched with the greatest care. Out of the Italian Socialist movement may come the strength and unity of which international socialism is so much in need.



## Suburbia Buys Religion. by STANLEY ROWLAND, Jr.

CHURCH attendance continues to grow, and perhaps nowhere is the church more popular or financially better off than in the fashionable suburbs. One comes early to get a seat in suburban churches; they overflow, and new ones are being built every day. One would think this would make clergymen crow with delight. Some do, but many are shaking their heads gloomily. The sub-

urban church worries the living day-lights out of them.

Why? The answer lies in first examining the suburbs and the religious temper of suburbanites, then seeing the position of the church.

Any examination of the suburbs quickly reveals their diversity. Some are display cases for second- and third-generation millionaires. Others have row on row of assembly-line houses for skilled assembly-line workers of factory or office. But there is a certain common denominator among them. They are places where people can afford to live and to give time and energy to demonstrating this. Suburbs have few of the oppor-

tunities for individuality found in the big city. One moves there, buys the right car, keeps his lawn like his neighbor's, eats crunchy breakfast cereal and votes Republican.

All this is perhaps less true of the older suburbs. At one time, when a family moved out of the city, it indicated that Papa had toiled hard and saved his chips. He may have stepped on some people in his climb up the business ladder, but chances are he had been stepped on as well. When he came to the suburbs he had often learned the rudiments of compassion and knew what it was like to do without. Such are the older generation of suburbanites who

STANLEY ROWLAND, Jr., is religious-news reporter on the New York Times. His opinions, of course, do not necessarily reflect those of the Times.

form the backbone of church and synagogue membership in the older communities. Their influence is conservative. Most who are religious go to church at least partly because they want to learn something about God, not because they want a sophisticated emotional bang or a lesson in the power of positive promotion.

BUT WITH today's mass-produced houses and easy budget terms, younger couples are moving automatically into the "thrilling ranch-type estates." Pleasant, decent, friendly people, insulated in conformity, they wish to be undisturbed in enjoying their gray flannel houses. Homogenized personality is most obvious in fast-growing communities where hundreds are moving into homes for the same economic bracket.

And numerous areas which were quietly suburban for many years have recently become overlain with acres of bright houses for apple-cheeked families complete with their pop-up toasters and blow-out proof tires—and the inevitable shaggy dog. One clergyman recently declared that ours is a shaggy-dog civilization—rambling on and on in meaningless plenty, with the hydrogen bomb as the punch line.

The newer suburbanites are flocking to church and synagogue. In this there is a certain amount of haunted, unacknowledged searching for meaning in life where the better barbecue pits have already been built. Also, as Will Herberg has suggested in *Catholic, Protestant, Jew*, it indicates a drive for cultural and religious identification. Such identification is most obvious and acknowledged among Jews and Roman Catholics. This is so probably because both are relative newcomers to the suburbs, heretofore largely Protestant domains.

Churches and synagogues generally are affected by the suburban mentality, but Protestant leaders are the ones most vocally worried. The main mood of many a suburban church on Sundays is that of a fashionable shopping center. This is cultural identification on a wide, superficial and generally unacknowledged

level. On weekdays one shops for food, on Saturdays one shops for recreation and on Sundays one shops for the Holy Ghost.

But the Ghost had better stay ghostly and the preacher platitudinous, for the homogenized suburbanite likes his religion, unlike his martinis, diluted. He wants sermons to console him, to comfort him and to inspire him to more pleasant living, but never to challenge him with the rude realities of today's revolutionary world. He has paid handsomely for his suburban isolation against these realities, and he doesn't want them to come crashing into his conscience via the pulpit.

When the preacher perchance deals with such problems as segregation or the desperate needs of underdeveloped lands, the suburbanite has the remarkable facility of rolling up the mental counterpart of the automobile window. He weatherproofs himself against any knowledge of the rising storm from the two-thirds of the world's peoples who live as second-class citizens plagued by disease, ignorance and starvation.

ONE example of the newer suburban religious habits is the increasingly popular drive-in services. These are typically conducted in drive-in theatres. One comes as to a movie, sees the service conducted without leaving his car and drives away. A clergyman in the New York suburbs said frankly that he was conducting the drive-in service to make religious worship "more convenient and comfortable." It's one thing to shy away from useless hardship, but it's quite a different matter, church leaders feel, to make religion conform to modern convenience.

Those among the newer suburbanites who frankly want a vital and challenging faith find themselves fighting an uphill battle. In the fashionable church of one Connecticut suburb, members for years had been busily decrying the lack of church work with teen-agers. A young couple moved into the area, heard the complaint and decided to do something. So they organized a young people's fellowship. How nice! How charming! everyone remarked.

But no one offered to help. One week the young couple called upon dozens of parents, trying to find two persons to help chaperone a dance. But the parents, mostly churchgoers, were all "too busy" to spend one evening chaperoning a church dance for their own children. These suburbanites hold responsible jobs and often help mould public opinion. And they're supposed to respond to the clear challenges of Christianity in a revolutionary world. Church leaders wonder.

A religion is best when it exists in tension with society. In this situation it can not only fill its spiritual role but also its role of prophecy, conscience and moral leadership. Under severe persecution in the modern state, religion's leavening effect is stamped out among the mass. When organized religion is completely accepted by the mass as no more than a pleasing and fashionable facet of culture, then it falls prey to the mass-produced platitude.

This is the situation of the suburban church. There have, of course, always been attempts by the mass to dilute religion and accommodate it to conscience in prosperous times. These attempts are overwhelming in the suburbs, where no obvious challenges shout and citizens are insulated against everything except death, each other and the gnawing anxieties typical of a society dedicated to nothing higher than its own comfort.

Like many, they haven't learned the psychological, religious lesson that one may free himself from anxieties and fulfill himself by giving himself—find his life by losing it.





Dedicated to a heaven scrubbed in detergent, adjusted by psychologists, serviced by your friendly Esso dealer and brimming with baby food and pre-digested opinion, the suburbanite turns to the church and demands more of the same. In this society the churches are cultivated like hot-house flowers, flourishing because they are not unpleasant, exuding mink and memoranda on righteousness.

If the churches fought this energetically with the rude, clarion voice of prophecy they would probably

lose greatly in members and financial support, at least in the short run. They would probably gain greatly in vitality and effectiveness on moral issues. But the local churches, though sometimes appalled by the stifling effect of glib acceptance, are mostly not fighting it very hard.

SO THE suburban church is a tame captive of its community. In varying degrees this is also true of many city and rural churches. But it is nowhere so true as in the suburbs, where problems such as slum pov-

erty or race relations rarely obtrude. There are, of course, exceptions. Among the mass of suburbanites there are some, rich and poor, who genuinely strive to live a religious life, who give a great deal of time or money to their church or synagogue and who are willing to stand up and be counted on such thorny issues as integration. But the whole pressure is to make the church conform to popular culture, and this pressure is most often succeeding in the suburbs. The house of the Lord is being reduced to a comfort station.

# MIRACLE AT STALINGRAD

## Russia Revisited: II . . by FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN

*Second of a series on The New Russia by the noted political scientist.*

### Stalingrad

"BURY THE dead apart—" wrote Major George D. Brodsky, U.S.A., in the *New Republic* of December 21, 1942. "The granite-backed ones with their heads to the uncrossed river, in unassailable parapets under the good steppe grass. Leave the others, leave their inadequate bones, to the gaunt women to spade, to level with the rubble, to make the site clean and hard and fit to be built on. Let there be no symbols, no markings, no stony words for the wind to eat. Nothing to be forgotten. Let the city be new. Let it be avenue in great spokes arrowed at the world. Let this be a holy place, the prime longitude of courage from which our hope is measured."

In 1956 the Intourist hotel is housed in a rebuilt apartment building whose outer walls are pockmarked by bullets and shell fragments. To the right, from my corner window, is arising the huge bulk of the new Intourist hotel to be completed by year's end. Across the square is the new GOOM department store. In its basement, below the ruins of the original structure, were the HQ of General Friedrich von Paulus. On

February 1, 1943, he surrendered the surviving remnant, once 330,000 strong, of his Sixth Army: 91,000 men, twenty-four generals, 2,500 other officers, 750 planes, 1,550 tanks, 6,700 guns, 61,102 vehicles.

So ended the longest, bloodiest, most destructive and most decisive battle of World War II. On August 23, 1942, eighty Nazi tanks and a column of motorized infantry broke through the Soviet lines and reached the tractor factory, while hundreds of bombers blasted the city. From Stalingrad the *Wehrmacht* planned to fan out along the Volga and take Moscow from the east. At September's end Hitler announced: "We have taken Stalingrad." Most of the

city was indeed in German hands. General Chuikov's 62nd Army, supplied only by boat across the wide unbridged river, clung to a narrow zone of wreckage, in places only a few hundred yards from the shore.

The "front" is now marked by a line of tank turrets. Here the defenders, reinforced by General Rodimtsev's Guards, fought the foe to a standstill, street by street, block by block, room by room, for month after ghastly month—until, on November 19, the new armies of Votutin, Yeremenko and Rokossovsky, executing a plan devised by Shaposhnikov, Voronov and Zhukov, sprang the jaws of a huge trap, presently effected a junction at Kalach near



the Don and encircled Paulus' twenty-two divisions. After half a year of ferocious combat, four-fifths of this city of half a million people, was totally destroyed.

THIRTEEN years later this is again a city of half a million people and a place of rare beauty and unique inspiration. The Historical Museum near the new railway station depicts the defense of the town (then Tsaritsyn) against Krasnov's White Army in 1918 and against the Fascist invaders in 1942-43. Near the hotel is the first street to be rebuilt: the "Street of Peace." It is lined by attractive apartments with pleasant garden courtyards. Two banners are strung across the thoroughfare. One reads: "For the Peace of the World!" the other: "Glory to the C.P.S.U.!" At the end is a planetarium, a gift from East Germany. Across its portals a third banner, hailing the B & K mission to England, proclaims: "Long Live the Friendship of the English and the Soviet Peoples!" Stalin Prospect, inland but paralleling the river, is taking shape as the main north-south artery.

Here and there some ruins still stand grimly amid new structures. Kiev, also badly damaged, has been fully rebuilt. The only major ruins in Rostov are the Opera House on Engels Street and the Palace of Soviets. In Stalingrad, where devastation was complete, a few ghosts of buildings will be left unrepaired as memorials—e.g., Sergeant Pavlov's house and the nearby flour mill, heroically defended for many months. For the rest, the scope and magnitude of reconstruction would be unbelievable save for the evidence of one's eyes.

In the center, the water front has been reconverted into a wide boulevard from which broad steps ascend,

flanked by two Greek colonnades with the Greek-temple Musical Comedy Theatre nearby to the north. From the top of the stairs a wide plaza invites the wayfarer westward toward a colorful garden beyond which stretches the great "Square of Fallen Fighters," ultimately to be crowned by a tall Palace of Soviets. A statue of Stalin gazes at the Greek-temple Dramatic Theatre, at the imposing facades of new apartments, hotels and public buildings, and at the many construction cranes on the skyline marking the sites of innumerable new edifices in various stages of completion.

A long ride toward the northern tip of the city passes, on the right, the Red October Steel Works and the famous Tractor Plant—the first in the USSR, begun in 1928, opened in 1930 and now again producing at full capacity with 14,000 workers. On the left is Mamaiev Hill, overlooking the metropolis. Here Chuikov's troops clung to the summit and the eastern slope and repeatedly beat back the furious efforts of the *Wehrmacht* to seize the heights. At the top, now crowned by a tank, a war memorial is to be erected to contain, as at Sevastopol, a panorama of the battle. Far beyond to the north is a giant structure of cables and moving cement cars stretching across the Volga. Work has here been under way since 1950 on the huge dam and hydro-electric station which, when completed in 1958, will have a capacity of 2,000,000,000 kwh of power.

Another lengthy journey to the south, past scattered industrial and residential suburbs, brings us—my driver, myself and my guide, Olga Ivanovna Ivanova, a war widow—to the lonely junction of the great river and the Volga-Don Canal, which, on this day at least, is singularly devoid of traffic or visitors. An immense triumphal arch spans the first lock. Many who worked on the waterway were forced laborers. Near where the waters meet looms the greatest colossus in the Soviet Union: on a tall stone pedestal stands an eighty-foot statue of Stalin, ridiculed by Khrushchev in February as a waste of thirty tons of copper on behalf of the vanity of the late and unlamented

Josef Vissarionovich. Westward across the steppe are two dozen locks, ascending the sloping plain toward the Don. The journey to Rostov by boat requires two days. By air it takes less than two hours.

Despite the miracle of Stalingrad's reconstruction, a majority of its residents still live in far-flung colonies of tiny homes beyond the rebuilt main streets. A few are simple but adequate prefabs. Others are interspersed with small new apartment buildings. Most are cottages or shacks. All are "private houses." Other settlements of such houses, less primitive and more substantial, are to be seen on the outskirts of Leningrad, Moscow and Kiev and, most notably, in the area of the huge *Rostelmash* or Agricultural Machinery Plant in Rostov. Soviet citizens desiring such individual homes may borrow up to 10,000 rubles from the banks for their construction and then hope for the best in the allocation of scarce building materials and labor. These homes involve no rent and almost no taxes (twenty-five rubles a year, commonly) and may be privately bought and sold, bringing 5,000 or 10,000 or 20,000 rubles, depending on size and location. Many in Stalingrad are hovels, hastily thrown together from whatever debris was at hand in 1943-45.

CONTINUED austerity does not preclude great visions. In the House of Architecture enthusiastic young designers proudly display and explain a large bas-relief model, on a scale of 1,000 to 1, of a dream-city. This is the Stalingrad twenty-five-year city plan, slowly being carried out stage by stage. Here in miniature are the parks, dwelling houses, stadia, swimming pools, stores, markets and theatres of the days to come, all strangely Greek in style and arrangement. No ruins, save the few mementoes. No slums. No hovels. And, apparently, no more private homes. Even a partial fulfillment of the plan will make Stalingrad, already exciting in its new garb, one of the loveliest cities of the world. Its people, I have no doubt whatever, are wholly sincere in their hopes for peace.

## Coming Soon

### C. H. WADDINGTON

Director of the Institute of Animal Genetics at Edinburgh University

writes on

Japanese, English and American Reports of Radioactive Fallout in the Western Pacific



# BOOKS and the ARTS

## Shaw's Bout With Christianity

By Warren S. Smith

IT SEEMS incredible that Bernard Shaw was born 100 years ago this July 26th — he seems scarcely to have stopped writing.

Among the many patterns that checker his long writing career none is more remarkable at this distance than the devious relationship which he carried on with the Christian church, sometimes taunting it, sometimes scolding it with outraged morality and sometimes flirting with it. He steadfastly refused to be considered a member of any religious sect, though he was in the habit in later years of saying he was "a Quaker of sorts" — this without encouragement from any known Quaker.

In his youth he occasionally allowed himself to be thought of as an atheist — like Shelley, whom he admired — but as early as 1895 his *Sanity of Art* indicated a mystical turn and in 1896 he wrote an article for the *Savoy*, "On Going to Church," in which he actually recommended the practice as a source of spiritual regeneration for his age. True, he advised against going to *services*, where one's worship would be interrupted by priests and choir boys — but he accepted the location as favorable. Eventually, of course, he became a kind of religious preacher, and by 1932 was referring to himself as "a sort of Unofficial Bishop of Everywhere." In the years between, Shaw spent much of his life under attack from various religious groups. But in retrospect it appears that it was as often his impish style as his actual heresies that annoyed his adversaries.

Nevertheless, Shaw thought some Christian practices vicious and some

Christian tenets silly and said so on various occasions. In a kind of debate or public discussion with the Reverend R. J. Campbell of City Temple in 1912 he is reported to have said:

I loathe the mess of mean superstitions and misunderstood prophecies which is still rammed down the throats of children of this country under the name of Christianity as contemptuously as ever.

But it was the official attitude of the Christian church to World War I that roused Shaw to his most thundering denunciations—of which this is a sample from his *Common Sense about the War*:

When a bishop at the first shot abandons the worship of Christ and rallies his flock around the altar of Mars, he may be acting patriotically, necessarily, manfully, rightly; but that does not justify him in pretending that there has been no change, and that Christ is, in effect, Mars. . . . Let the Church beware how it plays to that gallery. If all the Churches of Europe closed their doors until the drums ceased rolling they would act as a most powerful reminder that though the glory of war is a famous and ancient glory, it is not the final glory of God.

Shaw never was an extreme pacifist, though his defense of conscientious objectors from cruel punishments during World War I led to his being regarded as one of them. Much as he opposed war, he always made it clear that he would have served if he had been called upon to serve.

For good or evil, when once the cause is staked on the sword, Cromwell, Washington, and Lincoln must go through with it as resolutely as Ivan the Terrible, Alexander, or Napoleon. The more they desire the end of the war, the harder they must fight to reach it.

But when men get themselves into



so stupid a situation (he kept saying) they should be honest in confessing they have had to abandon the teachings of Jesus.

Perhaps motivated by the religious arguments of the early war years, Shaw reread the New Testament and formulated his reactions in his *Preface on the Prospects of Christianity*, published with *Androcles and the Lion* (December, 1915). He observed that we do not live in a Christian civilization nor even in a very religious one.

. . . we pass our lives among people who, whatever creeds they may repeat, and in whatever Temples they may avouch their respectability and wear their Sunday clothes, have robust consciences, and hunger and thirst, not for righteousness, but for rich feeding and comfort and social

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position and attractive mates and ease and pleasure and respect and consideration: in short, for love and money.

This is not the world of Christ, he pointed out, but the world of Barabbas.

Now those who, like myself, see the Barabbasque social organization as a failure . . . have always known that Jesus had a real message, and have felt the fascination of his character and doctrine.

Note his summary of Jesus' teachings:

1. The kingdom of heaven is within you.
2. Get rid of property by throwing it into the common stock.
3. Get rid of judges and punishments and revenge.
4. Get rid of your family entanglements.

It took a century and a half of evolutionary preachers to convince us that we and our father are one; that as the kingdom of heaven is within us we need not go about looking for it and crying Lo here! and Lo there!; that God is not a picture of a pompous person in white robes in the family Bible, but a spirit; that it is through this spirit that we evolve toward greater abundance of life; that we are the lamps in which the light of the world burns; that in short, we are gods though we die like men. All that today is sound biology and psychology. . . .

But he had no patience with Paul's doctrines of salvation nor with such early church disputes as

whether salvation was to be attained by surgical operation or by a sprinkling of water: mere rites on which Jesus would not have wasted twenty words.

THIS 1915 pronouncement on Christianity was the one to which Shaw remained faithful for the rest of his life, repeating it in various ways for various audiences. It was a view of Christianity to fit in with his views on creative evolution and the life force. For he could no more accept official science than he could accept official religion. In opposition to what he called the neo-Darwinists he restated and reinterpreted the evolutionary theories of Lamarck to put the Holy Spirit back into human progress. In his own short summary

from the preface to *Back to Methuselah* (1921):

You are alive; and you want to be more alive. You want an extension of consciousness and power. You want, consequently, additional organs, or additional uses of existing organs: that is additional habits. You get them because you want them badly enough to keep trying for them until they come. Nobody knows how: nobody knows why: all we know is the thing actually takes place.

Now *this*, Shaw does connect with the workings of the Holy Spirit, and with Christ's will to live more abundantly; although he realizes that he will shock—this time—not his religious but his humanist friends.

If I had told that uncle of mine [in the early 1860's] that within thirty years from the date of our conversation I should be exposing myself to suspicions of the greatest superstitions by questioning the sufficiency of Darwin, maintaining the reality of the Holy Ghost, and declaring that the phenomenon of the word becoming Flesh was occurring daily, he would have regarded me as the most extravagant madman our family had ever produced. Yet it was so.

Nor can socialism—or vegetarianism—be left out of either Christianity or evolution:

This sense of kinship of all forms of life is all that is needed to make Evolution not only a conceivable theory, but an inspiring one. . . . Our vanity, and our snobbish conception of Godhead as being, like earthly kingship, a supreme class distinction instead of the rock on which Equality is built, had led us to insist on God offering us special terms by placing us apart from and above all the rest of his creatures.

Thus Shaw, who could not permit himself to be labeled Christian, accepted the label of Protestant, since:

Protestantism was a movement toward the pursuit of a light called an inner light because every man must see it with his own eyes and not take any priest's word for it or any Church's account of it.

To this, on quite another occasion, he added:

Now of Separation [of the Church] there is no end until every human being is a Separate Church, for which there is much to be said.

At the age of seventy-six Shaw was

by no means finished with shocking the conventional Christian world. While his wife, Charlotte, was recovering from injuries in South Africa (Shaw was the driver of the auto), he wrote his legend, *The Adventures of the Black Girl in Her Search for God*. It was a good-looking little volume with handsome engravings by John Farleigh, and it hit the English book stores in time for Christmas of 1932.

The innocent format deceived and embarrassed some of the buyers, just as the innocent black girl embarrassed the many "gods" she interviewed in the forest—only to find all of them lacking in one way or another, until at last she settled down to a useful life in Voltaire's garden, married to an Irish Socialist with a red beard. Among those interviewed was "the Conjuror"—obviously Jesus—whose valuable teachings were neither understood nor appreciated, and whom she found kindly and well-intentioned but ineffective. And she balked, when all was said, at his doctrine of love.

Much of the Christian world protested bitterly against this book, and Dame Laurentia, Mother Abbess of Stanbrook Abbey and longtime friend of Shaw, remonstrated by mail—more in sadness than in anger. She received as reply (and we recall here Shaw's claim to Protestantism):

You think you are a better Catholic than I; but my view of the Bible is the view of the Fathers of the Church, and yours is that of a Belfast Protestant to whom the Bible is a fetish and religion entirely irrational. . . . You think you believe that God did not know what he was about when he made me to write the *Black Girl*. For what happened was that when my wife was ill in Africa God came to me and said "There are women plaguing me night and day with their prayers for you. What are you good for anyhow?" So I said I could write a bit but was good for nothing else. God said then "Take your pen and write what I shall put into your silly head"—and that was how it happened.

In 1937—age eighty-one—Shaw delivered a remarkable address over short-wave to this country, pleading for sanity and spiritual values as Europe kept approaching the war.



(A recording of this address is available.) He paused in the broadcast to pay tribute again to the spirit of Jesus—but still retained his right to edit it!

The Sermon on the Mount is a very moving exhortation, and it gives you one first rate tip, which is to do good to those who spitefully use you and persecute you. I, who am a much hated man, have been doing that all my life, and I can assure you there is no better fun; whereas revenge and resentment make life miserable and the avenger hateful.

But such a commandment as "love one another" he found to be a stupid refusal to accept human nature.

If you tell me to be perfect as my Father in Heaven is perfect, I can only say that I wish I could. That will be more polite than telling you to go to the zoo and advise the monkeys to become men, and the cockatoos to become birds of paradise. The lesson that we have to learn is that our dislike for certain persons—or even for the whole human race—does not give us any right to injure or destroy them.

Ali through the years there were rebuttals. The record does not show that people were too overawed to talk back. There is no need to pretend to be fair in the allotment of space, but the obvious objections to Shavianized Christianity might be cited for the record.

John Stuart Collis made the point that Shaw's contribution was not to religion at all but to religious morality. He felt that Shaw mistook the one for the other.

Herbert Wood complained that Shaw wrote about religion with such levity that he defeated himself; and he was joined by G. K. Chesterton and Dean Inge in the charge that Shaw never really understood, or tried to understand, the idea of atonement; nor did he really try to divine the spiritual message of St. Paul.

St. John Ervine, always a friend and supporter of Shaw, none the less pointed out that in Shaw's gospel there is the possibility that God may not know what he is up to (since God is himself still evolving), and he was disturbed by the possibility that even the faithful may be "scrap-

ped" by the life force when it has accomplished its mission. He concluded that Shaw's views on Christianity were "less for our soul's good than our mind's good."

If we allow Shaw the last word, it may again not be fair, but it will certainly be typical. Less than eight years ago, at the age of ninety-two, he wrote in the preface to another man's book (*The Miraculous Birth of Language* by Richard Albert Wilson):

When I said many years ago that the Holy Ghost is the sole survivor of the Trinity, and that it is far more scientific to describe Man as the

Temple of the Holy Ghost than as an automaton made of a few chemicals in which some carbon got mixed accidentally, I was accused of advertising myself by uttering paradoxes of the same order as the statement that black is white, which is not a paradox but a lie. Now that I am old and obsolescent, young people who happen to have heard about the paradoxical Shaw from their elders, and are tempted to read him, cannot find anything startling in me. If they have the requisite erudition, they point out that what I have said had been said long ago by St. Augustine and all the great spiritual leaders of mankind before and after him.

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### Washington, D.C.

In the year of the longest Cadillac,  
from picture windows in the heart,  
to the rosebud and cherry-tree

rim of the stone-and-iron Wheel of Embassies  
there by the Potomac, and in God's name, came  
The Regency of Evasion.

Kings of Texas and of Detroit  
convoyed the Bald Head smiling on its pillow.  
Jet-trails spumed and spelled

His name to Heaven in the upper airs  
that howled and twisted it. The writing  
squatted and stretched blue.

So the unlettering wind flapped all the rim  
but the Head rode prompted and propped  
to the stone-domed Hub

where Reporters waited, and the Cameras  
had stared through their stanchions for days,  
their pictures already inside them.

Oh marvelous how he resembled  
the picture the cameras brought up like a cud  
from their stored contentment!

Marvelous how the voice taped into the pillow  
spoke in time to the motion of the lips  
with scarcely a twitch visible!

And if any man swear me to politics  
for what I say here, accusing me  
of a vote that sneers,

I say to that man: graves and breadbaskets  
open and close as those lips open and close;  
that Wheel of Embassies

began and ends again in Adam's wages  
and Eve's tongue knotted in her mouth to stammer  
her language of tears;

but these are tongueless men at the center,  
and of their damnations that avoid the name  
the fruit slurs rotten out of every tree.

JOHN CIARDI

*The Nation*

## Modest Code

*THE ETHICS OF COMPROMISE AND THE ART OF CONTAINMENT.* By T. V. Smith. Beacon Press. \$2.50.

By Albert William Levi

IN THIS wise little book T. V. Smith addresses the problems of our social and political living at that interesting intermediate level where it is impossible to distinguish the higher morality from the highest prudence. And the categorical imperative which results can (as in Kant) be given three formulations. The first is: Never presume that your own meanings and values are the only authentic ones in the world. The second is: To safeguard the sacred and the uncompromisable, you must compromise. And the third: When the obtrusion of ideals can only deepen enmity, then you must "contain" them—within the privacy of your individual self.

Those of obdurate and conscientious egoism will call Professor Smith's pluralism indifference, his compromise opportunism and his containment dishonest suppression. But in so doing they will blindly ignore the mellow experience of one

*ALBERT WILLIAM LEVI, a member of the philosophy department of the University of Chicago, is completing a book entitled, Philosophy and the Modern World.*

### Mnemesia

*Remember*—warned the speaker with an awful pause that each might celebrate upon his summing-up.

*Remember*—he repeated, but could not himself, his platitudes all tumbling from his mind and lying scrambled in some hidden place.

We closed his speech politely for him with applause.

Yet when our pattering had died away, somewhere in the vastness of that hall reverberated still one solemn word—

*Remember . . .*

MAX TADLOCK

who in his time has been philosopher, congressman and military administrator, and whose philosophy is a paper currency backed up by the gold reserves of an active life.

In an age driven further and further by theologians and politicians alike toward a suicidal rigidity, there is refreshment to be found in a position which asks of us only magnanimity toward diverse meanings, a moderate amount of ideological generosity and the private self-reliance which resists all imperialisms of the public spirit.

## The Drifter

*ROBERT BENCHLEY.* By Nathaniel Benchley. McGraw-Hill. \$3.95.

By Joseph Wood Krutch

A SON'S admiring but often candid portrait-biography of a humorist who had fun but was never happy as the drifter which fate and his own improvident nature made him. More than half the book is devoted to the early years which transformed an impish but serious and almost priggish boy with a conventional middle-class background into a Hollywood clown ruefully earning \$100,000 a year in a profession of which he was often ashamed. Most of the writing which gave him his vogue

came hard and like Heywood Broun he was well aware of a certain incongruity between the "causes" he felt passionately about and the life he was always supposed to live and sometimes actually did live. "It took me fifteen years," he once said, "to discover that I had no talent for writing, but I couldn't give it up because by that time I was too famous." Some years later he did formally renounce writing for Hollywood activities which brought him more trouble with the income-tax bureau than either satisfaction or security. The present book quotes a number of the good things he said; and many of them really are good; it quotes also several that he was supposed to have been responsible for but which actually were simply accretions upon his legend. When the urn supposed to contain his ashes reached his family on Nantucket it was empty. The wife to whom he had for many years been deeply attached began after a few moments to smile: "You know," she said, "I can hear him laughing now." There are a number of informal photographs covering the whole span of his life and the book is said to be based in considerable part on diaries and letters.

*JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH is the author of Samuel Johnson, Henry David Thoreau, The Measure of Man and many other books.*

## LETTER FROM PARIS

Gerald Sykes

ONE OF THE best advertised products of this city has almost no sale. That is the little magazine. (*La Nouvelle Revue Française, Les Temps Modernes, La Revue de Paris, Critique, La Table Ronde, Preuves, Esprit* and many others.) When I asked about circulation someone who should know said 16,000 for one of the best known of them, but someone else who should know more said 10,000 would be nearer the truth. No sworn statements are published, as at home. The magazines, however, have enormous prestige, and it is a point of pride with

a good kiosk to fly their banners, to give them space that elsewhere would belong to the real money-makers.

This is not only because France retains a well-known—and at times dangerous—respect for the mind. (French generals seek a good style almost as much as victories in the field, and De Gaulle's memoirs indicate that he is better as historian than as politician.) It is also because serious problems can be discussed before a finally influential audience with a frankness and skill not possible in the popular press. For



example, extremely perceptive analyses of the complex Algerian problem appear now and then in the little magazines at the same time that most newspapers and statesmen are quite as dull as they are at home. And sooner or later, when popular passions permit or facts demand, these clearer, subtler attempts pass into the common tongue.

The real money-makers show strong American influence. *France-Soir* (evening paper) owes much to Hearst; *Match* (picture magazine) to Luce; *Elle* (fashions) to Street & Smith. *France-Soir* is better than its American equivalents; the other two are worse. All of them enjoy large circulations and the respect such success generates now even among intellectuals.

AT LEAST for the time being, however, the French little magazines hang on with a tenacity that is typical of the way these people manage to command the good things of life in defiance of all laws of economic gravitation. Every tourist, hearing how poorly the French are paid and seeing with his own eyes how well they (or at least those he sees) live, asks the same question: "How do they do it?" Restaurants are jammed at prices that make account executives wince; streets are full of new cars scratching at one another's fenders; cafes, movie houses, theatres, hotels, shops—all of them do an amazing business and by no means entirely with foreigners.

"How do they do it?" One answer seems to be habit; another the thrift-is-a-bore desperation that naturally followed the slide of the franc; and still another is hope. There seems to be a lot of hidden hope that somehow all the weather flags will prove wrong, and things will go on in the present very comfortable way. And with such determination to make the times adjust to *them* they could be right. A lot of people do have their cake and eat it, and every old city bears witness to generations of pleasure-seekers who have died of old age in beautiful beds, despite the assurances of prophets and revolutionaries that they would end otherwise. This, however, raises interminable problems of morality, litera-

ture and economics. Meanwhile an apt symbol of life in Paris today would be the dinner check that amounts to more than the checks received by the best authors for the best articles in the best magazines.

ANOTHER side of the picture—and one less publicized than the plight of the badly paid, badly housed wage-earners who have never received any Marshall Plan money (and therefore vote Communist)—was revealed to me the other day by a young French cancer specialist doing research in London because so little is spent on it in Paris. Conditions are better for his kind of work in London, he said, although even there neither the outlay nor the results can be compared with what he has seen in the United States. He prefers to live in France, because he is happier there, but if he is to do his work as he would like to do it he must live abroad. More than once he has started a new line of research in Paris, only to have it interrupted by lack of funds, and then has read later in professional journals that American colleagues have been permitted to follow the same line of thought to its conclusion and to publish their results. When his French colleagues seek money for research, he says, they are frequently put off with Cartesian generalities, such as "A scientist's best laboratory is his own mind."

His general conclusions were confirmed to me by an American heart

specialist now doing temporary work in Europe. In practically all branches of medical research, my American friend said, we are much more active and productive than any Europeans, and the reasons are simple—"more money and more man-power."

"HOW DO they do it?" It is the question about France today. Anyone who personally knows French wage-earners, anyone who has friends among them and has watched their daily heartbreaking struggle with large historic forces they cannot possibly surmount, will realize how moving this question can be. The anxiety of their situation is so painful, in fact, that no one, not even the most militant, can look at it very long. Essentially the same situation may exist in other countries, perhaps in all countries, including our own—every large lay-off at General Motors is carefully studied here—but the French characteristically have once more managed to dramatize the whole human condition and even to extract a wry enjoyment from it.

I confess I enjoy the gaiety it generates in them at times. I must admit I am not sad when I go to a bistro near my hotel and watch the customers—all of them hard up and many of them students who may soon be entraining for Algeria—as they exhaust the consolations of wit and music. Even today a great deal of security can be drawn from the pleats of an accordion.

## RECORDS

### B. H. Haggin

AS FAR AS I know there still isn't a measure of Musorgsky's own two versions of *Boris Godunov* to be heard on a phonograph record; but on Vanguard 6022 there are now two sizable excerpts from his original version of *Khovantchina*—the scene of the Scribe and the People in Act 1 and the scene of the Streltzi and Kuzka and finale of Act 3. The writing takes off from that of the St. Basil and Kromy scenes in *Boris*, and overwhelms one by the rich flow and power of the invention, the

assurance and mastery one hears in the operation. What is amazing about *Boris* in addition to the music itself is the fact that the first version was completed by a man of thirty, the second by a man of thirty-two, who had had no formal, professional musical education, and who, it is relevant to note, had had an onset of delirium tremens at twenty-six. But what is perhaps even more amazing about *Khovantchina* is that it was produced in the later years of this man's life—years of steady

personal disintegration and dissipation, of increasing sordidness and disorder in his daily existence, in which nevertheless his mind managed to carry on, in some inner refuge, a disciplined creative activity that put together, bit by bit, richly elaborated works like *Pictures at an Exhibition*, the *Sunless* song-cycle, *Songs and Dances of Death* and *Khovantchina*.

The two excerpts from *Khovantchina* on the Vanguard record being the magnificent music they are, it is no surprise that all of the first and part of the second were omitted by Rimsky-Korsakov from his revision because they "were musically weak" (I quote from his preface). The Vanguard record, which offers a few additional excerpts as revised by Rimsky, and the London recording (XLLA-29) of the entire Rimsky version performed by the National Opera of Belgrade, were the occasion for me to discover that Paul Lamm, who gave us the edition of the original Musorgsky texts of *Boris*, produced a similar edition of *Khovantchina*. In his preface Lamm says Musorgsky left the work completed in piano and vocal score with these few inconsequential exceptions: he didn't produce either of the conclusions for Act 2 that he discussed in letters; he left only the vocal parts of the scene of Marfa and Andrei in the last act; and he didn't place a double bar at the end of the final chorus, which may mean that he planned something further. Lamm also informs us that the scene of Marfa and Andrei was harmonized in accordance with Musorgsky's practice elsewhere by B. W. Assafiev, who also orchestrated the portions of the work Musorgsky left unscored.

LISTENING to parts of the Rimsky version with the Lamm edition of the Musorgsky original before me, I heard changes of the same outrageous kinds as in the Rimsky version of *Boris*. First, cuts: Rimsky justifies them by the fact that Musorgsky himself had begun to cut the work, and by the purpose of "making the work suitable for stage performance"; but what was permitted to Musorgsky was not permitted to Rimsky, and the work would have been made suitable for

stage performance by an edition of the complete text that allowed each producer to decide for himself how much to use. Next, and worse, changes in melody, harmony, key and rhythm: Rimsky says he "had occasion here and there to put a little order into the choral parts, and to retouch the solo parts now and then, as they were written somewhat unevenly"; but Musorgsky's writing needed no such putting in order or retouching, and the real reason for Rimsky's tampering with it was simply that he liked it better his way, and having been unable to get Musorgsky to change it when alive he changed it himself after Musorgsky's death. And the changes are vastly more numerous, substantial and damaging than "a little order" and "retouch" imply.

Because Rimsky published his revision it was the version that had to be used in performance for fifty years, after which opera-house routine and inertia combined with lack of understanding and conscience to keep it from being replaced by the Musorgsky original when this was published in 1931. Even on the Vanguard record the Russian conductor Kovalev, who performs the two excerpts from the original with the chorus and orchestra of the USSR Radio and soloists (presumably for a broadcast), returns to the Rimsky version for the performances of Marfa's arias with Zara Dolokhanova. And this version is used in the performances of the Prelude and Shaklovitye's third-act aria conducted by Nebolsin and Samosud respectively. In the aria Pirogov exhibits a bad wobble; but the other singing is excellent; and the recorded sound is mostly good.

What the London recording offers is a performance of a constant falsification of Musorgsky's work, with a superb mezzo-soprano named Bulgarinovich as Marfa, several acceptable male singers, two tremor-ridden sopranos and moderately good chorus and orchestra conducted effectively by Baranovich. No libretto is supplied.

All this leads me to suggest to the American Shakespeare Festival Theatre that one of its annual music festivals be devoted to Musorgsky

and include a production of his *Khovantchina*.

THE NEW Decca recording (DX-134) of Mozart's *Magic Flute* is one of the year's outstanding events. The music flows easily in a well-paced and beautifully phrased performance in which Fricisay conducts the RIAS Chamber Choir and Berlin Motet Choir, the RIAS Symphony and a first-rate cast that includes Stader as Pamina, Streich as the Queen of the Night (her voice a little dry in its lower register but lustrous as well as brilliantly agile in the high florid passages), Häfliger as Tamino, Fischer-Dieskau as Papageno and Greindl as Sarastro. Also, in this recording for the first time the arias and ensembles are connected by the spoken dialogue that places them in their dramatic context. Of the LP versions this is the one to acquire — the alternative being the dubbing from 78 rpm of the great pre-war performance conducted by Beecham, with its sharpness of phrase-contour and forceful shaping of the orchestral part, on Victor LCT-6101. Its dubbed sound is clear and bright but needs a steep treble roll-off for the slight distortion at ends of sides.

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## A COMMUNICATION

(Continued from inside front cover)

see either the significance or the shortcomings of this prosperity.

It was of followers such as these that Karl Marx said, in disgust, "Je ne suis pas un Marxiste." The American Communist Party has been a pseudo-Marxist party precisely because (oh, precious phrase!) it was unable to adapt itself to or understand the changing times and the special characteristics of American capitalism in its post-war phase. And basically, too, it has been an anti-intellectual movement in its rigidity and its rejection of every other school of thought. It sneered at Einstein and slaughtered anti-Lysenko geneticists. The party members would have no truck with the individual, the book or the play which did not conform in strictest particular to the current party line. No wonder each shift had to come in the form of an explosion.

They dragged across the American landscape controversies—wholly meaningless to Americans and for America—with Trotsky and with Social Democracy, bringing into American radicalism a personal vindictiveness, a venom, an intemperate name-calling and vilification which helped splinter and shatter every opposing or non-conforming group.

Specifically anti-scientific and anti-intellectual has been their premise of the infallibility of Communist doctrine—both their own and particularly that of Soviet origin—and their espousal of the concept of heresy. The possibly two million or more Americans who have, at one time or another, been influenced by the Communist Party have suffered an almost ineradicable trauma in their alienation from and distrust of the land in which they live. They have paid a high price for a slight and shallow insight into capitalism. And they have been otherwise tainted.

For how does the Communist policy of "using" people differ from the methods of the public-relations practitioners, who never hesitate to manipulate the public mind? Does it not show the same arrogance toward and contempt for the people, and the same cynicism toward our democratic tradition? How can it introduce a new democratic spirit into the party when the party is still based on the closed, secret unit—more exclusive than ever now under the fear of FBI and informer penetration?

Most important of all is this question: In a party which has been consistently unable to use intelligently its own exclusive touchstone of "dialectical

materialism," which has today practically no contacts with the working class, with organized labor, with the intellectual life of the country, how, in such a party, can American radicalism find its voice and its leadership?

But the habits and techniques of organization, of control, of leadership cannot be dissipated easily. Nor is it realistic to overlook the fact that an entrenched bureaucracy in the party has its jobs and prestige at stake. And in this day of loyalty oaths and "security" measures jobs for these people would be hard to find elsewhere. This is one of the human problems American radicals will have to face and solve.

The reason why the present situation is urgent for progressives lies in the new directive for the formation of popular fronts issued by the Twentieth Congress of the CPSU. It follows that the Communist Party in the United States will now attempt to revitalize the voiceless and dormant radicals in the country. The principal object of the party will be the Democratic Party. Since there are many convinced Socialists as well as progressives of other shades in the country who are all non-Communists, this new tactic must become their concern as well.

Our time cries out for Americans of every shade of progressive, liberal and radical opinion to find some common meeting ground. There are many beside the Communists who recognize the dangers in the deterioration of civil liberties. There are many indeed, in addition to the Communists, who want to eradicate from our public life the influence of such as Eastland, Walter, McCarthy, Nixon and Dulles. There are many who see more clearly than do the Communists the corruption of our society, the degeneration of our democracy, the despoliation of our free-thinking and free-swinging traditions.

To do its duty to the American people and to American progressives, the Communist Party of the United States should dissolve. Let its members, as individuals, try to re-educate themselves for a constructive role in a new radical movement. Let them work freely as individuals, not as the disciplined members of any "fraction" or caucus.

The party has outlived its time. Now there must be a new radical movement to provide the energy, the clarity and the leadership to sweep America into the only future which can assure and safeguard a humanistic civilization—a democratic socialism.

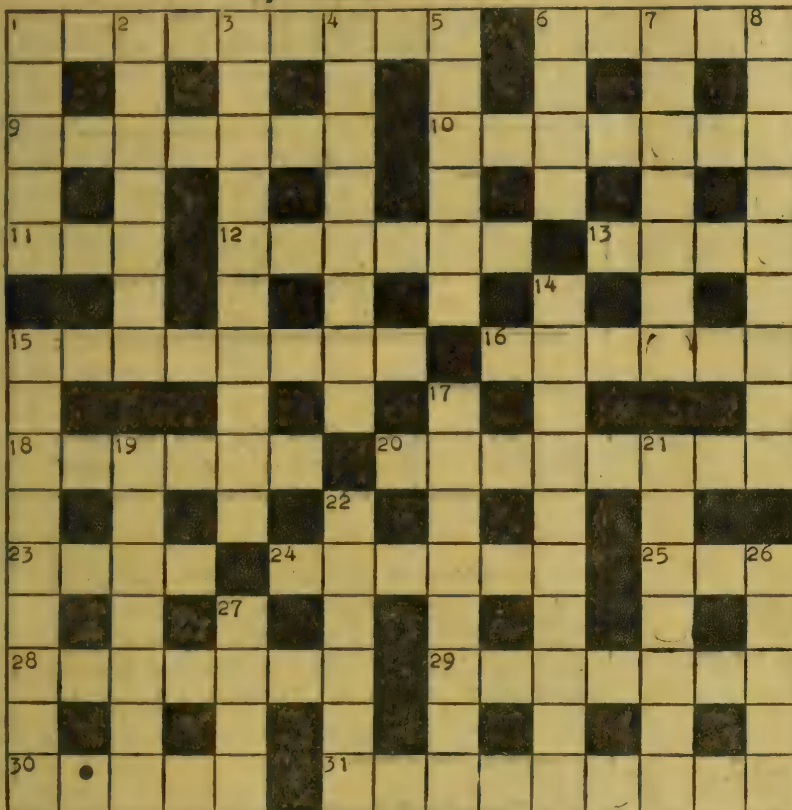
George Benjamin

San Francisco

The NATION

# Crossword Puzzle No. 682

By FRANK W. LEWIS



## ACROSS:

- 1 This, if content, should be rich (only the rest could be fatter). (9)
- 6 Saucers might be, especially when 24. (5)
- 9 Suffer in bed, being all washed up. (7)
- 10 Clause, or perhaps a much more insignificant part of the sentence. (7)
- 11 To take an extended position must necessarily be false. (3)
- 12 See 6 down.
- 13 and 15 See 30 across
- 16 A warder, perhaps, might ease the shock. (6)
- 18 Rouse the wandering tribes. (6)
- 20, 25, 24, and 2 down He was an easy-going floater, but most of his actions would be over our heads. (3, 3, 2, 3, 6, 7)
- 23 11 in concealment. (4)
- 24 and 25 See 20 across
- 28 and 1 down Not completed because of lack of understanding? (5, 2, 5)
- 29 These things don't come up more than once. (7)
- 30, 13 and 15 Strauss wasn't writing about "the flower of the Confederacy." (5, 4, 3, 5)
- 31 Despises tea, by the sound of it, and successfully avoids it. (9)

## DOWN:

- 1 See 28 across.
- 2 See 20 across.

- 3 The cooling process relating to a certain science. (10)
- 4 Make allies of the free sort, when confused with 6 down. (8)
- 5 Disciplines attendants. (6)
- 6 and 12 across Suggests a high-level social engagement might make a difference in military standing. (4, 2, 4)
- 7 Obtained such things as are made fast enough. (7)
- 8 Shouldn't be kept in some tar, if a pressing need arises. (5, 4)
- 14 Only violent people could weave such a strange mat. (10)
- 15 Brutal to a fault, it figures. (9)
- 17 Had Latin, but still I can't understand the lingo here! (8)
- 19 Has an awkward hand? (7)
- 21 Can bring it up, even though the price is down. (7)
- 22 Tries to mislead (probably showing a bare face). (6)
- 26 Takes off the pressure, and sees a way out of it. (5)
- 27 Perhaps the liberal sort, when 5 down doesn't get in. (4)

## SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 681

ACROSS: 1 MATRONLY; 5 AND 15 DOUBLE INDEMNITY; 10 SIXTEEN; 11 ENDURES; 12 RACED; 13 UNEARTHILY; 14 AND 22 OLIVE GREEN; 16 DEAD-BEAT; 19 ODYSSEUS; 24 DAMNATION; 26 EXCEL; 28 ORIFICE; 29 LOAFERS; 30 TRYING; 31 ITALIANS. DOWN: 1 MUSHROOM; 2 TOXIC; 3 OVERDRESS; 4 LAGUID; 6 ORDER; 7 BIRTHRATE; 8 ESSAYS; 9 GENERA; 16 BUGLE CALL; 18 ENCLOSURES; 20 EXILES; 21 SANDLOT; 23 ADROIT; 25 ALIEN; 27 CHEKA.

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*by G. D. H. Cole*

## **The Great Chaplin Chase**

*by Ernest Callenbach*



# A COMMUNICATION

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THE NATION'S Presidential poll evidently hopes to test the relative popularity of an Eisenhower-Nixon ticket versus an Eisenhower slate without Nixon, and the pulling power of the various Democratic hopefuls. Such a poll, of course, has its merits. But by limiting choice to the two major parties it entrenches two pernicious myths:

a—That a vote for any but the Democratic or Republican Parties is a "wasted" vote.

b—That voting is the major essence, the alpha and omega, of political action.

The Madison Avenue propagandists have labored adroitly to implant the notion that we must "vote for a man who has a chance," rather than a man who stands solidly for an anti-war program. Their efforts have obviously not been in vain because more and more the liberal world relapses to the choice of a tweedledee as against a tweedledum, and the act of dissent at the ballot box becomes an almost subversive notion. Few liberals even dare think these days of a La Follette third choice or of drafting Justice Douglas. The hundreds of thousands who were once Socialists and neo-Socialists dismiss with a disparaging wave the candidacy of Darlington Hoopes. After all, Douglas or Hoopes "don't have a chance!"

This is a deliberately misleading view of politics or democracy. Politics consists of supporting the Montgomery bus boycott, the judicial fights for civil liberties, the ACLU meetings to discuss the loyalty bills, all kinds of pressure for social reform. Politics consists of voting for the men on top, but even more it consists of *pressure from the men at the bottom*. The weakness of our American democracy in recent years is that we have had infinitesimal pressure from the bottom for a correct foreign policy, for an unblemished civil-liberties program, for Negro rights, for an equitable distribution of national income, for a decent minimum wage, for extending social security.

Of late politics has been limited to the ritual of voting for a "man" or a group of men. We vote, not for an ideology or a program—though the two parties draw one up and immediately forget about it—but for candidates who are ballyhooed and neon-ized by the mass media. We get a questionable choice once every two or four years and then we are expected to "drop dead" in the intervening periods while

the men whom we elect run the government. This is the fruit of apathy by our people — liberals included — and the pyramiding conformity.

In reality the electoral process ought to be something different. It ought to be the end result of a process of political education, and an act of firm assertion as to what the people want. In that sense, the way to waste your vote is to vote for Eisenhower, Stevenson, Harriman, Kefauver or Symington on the ground that "there is no one else." It is a vote for a militaristic foreign policy. It is a vote that does nothing to educate Americans against militarism. What can possibly be more wasteful of American ideals or dreams?

THE Democratic and the Republican hopefuls all boast that they have supported the bi-partisan — and false — foreign policy of recent years. With only minor differences of emphasis, all espouse the mistaken notion that we shall defeat the Communist bloc by major reliance on military strength. All pay lip service to social and economic measures against the Soviet wave, but all place their main emphasis on the military. None — not even the most "left" of the Democrats — has had the courage to say that he wants no "parallel action" with the Pentagon, that he wants to give up military bases in Spain or Formosa bought at the price of supporting reaction. None favors breaking our alliance with France so long as she suppresses the rightful aspirations of the Algerian people. None really implements the thesis that we must join the world revolution now going on in Asia, Africa and elsewhere. This year the Negro question has shaken the staid politicians. Danger that the Negro might change sides or sit this one out has caused terror in the ranks of those who would like to glide by this issue with a few salaams towards "moderation" and "patience." But the absence of a third choice hurts the process of democracy here too.

It ought to be the role of liberals to exert pressure on public officials and political candidates, and never permit themselves to be taken for granted. To the extent that the voice of dissent is muffled, the bi-partisan candidates need pay no attention to our wishes. Only to the extent that they must woo the dissenter, to the extent that they fear possible political reprisals, will the

(Continued on page 108)

## The Shape of Things

### "Comfort and Commodities"

As the opening dates for the conventions draw near, both parties remain united in the massive bi-partisan pretense that the one great issue is Eisenhower. This issue apart, writes William S. White in the *New York Times*, the issues "are gray and quiet . . . not unimportant at all, but not striking at all." But there are plenty of issues and many of them are noisy, colorful and striking. Here are six:

1. How to wind up the cold war, achieve a lasting peace with Russia, strengthen the United Nations and take the first steps toward general disarmament—by, for example, calling a halt to further nuclear-weapon tests.

2. The need to formulate a sensible foreign economic policy that would reflect a willingness to abandon attempts to use superior economic bargaining power to wring unfair concessions from less favored nations and to substitute mutually satisfactory trade agreements freely negotiated.

3. The importance of committing both parties and all candidates to an unqualified endorsement of the Supreme Court's mandate to end segregation "with all deliberate speed" and to establish a timetable in which the various steps or stages would be clearly defined. With this commitment should go support for a civil-rights program of the type recommended in our special issue of July 7.

4. Civil Liberties: the minimum commitments acceptable under this heading would be, first, a promise to scrap the existing federal loyalty-security program in its entirety and reaffirm pre-cold-war standards based on competence, character and integrity; and, second, a promise to stop further Congressional inquiries into political beliefs, activities and affiliations, past or present.

5. The admission of China to the United Nations.

6. The need to reappraise foreign aid, not in terms of how best to "contain" hypothetical enemies or win allies in a cold war or prop up corrupt, dictatorial and unreliable regimes, but how to further world economic development—preferably through the United Nations—and to find economic alternatives for arms production as a means of keeping this country's vast produc-

tive apparatus fully engaged. Other issues might be cited which are neither gray nor quiet. It is not the absence of issues which has made this such a dull campaign to date but an unwillingness to consider unpleasant social, political and economic realities. For as Mr. White suggests, the national mood at the moment is one of intense preoccupation with "comfort and commodities" and it is difficult to make an issue of either—doesn't everyone want them?—as long as they last.

### The Man in the Middle

"Why did he do it? And why, if he felt he must, did he fail to protect his Boston flank?" These questions will long puzzle students of the strange political career of Harold Stassen as they ponder his weirdly unprepared attempt to launch yet another "ditch-Nixon" movement. Stassen's statement, of course, was a tactic of desperation. Nixon, if renominated, stands a good chance of succeeding to the Presidency; even if he should fail to inherit that high office, he would still be the inevitable Republican nominee in 1960 and he is a young man. So in the spirit of Child Harold, Stassen concluded that he had "better sink beneath the shock/than moulder piecemeal on the rock."

The editorial consensus is that Stassen's most "unteamly" act assures the renomination of Nixon and thereby has helped the Democrats. But has it? The question of whether Nixon will help or hurt the Republican chances if he is named with the President is one which cannot be determined exclusively in terms of what the polls reveal, including *The Nation's* preferential poll, the results of which confirm Stassen's appraisal. In Samuel Lubell's phrase, Nixon is "negotiable both ways"; that is, he occupies, by studied choice and careful planning, the position of an in-between figure, a broker between the right-wing Republicans and the Eisenhower variety. In this respect he is rather like the border-state politicians who have often been nominated for the Vice Presidency by the Democrats. If Nixon had never been Vice President, it would be generally agreed that someone else, say, Governor Herter or Charles P. Taft, would make a stronger nominee. But he could not be "ditched" without offending the right-wing Republicans. The right-wingers would never vote Democratic; but they might, as some of them have threatened, simply stay home, for in the eyes of many of them Eisenhower is a kind of New



Dealer. Faced with this problem, the Eisenhower Republicans first tried to get Chief Justice Warren to serve as a replacement for Nixon; this would have solved "the Nixon problem" without the danger of a revolt or stay-home strike. The next move was to initiate a "squeeze" with the objective of inducing Nixon to withdraw, but the Vice President was fully aware that he occupied a strong position. Once these moves failed, there was nothing for the Eisenhower Republicans to do but close ranks behind Nixon.

What his renomination will do, as we pointed out last week, is to give the Democrats an issue, for it raises the question of whether thoughtful citizens will vote for Eisenhower knowing that the effect may be to elevate Nixon to the Presidency. The Democrats control the committee that is investigating the activities of Murray Chotiner, Nixon's political manager. The committee will probably delay public hearings until after the Republican convention. Then, if Nixon is renominated, the Democrats on the committee will open up on Mr. Chotiner, and Senator Joseph McCarthy, a member of the committee, may be dramatized by TV cameras as the ardent defender of the man behind Nixon. The hearings could be of major interest.

### "Curfew Must Not Ring Tonight"

The Formosan Chinese are worried these days. They are afraid that sentiment in the world community has now set a term to their days in the United Nations as representatives of "the Republic of China." They have

made known their apprehension to the Administration which has its own queasy feeling that it, too, can read the all-too-clear writing on the UN wall. So President Eisenhower recently sent Chiang Kai-shek an assurance to warm the chilled heart: "Let there be no misapprehension about our own continuing steadfastness in continuing to support the Republic of China." And Congress wrote into the 1957 State Department appropriations act the provision that: "It is the sense of the Congress that the Communist China government should not be admitted to membership in the United Nations as the representative of China." The Senate Appropriations Committee then added a rider to the foreign-aid bill alerting the Administration—as though it needed any alerting!—to Congress's consistent opposition to the seating of Peking's representatives in the UN. Finally the House passed a resolution 391-to-0 reaffirming its opposition to such dread development and the Senate concurred by a vote of 86-to-0. This expression of the solemn will of Congress followed no serious debate and no consideration whatever of the merits of the issue. The immediate cause of Washington's noisy affirmations and reaffirmations is, of course, the mounting fear on the part of the Nationalists that their make-believe "Republic" is about to collapse. But the more frequently and emphatically and unanimously Congress keeps saying "curfew must not ring tonight," the clearer it becomes that the bells are about to toll for the Nationalists. World opinion will not be misled by the "unanimity" of these pious declarations which only serve to advertise Chiang's concern and our hypocrisy.

## POST-STALIN SHOCK

### How the Left Reacts in Europe . . by G. D. H. COLE

*London*

IT IS obviously much too soon to make any definitive estimate of the effects of recent changes in the Soviet Union on either the Socialist Parties of the West or the Communist Parties which dispute with them the allegiance of the working class in the Western countries. It is still far from clear whether the

Russians themselves have now moved as far as their leaders are minded to go, or whether the momentum of the decisions already taken will speedily carry them a long way further, whether they will or no. No more can be attempted at present than a highly provisional estimate of the impact on Western Communists and Socialists of the dethronement of Stalin.

I had better stress most what I feel I know most of — the personal reactions of Communists and left-wing Socialists with whom I have had some individual contact. I should explain first of all my own

record and attitude in relation to communism. I need hardly say that I have never been either a Communist or what is called a "fellow-traveler," because the socialism I have always believed in is of a sort in which great stress is laid not only on personal freedom of speech and organization, but also on the need for diversity and for the widest possible diffusion of power and responsibility. In social philosophy I have been always a pluralist, rejecting the notion that absolute sovereignty belongs to any single person or group and insisting that the proper basis for the organization of a free society

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must be *functional*, with power and responsibilities split up and shared between co-operating but autonomous agencies, so as to leave the individual free to choose his own primary allegiance instead of being subjected more than is unavoidable to a centralized authority over which he is too weak to have any effective control. I am still, in fact, what is known as a "Guild Socialist"; and I can imagine no kind of Socialist more entirely immune from the contagion of the "power" concepts which underlie Communist doctrine.

NEVERTHELESS, I have always regarded, and continue to regard, the Bolshevik Revolution in Russia as a tremendous and admirable achievement, and have recognized that, given the conditions of Czarism and the enmity shown towards the revolution by the capitalist world, it was unavoidable for it to take a highly authoritarian form. It would have been quite impossible to carry through the revolution in Russia, or to maintain it against its adversaries, without the presence of a highly disciplined party prepared to take strong, and even ruthless, action and to gather power into its own hands with little regard for those liberal values of which the Russian peoples have had no experience at all. To deny the right to such action is equivalent to saying that the Russian Revolution either ought not to have happened at all or ought to have allowed itself to go down to defeat at the hands of its enemies, who were certainly no less ruthless than the Bolsheviks were forced to be. I have therefore always refused to join in denunciations of the Communists based on ignoring or denying these hard necessities; and I have no patience with those so-called Socialists who are first and foremost anti-Communists — and Socialists, if at all, only a long way after. I try, however, to distinguish between those evils which arose unavoidably out of the condition of Czarist Russia and the perversions which I think could have been avoided without lessening the prospects of revolutionary success.

The danger that such perversions would occur was, I feel sure, inherent

in the fundamental doctrine of the Communist Party as it was worked out by Lenin well before 1917. This danger is indeed inherent to some extent in all revolutionary action directed to bringing about fundamental changes in the structure of society; for such revolution involves both destroying the old order root and branch and building up the new order under circumstances in which it is out of the question to observe the niceties of democratic behavior. In a revolutionary situation — above all, in such a situation as existed in Russia in 1917 — great concentration of power was inescapable; and it is always much easier to concentrate power than to disperse it afterwards.

In my view, two things went wrong in Russia from an early stage. The first was the attempt to impose the Russian pattern of revolution on the whole world, to be pursued everywhere by the same methods. This was Lenin's error as much as it was anyone's; and it led directly to the splitting of the world Socialist movement so as to destroy its chances of victory in the West — above all, in Germany. The second error was not Lenin's, but primarily Stalin's. It consisted of what Trotsky at once denounced as the "bureaucratization" of the Communist Party under Stalin's manipulative control, with the effect of destroying the interior democracy of the party and replacing "*democratic centralism*" by centralism without democracy. Trotsky saw this degeneration of the party being brought about well before Lenin's death, and denounced Stalin for it in his famous booklet, *The New Course*; but he was unable to affect the trend and became the first of Stalin's victims.

The present leaders of the Soviet Union have advanced some way towards a denunciation of both these errors. They are now admitting the possibility of alternative roads to socialism — though it is still by no means clear how far this admission extends; and they are attacking the "cult of personality," for which the bureaucratization of the party laid the foundation, but have so far failed to trace the growth of the cult back to its origins in the middle 'twenties,

when Stalin was busy converting the party into his personal power-machine.

In reacting to the attacks on Stalin launched by Khrushchev and others at the Twentieth Congress, Western Communists and Socialists alike have been almost compelled to consider first of all what attitude to take up towards the blackguardly features now admitted to have been present in the Stalinist regime, at any rate during its later stages. The anti-Communists have naturally tended to say, first of all, "We told you so," and to suggest that the official "repentance" has not yet gone nearly far enough, in that what has been most at fault has been not Stalin's personal shortcomings as a moral being, but rather the infection of the entire Soviet society with a deep-seated disease of totalitarian immorality inseparable from the basic concepts of centralism and the one-party state. The Communists, no less naturally, have for the most part not seen the matter at all in this light, but have in many cases been deeply revolted by the revelations of trumped-up charges leading to the shameful liquidation of good, honest revolutionaries whom Stalin felt to stand in his way. Such Communists have experienced, first and foremost, a sense of personal shame in having allowed themselves to be deceived into defending the indefensible — and in the process telling a great many lies it now hurts them to remember. In effect, these Communists have relapsed into a condition which less sensitive-minded comrades regard as contemptible bourgeois or petit-bourgeois moralizing, quite unworthy of being entertained by anyone who sets out to guide his course by the star of historic determinism.

THESE tough-minded Communists may regret that Stalin made serious "mistakes" — which were mistakes because they harmed the revolutionary cause — but feel no moral reprobation, even if the "mistakes" led to the wrongful condemnation, execution and disgrace of good comrades, whom they regard as having suffered in a good cause. Stalin's sins are thus reduced to mere errors of judgment; and no conclusions are



drawn except that it is necessary to avoid endowing any individual with the arbitrary power which made such immense "mistakes" possible. It is assumed that collective leadership will somehow provide an assurance of better sense — *not* that there was anything in the system of centralism and one-party government that accounted for them. Thus, there are two sharply opposed reactions; one of which rests on moral revulsion, whereas the other, rejecting such a revulsion as "bourgeois" moralizing, admits mistakes, but does its best to minimize their seriousness by insisting on the greatness of Stalin's revolutionary contribution.

SO FAR, the signs of moral revulsion have been clearest of all in Poland, and least clear of all in France. The French Communists, indeed, appear to be standing pat and to be going as near as they dare to ignoring the whole matter; whereas the Poles seem to have reacted very strongly, not so much against Stalin personally as against the entire concept of centralized discipline and suppression of freedom of speech. The Italians seem to stand between these extremes. Togliatti has pertinently observed that the present leaders of the Soviet Union cannot be allowed to evade their share of responsibility for the occurrences they have now been moved to denounce, and has thus thrown doubt on the view that collective leadership can be relied on to correct the errors now attributed exclusively to the cult of personality. This attitude may well be due in part to the fact that the Italian Communist Party is much closer to the main Italian Socialist Party — that of Nenni — than other Western Communists are to their Socialist Parties: so that Togliatti has to take account of the likelihood of defections to the Nenni party unless he tries honestly to face the reality of what has been disclosed.

The Yugoslav Communists are placed in a quite different situation from either the French or the Italians. During their quarrel with the Comintern they went a long way not only in relaxing the control of free speech and of personal freedom

but also in decentralizing the regime by a real diffusion of power, functionally as well as locally, into the hands of committees and councils representing the "common man" — or at all events the local citizen and rank-and-file producer. The Yugoslav leaders had good reason to know the truth about Stalin long before the Twentieth Congress, which actually took place at a moment when they were busily engaged in restoring good relations with the Soviet Union and therewith emphasizing their differences with the Western "democracies." They were accordingly not at all minded to extend their case against Stalin into a general case against the political system of the Soviet Union.

In comparison with the parties so far mentioned, it is of small account how the Communist Party of Great Britain reacts, because it has so little working-class backing and counts for so little in influencing the course of events. Nobody outside the narrow ranks of the CPGB cares much what line it takes. But of course its members do care a great deal; and there is every sign that they are sharply divided among themselves. Of their most notable leaders, Harry Pollitt, who has been removed from his post as general secretary, has ceased to count; and his successor, John Gollan, is still something of a dark horse. Palme Dutt, the outstanding intellectual of the party, belongs unquestionably to the amoralist wing which wishes to play down Stalin's "mistakes" and is opposed to any major change in the party's attitude or policy; but even he, taken to task by many of his former admirers for his first public expression of his views in the *Labour Monthly*, has been forced into a most confusing half-retraction which still amounts to a comprehensive defense of Stalinism, barely modified by an admission that Stalin did make certain serious errors of judgment. There is, however, good evidence that Dutt's hold on the party, though by no means shaken off as yet, is being strongly challenged, and that the challenge comes mainly from those who feel most deeply the moral aspect of the questions raised by the recent revelations

and are conscious of their personal share in the deceptions. The British — Communists no less than others — are a moralizing people, accustomed to conduct their affairs — including the class struggle — mainly within the limits of decent, civilized behavior without drawing sharp distinctions between bourgeois and proletarian standards or being ready to argue that the revolutionary end is enough to justify the means. For a number of British Communists whom I know personally the outstanding effect of the recent revelations has been that of a deep moral shock; and most of these men and women have, I think, not yet had time to move on from this initial reaction to any renewed consideration of future policy — except that the shock has made many of them eager to diminish their feeling of isolation from other left-wing Socialists and has taken away much of the pride they used to feel in being of the true "vanguard" of the historic movement towards the coming Socialist society. It has become possible, as it was not until now, for left-wing Socialists such as I to converse freely with Communists of this type, with a sense of assurance that each of us is doing his best to speak out honestly about what he believes, without holding anything back for fear of damaging our respective "causes" or seeking to score points rather than to follow the argument where it leads.

I DO NOT profess to know what will come of this ferment of minds, which so far seems to have spread hardly at all to the official Socialist Parties of the West — or at all events to their official spokesmen. But recently at an unofficial Paris gathering of non-Communist, left-wing Socialists from a number of countries — at which we set up a new organization, the International Society for Socialist Studies — I was deeply impressed by the extent of the change that seemed to have come about in the attitude of most of those present on the issue of Socialist-Communist relations. None of those present, I believe, regarded it as possible in the near future to

achieve any formal rapprochement between Communist and democratic Socialist Parties in the West; but most of us did seem to believe that the time had come for individuals from both camps, instead of merely abusing one another or remaining entirely apart, to begin discussing our differences in an amicable way

and to look out for points of agreement. That was the spirit in which the new society — ISSS — was founded: behind it lay a conviction that the changes now going on in the Soviet Union and in the entire Communist movement cannot possibly stop short at the point they have reached so far, but are the

beginning of a long, and probably checkered, course of re-thinking and adaptation that will, in the long run, react no less profoundly on the democratic socialism of the West than on the communism which is only now beginning to face the fundamental challenge thrown out by its own outstanding leaders.

# ISRAEL'S "DIRECT" POLICY

## First Talk with Golda Myerson.. by DAN WAKEFIELD

*Jerusalem*

MRS. GOLDA MYERSON is a tall, sturdy woman of fifty-eight whose appearance and speech bear little resemblance to the image that has been assigned her in the press since she replaced Moshe Sharett as Israel's foreign minister in mid-June. The many reports and editorial analyses have made her either a shadow or a mirror of David Ben-Gurion, and promoted the impression that the shadow would follow or the mirror reflect a more "war-like" attitude on the part of the Prime Minister. The interpretations have left little room for Mrs. Myerson as a person or a diplomat — and her own approach to war and peace.

The popular interpretation of Sharett's removal for Mrs. Myerson has been that Sharett was a block to active reprisal against the Arabs — a block that Ben-Gurion was eager to remove. Mrs. Myerson, then, was supposed to be a willing accomplice to any sort of moves — aggressive or otherwise—Ben-Gurion might want to carry out.

This tidy view of the cabinet shift has neglected Mrs. Myerson's own political history and attitudes. The first and most striking conclusion to be drawn from her career is that Golda Myerson is totally unquali-

fied to play the part of pawn for anyone. Her qualification for the foreign minister's post at this stage of Israel's current history is not based on an ability to adapt herself to any role — but on the fact that her beliefs and abilities make her especially fitted for this particular role at this particular time.

IT IS a time when, Israel's original approach to foreign affairs having met with frustration, the nation is trying out a new emphasis (rather than a basic change) in its foreign policy. The old approach, shaped by Moshe Sharett, emphasized the hope of finding salvation for Israel from the great powers — especially, the United States — and in subordinating particular home-front security problems to that larger end. That hope for outside salvation, in the form of getting defensive arms to balance off the Czech arms deal with Egypt, or getting a big-power security agreement, had still failed its goal in mid-June, when Ben-Gurion engineered the cabinet shift.

But Ben-Gurion was quick to rule out the conclusion that many observers had drawn from the cabinet change. In his speech to the Knesset (parliament) of June 19, following Sharett's resignation, he stated clearly: "Preventive war is madness."

What, then, was the new approach? Ben-Gurion probably came closest to the heart of it in saying in his June 19 speech that "We must strengthen ourselves in order

to be able to say 'no' to the greatest powers in the world and to stick to it." Salvation from the outside world had proved illusory, and in a sense, Sharett's forced resignation was Israel's acceptance of that reality. As Moshe Sharett was eminently fitted to carry out the old approach, Golda Myerson is eminently fitted to carry out the new one.

The new foreign minister of Israel is a woman with a proven ability at saying "no" to great-power governments. In the days when the British mandatory government had cut off large-scale Jewish immigration to Palestine, Golda Myerson was one of the foremost workers in conducting the illegal immigration of Jews, and in promoting active armed resistance against the mandate government. Her simple philosophy of the problem became the byword of Jewish action against the government: "We have no alternative."

When the British arrested the top leaders of Zionism in Palestine in 1946 they excluded Mrs. Myerson, evidently in deference to her sex, and she immediately took over as the leader and spokesman of the Jewish community — a job which involved many "no's," both in words and action, to the British.

Israel's disillusionment with outside salvation brings it automatically to a greater emphasis on pressing for direct negotiations with the Arabs. Mrs. Myerson is almost a symbol of this hope, for her famous talks with the late King Abdullah of Jordan

*DAN WAKEFIELD'S meeting with Golda Myerson is the first foreign-press interview she has granted since becoming foreign minister.*

August 4, 1956



were the last high-level attempts for peace between Jewish and Arab leaders, and approached a real possibility of co-operation before the outside pressure of the Arab world, and Abdullah's failing power, doomed them.

FROM a personal standpoint, Mrs. Myerson's appointment was an answer to the much publicized "conflict in temperament" between Sharett and Ben-Gurion. Mrs. Myerson has known and worked with Ben-Gurion for forty years. Her views may be close to those of the Prime Minister on the current problem of Israel — but they are more than mere reflections of his views. She has opposed him on occasions in the past, and even won out over him — as in 1948 when he wanted to go to America to try to raise money for arms that Israel needed for survival. Mrs. Myerson felt that it was vital for him to remain in his own country, and felt that she could carry out the fund-raising mission herself. When Ben-Gurion still insisted on going, she had the question put to a vote of the government executive. They voted for her to make the trip, and Ben-Gurion stayed at home.

If the time comes when Mrs. Myerson's views seriously conflict with those of Ben-Gurion, it seems more likely that she will change her job than her views. But for the moment her views are those that mark Israel's new approach to foreign affairs.

Mrs. Myerson expressed some of them to me when I talked with her on July 17 in Jerusalem, after she had been in office as foreign minister just short of a month.

"The way to peace is through direct negotiation," she told me. "If the Arabs would only be willing to sit down with us in direct negotiations, an agreement can and could be reached."

I asked whether Israel would be willing to discuss concessions in territory or in repatriation or compensation for the refugees.

"We will not sit down to any talks if we are expected to agree to certain conditions beforehand," Mrs.

Myerson said. "We are prepared to sit down to a clean table. Anybody can talk about anything he likes."

She emphasized Israel's willingness to talk with the Arab leaders by recalling Ben-Gurion's statement to Ibrahim Izzat, the Egyptian journalist who visited Israel. Ben-Gurion relayed a message to Mr. Izzat that he would be willing to meet with Abdul Nasser at any time, at any place.

She mentioned that Mr. Izzat had visited with her at her home, and said he would invite her to Cairo. To the bad name of Arab hospitality, as well as the hopes for peace, Mr. Izzat has not yet extended the promised invitation.

The "direct" approach in foreign policy, which stresses the willingness of Israel's leaders to meet in negotiations with the Arabs, also has its war-like aspect. Israel's policy of large-scale military raids in retaliation against border harassments is its plainest and most direct method of quieting a "hot" border. The reprisal raids have discouraged infiltration and shooting on the border, but have also seriously damaged Israel in outside opinion. Even in Jewish communities, Zionist fund-raising regularly drops after one of the Israeli raids.

This was reportedly one of the main points of conflict between Ben-Gurion and Sharett. The raid on a Syrian army installation last December, in retaliation for Syrian firing on Israeli fishing boats in the Sea of Galilee, was reported to be a major strain in their relations. The raid was made just when Sharett thought he had gotten his foot in the door for a U. S. consideration of Israel's arms request. The door banged shut, and Sharett supposedly wasn't informed of the timing of the raid.

A FOREIGN policy emphasizing salvation from the outside would naturally be opposed to such raids. But an independent policy geared to Israel's daily security needs would be more likely to use the raids as a means for discouraging the habitual "incidents" on the borders. I asked Mrs. Myerson if she thought



*Golda Myerson*

that there was any alternative to these "reprisal raids."

"We see this (the reprisal raid) as a means of self-defense," Mrs. Myerson said. "Certainly we do it very reluctantly. But it is the policy of the government that the life of the people of Israel — the fate of the people of Israel — cannot be in the hands of Arab leaders or chiefs of staff who have shown that they don't value the life of our people. We have been elected to this government to defend the life of our people."

Each reprisal raid is clearly an instance of saying "no" to big-power authority. I mentioned Ben-Gurion's statement that Israel had to strengthen itself to be able to oppose the big powers, and asked Mrs. Myerson how she felt Israel could say "no" to the great powers when it still hadn't received the requested defensive arms from them.

"There are certain things so basic to the existence of a nation," Mrs. Myerson said — "honesty and self-respect, and the necessity to defend the life of the people—that the nation must be able to say 'no' to suggestions which are dangerous to the preservation of these things, no matter what the circumstances."

One of the main arguments behind the U. S. rejection of Israel's request for arms is that the United States would become too clearly identified with Israel and the Arab countries with Russia, thereby danger-

ously increasing the chance of a world war starting in the Middle East. I asked Mrs. Myerson if this was a valid argument and she said:

We have never been able to understand why the danger of war should be less when Israel is weak and the Arabs are encouraged by arms from Czechoslovakia and Britain in Egypt, and from the United States in Iraq and Saudi Arabia — why a weak Israel open to attack does not create a danger of war. We feel that the way to avoid war is to put Israel in possession of enough defensive arms that she will not be vulnerable. It is the same principle the East-West bloc works under — keeping each side so strong that neither side can see victory.

It had seemed to me that a logical conclusion of the argument that selling arms to Israel would be dangerous on grounds of U. S. identification with Israel and Russian identification with the Arabs, was that Israel could relieve such a situation by becoming more identified with Russia. I asked Mrs. Myerson if she thought that closer ties with Russia would be beneficial to Israel.

"Israel is an independent country," Mrs. Myerson answered. "She has some basic principles — among which are democracy and freedom. According to these principles, we form our society, and after that we're prepared to be friends with anyone. These basic principles of our way of life are not dependent on particular situations. We are true to ourselves."

The day before I talked with Mrs. Myerson, the papers had reported that Bulganin had said he would give "serious consideration" to any Israeli request for technical assistance. When I asked her if she would be in favor of Israel accepting technical aid from Russia, she said that Israel would be prepared to accept technical aid from any country.

In view of Mrs. Myerson's statement that the best hope for peace was in direct dealings with the Arab countries, I asked if she would be in favor of attempting direct dealings on the regional plan for development of the Jordan River. Israel stopped work on the Jordan River diversion canal in 1953 at Syria's complaint that the canal entered part of the

demilitarized zone marked off in the Israel-Syrian armistice agreement.

[See *Waters of Jordan* by Dan Wakefield; *The Nation*, July 21]

Mrs. Myerson said that although Israel would like to enter in direct negotiations with the Arab countries on the Jordan River, "We have no means of direct negotiation. Mr. Eric Johnston has done his work with a great deal of effort and ability, and it is not his fault that he didn't get an agreement. I am sure he would affirm that we have been co-operative and prepared to go along with the regional plan."

This May, the American engineer Abel Wolman, who is chairman of the Board of Water Consultants to Israel, said that "strictly from an engineering standpoint," Israel would have to go ahead with the diversion canal in the next six months to avoid serious permanent damage to Israel's water supply. I asked Mrs. Myerson if she took this "engineering deadline" as a "political deadline."

"We've waited close to three years on this project," she said. "The government has to consider seriously the expert's opinions, and the dire need for water and power in our country and in neighboring countries. But Israel cannot be asked to regulate its desire for development to the desire, or lack of it, on the part of its neighbors. We are anxious to go on with the Johnston plan. In the light of the non-desire of our neighbors to go ahead with the plan, Israel feels it has the right to take the decision on when to go ahead with the work."

THE recent Israel foreign policy has already shown an emphasis on getting back to the heart of matters which have been at a longstanding stalemate. In the last week of June Mrs. Myerson and David Ben-Gurion requested UN Chief of Staff General E. L. M. Burns to ask Jordan's compliance in observing article eight of the Israel-Jordan armistice agreement, which assures Israel free access to Jerusalem's Mt. Scopus (where the Hadassah hospital and the Hebrew University Library are located). Free use of the

area, provided for in article eight, has not been granted since shortly after the armistice was signed. This, and the blockade of Israel ships through the Suez Canal, which violates a section of the Israel-Egyptian armistice agreement, are two of the most "permanent" violations of the Israel armistice. I asked Mrs. Myerson whether, if other methods failed, Israel would eventually use force to try to assure compliance.

"We don't like to use force in anything," she said. "Egypt and Jordan are violating the armistice agreements, Egypt, for example, by the blockade of the Suez Canal and Jordan by the denial of free access to Mt. Scopus. We are demanding that the UN enforce these conditions — apply great pressure in making Egypt and Jordan live up to the armistice agreements. We consider each armistice agreement an entity in itself. The participants cannot just choose which articles they want to live up to. Each side must live up to the agreements in their entirety."

Golda Myerson has spent her life living up to — and beyond — a number of difficult commitments, and she speaks with a natural as well as an official authority in asking others to do the same. Marie Syrkin wrote in a biography of Mrs. Myerson that "The sense of outraged Jewish dignity made her a Zionist; the sense of outraged human dignity made her a Socialist."

These are commitments so easy to talk of, so difficult to follow, and it is possible perhaps to appraise this woman by considering that she followed the commitments of Zionism and socialism to a conclusion as Foreign Minister in the Socialist labor-party government of the State of Israel.

The course of commitment led Golda Mabovitz Myerson from Kiev to Milwaukee to Denver to a collective farm in Palestine in 1921. In 1924 she went to work for the Histadrut, the General Federation of Jewish Labor in Palestine, and became one of Zionism's leading figures.

When the first Israel cabinet was formed, Mrs. Myerson was named as Minister of Labor, and held the post



in each succeeding government until her shift to the foreign ministry this June. The new position makes her the second woman foreign minister in history, after Communist Rumania's Ana Pauker, who was ousted in 1952.

It was difficult to associate this heavy history with the woman in the Foreign Minister's office in Jeru-

salem, perhaps because her enormous dignity is so much a part of her that it doesn't protrude in the obvious air of the "official woman." When I walked in to the long, green-carpeted room she rose from behind the desk at one end and came forward with her hand outstretched. She was wearing a grey and white polka-dot dress, and with her greying hair pulled

back from her head and the great smile on her long, sharp-featured face, she seemed more like a sympathetic high-school principal than a lady foreign minister. And this was the woman who put on Arab dresses and veils in 1948 and crossed the border for a secret meeting to try to negotiate peace with Abdul-

## The Great Chaplin Chase..by ERNEST CALLENBACH

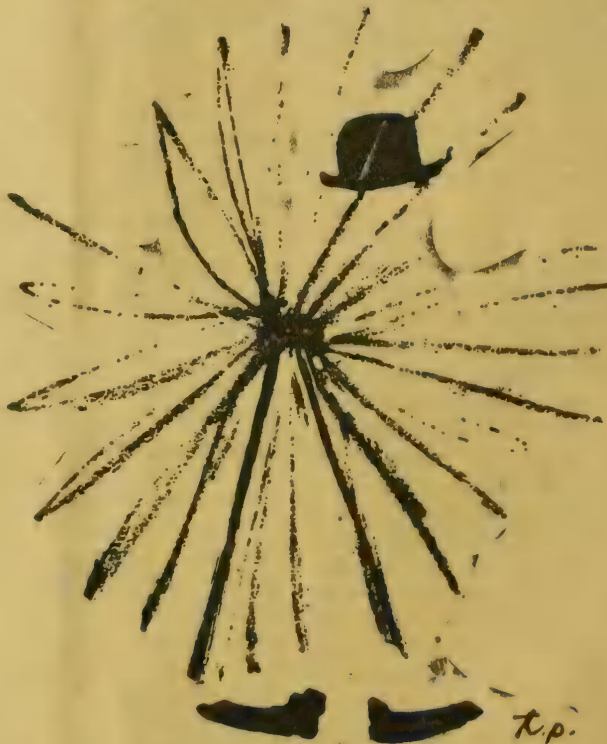
CHAPLIN first arrived in the United States in 1910, a twenty-one-year-old music-hall comedian. He left September 17, 1952, probably for good and amid much acrid publicity, the "one universal man of modern times"—or, at the very least, the world's most famous comedian and one of the screen's few great men.

The intervening years were years of triumph for Chaplin in many ways; but they were also years of turbulence and struggle to a greater extent than many people remembered during the last uproar.

Relatively recent were the sensational headlines and legal hocus-pocus of the Joan Berry case in 1943-44. Some readers may recall the court battles with Lita Grey in 1926-27. But there was much more, too, which provides the material for a study in the curiously bad public relations between the brilliant, controversial celebrity and the nation he lived in.

Many Hollywood figures flouted moral convention without arousing the same concerted hostility—John Barrymore, Wallace Beery, Errol Flynn, Robert Mitchum and others. Many have held irregular political views as well. Apparently Chaplin's leftish but naive political outlook earned him enemies who joined forces with domestic puritans and patriots; and thus sexual and subversive themes became coupled in the public image of Chaplin which his detractors promoted. The present story, in a way, is more about America than about Chaplin.

ERNEST CALLENBACH wrote *Our Modern Art, the Movies*.



Chaplin came from England with a vaudeville company in which he learned much of the pantomime skill he later perfected in his films. He signed his first picture contract (\$150 per week) with many doubts. At the Keystone studio he had trouble adapting his slower, subtler style to the fast-and-rough tradition of the Keystone Cops, Fatty Arbuckle, Mack Swain and the other Sennett clowns. With his thirteenth picture, however, Sennett gave him a free hand, and from then on he wrote and directed all his own work. Later he was also to produce and score his own films, becoming a

unique individual creator in an "art-industry" characterized by extreme division of creative labor.

After a year at Keystone, making one comedy a week, Chaplin's growing popularity enabled him to switch to Essanay at a salary of \$1,250 per week. In May, 1915, came the first of the headlines announcing legal combat over the Chaplin name and fame. Enterprising individuals had begun manufacturing Tramp statuettes, infringing (Chaplin's suit charged) on the costume to which Chaplin claimed exclusive rights.

The comedian's fame grew steadily. He appeared at benefits; fantastic

reports circulated about his earnings. In 1916, Mutual offered him a guarantee of \$500,000; he got \$670,000. In 1917, estimates of his yearly earnings ran as high as \$1,000,000, and First National offered him that amount. Such spectacular sums, together with his enormous screen popularity, kept Chaplin conspicuous even in the midst of growing film-colony extravagance.

When America entered World War I he began to have a new kind of trouble. Now working in his own studio, producing for First National, he started to receive oddly emotional letters demanding that he enlist. A physical examination showed him to be unfit, but the clamor continued even after he spent two months touring for the Third Liberty Loan.

In November, 1918, Chaplin married Mildred Harris. By the middle of March, 1920, the papers were carrying reports of domestic strife, and in August Chaplin filed divorce proceedings. Charges and counter-charges flew; in November, 1920, Mildred obtained a divorce, getting \$100,000 and a share in joint property. The publicity over the case was damaging; Mildred appeared as a wronged but still devoted wife, claiming humiliation and cruelty and hinting about another woman. During this period Chaplin was making *A Dog's Life*, *Shoulder Arms* and *Sunnyside*—his apprenticeship was over and he had become the acknowledged master of screen comedy.

In 1921, just after the release of *The Kid*, Chaplin brought his mother to the United States. She had difficulties with the Immigration Service both that year and the next, when she was detained and investigated; the papers said she was "mentally deranged as a result of shell-shock." Chaplin himself went off on a triumphant tour. He was mobbed by enthusiastic crowds in London, Paris and Berlin; he was decorated by the French government. And he was sued for \$50,000 by one L. Loeb, who charged that his ideas had been used in *Shoulder Arms*.

Then came the on-again-off-again affair with screen siren Pola Negri, and the ugly rumor that Marina Vega had killed herself by taking

poison in the Chaplin home. Hollywood was now widely regarded as a hotbed of vice and wild living, and a "moral crusade" led to the formation of the Hays office in 1922. Chaplin went on working—*A Woman of Paris* appeared in October, 1923.

Mildred Harris had been only sixteen when she married Chaplin. Much prying speculation took place when Lita Grey, who married Chaplin in November, 1924, was also found to be only sixteen and therefore still subject to the school laws of California. By February lawyers were reportedly seeking a settlement for the bride.

Other public business continued: Chaplin sued Charles Amador (alias Charles "Aplin") for imitating him and managed to have his make-up ruled his private property (though a later decision reversed this). The immigration authorities next moved against Chaplin's mother, ordering her to leave the country. Chaplin fought the order and won a postponement. She remained here until her death in 1928.

THE spate of printed material dealing with Chaplin increased to grotesque proportions. The New York *Times* reported solemnly on August 12, 1925, that Chaplin had a slight cold; on August 14 he was said to be better. The intricacies of Chaplin's possible influence on a proposed merger of M.G.M. and United Artists were explored. The Soviet movie trust publicly invited him to take part in a film based on a Gogol satire. The dying of his hair for film purposes aroused much comment. Imitators sprang up like weeds. Sober film critics and intellectuals made pilgrimages to his studio, and their praise helped create an impression that Chaplin was not only a great comic but a profound social thinker.

Late in 1926 Lita left him, taking the children, and initiated the second sensational court fight of Chaplin's law-beset life. Lita asked \$1,000,000 alimony and separate maintenance; she announced that she had turned down a London theatrical offer to "attend her babies." Spurning a proposal that she and Chaplin each take one child, she filed for divorce.

Meanwhile Chaplin sued the *Pictorial Review* for printing a particularly damaging life story. Tension over the divorce case grew as an injunction was placed on Chaplin's property, preventing him from cashing checks or transferring or disposing of assets. And with this came the first signs of really widespread trouble. The mayor of staunchly Catholic Quebec barred advertisements of Chaplin pictures. Receivers seized his property. The mayor of Seattle asked the local censors to consider banning Chaplin pictures from the city. The League of Women Voters in Ottawa (Illinois) asked for a ban. But Mayor Jimmy Walker of New York, approached on the matter, said he would take no action. The Miami Beach (Florida) Woman's Club launched a counter-offensive, asking theatre owners to show all the Chaplin pictures available. In mid-January, 1927, Chaplin suffered a "nervous breakdown" and rumors began circulating that he might commit suicide.

The Lita court case included some inspired sequences of real-life comedy. Sam Goldwyn was summoned to tell of Chaplin's assets and business dealings. The federal government, following the testimony with interest, filed an income-tax lien. Three safes were drilled open in a vain attempt to locate Chaplin's assets. Private and government lawyers squabbled over priority of claims. Professional moralists grew more heated day by day. Pasadena (California), even then gaining a reputation for municipal witlessness, banned Chaplin's films.

SUSPECTING the outcry was synthetic, however, the Theater Owners Chamber of Commerce sent out a questionnaire to 438 exhibitors, asking them to find out what their customers really thought. Assured that the *grand public* of the cinema not only wasn't prejudiced against Chaplin, but was if anything even more eager to see his films, the body adopted a resolution praising Chaplin's "clean and wholesome" pictures and affirming confidence in him "as an artist and as a man." Other defenders of Chaplin began to make



themselves heard. The Motion Picture Theater Owners joined the TOCC in supporting Chaplin. The Green Room Club of New York presented him with a gold plaque.

Legal proposals went back and forth, minutely chronicled by the newspapers. Chaplin's funds were freed, but his work on *The Circus* was constantly interrupted. Lita asked police protection from death threats she claimed to have received by mail, and Chaplin began to take on an almost ghoulish aura in some press reports.

Chaplin's suit to restrain further numbers of the life story in the *Pictorial Review* failed. The Russians again invited him to work with them, this time "to escape pious hypocrisy." He agreed to pay \$1,000,000 to settle the income-tax claim, and Lita finally got \$625,000 for herself and \$200,000 in trust for the children; a few days after the grant she was honored by an audience with President Coolidge.

AFTER the divorce furor died down, other items kept cropping up. One A. Kopesky sued Chaplin for plagiarism, and lost. Chaplin refused a \$1,000,000-contract offer; he was placed in the "Contemporary Hall of Fame." He entertained Professor and Mrs. Einstein. Going abroad again, he met MacDonald, Shaw, Lady Astor and denied a rumor that he had sent greetings to the Communist youth of Germany. He called financiers comic when they played economists in the sweep of a disastrous depression. He was Briand's guest; he hunted with the Duke of Westminster; he received the decoration of the *Légion d'Honneur*.

In 1933, after suing unauthorized "dupers" of his films, he took a trip to the Far East with Paulette Goddard. The gossip mills went full blast; at the end of 1936 it was revealed that they had been married over a year. Then *Modern Times* came out and Films Sonores Tobis sued Chaplin (unsuccessfully) charging plagiarism of René Clair's *A Nous la Liberté*.

With the Hitler regime moving toward war, Chaplin announced that the proceeds of his next film, *The*



*Great Dictator*, would go to aid Jewish emigrants from Nazi persecution. After the German invasion of Russia, he advocated an early second front and fullest cooperation with the Russians; this, in the minds of some, was later to facilitate an easy jump from the premise "satirist" to the conclusion "subversive."

In June, 1942, Paulette Goddard got a divorce—quietly, to her everlasting credit. But a year later Joan Berry opened another legal fracas by naming Chaplin the father of her unborn child and suing for expenses and support. Chaplin denied the charge, but agreed to pay Joan an allowance pending the paternity trial. A few days later he married Oona O'Neill, daughter of playwright Eugene O'Neill.

The law machinery turned again, with incredible barrages of publicity. At one point Chaplin testified that he thought 95 per cent of the papers were against him. Blood tests indicated that Chaplin could not be the father of the child. But instead of the paternity suit being dropped thereupon, as the stipulation provided, it was continued, various judges ruling that such a stipulation could not be binding on the possible rights of an unborn baby. The jury deadlocked, however, and a mistrial was declared. A new suit was then brought against Chaplin, with roughly the same evidence being introduced; Chaplin was convicted and became the legal father of the child. He was ordered to pay \$5,000 to Joan's attorney and \$75 weekly for the support of the child, which he is evidently paying still, since an appeal was denied in 1946. Justice rolled on, doubtless lubricated by Chaplin's admission that his fortune amounted to nearly \$3,000,000.

Late in 1946 *Monsieur Verdoux* was released, and met a cool recep-

tion; after a short run Chaplin withdrew it and it has never been released since. With the advent of the cold war, outraged cries against Chaplin became more frequent and took on a specifically political tone. By April, 1947, he found it necessary to deny that he was a Communist and to explain why he never became an American citizen. Columbus (Ohio) threatened a boycott. Congressman Rankin demanded deportation. Chaplin was called before the Un-American Activities Committee. The Catholic War Veterans urged the State and Justice Departments to investigate him.

During 1948 the publicity front was quiet, and Chaplin worked on in his usual secrecy. But in 1949 he was labelled subversive by the Tenney Committee, California's bush-league McCarthyite group. Senator Cain urged deportation.

The year 1950 was again uneventful, marked only by the striking response of the American public to *City Lights*, reissued after nineteen years and reportedly the most profitable picture of the year. This box-office verdict did not faze the busybodies, however, and in 1951 and 1952 things picked up again. A hint of things to come was the news that Chaplin and Mary Pickford were selling their controlling interest in United Artists. Meanwhile Chaplin sued the National Broadcasting Company for libel in implying he was a Communist.

Then came the final crisis. With *Limelight* completed, Chaplin departed on a world cruise. Attorney General McGranery revealed that, sure enough, the Justice Department would now probe Chaplin's alleged subversive activities to determine his fitness for readmission to this country. The department ordered an investigation of the Paulette Goddard divorce, hoping to turn up evidence of "moral turpitude."

Chaplin's world tour continued, this time with a new dimension: in France he was treated as a martyr to hyper-Americanism, and the press all over Europe was hostile or suspicious toward McGranery. Chaplin was nominated for the Nobel Prize, re-decorated in France and greeted by the new queen in London.

But McGranery, too, received honors — in the form of a plaque from the American Legion (California Department). Oona returned to the United States on business, reportedly withdrawing a cool \$4,000,000 from the Chaplin funds. In January, 1953, Chaplin revealed plans to live in a newly acquired \$350,000 Swiss chateau. He turned in his re-entry permit in April, issuing the following statement:

It is not easy to uproot myself and my family from a country where I have lived for forty years without a feeling of sadness.

But since the end of the last World War I have been the object of lies and vicious propaganda by powerful reactionary groups who by their influence and the aid of America's yellow press have created an unhealthy atmosphere in which liberal-minded individuals can be singled out and persecuted.

Under these conditions I find it virtually impossible to continue my motion-picture work and I have therefore given up my residence in the United States.

If he had not been rich enough to employ himself, Chaplin would probably have been forced long before to join the numerous black-listed movie people trying to work in foreign studios. His Hollywood em-

ployees, it was said, "regretted" his decision, but there was no tangible effect on his film enterprises. *Lime-light* was withdrawn by the Fox West Coast and Loew's New York theatre chains under threat of American Legion picketing, but most exhibitors were less easily scared and the picture has made a good deal of money.

And this, we may surmise, is the end. Neither the Immigration Service nor the Justice Department has had anything more to say. Chaplin will probably make a few more films and will probably keep his recent embittered promise not to send them to the United States. But the strangely intense resentments of which Chaplin was the target will have to be directed elsewhere.

Looking back, their strength seems



Drawings by Palladino

to have come from a rare concatenation of circumstances. On the simplest level, Chaplin's nonchalance toward the supposed glories of United State citizenship enraged patriots, as his sexual free-wheeling shocked moralists. Moreover, his almost unseemly earnings, and his dependence as an artist on public favor, made him a popular mark for gold-digging females and would-be scenarists with itchy legal trigger-fingers; both secured sympathy from a still widespread American puritanism. Also, his power as a screen artist aroused the natural resentments which many people pay as an unwilling tribute to genius.

Of the cross-currents of public conflict which flowed around Chaplin during his American career, however, the most interesting involve a less explicable brand of hostility — a kind which may unconsciously prove the true "subversiveness" of Chaplin's humor. His underdog comedies stirred the great movie masses; with a kind of folk-anarchism, Chaplin was constantly puncturing approved ideas and behavior. What further reason would powerful men need for a deep hatred of the clown who had made more people laugh than anybody else in history?

# IVAN'S TAKE-HOME PAY

## Russia Revisited: III . . by FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN

*Third of a series on the New Russia by the noted political scientist.*

*Moscow*

NON-MARXISTS, or at any rate some among them, are capable of recognizing, without accepting the Marxist formula of "base" and "superstructure," that the most important fact of life for most of the world's people is the *modus operandi* of their livelihood. Russians, with their vision warped by the higher dialectic of the class struggle, are endlessly curious as to how Americans make their bread. Americans,

often victimized by comparable misconceptions, want to know how Russians live.

The answer is not simple, but complex and paradoxical. Many learned tomes and monographs on the Soviet planned economy cast murky light over the issue. Yet the facts, in terms of human beings, are elusive. No journey to Sovietland, however intensive or prolonged, can yield more than a small sample of evidence gleaned from observation, questions, answers and discussions. The impressions thus acquired are nonetheless worth reporting, the more so as

they bear little relationship to the prejudice abroad of those who have embraced either heavenly or hellish images of the Soviet way of life.

Americans in Muscovy are, at the outset, misled. Their "Intourist coupons"—neatly graded into third, second, first, superior and de luxe classes in the "classless society"—are a good bargain in terms of hotels, meals and transportation. But all "incidentals" must be paid for in rubles issued at the rate of four to a dollar. The cheapest brands of cigarettes will thus cost the voyager a dollar a pack (4 rubles), beer \$1.25





a bottle (5 rubles), pipe tobacco \$1.75 or more a package. Any meal he may venture to eat outside of Intourist restaurants will cost—\$10.00 to \$20.00; laundry, haircuts, taxis, etc. are all in proportion. From this painful fact of life, it is easy to conclude that the Soviet cost of living is fantastically high: women's hose (of kapron, similar to nylon), 15 to 25 rubles; women's simple dresses, 300 rubles; theatre and opera tickets, 10 to 30 rubles; chocolate bars, 15 rubles; shoes, 600 rubles; ready made men's suits, 1,000 rubles; television sets, 2,000 rubles; bicycles, 600 to 800 rubles; motor cycles, 7,000 rubles; etc.

THIS first impression is not altogether inaccurate. (If it were wholly accurate the Soviet common man would be on the verge of starvation instead of being modestly prosperous, as he obviously is.) Marx simultaneously praised and condemned "capitalism" for compelling workers to produce more than they consumed. The praise assumed, correctly, that free enterprise was far more efficient than slavery or feudalism in keeping consumption below production and thus fostering saving, investment and economic progress. The condemnation assumed, I believe fallaciously in long historical perspective, that this process was a monstrous and immoral system of "exploitation" to enrich the few at

the expense of the many. The Soviet economy is in one respect (and only one) more efficient than capitalism: through the turnover tax and the price system it extracts more "surplus value" out of workers and consumers than capitalism can ever do, and invests the proceeds in ever more grandiose plans of industrialization. That this process enriches a constantly growing stratum (or shall we say "class"?) of engineers, technicians, managers, bureaucrats, planners and propagandists, rather than "bloated plutocrats," makes it no less and no more a system of "exploitation" than laissez-faire capitalism in its heyday.

Be that as it may, first impressions are unrealistic as a guide to living costs for Soviet citizens. Exchange rates are purely arbitrary and discriminatory. For example, West Germans get 95 kopeks for their marks, while East Germans get 1 ruble, 80 kopeks, despite the fact that in Germany one *Westmark* is worth four to five *Ostmarks*. A rate of 12 or 15 rubles to the dollar would enable Americans in Russia to buy consumers goods at prices comparable to those prevailing here. The current rate makes the USSR, as regards "incidentals," the most expensive country in the world for American travellers. Small lacquered boxes, which I bought in 1933 in Torgsin stores for \$3.00 (these stores, long since abolished, sold goods at

moderate prices for foreign currency), are now priced in gift shops at 100 to 300 rubles.

Yet the easy inference that all Russians are living in abject poverty by virtue of high prices and low wages is demonstrably false by all the evidence of eyes and ears throughout Muscovy. These people are "poor" by American standards but "well-to-do" and flourishing by the standards of life familiar to two-thirds of the human race. How can they afford to pay prices which are still "high," despite successive annual price cuts since 1947? The familiar device of comparing American and Soviet prices in terms of hours of labor required to earn the cost of this or that commodity is more realistic than reliance on meaningless exchange rates. But even this formula misses the heart of the problem of the relationship between Soviet wages and prices.

THE fact is that Soviet society, developed by Marxist-Leninist planners dedicated to a social ideal of egalitarianism, is a far more *unequal* society than American society, if we omit from the reckoning the Texas oil millionaires and a few other recipients of huge incomes. It is not unequal in opportunity for economic advancement, which is open to all political conformists on an immense scale in accordance with ability, but is highly unequal in the current distribution of income.

Monthly wages of unskilled laborers average 400 rubles, while skilled workers commonly earn 800. Physicians—an unprivileged group in the USSR, with two-thirds of their number women—earn 700 to 2,000 rubles. Aeroflot hostesses receive 1,200 and pilots 3,800 rubles monthly, with scientific researchers earning 2,000 to 3,000. Managers, marshals, and cabinet ministers earn 5,000 rubles per month or more. Popular novelists and musicians may occasionally earn as much as 30,000 rubles a month. The poorest paid live on black bread, cabbage and kasha, which are cheap. The best paid, plainly, can afford candy (30 to 100 rubles a box), caviar and champagne.



A typical urban "intellectual"—let us call him Dmitri Ivanovich—works in a research institute and earns 2,000 rubles a month. His wife does likewise, at the same salary. Very few Soviet families have only one wage earner. Children, beyond two, mean income rather than outgo. Rent is nominal. Each family pays 1.60 rubles monthly for each nine square meters of housing per person, and 3.20 rubles for each square meter beyond this minimum. If Dmitri has three in his family and has been lucky enough to secure quarters somewhat larger than the minimum, he will pay in toto for rent, heat, gas, electricity, radio and telephone about 200 rubles a month, or 5 per cent of the family income—a proportion for these items seldom exceeded by the poorest of the poor or the richest of the rich. All medical and dental service is gratis, as are almost all forms of education and social insurance. Income taxes are negligible. Dmitri's lectures and articles earn substantial additions to income. He and his family live well by Soviet standards, even if his apartment appears cramped and crude to American eyes.

Our Dmitri obviously belongs to the new élite, not to the masses. How fares Ivan Ilyich, a typical collective farmer? His kind still constitutes a majority of the Soviet population, living in the innumerable villages scattered over the 92,000 *kolkhozes*

served by some 9,000 machine-tractor stations. His farm, let us assume, is of medium size: 3,500 hectares or 8,750 acres. Most of it is in wheat or barley for pasture. Some 400 hectares are in corn and 120 in vegetables. The farm has 800 cows, 600 pigs, 120 horses and sells milk and meat as well as grain. Ivan is one of 500 workers in a total *kolkhoz* population of 240 families and 1,000 persons. Of the gross output, 35 per cent goes to public-purchasing agencies at low fixed prices. This includes payments to the local machine-tractor station. The balance, including the surplus output of all private-garden plots, is disposed of at higher prices in the "free market," individually by the members or collectively by the farm depending upon their annual vote on the issue.

Last year the farm, which is in the black-earth zone, earned 3,000,000 rubles in profits and paid 280,000 rubles in taxes. Its members are compensated in terms of work units. During 1955 (a good crop year) Ivan earned in cash and kind the equivalent of 800 rubles a month. His neighbor, Zoya Cherkassova, who somehow acquired three milking machines, earned twice as much, though this is exceptional. The director and technical staff, paid by work units plus a salary, earn much more. Ivan is not "poor." New incentives and rewards for increased

output promise to make him less so.

Soviet social statistics, unfortunately, admit of no precise calculation as to what proportion of the population belongs to what income group or what the rate of movement may be from lower to higher strata. Observation suggests that social mobility is high in this rapidly expanding economy and that, in the major cities at least, a substantial minority, and possibly a majority, of the residents have achieved an earning capacity which makes them, by Soviet standards, well-fed, well-clothed, and fairly well-housed. Current standards in such matters do not yet match Western Europe and, still less, America. Yet they represent an immense transformation of the Soviet way of life compared to the conditions of twenty years ago.

THE "new rich," whose ranks are steadily growing, can well afford to pay prevailing prices even for luxury items. The poor cannot. Yet they eat well enough, albeit still on a cereal diet, and dream of advancement. The new "middle class" flourishes and aspires to social promotion through hard work, thrift and efficiency, which are the latest social virtues fostered throughout the land by banners, slogans, public praise and pecuniary reward.

All of this has been achieved in a context of total socialism. Even street vendors of ice cream, soda water, beer, stamps and tobacco are salaried state employees, making no "profit" from their sales. The ultimate egalitarian ideal of "communism" is a remote event, misty and undefined save in meaningless Marxist clichés. Meanwhile, the Soviet "man in the street" finds himself living in a sharply hierarchical society in which he has experienced successive improvements of his lot. He is persuaded, not without justification, that if he keeps clean, acquires "culture," works eagerly and competently and ignores politics—apart from ritualistic obeisance to the party—he may rise into the ranks of the new aristocracy. And so, indeed, he may and probably will. How long he can afford to ignore politics in the process remains to be seen.

## Spring Near the Airbase

A jet from the airbase wailing out of sight  
Cuts in her afterburner, rolling time  
And space out flat and level with her height,  
While under the trailing sound geese start their climb,  
Heavy, unheard and straggling towards their aim  
As though this spring had summoned each by name.

The radar search-planes bound for Newfoundland  
Go over the fisherman's drag or mackerel seine:  
Whether by ebb or flood, the tide shall stand  
Eternal to their height, the coast of Maine  
Curve out its coves, vectors of course and speed,  
Pips on a scope, a fallen magnitude.

Unclouded quadrants gather to a sphere:  
Weather from here to Gander, rare as glass,  
Tiers in a choir of engines hunting air  
And radar flinching at the touch of mass.  
High beyond birds and rigid under noon  
The planes seek home unpeopled as the moon.

LOUIS O. COXE



# BOOKS and the ARTS

## Eisenhower Family Group

**EISENHOWER: THE INSIDE STORY.** By Robert J. Donovan. Harper and Brothers. \$4.95.

By Gordon Harrison

ONCE THERE was a quaint custom of locking up state secrets until a decade or two after the principals had died and were presumed decently out of reach of the warm breath of public curiosity. Lately reputations have become so perishable that our great men hurry to publish their memoirs before the book clubs have to explain who they were. If what we have been witnessing is a publishing trend, it has now come to an unchallengeable peak with the release of the inside story of the Eisenhower Administration while the outside is still marching on.

Robert J. Donovan, the able and conscientious New York *Herald Tribune* reporter, who has been admitted behind the scenes of the White House, calls his account of what he found there "a reporter's book"—which it is, and a good one, too. But he also means it to read a little like definitive history, presenting "an intimate picture of the varied and critical scenes of the President's life in the White House, in his office, at Cabinet meetings, in private conferences, in the making of high policy—and in some of his lighter moments, painting, playing golf or cooking steaks on the roof." If he has not wholly fulfilled his promise, it is not, one suspects, because of official reticence but because the private faces of the men he writes about are so like their public faces; their politics so marked at birth for public relations.

"In the privacy of the White House," Mr. Donovan writes at one point, "the President stormed over the slash in the mutual-security ap-

propriation." One does not doubt that the President stormed; one only wonders about the quality of the privacy so easily and quickly invaded. Should it not have been a good deal farther from public view?

This is a serious question, particularly for an Administration continually threatened with being turned into a kind of animated advertisement of itself under the too tender care of Madison Avenue. The question recurs more and more insistently as one reads what are apparently meticulous summaries of the Cabinet meetings where Mr. Donovan says—and where the President himself has said—the real policy business of government is transacted.

WITH one or two exceptions, these meetings do not appear to have generated serious discussion. For the most part they seem to be forums for report and random comment. Secretary Dulles presents the foreign situation and often tells about his trips. Mr. Nixon reads the Congressional fever chart and advises on how to be popular. Ambassador Lodge, a regular and active participant, often plays his early role as Ike's sponsor vigilant to protect the President's reputation. Secretary Humphrey is impressively the naysayer, speaking customarily to warn against any federal action that might turn out to be unnecessary. Secretary Wilson is mostly silent, and so are the rest except when their own departmental business is on the agenda. Secretary McKay, for instance, has only one line in the book concerning matters outside the jurisdiction of the Interior Department and this he spoke while the President was in Fitzsimmons Hospital. McKay's comment: He "was convinced that planned economy does not work . . . . He advocated a return to the fundamentals of the Constitution."

It is notable that the Cabinet, ap-

parently restricted by formal agenda and perhaps by its unwieldy size, does not throw out ideas for future study and discussion. When Stalin died, the President complained that the eventuality had been under study since 1946 but now that it had happened he could find no plans to guide our official reaction. Four months later after Beria was purged, Secretary Humphrey "mentioned the possibility of taking some forward step at this critical moment." No one had any idea what step to take.

A similar impression of ten men running to catch up with events emerges from the meetings during the 1954 recession. These uncovered considerable concern and abundant suggestions about what the government might do, but almost invariably ended with a decision to wait and see. A year and a half later Stassen, in the President's absence, recalled the Administration's bold action which he said put the economy back on its feet. Secretary Humphrey's memory was more accurate and more candid. "As for the recession, he said that the things the Administration did were without great effect."

The test of political wisdom finally is success. The recession passed, and so did the successive crises over Korea, Indochina and Formosa (about which, incidentally, Mr. Donovan writes with less "inside" information than can be found in newspapers and magazines). One cannot protest that the Administration should have done more for the sake of seeming dynamic, if, in fact, it did enough to meet the problems. There remains, however, a disturbing sense that in no case did the Cabinet as a group come to grips with national problems or provide either consistent advice or consistent testing of the President's ideas. The record, as Mr. Donovan summarizes it, shows the advisors, when they get together, less concerned with what they do than with how they look.

Although President Eisenhower

GORDON HARRISON, author of *The Road to the Right*, is an editorial writer on the *Detroit News*.

does not share this preoccupation with appearances, he is oddly sympathetic with it. His attitude implies that he doesn't know much about that sort of politics but is anxious to co-operate with those experts who do. As the chief expert, Vice President Nixon makes the most of his special position outside but somehow above the inner councils, like a ringmaster. The President seems to suffer him not gladly but meekly.

Mr. Donovan's theme is the Administration's teamwork, or the dispensability of one man. Yet the book in fact separates Ike from the men around him in much the way they are separated in popular myth. The President appears full of liberal ideas and still more full of liberal instincts. He was heartily in favor of school aid, health insurance, loans to depressed areas, liberalized trade, federal financing of highways. He was upset that security-risk firings were causing individual injustice and assured his Cabinet that he would personally take responsibility for a better system if they could work one out. He got no argument on these

questions, but he also got less than whole-hearted co-operation. The reason may perhaps be read between the lines after his illness. The Cabinet carrying on without him let down its hair and talked over aid to the farmer and loans to depressed industry like stalwarts of the Old Guard. This was when McKay urged a "return to private enterprise"; when Wilson wondered whether fertilizer and irrigation programs weren't just increasing surpluses; and when Humphrey "questioned whether a great deal could be done about the farm problem except to let natural processes do their work." Humphrey also warned against spoon-feeding loans to unfit industries, and Wilson agreed that such federal intervention "served no natural purpose."

If these hoary appeals to the "nature" of Herbert Spencer betray the private convictions still of the Eisenhower team, the stature of Ike the personal leader increases. But so does the danger of any accident which might remove him from personal command.

sters, or why false values in any writer, past or present, should not be exposed. Mr. Graves, who does not hesitate to suggest how Homer and Virgil could improve their lines, might well have been the man to pull us all up short and face us rightabout again.

BUT WITH all his wit and knowledge, unfortunately, he does not rest content to be one of God's angry men; he must enlist as one of Satan's brass-knuckled bully-raggers. It is an old weakness, but never before has he so demeaned himself as in his recent Clark Lectures at Cambridge, which take up almost half the present volume. These ungenerous, unworthy, gossiping lectures appear to be seeking easy victories over his absent rivals, dead as well as alive. Usually with little or no attention to their actual work, the "rivals" are summed up and dismissed as "sick, muddle-headed, sex-mad D. H. Lawrence," "poor, tortured Gerard Manley Hopkins," etc. Pound—strange insult, especially for a man who had the acumen to move East at the age of two!—becomes an "Idaho man" with a "patchy education." (It is true that he never finished his work for the doctorate, and must rest content with his M.A. degree.) Auden, who certainly needs chastising on some important esthetic counts, is snubbed because, like Tennyson, he "went to Spain in warlike ardour" but "saw no fighting." Worse, though he abstained from combat he "played plenty of ping-pong in a hotel in Sitges." Eliot, it is generously conceded, was "once . . . , however briefly, a poet" in the "haunting blank verse passages in *The Waste Land*"; but this concession is just possibly a rear-guard rationalization, to account for the respect shown the poem in Mr. Graves' and Laura Riding's *A Survey of Modernist Poetry* (1928).

Yeats receives the shabbiest treatment of all. During his lifetime, the two poets worked themselves into an absurd, backbiting impasse and occasionally murdered each other symbolically by recounting squalid little anecdotes about one another. Graves continues the practice here, but tries to make this latest assassination

## Terrible-Tempered Mr. Graves

*THE CROWNING PRIVILEGE.* Collected Essays on Poetry. By Robert Graves. Doubleday and Company. \$5.

By M. L. Rosenthal

ROBERT GRAVES, the fine poet and jack of all literary trades whose *The White Goddess* has wielded such great influence, is an old-fashioned Romantic critic and a great modern antiquarian of a special variety. There are few more interesting literary essays of our day than some he reprints in *The Crowning Privilege*—essays such as the one on "Tom O'Bedlam's Song," which he brilliantly reconstructs, or on the seventeenth-century Mexican poet Juana de Asbaje, or on childhood memories of Swinburne, or on the Mother Goose

rhymes or—perhaps the most ingenious of all—on how different poets "see" the scenes and images they present to us. Mr. Graves is old-fashioned enough in his prejudices as well as in his interests to resist the new "rediscovery" of Milton, Dryden, Pope, Wordsworth and Tennyson. These are all poets who, a short time ago, were being sharply downgraded, and it is amusing, perhaps wholesome, to see him offering vigorous, informed confirmation of opinions the common reader, however ignorantly, still cherishes.

It would therefore be pleasant to say that in most of these essays Mr. Graves—since, as he himself puts it, "someone has to speak out, and no one else seems prepared to do it"—subjects current critical premises to merciless but salutary scrutiny. There is no reason why the anti-Semitism of Pound and Eliot, for example, should not receive the public drubbing it continues to deserve, and which this book admini-

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August 4, 1956



final by swinging away at Yeats' verse with a sledge-hammer. He seems almost hysterically unable to read Yeats sympathetically. For instance, he seizes upon the poem *Chosen*, in which the speaker is clearly a woman, and quotes the following incomplete passage:

If questioned on

My utmost pleasure with a man

By some new-married bride....

Then, without looking squarely at the rest of the sentence, he comments:

.... the awkward syntax suggests, at first, that he [Yeats] was questioned about his utmost pleasure with some man while someone else's bride lay close by. Even after the reader has mentally corrected the confused image, he is still left with a question by the new-married bride which seems to pre-suppose sexual commerce between Yeats and a man, not her husband.

The full inanity of this comment can be accounted for only by an uncontrollable anxiety to destroy Yeats' reputation at all costs. Graves is nor-

mally far too sophisticated to make this kind of blunder.

Yet this close-up of Robert Graves as a neurotic Philistine fingerman, playing for laughs from a stuffy audience at the expense of his most distinguished contemporaries, remains impossible to accept as the final picture. Side by side with it we have, scattered throughout the book, the penetrating, high-spirited personality that is the truer Graves, undiminished in stature by the competitive spirit of literary salesmanship and politics he so often and so rightly castigates. Here and there, too, we find beautiful statements of that primitivistic independence of organized, institutionalized pressures which is the key to poetic passion and value—and, did Mr. Graves but realize it, to the best work of many poets whom he attacks. (It is, however, one of the curiosities of this collection that he seems at times to equate war service, the basic institutionalization of the free spirit, with the dedication of the true artist.)

### Vast Light

The fighting nature of the intellect,  
The loving nature of the heart,  
The hand that hits, the blood that flows.  
The lift, and the abandonment,

Concern us not fitfully, in no abatement,  
Speak to us not evenly, advance  
Our good in no equal certainties,  
Prevail without finalities,

As when we dare not speak out for justice  
Having too fine a sense of discrimination,  
Or as we do not know what to do  
Speculating on the imprecision of action,

While time rolls over the richest meadows.  
It is now the soul rolls over us.  
It is the soul between the head and the heart  
Is our air-borne master and our hair-shirt,

It is the soul that cannot be put into words  
Is the word of control. Like it or not,  
The soul is all that is left of time:  
We see through it: we breathe it out.

I have come back to old streets at nightfall  
After journeys among volcanoes and icebergs.  
I have been up in sidereal glows,  
I have eaten of the chill taunt of the spirit.

Whether I apply to the light of reason,  
Or feed on insatiable night,  
I am aware of light and of vastness,  
It is the vague of the soul that I know.

RICHARD EBERHART

Despite the dogmatic moral and political rules he sets up for poets, and despite his petulant disdain for those of his peers (almost everyone but Cummings) who have presumed to be unlike him in outlook, background or method, the "good" Graves will in the long run outlast the arrogantly snobbish one. The Muse, and therefore Love—to borrow his own favorite terminology—will prevail, and the spirit of Robert Graves will yet dine with those of Milton and Yeats on asphodel and honeydew, with a dash of repentant bitters.

## Stock Meeting

*DIVIDENDS AND DEMOCRACY.*

By Lewis D. Gilbert. American Research Council. \$3.95.

By H. H. Wilson

SINCE February, 1932, when he attended his first annual meeting, Mr. Lewis D. Gilbert has devoted his time to educating corporate managers and enlightening the owners of the American enterprise system. His role as the "perfect capitalist, living entirely on investment income," is made possible by the Gilbert family ownership of stock in some 600 corporations. On the strength of this and in the interest of his crusade for "a new democratic people's capitalism," Gilbert attends about 125 annual stockholders' meetings.

Those who take seriously the assertions of free-enterprise advertising may be surprised that the officials of American corporations did not welcome Gilbert's earnest endeavor to perform his duties as a responsible property owner. On occasion, in fact, they not only spurned his constructive proposals but threatened bodily injury. Not easily rebuffed, Mr. Gilbert persisted, became a skilled corporate parliamentarian, gradually acquired an impressive knowledge of management practices, and won recognition as the leader of independent stockholders. Today a number of executives are prepared to conciliate small stockholders and,

*H. H. WILSON, a contributing editor of The Nation, is professor of political science at Princeton University.*

possibly for the sake of smooth public relations, even express sympathy for Gilbert's aims.

Convinced that "true patriotism . . . is fighting for the greatest profit, preferably in the form of dividends for the greatest number of the American people," Gilbert envisions 70,000,000 stockholders owning and operating American business. Through the achievement of "corporate democracy" these owners will supply "both capital and brains," with the annual stockholder meeting becoming "a modern extension of the New England town meeting." Inevitably this development, according to Gilbert, "is the way to salvation, the check to communism, the cure for socialism."

One need not share his vision to be grateful for Gilbert's useful antidote to talk of "corporate trustee-

ship" and the "corporation soul" as a regulatory device. Perhaps unintentionally he has documented once again the fact that corporation policy derives from concern for the interests of a relatively few insiders, top officials and large stockholders. Though some concessions have been granted by management—improved annual reports, post-meeting reports, more accessible sites for the annual meeting—there is little overt evidence that management desires greater small-stockholder participation in company affairs. One may doubt, in any case, that "corporate democracy" can be given more substance than the notion of a "democratic army." The really significant fact may be that a tenfold increase in the number of shareholders, as Gilbert anticipates, would re-enforce the corporations' political power.

## Selected New Books

### Philosophy

**BEING AND NOTHINGNESS.** By Jean-Paul Sartre. Translated with an Introduction by Hazel E. Barnes. Philosophical Library. \$10. This translation of Sartre's major metaphysical work has long been awaited by readers of his plays, novels and fragments, piqued in anticipation by the way the existentialist touch has given philosophical depth to personal experience. They will not be disappointed, but they will have to work at it. The book is long, arduous, technical, often obscure; but it shows clearly that approaching man's relation to the world through sensitive human feeling, striking situation or common experience—a feeling of shame or anguish or even a caress, as well as a thought or a query—is not mere whimsy, but expresses a full set of underlying conceptions of being, knowledge and personal existence; in this case, one that gives a fundamental place to nothingness "coiled in the heart of being" and to freedom in the structure of action.

**CULTURE, PSYCHIATRY AND HUMAN VALUES.** By Marvin K. Opler. Charles C. Thomas, \$6. This volume in the American Lectures in Philosophy is an intensive exploration of the ways in which mental illness is to be studied in relation to the difficulties and stresses of different cul-

tures and systems of cultural values. Making careful and critical use of an enormous number of anthropological and psychiatric studies, the author outlines the perspective and the tasks of a valid social psychiatry, one which is grounded in a view of personality development, normal and abnormal, as an integrated interplay of personal, social and cultural factors, and which is designed to be preventive as well as remedial.

**ESSAYS ON THE SOCIOLOGY OF CULTURE.** By Karl Mannheim. Edited by Ernest Manheim in Cooperation with Paul Kecskemeti. Oxford University Press. \$6. Posthumous publication of three essays by the influential theorist of the sociology of knowledge. One explores the social dimensions of intellectual activity, seeing cognition and communication as inseparable functions. The second studies the intelligentsia—its natural history, types and roles. The third examines the democratizing changes in culture as the participating strata become broader. The latter two essays are especially characterized by fruitful insights, breadth of historical comparison and a lively sense of hopeful possibilities and opportunities, refusing to take the breakdown of many old patterns of order as simply moral and cultural decay.

ABRAHAM EDEL

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# FILMS

## Robert Hatch

THE ARRIVAL here of Federico Fellini's *La Strada* is going to start tongues wagging in film-society circles, and there will be rejoicing at this evidence that the neo-realist school of Italian film makers is still fruitful. I sympathize with this sort of talk: it gives the screen some artistic stature and it is great fun after the perfunctory praise or criticism that is about all one can manage for the run of commercial productions. But it can overturn its own good intentions by piling on more critical apparatus than a work so direct and unadorned as *La Strada* can carry. Chaplin's tramp has long since been encapsulated by the definers and Fellini's picture has much the same quality.

Any true movie is apt to have this quality, but we don't see many true movies. What we see for the most part are film versions of work done for other purposes and translated to the screen by teams of skilled technicians. The result may have entertainment value but it is almost always a frustrated movie.

*La Strada*, by contrast, is pure movie — it could not be done in any other form. It is not plotted like a book or a play; it moves instead along a narrative stream. Nothing in *La Strada* seems performed for the camera; events lead and the camera follows.

A brutish vagrant mountebank and strong man, traveling the backroads of Italy in a three-wheeled motorcycle van, buys himself a girl assistant who becomes his stooge, mistress, drudge and only champion. He trains her by whipping, like a dog, and hurts her more by his indifference to the wonders of the wide world. They join a claptrop circus and there run into a zany young acrobat, an enemy of long standing who goads the strong man with elfin pranks. There is a furious fight, both parties are banished from the circus and set off again on their separate travels. By bad luck they meet on the road again, the zany is killed, the girl falls into a mad introspection

and her master abandons her in a vexation made frantic by fear. Years later he learns that she died; he knows then, as she had always known, how lonely he is — and he weeps.

That is how the story goes. It could have gone otherwise — what gives this type of running narrative its special force and quality is the apparently open choice at every crossroads. There is nothing you could call climax, but there are turning points and a tension that renews itself with each encounter. It is like a dance, which is what a good movie is most akin to.

The characters of these three develop slowly in the small things they do — glances and gestures and ways of shrugging or walking or watching a pot boil. Nothing about them is stated and, at least in the cases of the girl and the acrobat, they remain somewhat enigmatic to the end. These two, obviously drawn to each other on the instant, are as quick-mooded and unreflective as children or the simple-minded. One is reminded of the comforting theory that God in His mercy endows His fools with a special sweetness, goodness and exquisite perception. I doubt that Fellini intends anything so sentimental and I wish he had been able to draw the nature of these two a little more explicitly. However, the nature of his overall theme is explicit enough: it is a parable about the intercourse of strength, tenderness and wit in this world and about the terrible loneliness that comes when they cannot relate to one another.

Anthony Quinn and Richard Basehart are familiar names, but their work as the brute and the zany is as different from their usual screen competence as flying is from crawling on all fours. Quinn's rough mastery of his crude little show (breaking chains and a debased fragment of *commedia del' arte*), his bull rage in the face of perplexity or new circumstances, and Basehart's inhuman agility and asexual glee are pantomime creations of a high order. Giulietta

Masina, unknown here until now, is an actress of extraordinary grace and mobility; without being at all beautiful, she is enchanting and moods pass across her like light through leaves.

SPANISH matadors today work much closer to the bulls than did their predecessors of a generation ago. This is thought to introduce an element of tragedy into the sport — man and beast united in a sacrificial rite — and the breeders are now producing a smaller and less ferocious animal so that the toreros can hope to survive the esthetic intimacy. I learn this from *Bullfight*, the most thorough discussion of *tauromaquia* ever shown in America (a recent change in the censorship regulations makes the showing possible). I also learn that the picadors, on horseback, jab their spears into the bull's neck muscle to weaken this most dangerous part of his armament and that when this treatment and the sustained harassments of the cape begin to drain the fight from him, the banderillas, those slender beribboned darts, are deftly stuck into his shoulders to revive his courage.

I can see that it is a dangerous and elegant sport, highly mannered, full of nuances that only an aficionado can appreciate. I will not say that it is brutalizing, for I can see that the matadors are not brutes and that the audience is far too knowing to be merely sensationalized. But I will insist that it is not part of my tradition and would brutalize me if I tried to see it through Spanish eyes. They talk of "the moment of truth," which is the moment when the matador stands poised to drive in his sword, but death is not truth except to people captivated by death. The world is full of incompatibilities — you cannot, for example, feel akin to both *Walden* and the ritualistic slaughter of wild beasts in the hot sun.

## Television

Anne Langman's third column on the TV industry investigations will be published next week.

# RECORDS

## B. H. Haggin

RCA VICTOR'S new three-record de luxe album, *Caruso* (LM-6127), contains a number of the famous tenor's solo and ensemble recordings that were reissued on LP a few years ago, together with a number that are reissued for the first time. Most of the new ones offer only additional documentation of the period covered by the previous records—1906 to 1920; but three extend that period back to 1902: one can now hear the "Amor ti vieta" from *Fedora* and the Denza song *Luna fedel* recorded in that year, and the "Una furtiva lagrima" from *L'Elisir d'Amore* recorded in 1904. But they turn out not to be worth including: what the voice sounded like in 1902 is concealed by the poor recording and noise; and in the 1904 performance one hears pretty much the same voice as in those of 1906, but less well reproduced, in only half of the aria, and with piano accompaniment.

The previous LP's offered literal dubbings of the original 78-rpm recordings which reproduced the voice I heard at the Metropolitan as I remembered it. The new album, the foreward tells us, represents the application of the skills Victor engineers have acquired in "enhancing the sound of an old recording" by means of "electronic facilities which . . . add a lifelike quality to the original sound." And the apprehensions aroused by these statements turned out to be justified by the records. After the final chord of a performance I heard an echoing sound of the chord that continued for a few instants in what could not be anything but an echo chamber; and this "electronic facility," presumably, was involved in the changes I heard in Caruso's voice: it sounded now as though it had a coat of shiny varnish; and in the recordings of his last years it had not its dark magnificence of those years but a brighter "brilliance." This made me suspect the engineers had peaked the treble; and when I tried canceling the peak by

turning the treble control all the way down, the changes disappeared and I heard again the true voice of the original recordings. So too with the voices of Farrar, Gluck and Homer: with normal treble they were distorted; with treble turned down they changed to the lovely voices I remembered. And finally I must mention a metallic accompanying resonance that was especially strong and disturbing in "O Paradiso" from *L'Africaine* and audible in varying degree in a few other performances.

THE combination of its unique timbre, liquid splendor and thrilling power made Caruso's the most extraordinary voice of his time; but how remarkable some other voices of that time were one can hear on a few recent Scala records—or rather one can hear it in certain of the dubbed acoustical recordings, which were made originally at different times and offer differing reproductions of the voice, some bright, some dim, some clear, some obscured by noise from the dubbed record. Slezak's "Ora e per sempre addio" from *Otello* on Scala 823, for example, emerges from a murky and noisy context as the most impressive performance of this excerpt I can recall hearing, exhibiting a heroic tenor voice which astounds one not only with the power and beauty that are revealed more clearly in other arias, but with its capacity for the delicate lyricism of the performance of the aria from *Stradella*. In addition there is the beautiful phrasing that is heard also in Schubert's *Wohin*, Wolf's *Verschwiegene Liebe*, Strauss' *Caecilie* and *Ich trage meine Minne*, which unfortunately come off the record with varying amounts of noise—the Wolf song with the most.

The singer I remember as the outstanding artist in the Chicago Opera Company that visited New York from about 1918 to 1922 is not Mary Garden, whose acidulous voice and half-dozen mannerisms were her en-

tire stock-in-trade by that time, but the tenor Muratore, with his superb voice and compelling stage presence. One hears a fine voice in the arias from *Werther*, *Manon* and *Carmen* on Scala 824; in the aria from *Mona Vanna* it has an additional lustre that makes it the voice I remember. A few details aren't in good musical taste by present-day standards; but they are as nothing compared with the liberties his wife Lina Cavalieri permits herself in the "Jewel Song" from *Faust* on the reverse side. Her voice here and in an aria from *Me-*

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*fistofele* is lovely, but is less attractive in the mannered performance of the "Habanera" from *Carmen*.

Scala 819 offers later recordings of arias from *Manon* (the first very noisy) and *Lakme* and a cavatina from *La Dame blanche* by the tenor Edmond Clement in which one hears the beautiful voice and lyric style of his maturity; it also offers early and noisy recordings which produce a different and less beautiful voice. And in the early "*Ecco ridente*" from *The Barber of Seville* Clement takes astonishing liberties with phrasing and tempo and with his interpolation of high notes and trills; but the vocal execution he exhibits in all this is equally astonishing.

Among what—judging by the accompaniments—I take to be early recordings by John McCormack on Scala 820 are two of arias from *Aida* and *Rigoletto* which offer the surprise of a few distortions of phrase and tempo that I don't recall in his later recordings. The voice, however, is superb; and there are no distortions in the aria from *Carmen*.

The famous baritone Maurel, whose singing in *Don Giovanni* and *Otello* Shaw wrote about in the nineties, had little voice left when he recorded the performances on Scala 822; but he could still use it with impressive vocal art in "*Era la notte*" from *Otello*. The musical art is less admirable; and Shaw didn't prepare me for the shockingly mannered delivery of the serenade from *Don Giovanni*. But the performances, in Italian and French, of "*Quand'ero paggio*" from *Falstaff* are delightful. On the reverse side are recordings by Richard Mayr which exhibit a no more than agreeable voice.

I still remember—in a performance of *Tristan* in 1922 or '23—the overpowering opulence of Onegin's mezzo-soprano in Brangäne's call from the tower. This is poorly reproduced on Scala 821; but one can hear the extraordinary lustrous beauty of her voice in "*Amour, viens aider*" from *Samson et Dalila*, its extraordinary range, power and suppleness in arias from *Orfeo*, *La Gioconda* and Handel's *Rinaldo*; its amazing agility in florid music in the "*Alleluja*" from Mozart's *Exultate, Jubilate*.

## A COMMUNICATION

(Continued from inside front cover)

politicians modify their policy. The Gandhian refusal of the Montgomery Negroes to ride in Jim Crow buses, despite all the catcalls for "moderation," has done more for democracy than thousands of votes for men who would have paid no attention to the segregation issue if it weren't for such acts.

America will recover from the dol-drum of McCarthyism and militarism only when it forges a new non-Communist left. To the extent that liberal forces lend strength to the center, the center shifts to the right. To the extent that they support "lesser evils," the evils become greater.

The first prerequisite for progressive politics today is that we do not abandon the idea of a third party, that we somehow hold aloft the banner of dissent. In the practical sense this may not sound like a solution — but only if we think of politics as exclusively a matter of voting. It is actually better — if we have to make the choice — not to vote at all but to organize effective political action and education at the grass roots, than to exercise our franchise lethargically while doing nothing against the tide of mass conformity and apathy.

Many liberals would agree with this. But they contend that since there is no real third party today the best one can do is vote for the lesser of two evils. "At least X would be better on some domestic issues," they say. It is understandable that men who believe so fervently in the free ballot should not wish to abstain from using it. But no true liberal today can vote for either of the major parties and justify it ideologically or even strategically. He can improve no one's political sights with that vote. It is far better, I feel, to vote for one of the minor parties — the Socialist, if you wish — and explain it as a vote of dissent.

Whatever the practical solution, there ought to be room for a third choice on a Presidential poll, and there ought to be a firm rejection of the false mythologies that surround the voting process.

SIDNEY LENS

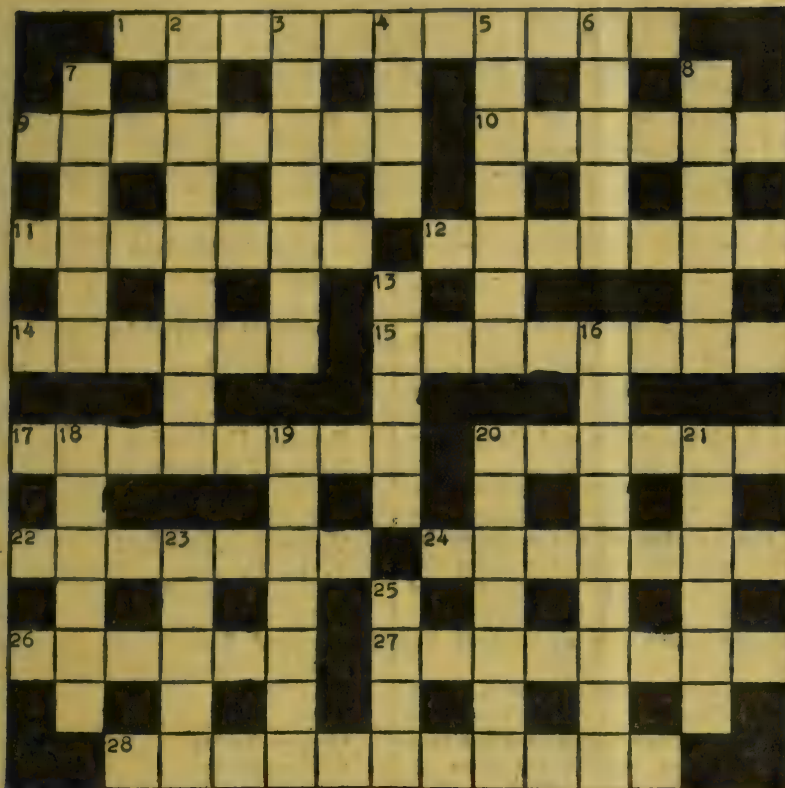
Chicago, Ill.

## Correction

In Paul Bowles' *View from Tangier*, published in *The Nation* of June 30, the reference to the number of French troops should have read 500,000 instead of 50,000.

# Crossword Puzzle No. 683

By FRANK W. LEWIS



## ACROSS:

- 1 This man is confused and finally gets the noose, perhaps—no wonder he doesn't like us! (11)
- 9 The most satisfactory mode of travel is forking a saddle, obviously. (8)
- 10 and 2 down This may lead to apprehension on the part of your wife. (6, 9)
- 11 and 13 down Excellent 3 down, but not necessarily connected with a bull market. (7, 5)
- 12 A priceless 28 is sort of like this grotesque form. (7)
- 14 Inside the islands—without mentioning which. (6)
- 15 These sometimes tell on us. (8)
- 17 Rather excited in the center, if excited. (8)
- 20 Several different birds might be. (6)
- 22 Rests badly, but all right inside—hold the place where they might be. (7)
- 24 The dead, scattered about the conflict, are given medals, perhaps. (7)
- 26 Not as two peas, certainly. (6)
- 27 Appearing with a short feature? (3-5)
- 28 Present in opposition. (11)

## DOWN:

- 2 See 10 across
- 3 Comes up with all the tricks in a

- 4 One who equals the head of 5. (4)
- 5 Implying a quarrel on board? (7)
- 6 Should those with water on the knee wear them? (5)
- 7 Hold 18 wrong. (6)
- 8 What those charms were supposed to do, believe me! (6)
- 13 See 11 across.
- 16 Twisting twirl over the plant. (9)
- 18 One sees through this 7, in a way. (6)
- 19 You wouldn't want this pet odor to strike you unawares. (7)
- 20 Go ahead and bet she's a lady! (7)
- 21 Such a jacket should roll or fold up easily. (6)
- 23 One would hardly use this tool with a sort of 25. (5)
- 25 Uprising in the bone. (4)

## SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 682

ACROSS: 1 BUTTERFAT; 6 DISCS; 9 BEACHED; 10 ARTICLE; 11 LIE; 16 FENDER; 18 BESTIR; 20, 23, 24 AND 2 THE MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE; 23 LURK; 28 AND 1 DOWN TOWER OF BABEL; 29 ANNUALS; 30, 13 AND 15 ACROSS ROSES FROM THE SOUTH; 31 SIDESTEPS. DOWN: 3 ETHNOLOGIC; 4 FEDERATE; 5 TRAINS; 6 AND 12 DATE OF RANK; 7 SECURED; 8 STEAM IRON; 14 TERMAGANT; 15 TABULATOR; 17 THAILAND; 19 SCRAWLS; 21 NITRATE; 22 BLUFFS; 26 BASES; 27 ARTS.

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THE *Nation*

AUGUST 11, 1956

20c

# **SUEZ, CYPRUS, SINGAPORE**

Diplomatic Cost of Military Bases

*by W. Macmahon Ball*

**Aircraft Probe..** *Carey McWilliams*

## **Tennessee Spellbinder**

Governor Clement Runs on Time

*by Noel E. Parmentel, Jr.*



# LETTERS

## The Sovereign Power

*Dear Sirs:* The Congress now has certain rights delegated, but not alienated, by the sovereign power, which is you and me.

I now propose to withdraw some of those rights. I am fed up. The Congress has abused those powers to a point where the most saintly patience must be by now exhausted.

The Committees of Un-American Activities are hereby abolished. It is officially deemed that an American cannot be un-American and that thinking is not an activity.

Investigations by Congressmen into the ideas held by American citizens as to whether they are useful or useless, are hereby proscribed. This test is returned to the people.

The right of Congressional committee to constitute itself a court, of which an American citizen, a member of the sovereign power, can be legally held in contempt and so punished, is abolished as not so much an impudence as an insolence, an enormity and a sacrilege.

A new law is here proposed that from August 15 to November 15 in penance, Representatives and Senators go on hands and knees, having first declared themselves in contempt of the two highest courts in this land, the first being God, the second being the sovereign people.

It is so moved. Is it seconded? All those in favor.

New York

DAVID CORT

## Death Penalty

*Dear Sirs:* While debates about capital punishment seethe in the Houses of Parliament, and civilized journals like the *Nation* raise the question in the United States, the "backward" Republic of Mexico has abandoned this barbarism for many years. It might be interesting to examine the reason. Perhaps it is because the Mexican revolution had its roots in an agrarian anarchism, with its characteristic suspicion of the state. . . . Had the Soviet Union taken the world leadership in abolishing the death penalty—as indeed it should—its government today would have much less cause for embarrassment and limping apologies. Possibly the "cult of personality" campaign should be extended to damning the "cult of the state."

Mexico, D. D.

JOHN BRIGHT

## Critic's Responsibility

*Dear Sirs:* I take exception to Professor Willingham's review (June 16) of Holger Cahill's *The Shadow of My Hand*, included in his remarks about three other writers, Irwin Shaw, Joyce Cary and William Sansom. I respect the reviewer's right to say what he thinks and the obligation of the publisher to take what he says. But let us admit that the reviewer is also vulnerable; that his taste is not an absolute quantity. . . . The identification of Cahill with Shaw strikes me as rather absurd. The impulse to slough off Cahill as a regional writer is almost dishonest. The basic assumptions in Cahill's novel, the core of the work, are anything but regional. . . . Cahill's style is anathema to Willingham but it happens to suit the theme. The theme itself has more profundity than the reviewer has managed to grasp. In a case like this, it might be better for Professor Willingham simply to say, I don't like it, and then let his readers go along with him or not. Rationalizations of his prejudices are confusing. . . .

JOSEPHINE HERBST

Erwinna, Pa.

*Dear Sirs:* Although I have considerable respect for the work and views of Josephine Herbst, I must insist that much of what she says in her letter is merely querulous. . . . I was attempting to take a look at four recent works of fiction and to make some observations on the general state of American and British fiction as exhibited by those books, and to confine my remarks to about 800 words. In this situation, it would have been impossible for me to dwell upon the Cahill novel to the extent Miss Herbst seems to consider obligatory. . . .

For some more specific complaints by Miss Herbst, I do not find any particular "identification of Cahill with Shaw" in my review except the rather obvious assertions that both are American writers and that both are courting, albeit in different ways, the popular market. . . .

It is not particularly surprising that Miss Herbst should be disappointed at unflattering critical notices for Mr. Cahill's novel, since she had previously indicated more than a passing interest in the success of the enterprise by permitting a long, somewhat ecstatic open letter to the author to be reprinted on the cover of the advance booksellers' copies.

I cannot dodge the truth of her guess that the style of *The Shadow of My Hand* is anathema to me. I have always supposed that style ought to be a fairly accurate and appropriate

mirror of content: both style and content in Mr. Cahill's novel are strained, self-conscious and sentimental. Both aspects of the book suggest to me a spurious native romanticism, a falsity not evident in the better work of truly significant American romantic writers like Sherwood Anderson, Waldo Frank, Hart Crane or even Thomas Wolfe. . . .

JOHN R. WILLINGHAM

Shreveport, La.

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by FRANK W. LEWIS

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## The Shape of Things

### Opportunity for the Democrats

The political fortunes of the Democratic Party have suddenly brightened. The surface reasons can be readily ticked off: spreading uneasiness about the President's health; a growing realization that Nixon's succession to the Presidency would place the right wing in control, not merely of the White House but of the Republican Party; the failure of the President to do more than reaffirm his statement that Nixon is acceptable; and Harold Stassen's bold maneuvers which have focused attention sharply on the President's physical condition by emphasizing the importance of the Vice Presidency. There are other factors, some of which are purely local; the Hodge scandal in Illinois is a case in point.

But the most significant development is Senator Kefauver's withdrawal in favor of Mr. Stevenson. The withdrawal undercuts the Harriman candidacy, gives the Democrats an opportunity to nominate their strongest ticket—Stevenson-Kefauver—and makes it possible for the liberal Democrats to minimize the influence of the Dixiecrats. Senator Kefauver has demonstrated his pulling power with labor, independent voters, farm groups and the Negro minority. His nomination would emphasize "the issue of Nixon" which is the Republicans' weakest point. And he is the logical choice. Both Senator Kennedy and Mayor Wagner are attractive political personalities, but if either were nominated it would be for a reason which has no relation to their merits as individuals. Senator Humphrey carries the same political markings as Mr. Stevenson; a Stevenson-Humphrey ticket would be like nominating identical twins. In addition to his other merits, Senator Kefauver would provide contrast—in personality, style and campaign technique. He may be plain and is often platitudinous but he has character and proven liberal political convictions.

If Senator Kefauver is not chosen, there is always the risk that the Democrats, yielding to the strong suicidal impulse that has characterized their behavior of recent years, just might nominate Governor Frank Clement (see page 113). Clement is about the closest approximation to Richard Nixon that the Democrats could select. Young, politically talented, a fine cam-

paigner, completely opportunistic, he exudes the same young-man-on-the-make aroma that is always present when Mr. Nixon is about. It may seem incredible that the Democrats would slap at Senator Kefauver and the impressive number of delegates he has won in two pre-convention campaigns but the party's collective capacity for acts of folly must not be underestimated. Nomination of Clement would be "smart" politics; that is, the kind that appeals to silly minds. That it would make a mockery of the Vice Presidency and confront voters with the hideous dilemma of having to choose Clement or Nixon are factors that would not weigh heavily with those who operate at the level of the old folk-saying that "it takes a skunk to catch a skunk." The Chicago hotel lobbies will be overflowing with politicians of this stripe; hence the Clement hazard must be taken seriously. The way to head off Clement is to nominate Senator Kefauver.

### Right on Schedule

The four-weeks-old steel strike was settled just in time, right on schedule. Had it lasted any longer, some of steel's prize customers would have been squeezed and a flourishing gray market might have developed. As it is, the loss of an estimated 8-million ingot-tons of production, coupled with an estimated 3-to-4 million tons withdrawn from inventories, will maintain a high level of profits, avoid the necessity of lay-offs and eliminate the gray marketeers. The steel company executives are jubilant, as well they might be. They now hold a three-year non-reopenable, no-strike contract with the union and Mr. Eugene G. Grace of Bethlehem Steel is quoted as saying that a "hellz-a-poppin'" demand will prevail for the rest of the year. Price increases are calculated to run \$10 or \$12 a ton. The price hikes will add substantially to the profits per ton and U. S. Steel has just announced record earnings for the first six months of the year.

The strike was settled just in time, also, to save the Administration any embarrassment on the eve of the conventions and in a manner that will improve its prospects for picking up some labor votes. Had it lasted much longer, the Administration might have been compelled to seek a Taft-Hartley injunction or appoint a special fact-finding panel and either action would have meant some inquiry into the extremely delicate subject



of wage-price-profit ratios. The steel workers doubtless enjoyed their four-weeks' unpaid vacation but that, after all, was a small price to pay for bolstering up Mr. McDonald's reputation as a statesman of labor. Even industry should not complain. Big as the price increase will be, industry will pass it along, completely in the case of the big capital-goods users, partially by the smaller customers (see: *The Great Pass-Along*, July 28 p. 69), and the public, of course, will foot the bill.

By the way, the cost-of-living index soared to a record high of 116.2 in mid-June, up from 115.4 for mid-May.

## Disarmament by Smoke Signals

How account for the paradox that this country is disarming but will not agree to disarm? Admiral Radford's proposal to cut the armed forces by a further 800,000 men comes in the wake of an actual reduction of 700,000. The number of divisions in Korea has been reduced from eight to two—a mere “plate-glass-window” deterrent—and, significantly, the Far East Command has been moved back from Tokyo to Hawaii. “What we are getting,” *Business Week* notes, “is disarmament—to a degree—by unilateral action.” Not quite. Russia has—or claims to have—demobilized a total of 1.8 million troops, and the British Cabinet is about to recommend to Parliament a sweeping 25 percent cut in military spending. What we are getting, therefore, is disarmament by tacit agreement, as by an exchange of Indian smoke signals. The process is odd—“there is no precedent for such weighty steps being taken by a great country so quietly,” writes Joseph C. Harsch in the *Christian Science Monitor*—but the situation is clear enough. The Geneva “summit” conference may, as we were told, have accomplished nothing but, all the same, it changed everything.

## Deep Silence

Recently Representative John B. Orr, Jr., of Dade County, ■ native Floridian, one-time law partner of former Senator Claude Pepper, told his colleagues in the Florida legislature why he was casting the only vote against a series of bills designed to maintain segregated schools under one subterfuge or another, including a scheme to segregate students by race in the guise of assigning them to schools on the basis of grades. As these all-too-brief quotes should demonstrate, Mr. Orr made the speech-of-the-year in Florida:

I believe segregation is morally wrong. The existence of second-class citizens is repugnant to our great democratic principles. The fact that the custom is one of long standing makes it no less wrong. Surely not many of you would argue today that slavery was morally justifiable and yet this was a custom of long standing. . . .

...the most dangerous by-product of our activity in

this special session . . . is the attitude of disrespect for our laws and the common decency that is developing. . . . You wouldn't cheat on an examination and you wouldn't condone cheating of graders. Yet the efficacy of the plan to maintain segregation depends on who grades the papers or who gives the tests. This is demonstrated by the colloquy that occurred during the committee hearing. One member expressed doubt that this plan would prevent integration because some colored children might be as bright as white children and might come from homes of comparable backgrounds. His doubt was dissipated when reminded by another—“Who will be giving the tests?”

The development of this kind of attitude will surely weaken the moral fiber of our government and of our community life. For us to set an example of hypocrisy and deceit—of disrespect for our laws—will surely do more harm to our children than will result from their being seated in a classroom next to one whose skin is of a different hue.

The speech was received, reports the *St. Petersburg Times*, with “deep silence.”

## Marine Corps Quandary

The court martial of Sergeant McKeon illuminates the strange quandary that now confronts the marine corps' drill instructors. Training methods that have made the corps one of the world's finest fighting forces fail today to yield equally satisfactory results. The response of former marines who have flooded the defense with telegrams supporting these methods suggests that recruits who have trained in time of war are more inclined to accept the severe disciplinary training that is traditional with the corps than volunteers who train under conditions in which the threat of war seems remote. Former marines who have actually seen action are even grateful to the corps for the type of training they received; but to the new volunteers this same training makes little sense. McKeon's particular platoon was, by all accounts, badly disciplined. More revealing, however, is the circumstance that six members were in the “brig” during the court martial for having tried to go AWOL. These are the boys, as Robert S. Bird observes in the *New York Herald Tribune*, who “couldn't take it,” that is, who couldn't take a rigorous training program in peacetime. It is apparent, too, that the quality of the volunteers declines as the prospects for peace improve. The 380 drill instructors at Parris Island have been having a difficult time, Mr. Bird notes, trying to mould into marines “a substantial percentage of new recruits of comparatively sub-standard mental and emotional capacities.” But the basic trouble, in all probability, is not that the more recent volunteers are sub-standard, if indeed this is the case. Training methods adapted for use in time of war or threat of war are not likely to yield excellent results when the omens are pacific.

# SUEZ, CYPRUS, SINGAPORE

## Diplomatic Cost of Bases . . by W. MACMAHON BALL

*Melbourne*

THE CURRENT furor over Suez raises again in sharpest focus the question: are overseas bases worth the trouble and expense of holding them? Many of them have become a rising source of financial and political expense to the two powers mainly concerned, America and Britain.

American bases have lately been the targets of political discontent from Iceland to Okinawa. The U.S. air base in Iceland is a key point in the NATO defense system; a launching place for medium bombers and an outer link in the radar network encircling North America. Yet this did not prevent the Icelanders, when they went to the polls in June, from returning a coalition government pledged to work for the removal of the American base. In Morocco the great bases of the Strategic Air Command are under no immediate threat, but now that Morocco is an independent state they are exposed to the turbulent wave of nationalist independence sweeping North Africa. In Saudi Arabia the air base at Dhahran has been the focus of increasing political friction. In Japan, every election since the restoration of "sovereignty" in 1952, including this July's election for the Upper House, seems to show that to agitate against American bases in Japan, and to demand "the return of Okinawa," is a good way to win votes.

But these American difficulties are as yet merely gentle warnings of what may come. For Britain the problems are already acute and tragic in Cyprus, acute if not yet tragic in Singapore and increasingly grave in Aden. It seems likely that the transfer of Ceylon bases to the control of the Ceylon government

may take place smoothly, without political strain and without any serious strategic setback for Britain.

One big reason why Britain's problems are worse than America's is that in Cyprus, Aden and Singapore, Britain is resolved to retain not only her bases, but ultimate political control. Military issues are thus complicated and obscured by colonial issues. Cypriots were claiming the right to "self-determination" long before Britain's forced withdrawal from the Suez Canal zone made Cyprus her eastern Mediterranean base. The tide of Asian nationalism would have saturated Singapore even if there had been no British base there. Sovereign powers may sometimes feel it irksome and dangerous to have foreign allied bases on their soil, but colonial countries feel it is humiliating as well. Yet experience with Iceland and Ceylon suggests that, in territory over which you have no political control, the base may be at the mercy of another country's domestic politics.

THERE was a touch of brigandage in President Nasser's flamboyant repudiation of the Suez Canal agreement which the Egyptian government had only recently reaffirmed. But Egypt has not said or done anything to suggest that it will interfere with canal traffic or seek to extract exorbitant fees for its use. It is therefore wicked and reckless to talk of using military force.

On the other hand, it is unreal to pretend that the canal is just Egypt's private property, and the strongest case should be made to persuade Nasser's government to accept some form of international control: the canal is nearly as important to the nations of South Asia as to those of Europe. This latest Suez crisis is just one more sign that exclusive Western control of the Middle East is outdated. The aim should be to induce Egypt to become a partner in an international

control board with balanced representation from East and West.

When Britain built the line of bases encircling Asia's coast from Aden to Hong Kong, it had no need to worry about American support or Asian consent. Britain decided such things for itself. In those days it was easy to see the sense and purpose of the bases. They enabled Britain to deal with any local revolts, to protect its territories against jealous European rivals and to maintain sea communications in war.

What are their sense and purpose today? Everyone understands the purpose of the great American overseas bases; they are part of the strategy of a possible global war. But the British bases in South Asia are designed for more modest and restricted purposes.

Singapore is easily the most important. This can best be seen by comparing it with Ceylon. In Ceylon the indigenous labor force employed on the naval bases is less than 500; in Singapore it is more than 5,000. Yearly expenditure on Ceylon bases has been £400,000; on Singapore £3,000,000. The RAF has a staging post at Negombo in Ceylon, but the naval base there can manage only simple repairs. The Singapore naval base, in contrast, with its graving dock and four floating docks, can repair any British warship.

These facts help explain why Britain is much more reluctant to leave Singapore than Ceylon, but they hardly explain why it should be ready to face continued expense, and possibly grave political troubles, for a base in a region from which it has generally withdrawn with such wisdom and grace since 1945.

There are probably three main reasons why Britain is so resolute about this base. First, the English believe that their investment and commercial interests in Malaya and Borneo will not be greatly affected by the grant of self-government and they want to be able to protect them

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from possible threats. No other place is nearly as good for a base as Singapore. Labuan has been considered as a possible alternative, but it gives no entry to the mainland, and nationalist movements are likely to develop in North Borneo before long. Another possible alternative is Cockburn Sound, near Fremantle in Western Australia. But it is 2,500 miles from Southeast Asia, and Britain can hardly afford the elaborate fleet trains of the American navy. Second, the British government shares the view of the Australian government that Southeast Asia is the best place from which to defend Australia. The view is held very strongly here in Australia that if it is unhappily necessary to fight against aggression it is better for the fighting to be in someone else's country. This is an understandable view, but we can hardly expect Southeast Asians to feel enthusiastic about it.

THIRD, British strategists seem to believe that the retention of Singapore as a base is probably essential if any future war in Southeast Asia is to be limited and localized. If, for example, China were to attempt a southward military thrust, the British aim would be to destroy or drive back the advancing forces, but not to knock out China. Yet if the West were to find itself without any footholds on the mainland, the temptation to turn to massive retaliation against the source of the aggression would be very strong. Thus, in the British view, the fact that Singapore could be so easily destroyed in a global nuclear war in no way reduces its potential importance in a war of restricted weapons and objectives, like those in Korea and Indo-China. This line of military thinking is strongly influenced by political considerations. "But it is essential to realize," argues the *Times*, London, "that there is a point of concession beyond which the British Government cannot go without abandoning Southeast Asia wholly, so that the Americans in effect would be left there alone, and our strategic approach to the Far East, if any, would be by way of the Far West."

"The Sun Never Sets . . ."



A. P. Newsfeatures

These arguments are weighty. But the real problem is to find the right balance between military and political considerations. The breakdown of the Singapore talks in London shows that it is impossible to separate them. The British insisted that they must keep the reserve power to take steps necessary for internal order, if, in an emergency, the Singapore government was unable or unwilling to take such steps. There would be no point in maintaining bases if the local population could effectively sabotage their operation. And the time to intervene is before, not after, disorder becomes calamitous. This British reasoning is unanswerable from the military standpoint, but it fails to meet the political objection that it is inconsistent with full self-government for Singapore.

NO DOUBT Britain hopes David Marshall's resignation as Chief Minister of Singapore may in time pave the way for the emergence of a government there as cooperative as Abdul Rahman's government has been until now in the Malayan Federation. This is a highly optimistic view which ignores the deeper political trends in both Malaya and Singapore. It seems likely that the

political future of both will be increasingly influenced by the Chinese-educated Chinese, as distinct from the minority of well-off English-educated Chinese who have been generally ready to cooperate with the British. The majority of politically conscious Chinese today have more sympathy with Communist China than with Britain. This sympathy with their homeland does not necessarily imply the support of communism, but the line between the two attitudes is sometimes wavering and indistinct. Britain is well aware of this and is anxious to make sure that Singapore, where more than four out of five people are Chinese, should not become a political outpost of Peking. Yet the political party with the brightest immediate future in Singapore is the People's Action Party, and its leader, Mr. Lee Kuan Yew, has come out strongly against the British base. In the Federation of Malaya the Chinese masses have not yet become politically organized and articulate. At the 1955 election only about half of the adult Chinese were eligible to vote; of those who were eligible only one in four registered, and of these only about half voted. But there are signs that the Chinese in Malaya,

as distinct from Singapore, are quickly developing a political consciousness. It might therefore be a serious mistake to assume that Prince Abdul Rahman's government, which for the most part represents the old Malay ruling class, has an assured future.

Whatever the detailed developments in local politics in the immediate future, it seems reasonable to assume that as time goes on the presence of British bases in Singapore or Malaya will be increasingly resented. The real question is: if and when a local government with strong popular backing wants you to go, are you prepared to use force to stay?

The use of force will inevitably fan nationalist indignation and revolt. You will be compelled to impose more and more repressive measures. Your controls and penalties will become more and more indiscriminate. Confronted at first only with the hostility of the politically conscious minority, your measures will quickly provoke the hatred of more and more people, until you have only enemies in the area you control. If this occurs in the case of British bases it will certainly not increase British in rela-

tion to American influence in either the Middle East or Asia. It will work the other way, for it will mean that Britain alone will have to face the expense and odium of "colonialism."

Nor will the difficulties be confined to the areas in question. No colonial problem today is an isolated problem. The British discovered this even in Aden. Egypt gives unqualified support to Yemen and Saudi Arabia in their efforts to oust Britain from Aden and the Aden protectorates. To try to hold any base in North Africa, the Middle East or Asia today against the will of local nationalists tends to arouse the united opposition of the Asian-Arab bloc.

If the local nationalists deeply resent a foreign base they can nearly always paralyze its peace-time operations by strikes and sabotage, for the development of trade unionism in underdeveloped countries has radically altered the conditions in which labor can be employed and controlled. And if the base, like Singapore, is to be used in war for neighboring land operations, it will be difficult for these to succeed where the population is hostile.

If these considerations have weight, they tend to show how foolish it is

to consider foreign military bases from a purely military standpoint. Or in other words, political attitudes may be the most important components of a military problem. It seems likely that Western military bases in Asia are relics of the period when the West controlled the East.

This does not mean that all foreign bases should be dismantled or transferred. It is proper for sovereign powers with a sense of continuing common interests to make voluntary arrangements for bases on one another's territories. The British government welcomes American bases in the British Isles, and America has agreed that the use of these bases in war must depend on the British government's consent.

It is worthwhile to explore the possibilities of similar arrangements for the use of bases in East Asia. The fundamental condition for the successful maintenance of bases in the region is that Asians should feel they exist to protect their interests and not only the interests of the West. And that means their interests as they see them, not as Westerners see them. The West can no longer defend Asia without the support or against the will of Asians.

# TENNESSEE SPELLBINDER

## Clement Runs on Time . . by NOEL E. PARMENTEL, JR.

*Nashville, Tennessee*

WHEN Frank Goad Clement was in the fourth grade his teacher asked him what he thought he'd be when he grew up. His unhesitating answer was, "Governor of Tennessee." Some twenty-two years later when Frank Clement, the brilliant young lawyer, was running successfully for that office he and his campaign man-

ager half-jokingly set up this timetable for the young politician: "1952: elected Governor of Tennessee; 1954: reelected Governor of Tennessee; 1956: named Keynoter for Democratic National Convention and nominated for Vice Presidency; 1958: if not already serving as Vice President of United States, elected to United States Senate; 1960: nominated and elected President of the United States." The governor is right up to date with his schedule.

Frank Clement is one of the handsomest men in American politics. He is a trim, dark-haired six-footer with a boyish grin and a friendly and

frankly persuasive smile. He is open, modest and confident. In the matter of attire he has escaped the Brooks Brothers look, which has recently made sneaking inroads into the South, without resorting to the almost foppish elegance of the plantation aristocrat. His clothes are plain, store-bought and no nonsense. Altogether, the type of rig a successful mountain man would wear on a visit to Nashville or Louisville. He is apt to wear tan shoes with a dark blue suit, an eccentricity which once raised the ire of Nashville *Banner* publisher James Stahlman. This product of the Athens of the South

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snapped that any man got up so scandalously obviously could not be trusted.

Trusted or not, and tan shoes to the contrary, the *Banner* supported Clement in his two successful gubernatorial campaigns. Its hated rival, the Nashville *Tennessean* of the late Silliman Evans, had come out for Gordon Browning both times. While the *Banner* and the *Tennessean* are operated by the same corporation, the two papers heap daily abuse upon each other—a situation unique in American journalism.

Much has been made of the governor's use of prayer, hymn and pulpit in furthering his political aims. A friend of Clement's explains the role of religion in the governor's political personality this way. "Frank is . . . perfectly honest and sincere about bringing the Lord into a political speech. One time he was stumping the state and somebody tried to heckle him about mixing religion and politics. Frank answered that if a man's religion and his politics didn't mix, then it was time for him to change his politics."

Clement, it must be said, is one of the most accessible figures in American public life. His waiting room is invariably filled with suppliants and visitors from every walk of Tennessee life. Delta cotton planters in impeccable white linen literally rub shoulders with dirt farmers in patched overalls, coal operators with Negro farm hands, Memphis brokers, Knoxville businessmen and Nashville lawyers with workers from the mill towns. A visitor might come across Clement's good friend Dr. Billy Graham or Esther Williams, the aquatic film star. Sergeant Alvin York might be in town and stop in to say hello; Adlai Stevenson or Harry Truman might drop by. As each visitor is ushered in the governor comes forward with a firm handclasp or a courtly bow. "Call me Frank," he says. He is friendly, efficient, pleasant and helpful.

This dynamic and engaging young politician was born and grew up in the small town of Dickson in central Tennessee. The Clement clan has been prominent there for several generations as small-town lawyers and businessmen. Clement attended

public school and was an average scholar. More important, perhaps, was the instruction he received from his Aunt Dockie, a delightful Eudora Welty type. Mrs. Dockie Shipp Weems ran the Shipp School for Expression and it was here that the embryo politico got a grounding in old-style Southern oratory. As a devout Methodist, Clement attended church services, Sunday School and Bible classes regularly, teaching the latter while still in his teens. He even gave some thought to entering the ministry. These youthful influences were later to stand him in good stead. Few can match his platform delivery or stump technique, and his knowledge of scripture is as thorough as any politician of consequence since Huey Long.

MATRONS of Dickson remember Clement, scarcely in his early teens, patting or kissing their babies and complimenting themselves upon their comeliness. Grownups of the neighboring town of Erin, the home of his sweetheart, Lucile "Cile" Christensen, recall a personable young man introducing himself as he and his girl walked along the tree-shaded streets. By the time he had finished high school Frank Clement was known and liked by most of the people around Dickson and Erin.

The following fall Clement entered college at Cumberland University where he spent two indifferent years before moving on to law school at Vanderbilt University. Once admitted to law school he and Cile were married, Mrs. Clement working as a receptionist at a Nashville radio station while the future governor devoured law books. After finishing two years of the three-year law course, he made arrangements to take the state bar examination. This was against the advice of his instructors at Vanderbilt who told him he would probably flunk. Instead, he received the highest grade of any of the candidates and began to practice while still a student.

In 1942, Clement became an FBI agent, assigned to the Chicago office. Since he was only twenty-two, the bureau had to waive the age requirement and Clement became the nation's youngest gumshoe. The follow-

ing year he entered the army, went through Officers Candidate School and served an uneventful three years as a military-police officer. On being mustered out of the army he returned to Tennessee, set up shop as a lawyer and attached himself to the entourage of auctioneer Jim McCord who was conducting a successful campaign for the governorship. Through a mixture of push, drive, charm and ability Clement became one of McCord's most important campaigners. The grateful new governor gave the young lawyer the post of general counsel to the Tennessee State Railroad and Utilities Commission. This job was a windfall to a rising lawyer-politician in the land of TVA, where most voters are agin' the power company.

In his first year as attorney for the commission, Clement won an important rate case against the telephone company and saved the State of Tennessee several million dollars. The neighboring states of Georgia and Alabama, impressed by his ability in handling the Tennessee case, paid him substantial fees to represent them in similar rate cases, both of which he won.

CLEMENT had, meanwhile, caught the attention of a pair of shrewd political horse traders—Leslie Hart, political writer for the Nashville *Banner*, and G. E. Friar, brilliant Knoxville lawyer. With Clement ready and eager the strategists began to build a state organization for the new White Hope. Clement resigned from his job with the commission and began to devote his full time and efforts to his personal political career. He spoke at fairs, churches and social, fraternal and veterans gatherings all over the state. An inveterate joiner, he emerged as state commander of the American Legion, state chairman of the Young Democrats and state chairman of the March of Dimes. But primarily he spoke.

In a state that had been subjected to the lack-luster platitudes of Estes Kefauver, to the crotchety rantings of Kenneth McKellar and to the quiet logic of Albert Gore, Clement's old style, passionate "elocution" was just the stuff the people wanted to

hear. A ringing Clement speech, delivered in tones alternately honeyed, beseeching and commanding, was like as not to raise the roof of a lodge hall. If, an hour or so later, no one could remember precisely what it was that Mr. Clement had said, it mattered not. Here was an orator.

FRIAR and Hart had meanwhile come up with the always essential financial angel in the person of Robert Crichton, millionaire coal and interstate truck operator. Crichton agreed to pick up the tab until Frank could be elected governor and guaranteed to raise a large campaign fund from among his friends in the trucking industry. In return, Mr. Crichton intimated, there would have to be "consideration." This stipulation rather surprised Mrs. Jeanne Bodfish, teacher of political science at Vanderbilt and a new recruit to the cause of Frank Clement and Good Government. Mrs. Bodfish seems to have been more than slightly out of place in the tough Tennessee political world of gawd and fraud, but for a long time she kept believing in Frank Clement. The latter's father and law partner, Robert Clement and political manipulator Buford Ellington, brought the "kitchen cabinet" to six.

Frank Clement announced that he would oppose Governor Browning in the Democratic primary. As campaigner he was everything his backers expected and more. A brilliant speaker with a fine record, a religious man with a photogenic family, a leading young lawyer, well-known and well-liked throughout the state at the age of thirty-two, Clement stumped the state singing hymns, saying prayers, counting the sins of the Browning administration and calling for Godliness and honesty in Tennessee. He was running, of course, as an independent and reformer but he also had some powerful political backing. The late E. H. Crump, the flamboyant and erudite boss of Memphis, backed Clement mainly because he heartily detested Governor Browning. Mr. Crump once observed, "There are thirty-seven different pictures of Judas Iscariot. No two look alike, but each one



Providence Sunday Journal

favors Gordon Browning." When the votes were counted Clement was victor by over 50,000. In the subsequent general election he defeated hillbilly singer Roy Acuff, no slouch himself at calling upon the Supreme Being.

His first two-year term proved the most hectic and trying experience of the governor's young life. Internecine warfare had sprung up in the "team" as the campaign moved to its successful conclusion but for a while it appeared that everything could be made all right. Friar was appointed secretary of state and fully expected to succeed the governor when Frank went to Washington as vice president or senator. Crichton and his truckers received their "consideration" when the legislature passed and Clement signed legislation to increase load limits for trucks on the state's already wretched highways. This piece of political crudity raised howls of "payoff" from the newspapers and brought many a

pensive furrow to the brow of Mrs. Bodfish, who had been named comptroller.

Then the elder Clement, tolerated by Friar and Crichton as a buffoon playing at Rasputin, began to get out of hand. He marched in and out of the legislature at will, buttonholed lawmakers and lobbyists and told them in no uncertain terms that he could secure action, favorable or unfavorable, on almost any given bill. As the activities of Clement, *père*, became daily more embarrassing, Crichton, who by that time (in spite of the trucking bill) found other reasons to become dissatisfied with the administration, went before the governor with specific and documented charges against his father.

Clement's reply seems to have been somewhat cynical for a Man of God. He told the angel that this was the first chance his father had ever had to make any real money and that he was not going to stand in his way. He also intimated that



Crichton and the trucking interests were hardly the proper ones to cast the first stone. Crichton left the governor's office enraged and the breach was never healed.

Friar next took the initiative. Alarmed by Papa Clement's lack of subtlety and enraged by the fact that Buford Ellington had usurped his position as chief advisor to the young governor, the secretary of state brought in his bill of particulars and grievances. Moving to the attack, Clement suggested that Friar look to the mote in his own eye. It appears that Friar, as H. H. Martin related the story in the *Saturday Evening Post*, had been observed on the Capitol steps holding hands with his receptionist. Clement demanded that Friar fire this fetching employee. Friar, flabbergasted at finding himself on the defensive when he had come to accuse, stormed out of the office to create the second serious rift in the official family.

CLEMENT then ordered the increasingly dubious Mrs. Bodfish to fire the girl. Seeing his protégé in disgrace and Papa Clement still riding high, Friar broke irrevocably with the administration. After a few weeks of additional soul searching the confused Mrs. Bodfish informed the governor, who had announced that he would be a candidate for re-election, that she could no longer support him. In this Gilbert and Sullivan setting former Governor Browning, aching for revenge and vindication, threw his hat in the ring.

The campaign was a ripsnorter. In addition to Clement's erstwhile lieutenants, Mr. Crump's Shelby County machine had defected from the crusade. Senators Kefauver and Gore, seeing in Clement a threat to their respective seniorities in the World's Greatest Deliberative Body, gave tacit approval to the Browning cause. While Clement's former aides blasted the governor and his administration on radio and television, Browning took to the hustings with a hillbilly band. The governor was accused of hoochery and lechery. The *Tennessean* regularly strafed the administration from its editorial page. The elder Clement's activities

became the main issue of the campaign. The band's most frequent tune was the currently popular "Oh, My Papa," and Browning shouted that "the shadow of Robert Clement hovers like a harpy over our state Capitol." The incumbent seemed to be in serious trouble.

The "Boy Governor," however, had resources of his own. He flatly denied any irregularities and claimed credit for getting rid of his former cronies because of their "evil influence." Airing the affair of Friar's lady friend, he had mournful things to say about weaknesses of the flesh. He replied to criticism of his father with the Fifth Commandment. He concluded his meetings and rallies with the well-loved hymn, "Precious Lord, Take My Hand and Lead Me On." Mrs. Clement, then expecting their third child, tacked up posters. He and his campaigners repeated nice things that Adlai Stevenson, Harry Truman and Sam Rayburn had said about him. He wooed the Delta by reminding them that Browning, as head of the Tennessee delegation at the 1952 Democratic convention, had voted against seating Virginia. In other sections, where there was heavy Negro enrollment, he reminded his listeners that he had dispersed a group of white supremacists who had marched upon the Capitol. When the final returns were in he had swamped Browning and a minor anti-integration candidate by several hundred thousand votes to emerge as the most powerful figure in modern Tennessee political history.

WHEN Democratic National Chairman Butler announced the selection of Clement as keynoter it was assumed that he was chosen as a compromise who would not offend any segment of the party. Two early contenders for the role, Senators Kerr of Oklahoma and Humphrey of Minnesota, had been ruled out, Kerr for his sponsorship of the natural-gas bill and Humphrey to avoid offending the powerful Southern wing of the party. Although the Tennessee governor is a warm supporter of Adlai Stevenson he is also well thought of by the other hopefuls with the possible exception of

Senator Kefauver. He is easily the most effective platform speaker of those who were considered and his spellbinding brand of oratory is likely to rouse the delegates to fever pitch. There is an excellent chance that he may parlay his role as keynoter into the party's Vice Presidential nomination, as did the late Alben Barkley with his brilliant and fighting speech at the 1948 convention.

HE will have considerable opposition when he attempts to cop second spot on the ticket. Prominent among those mentioned has been the young, intelligent and attractive Senator John Kennedy of Massachusetts. Kennedy's vote against the Democratic farm bill will hurt him, however, as the farm belt is where the party hopes to pick up enough electoral votes to assure victory in November. Moreover, Senator Kennedy has written a book and been accused of being an intellectual. If Adlai Stevenson is renominated, as now seems almost certain, the presence of another "egghead" on the ticket would be superfluous and might antagonize voters of the Know-Nothing persuasion. Another name which continually pops up is New York's Mayor Robert F. Wagner, like Senator Kennedy a Roman Catholic. Although an excellent administrator, the mayor is a halting speaker and of doubtful effectiveness as a campaigner. He would certainly be a sitting duck for Vice President Nixon. Clement's main opposition and trouble will come from his own state's two Senators. Now that Senator Kefauver has withdrawn, he might accept second place on the ticket. Many prominent Democrats believe that a Stevenson-Kefauver ticket would be the strongest the party could field. Senator Albert Gore, one of the most respected men in Washington, also has strong support for the number-two job.

Clement, however, has important factors in his favor. The young, countrified yet eloquent governor would provide excellent balance to a ticket headed by the witty, urbane, highly serious Stevenson. He is a Southern moderate who will alienate neither the liberal nor the Southern

wing of the party. His familiarity with farm problems and his talents on the stump make him perhaps the Democrats' best-equipped campaigner for the farm belt. His leadership of the fight against Dixon-Yates and his experience with TVA (Clement was chosen to answer the President's charge that TVA was "creeping socialism") place him in the forefront of those who speak for public power. Finally, his youth, his looks, his family, his personality, his homey Christian devotion and his fiery eloquence make him just the

man to cross epithets with Mr. Nixon.

So here is Frank Clement's big chance to shine. If he comes through with enough oratorical fireworks (Alabama's Governor Big Jim Folsom described Clement's style of speaking as "cuttin', guttin' and struttin'") he might nab a place on the ticket. Failing this, or being defeated in the national election, he will still have put himself before the country in a favorable light. If he follows his fantastic timetable he can conceivably unhorse Senator Gore when the latter comes up for re-

nomination and election in 1958. And in 1960 who knows?

Fortune has a way of smiling on Frank Clement. He spoke recently at the National Plowing Matches at Olney, Illinois, a section hard hit by drought. In the audience were 35,000 farmers and their families from Illinois and neighboring states. The governor opened his speech with a prayer for rain. Five minutes later Clement and his audience were deluged by a cloudburst. If this sort of timing keeps up the world is his oyster.

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## One-Customer Industry .. by CAREY McWILLIAMS

THE YEAR-LONG costly probe to determine if the aircraft industry has reaped excessive profits on government contracts has now come to a close and the House Armed Services subcommittee, chaired by Representative F. Edward Hebert, has issued a final report. The committee's major findings—that profits have not been excessive and that the companies' records are in "much better shape than the government's"—have been greeted with robust enthusiasm by an uncritical press. In the view of the *Wall Street Journal*, the report "contains a pretty clear comparison between the way private industry and the way a bureaucracy handles the same affairs" and provides "a pretty conclusive answer" in favor of private industry.

The aircraft industry may be efficiently managed but it is about as "private" as the U. S. Mint. The government is virtually the sole customer for the twelve aircraft companies included in the study. "The evidence," to quote the chairman, "shows that this industry exists solely and only by Government contracts and that without Government contracts, it faltered and failed and that subsequently the entire income of the industry is from the taxpayers of the United States." In the possession of the twelve companies is government-owned plant-and-equipment of an aggregate value of \$895 million which is used rent free to fulfill gov-

ernment contracts. By comparison, plant-and-equipment owned by the companies is valued at only \$200 million. The industry, moreover, is almost entirely financed by progress payments advanced by the government on contracts for aircraft.

THE industry insists that conventional methods for measuring profits are inapplicable to it. It argues that an average profit on sales after taxes of 2.3 per cent is modest enough; a mere "management fee." But the average industry profit, measured as a percentage of net worth, is 14.5 per cent. The profit net-worth ratio is so high, of course, because the companies are earning their money with capital tools owned by the public. Arguing against net worth as a basis for measuring profits, industry spokesmen advance the heretical notion that "undue stress on net worth over-values the capital in capitalism."

In their view, the essence of capitalism is not private capital but private management skills. But these same companies will no doubt insist that profits be measured in terms of net worth once they have plowed back enough profits to build up sizable net-worth accounts. And since most of them have been reinvesting 60 to 70 per cent of earnings, the net-worth figures are rapidly increasing. McDonnell Aircraft, for example, jumped its net worth from \$150,000

to \$25,000,000 in ten years by simply plowing back profits from government contracts.

The committee defends the continued rent-free use of a billion dollars' worth of government plant-and-equipment on the assumption that there is "not enough commercial business in this country nor in the world to justify the utilization of all the facilities now in being . . . the moment military orders are either withdrawn or curtailed, the industry is in the doldrums." In other words, private investors would be unwilling to invest in a "feast-or-famine" war industry on a scale that would bring into being the large facilities which the air force needs; the "risk" of curtailment would be too great. But just why *should* the new-style industrialists who manage these aircraft companies seek private capital when the government is willing to give them facilities and finance their operations without charging either rent or interest?

On other counts, too, the "risk" argument is hard to follow. There is scarcely one of the twelve companies that did not begin to receive government contracts almost from the moment it was formed. True, the industry faltered in the immediate post-war period but it rallied quickly enough with the creation of the air force as a separate service in 1947 and began to boom with the Korean war. Risk-taking is the prime justifi-



eration for profits in a private-enterprise system. But what "risks" are taken by companies which hold a government order for every production schedule? There is, of course, the risk of cancellation. But Representative Porter Hardy, Jr., observed at the hearings that he had never known a company to suffer actual losses as a result of cancellations. The main risk would seem to lie in the possibility of disarmament. And how seriously is this risk to be taken when one of the bolder spokesmen for the industry, Mr. John Jay Hopkins of General Dynamics, confidently assured the committee that defense is "a permanent business—a permanent way of life?" (Hearings p. 2574). As a matter of fact the committee itself concludes—and this is the nub of the report—that the aircraft industry is "a weapon of defense. Its value lies in the fact that 'in being' it is a defense potential. It is part of the price that we pay for security, while not upsetting the economic system to which we are committed."

Even so, the price may be much higher than it need be. At the foot of this column are the salient figures for North American Aviation; the trend for the other companies was much the same.

The percentages are figured against an annually rising net worth, based on reinvested profits. But even as a percentage of sales, the profits are not unimpressive. On typical contracts, the companies showed profits before taxes amounting to about 8 per cent of their costs, including certain costs designated merely as "other costs of doing business." Again, some of the work was subcontracted, and it must be assumed that the subcontractors took a corresponding profit. The key to the industry's profit rates is that the government supplies most of the capital.

In the case of North American the government property used rent free had an assigned value of \$95 million, which included one government plant to which no value was assigned. Similarly, a substantial part of working capital is provided by government progress payments. Thus, North American's books showed that about two-thirds of its inventory of over \$300 million was covered by such progress payments.

Nor is it at all clear what the companies include in overhead. In any number of sample cases cited, overhead charges far exceeded labor charges, even after models had been more or less stabilized. High overhead costs indicate that the twelve companies have acquired an enormously valuable store of techniques, methods, operating skills and the like. Government contracts have enabled them to recruit and train a highly skilled work force, build admirable production organizations and solve many production and engineering problems—all at the taxpayer's expense. This experience can be turned to profitable account now that the commercial side of the industry is beginning to expand. Profits on commercial contracts are estimated at three times the rate on military contracts (Hearings p. 2222).

**GOVERNMENT-OWNED** and company-owned facilities are so thoroughly "scrambled" that the former have been used to fulfill strictly commercial orders with only "nominal" rent being credited to the government's account. The committee concedes that it might be well to sell these "scrambled" facilities to the companies but, in general, it is satisfied for the rent-free arrangement to continue.

Now that the commercial side of the industry is beginning to pick up,

it is not surprising to learn that the companies eventually expect to purchase the government-owned plant and equipment which they have been "borrowing" for a decade. But not before the surplus-property disposal laws have been modified as to give them a clear preference in the bidding.

Although praising the industry as a national asset, the chairman was troubled by certain recurrent, nagging questions. Devoted to free private enterprise and the profit system, Mr. Hebert found it extremely difficult to fit this new social hybrid, the aircraft industry, into the older ideological pattern. The following is a paraphrase of a fascinating colloquy between the chairman and Robert Charles, vice president of McDonnell Aircraft (Hearings pp. 2131-2148):

Hebert: If you were to buy these assets, you would then increase the price of aircraft to the government. So the government would merely be moving money from one pocket to another . . . So the government might just as well give you the assets now and have done with it. But then wouldn't it be just as logical for the government to finance manufacturers of automobiles and TV sets?

Charles: What's the difference? Ultimately the consumer provides the capital that builds automobiles and TV factories. It doesn't make any difference that, in this case, the government is the sole customer or that the business is national defense.

Hebert: But it does. This is a peculiar industry—a security device. The government is not a trader; it does not buy aircraft to resell at a profit.

And so it went. The confusion, of course, arises from the fact that the aircraft industry is a transitional form in the evolution of a system of state capitalism in which the government assumes the risk, finances the venture, provides a measure of fiscal control but takes none of the bells—and even bookkeeping con-profit. Free-enterprise tags and la-

#### PROFITS OF NORTH AMERICAN AVIATION COMPANY

Year	Millions		Per Cent of average net worth	
	before tax	after tax	before tax	after tax
1951	\$15.2	\$ 6.4	28.8%	12.1%
1952	20.3	7.8	36.5	14.0
1953	40.1	12.7	65.5	20.8
1954	52.5	22.2	73.5	31.1
1955	67.9	32.3	83.0	39.5

cepts—have little relevance to such an industry.

Mr. Hebert was also troubled by the fact that the high salaries paid the various retired admirals, generals and other officers on the payrolls of these companies should be included in the cost of the aircraft. This was like asking the government to double their retirement pay. Government and private personnel are almost as badly “scrambled” in the aircraft industry as public and private property. Boeing and Convair, by a strange coincidence, both have sixty-seven retired officers on their payrolls. Glenn L. Martin has fourteen. Fairchild Engine’s payroll includes such distinguished names as General Jacob Devers, Admiral John F. Towers, General Robert L. Walsh and Admiral Robert Carney (as a director). Asked what these men did, a company official said: “It is very difficult for me to sit here and say what they have contributed,” which prompted the chairman to ask: “Didn’t they contribute a good speaking acquaintance with a lot of people in the Defense Department?” Much was made of the case of General Joseph McNarney, handsomely set up by Senator Symington via

Floyd Odum with a princely sinecure at Convair: annual salary of \$75,000 plus a \$25,000 annual bonus and, in addition, a ten-year’s consultant’s contract at \$30,000 per year after the executive contract expires. The committee found that the presence in company offices of these retired military officers, fresh from the “opposite side of the desk,” created “a doubtful atmosphere” but was nevertheless permissible. It was also concerned to note that excessive executive salaries and fancy incentive payments were often included in overhead costs. Of graver concern was the fact that air force procurement officers do not receive comparable salaries; the committee seemed to feel that men who match wits should receive about the same pay.

BUT one key aspect of the “peculiar” relationship between the aircraft industry and the government completely escaped the committee’s attention. According to Edwin Lahey, well-known Washington correspondent, “the Air Force . . . has a lobby stronger than pig iron. The jaunty generals from the wild blue yonder have more senators and congressmen in their pockets than the

Anti-Saloon League ever had at the peak of its power.” The reason is clear. Appropriations granted the air force necessarily benefit the aircraft industry; it is, in effect, the industry’s lobby.

It is the existence of this lobby, the most powerful but least advertised in Washington, that raises a question more serious than whether the industry’s profits are excessive. For it may be that we are spending more for this type of defense than a realistic, disinterested appraisal of the risks would indicate. One of the problems presented by industries that are publicly financed but privately managed is that the private managers and the public officials tend to confuse their respective functions and responsibilities or, worse, to assume that they are identical. As things stand, the air force must be concerned with the welfare of the aircraft industry just as the aircraft industry must look after the needs of an expanding air force and its personnel. Similar relationships prevail in other aspects of defense but not to the same degree. For at the present time the air force is the only important customer of the aircraft industry.

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# HEIRS TO THE DESPOT

## Russia Revisited: IV . . by FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN

*Concluding article of a series on the New Russia by the noted political scientist.*

*Moscow*

A MINER’S son, born in a mining camp near Kursk on April 17, 1894, grew up to become a miner. He joined the Communist Party in 1918. He fought in the civil war. He studied a decade later at the Moscow Industrial Academy. He helped Kaganovich plan and supervise the building of the Moscow subway. As party leader in Moscow and Kiev, he organized Ukrainian partisans

against the *Wehrmacht*. In 1943 he was named a Lieutenant-General and awarded the Order of Suvorov. On his fiftieth birthday, he was Premier of the Ukraine and recipient of the Order of Lenin. So, through the years of the Stalin era, Nikita Sergeyevich Khrushchev rose from poverty to power.

On February 24-25, 1956, at the Twentieth Party Congress, he delivered his denunciation of Stalin. As is well known, the essence of the indictment was that Stalin was un-Marxist and un-Leninist in fostering a “cult of the individual.” Stalin,

moreover, was rude, crude, capricious, abusive, vicious and paranoid. He used deception, terror, torture and death not only against “class enemies” (a procedure always legitimate in Communist eyes) but against erring or suspected individuals within the party.

The time is not ripe for a definitive re-assessment of the Georgian cobbler’s son who became despot over Russia. The new “collective leadership” depicts his crimes as aberrations flowing from defects of character. Western commentators see them as implicit in Soviet totalitarian





socialism. Both views, I suspect, may ultimately be judged inadequate or irrelevant. Stalin was of a piece with Peter the Great, who also slaughtered his foes, and with Ivan the Terrible who tortured and killed with furious energy. Repin's noted painting in the Tretyakov Gallery depicts Ivan remorsefully clutching the bleeding body of his dying son whom he murdered in a fit of rage. Stalin, apparently, was without remorse save, perhaps, for his second wife, Alliluyeva, whom he either killed or drove to suicide. But rage or remorse are beside the point.

Ivan Grozny, Peter I and Josef Djughashvili were all "statesmen," fanatical in purpose and monstrous in method, grimly grappling with the problem of how to "modernize" a backward Muscovy overtaken by the West in science, technology, industry and the arts of war. The dark masses clung to their ancient ways of slovenliness and incompetence. Blind bureaucrats, dull-witted aristocrats and even xenophobic intellectuals fought all change as treason to the "Holy Russia" of ignorance and superstition. Tyrants who knew that "Westernization" was the price of life were themselves the children of darkness. They could find no better way to achieve their goal than to beat or behead all who opposed their aims.

RUSSIA'S new devil of the twentieth century set himself the task of industrializing, urbanizing and educating an illiterate peasant society, always benighted and now afflicted

with a legacy of chaos inherited from social revolution and civil and foreign war. Collectivization of agriculture in the 1930's was the precondition of industrialization. Defeat of the fascist invaders in the 1940's was the prerequisite of national survival. Stalin triumphantly accomplished these purposes, all at frightful cost and by devices most hideous. Having tasted victory, he readily persuaded himself, "dizzy with success," that all criticism was treason and that more terror was the way to more progress.

This process constitutes a judgment, most lamentable, on the Russian community itself. Those incapable of self-government, if they would avoid anarchy, must submit to an autocrat. Earlier parallels come to mind: Cromwell in England, Robespierre and Bonaparte in France, Bismarck in Germany, even Lincoln in America. But Russia's age-old primitiveness, in part attributable to long subjection and isolation under the Mongol yoke (1240-1480), was without parallel among Western nations. By the same token the methods deemed necessary for overcoming it were unparalleled in ruthless ferocity. Whether every people receives the government it deserves is debatable. Whether Russia could have been "modernized" by gentle persuasion, rather than by the brutalities of an atrocious tyranny, is equally debatable.

The crucial question for the present and future is that of the scope and permanence of the transformation. In *Russia: What Next?* (1953),

Isaac Deutscher argued shrewdly that Stalinism, as a program for modernizing Russia by the weapons of Asiatic-Byzantine-Barbaric despotism, had fulfilled its historic function and was a non-repetitive and self-liquidating phenomenon. Its survival into the 1950's may well be deemed, in Marxist jargon, another instance of disharmony between "base" and "superstructure." By fear and force dark Muscovy was beaten into modernity—on a "Socialist" rather than a "capitalist" pattern. The ideological and institutional differences between the patterns may prove momentous for generations to come, although I would guess that the differences will be progressively reduced, not enhanced. For today's parents and tomorrow's children, the major metamorphosis is from the ignorant, uncouth, filthy, agrarian Russia of the NEP to the educated, cultured, clean, urban Russia now carrying out the Sixth Five Year Plan.

YEARS of research in Soviet documents may leave some Western scholars dubious as to the reality of the change. A few weeks of travel in the USSR will remove all doubt. These vast new cities are not "Potemkin villages." These innumerable schools, libraries, institutes and universities are no more a mirage than the gigantic publishing industry, the profusion of new factories, mills and mines, the thousands of flourishing collective farms. All these changes, moreover, are irreversible. No return to illiteracy is conceivable. Seven grades of the ten-year schools are now attended by all girls and boys. By 1960 all ten grades will be available to all. No reversion to small-scale or "free-enterprise" industry is imaginable. No restoration of private farming is possible. A giant industrial civilization is here to stay. Its major beneficiaries—i.e., the members of the multitudinous new "middle class"—are irrevocably committed to material progress, to the defense of their privileges and to a constant enlargement of their opportunities for a better life.

Such a society cannot be ruled by the methods of Stalinism. The transition to an alternative requires

Stalin's deportation from Olympus. The shape of the alternative is not yet clear. Not easily nor early is it likely to resemble Western democracy. "Collective leadership" is a slogan which offers few answers to concrete questions of policy making. "Socialist legality" and "government by law" are replacing the arbitrariness of the police state.

But no effective "democratization" of the party, to say nothing of the government, is yet in evidence. Suspicion and secrecy still persist. No foreigner, including diplomats, can secure any inkling of the organization of the foreign ministry or of the recruitment and training of the foreign service. The oligarchs continue to mouth fanatic phrases of inflexible dogmatism. They still insult the intelligence of the masses by persisting in the absurd formula that a man condemned as a traitor must, inexorably, have been a traitor all his life. Thus Beria, shot in 1953, was, of course, a secret enemy agent in 1918. Even the "downgrading" of Stalin is conducted by Stalinist methods which presuppose that Soviet citizens are naive children.

YET the "thaw" has come and the floodgates are half-open. What will emerge is unlikely to bear any resemblance to the Marxist vision of the "classless society" and the "withering away of the state" or to Western conceptions of rule by the people. Yet the new Soviet polity, thanks to the transformation of Soviet society, is altogether likely to cherish civil rights, human dignity and personal freedom beyond the wildest pretenses of the 1930's.

In their orientation toward the "bourgeois" world, Russia's new rulers must repeat endlessly, since faith is all-important when rule by fear is abandoned, that "capitalism" is doomed and that the universal triumph of communism is "inevitable." Those Westerners who therefore conclude that "nothing has changed" are wrong. Much has changed. Messianic visions and millenarian aspirations are still the necessary stock-in-trade of Communist agitators and publicists. But the content is gone. The oligarchs know that capitalism will not "collapse"

a week from Wednesday, as Marx once believed, or the year after next, as Lenin preached. A war of creeds, with the warriors flourishing Jet-planes and H-bombs, would be equally lethal to all participants.

"Peaceful co-existence" is consequently synonymous with survival. To interpret the phrase, as some of our own "holy warriors" are wont to do, as a diabolical Communist device to subjugate the globe by trickery rather than by violence is to attribute to the Soviet rulers superhuman powers they do not possess, to confess loss of faith in the democratic way of life and to forget that all politics is the art of the possible. Atomic fission and fusion make peace necessary. The global stalemate makes peace inevitable. That which is both necessary and inevitable is at once imperative and attainable.

The competition between creeds which will characterize the years before us will, I feel certain, be reciprocally stimulating and creative—if America will follow the lead of most of the rest of the "Free World" in resolving to make it so instead of clinging to outmoded formulas of "containment," "massive retaliation" and "collective security" via alliances, embargoes and subversive propaganda. Soviet civilization is too flourishing and formidable to be disrupted by intrigue from abroad or

damaged by foreign agitation or weakened by boycotts.

It has many *verts* to traverse before it attains American standards of living. Its new leaders, even as they parrot the semantic stereotypes of Marxism-Leninism, understand that the pursuit of this goal requires a new outlook and new methods. They know that the survival and growth of Soviet society no longer depend, as once seemed to be the case, on the debacle of capitalism. Having abandoned an obsolete Stalinism, they have renounced efforts to perpetuate it through an isolationist "Iron Curtain." Their new diplomacy, now directed by an adaptable young publicist and no longer by a veteran party bureaucrat, is paralleled by vigorous attempts to maximize travel, trade and cultural contacts. Thousands of foreign visitors are roaming Sovietland with minimal restrictions on freedom of movement, picture-taking and access to common people. Thousands of Soviet citizens are already traveling abroad—as of now in groups or "delegations," and by next year, almost certainly, as individuals if they so desire and have the means. These processes, too, are irreversible.

UNDER these circumstances, cynicism is as unwarranted as euphoria. What is sure is that East and West will be more and more mixed up together, teaching and learning to the advantage of both across frontiers which are highways rather than barriers. High politics will become a rivalry for the respect of the uncommitted half of the human race. Which system can contribute most to the emancipation of the world's slumlands from poverty and ignorance? Here the West will be forced to look to its laurels. Human contacts will enrich life in both segments of a still divided world and promote an ultimate assimilation of ends and means in the search for the good society. Skeptics will scoff. Their ranks will include the fanatics of communism and of anti-communism. But fanaticism, too, is obsolete and will mellow into moderation. The processes of change, visibly and palpably at work in the USSR of 1956, promise good for all mankind.

## Focus

The center of the universe  
Is not our neighbor Sun, of course.

The sun is only a small display  
Off on the edge of the Milky Way.

To find the center you have to ride  
Way up into that milky cloud

That staggers around in erratic courses  
(Like all the other universes)

And breaks off into splits and splinters.  
Oh it's not easy to look for centers

While making the rounds on a distant  
star,  
Wondering where in heaven you are,

Dashing about in elliptical rings,  
Looking around for the middle of things.

WALKER GIBSON



# BOOKS and the ARTS

## Conscience and a Puzzle in Proof

*WAS JUSTICE DONE?* The Rosenberg-Sobell Case. By Malcolm P. Sharp. Monthly Review Press. \$3.50.

By David L. Weissman

IN HIS dissent from the 6 to 3 decision of the Supreme Court which finally cleared the way for the execution of the Rosenbergs on Friday, June 19, 1953, Mr. Justice Black wrote: "It is not amiss to point out that this court has never reviewed this record and has never affirmed the fairness of the trial below. Without an affirmance of the fairness of the trial by the highest court of the land there may always be questions as to whether the executions were legally and rightfully carried out." The passage of the intervening years has not stilled the questions. On the contrary, with the return of a calmer, more rational atmosphere, the questions become more insistent.

This book, by a trained lawyer and professor of the Law School of the University of Chicago, presents the most cogent argument that has yet appeared for the view that the Rosenbergs were innocent of the crime charged. The analysis of the testimony and its setting is scrupulous and fair. Professor Sharp eschews what he calls the "defects of enthusiasm." He does not fail to take account of the weaknesses as well as of the strong points of the case, and he neither blinks at nor exaggerates anything. Though it is obvious that his feelings are deeply engaged, the reader will have no doubt that they derive primarily from his concern for the integrity of justice in our country.

The author was not always of the

opinion that the Rosenbergs were innocent of the crime charged. He came to it, as he says, "with some regret, in May and June of 1953." In a preliminary chapter he traces the evolution of his attitude: from acceptance of the jury's verdict, with reservations about the sentences, to doubt; from doubt to certainty that, in view of the newly-discovered evidence, a new trial was warranted and participation as one of counsel in the effort to obtain it; and ultimately to the belief of total innocence. What moved him, apart from the growing fear of serious injustice in a case of great public concern, he says, "was a sense of the relationship of the case to public policy, both domestic and foreign. A calm estimate of spy scares seems to me part of a calm estimate of foreign quarrels, the resolution of which might help to preserve our liberties, promote prosperity, save taxes and keep the peace." He therefore sees the case "as a human occurrence, as a social phenomenon and as a puzzle in proof." The bulk of the book is devoted to solving the puzzle, but the author does not neglect the individual or community tragedies that throb in the background. The book is not pleasant reading, but Professor Sharp's clarity and honesty of treatment make the reading easy and absorbing. And his courage and determination to vindicate our intelligence and humanity is a bracing experience.

IS THE book convincing? Most readers, concerned no more with embarrassing or injuring our courts or our country than with exploiting the case for their own aggrandizement or the purposes of the cold war, will come to share Professor Sharp's dissatisfaction with some aspects of the conduct of the case; the severity of the sentences, especially as compared with that of Green-

glass and the total immunity of his wife and Elitcher, Sobell's chief accuser; the speed with which the motion for a new trial was disposed of (one week from District Court to Court of Appeals to Supreme Court); and, aside from the serious doubt as to its power to do so, the precipitateness with which the Court acted to vacate the stay of execution granted by Mr. Justice Douglas.

THE Atomic Energy Act raised the grave question of whether the death sentence was properly imposed on the Rosenbergs. "Neither counsel nor the Court," wrote Mr. Justice Frankfurter in his dissent from the Court's action, "in the time available, were able to go below the surface of the question. . . . More time was needed than was had for adequate consideration. . . . We have not had the basis for reaching conclusions and for supporting them in opinions. Can it be said there was time to go through the process by which cases are customarily decided here?" No one who sees the case, as did Mr. Justice Frankfurter, as "an incident in the long and unending effort to develop and enforce justice according to law" can therefore ever feel satisfied with the Court's decision. In the circumstances Mr. Justice Douglas' protest ("I know deep in my heart that I am right on the law") will long continue to trouble the American conscience.

That many readers are likely to be carried to Professor Sharp's conclusion that the Rosenbergs were wholly innocent is a different point. Professor Sharp rejects the view of some commentators that the spy scares were nothing but a hoax, and accepts the position of the defense from the beginning that, while there was some espionage in the Fuchs-Gold-Greenglass circles, the Rosenbergs were not involved in it. He marshals forceful arguments in support of this position, though he concedes that its validity for him "rests

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partly on personal association with people who knew the Rosenbergs and worked on the case." The Greenglasses, without whose testimony the Rosenbergs could concededly not have been convicted, he argues, were untrustworthy and parts of their testimony were demonstrably untrue, if not fantastic; they had powerful motives for shifting the principal blame from themselves and implicating

others; and, having participated in a complex of espionage, it was not too difficult for them to bring someone into the story, by inventing a part for him or substituting him in a part actually played by someone else (like the Russian Yakovlev or perhaps an unnamed subordinate of his).

Professor Sharp does not ignore the challenge that the addition or sub-

stitution of one's own sister and her husband would be an almost unnatural act. He suggests a number of reasons why Greenglass might have so acted: the conflict between Greenglass and Julius Rosenberg over business matters; the possibility that Greenglass was driven by resentment of his sister's influence over him; the feeling he might have had that it was the Rosenbergs' interest in and sympathy for the Russian regime that had in some measure influenced him to become a spy; his great perplexity and overpowering desire to spare his wife; and the insecurity of his whole person which led his wife to say of him that, knowing him since she was ten years old, she was aware that "he would say things were so even if they were not." No one can say that these considerations might not have induced Greenglass to seek refuge in incriminating his innocent sister and brother-in-law. But, aside from any other contrary indications, there are two papers in the record which cast doubt upon the motivations Professor Sharp stresses as being the only ones which moved Greenglass to involve the Rosenbergs.

GREENGLASS was taken into custody on Thursday afternoon, June 15, 1950. On Friday morning, June 16, he had his first interview with his attorney (Mr. Fabricant of Mr. O. John Rogge's office) and the attorney on the same morning made an office memorandum of what Greenglass had told him. The memorandum shows that Greenglass told Mr. Fabricant that he had told the FBI about his meeting with Gold and his receipt of \$500 from Gold, and adds: "He told me that he had made a number of confusing statements purposely in order to confound the FBI and to draw attention from his wife who is in the hospital. . . . He told me further that Julius Rosenberg is apparently very close to this whole situation. Julius Rosenberg had once introduced him to a man in a car somewhere in New York who apparently made this request. He does not know if the man was a Russian and told the FBI that he didn't know."

The following day, Saturday, June

## The Tourists in Spain

Dizzy and light with hunger, we come  
To greet the strangers by the side  
Of the road which like a driver's whip  
Dances down to us from Madrid and the North,  
And drops biting the sea.

By what miracle do they come,  
Shaking loose the light from their hair  
And bringing sacks of corn and pearl  
Out of the dripping Indies? Their bus  
Gleams on the whip's black belly.

They arrive, they emerge, they walk among us  
Tall as trees, pouring their buckets of shade  
On our heads; they nod, and whisper  
In the deep hollows of their mouths  
Where spreading branches make their vault.

Such shoes they wear, heavy as saddles!  
Such clothes, thick as cork between the fingers.  
How must the wood be moist and warm within,  
And their leaves turn ever to the sun!  
The ladies' hats are pacing in the grass.

One bears an acre of grapes, they sprout  
From the thousand vines of her veil.  
The tendrils knot her ears and nose,  
The small leaves flicker from her eyes.  
O the many grapes rotting on her head!

The wind threshes the hats' straw, the wheat streams  
Through town, a horse heavy as sand  
Under each foot. It tramples ovens,  
O wheat that walks my field in dunes!  
Before me sails a hat, white and round

As the loaves of Tarragon. Three feathers  
Say from its crown, "Eat me, I am the bird  
You ate last Spring." I run and take her hand.  
We are two eagles rising from a feast  
On the king's white flocks, mounting slowly till

We scent the wood-sweetened wind that blows  
Off the mountains. I am an eagle of the Pyrenees.  
I am ravenous, my beak curves, my claws  
Flex. I fly down the wind straight to Madrid,  
Straight to the Driver, screaming terrible cries,

Straight to his heart which I eat. The whip-hand  
Goes slack, the whip runs off among hills.  
I take him in my claws and beyond the land,  
Beyond Cadiz and the Azores, and far over  
The sea I fly feeding as I go.

IRVING FELDMAN



17, Greenglass wrote out a statement for his lawyers of what he told the FBI, apparently after as well as before his first interview with Mr. Fabricant. For present purposes only the following need be quoted from the statement: "I told them that on a visit to me in Nov. 1944 my wife asked me if I would give information. I made sure to tell the F.B.I. that she was transmitting this info from my brother-in-law Julius and was not her own idea. She was doing this because she felt I would be angry if she didn't ask me. I then mentioned a meeting with a man who I don't know, arranged by Julius." Professor Sharp accepts the genuineness of these papers and the attorneys have never questioned them as coming from their files. Professor Sharp points out many and serious inconsistencies between these writings and the testimony the Greenglasses later gave at the trial and insists with force that, together with other newly-discovered evidence, they warranted a further look into the propriety of the convictions and the sentences. But he does not satisfactorily dispose of them as evidence that the Rosenbergs were not altogether free from participation in espionage.

BECAUSE of the ambiguity arising from the last sentence quoted from Mr. Fabricant's memorandum, that memorandum is subject to two readings: either (1) that Greenglass had mentioned Julius' participation during his interrogation by the FBI prior to his first interview with his lawyer or (2), what appears the more likely reading, that he had not, though he did tell his lawyer that Julius was "very close to this whole situation" and had introduced him to the Russian. If the first be the correct reading, there persists the possibility that "confusion or stratagems or both," in the words of Professor Sharp's surmise, operated to get Greenglass to implicate his innocent brother-in-law. If the more likely second reading be the correct one, then it appears that Greenglass' first impulse was to shield him and that he implicated him only when it was pointed out to him that he was thereby casting a heavier bur-

den on his own wife. That would explain why, as his written statement says, he "made sure" to tell the FBI that his wife was only an intermediary and named Julius as the one for whom she was acting.

Professor Sharp does not argue the guilt or innocence of Sobell. He says that the charge against him did not involve atomic espionage; that it should not have been joined with the case against the Rosenbergs (the issue upon which Judge Frank dissented from the Court of Appeals' affirmance of Sobell's conviction); that it was "flimsy" and based almost exclusively on the testimony of a perjured, badly frightened accomplice who went scot-free himself; and that, in any event, the sentence of thirty years in the penitentiary, followed by incarceration as a recalcitrant in Alcatraz, is intolerable. There are few traces of bitterness in the book, but the treatment of Sobell raises feelings in the author apparently too deep for containment. "If our government has recaptured its sanity," he says, "it will at least see that he has his parole. That is a test of our recovery from our recent excitements."

"To review a case in which we believe injustice has been done," writes Professor Harold C. Urey in

his introduction, "is better than reviewing the next case when further injustice may be done." This is the motif of the entire book. There is in it also a sense of tragedy, community as well as personal, and compassion for all the players in its grip, the survivors and the dead, the victors and the vanquished. For to the author we are all victims of impulses and passions and destructive capabilities that will annihilate us if not reined in. Calling it "an insupportable view of both the history of atomic espionage and the history of the Korean outbreak," he cites the trial judge's words on sentencing the Rosenbergs: "I believe your conduct in putting into the hands of the Russians the A-bomb . . . has already caused, in my opinion, the Communist aggression in Korea, with the resultant casualties, exceeding 50,000. . . ." And the author's concluding words are: "It may be hoped at least that the sacrifice has accomplished an unacknowledged purpose. Perhaps, as the sacrifice of the scapegoat came in many cultures to be associated with the course of the year and the periodic expectation of spring and revival, so this sacrifice may somehow reduce our horrors to manageable size, and prepare for reconciliation, peace and growth."

## Lawrence as Moralist

*D. H. LAWRENCE: NOVELIST.*  
By F. R. Leavis. Alfred A. Knopf.  
\$4.75.

By Jacob Korg

SINCE Mr. Leavis thinks of D. H. Lawrence and T. S. Eliot as the representatives of the two leading rival tendencies in contemporary literature, it is natural that he should devote so much of his book to a defense of Lawrence against Eliot. Unfortunately, the enthusiasm of his defense sometimes obscures its virtues. The early page of his book that has on it three occurrences of the words "great, greatest," varied with "genius" and "unsurpassed" estab-

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lishes a polemic rather than a critical atmosphere. In addition, Mr. Leavis is often stubbornly inexplicit, combining an elusive Jamesian style unsuited to criticism with a tendency to cite long and complicated passages from his subject as though they spoke for themselves. Still, out of these difficulties emerges a forceful point of view that manages to balance extravagant praise for Lawrence with understanding of his limitations.

Eliot's objections that Lawrence was poorly educated, isolated from a living tradition and indifferent to moral and social issues are not so much opinions about Lawrence as pointed suggestions of what tradition, education, morality and society should be. His judgments about Lawrence, as about most other things, are made in the interest of a particu-

lar view of life. Mr. Leavis contends that Eliot's attitudes are the result of a negative and unhealthy "disgust" with life, and that Lawrence's art, by comparison, is vital, creative and positive, manifesting a healthy harmony of feelings and intelligence. He denies that Lawrence was a moral desperado, pointing out that the love affairs which are Lawrence's favorite subject often lead his people to an experience of something beyond themselves which may fairly be called religious. Mere physical pleasure gives way to a kind of blood knowledge, an irresistible intuition of life which has its austere and terrifying aspects. From his insight into this experience and his reverence for emotions, the common people and everyday life Lawrence derived a moral sensibility superior to that of many of his contemporaries.

IN analyzing *The Rainbow* and *Women in Love*, which he considers to be Lawrence's most important novels, and some of the more significant tales, Mr. Leavis meets most of Eliot's criticisms of Lawrence. In reply to the argument that Lawrence had no tradition, he refers to the generations of miners whose lives are the subject of *The Rainbow*. The traditions of poor provincials could not seem very important to Eliot, but Mr. Leavis effectively shows that Lawrence's intimate and tender treatment of this material is comparable with the work of George Eliot. Denying that Lawrence lacked a sense of class, Mr. Leavis points to *The Daughters of the Vicar*. In that story Lawrence explores class differences with great sensitivity, but his awareness carries with it no condemnation of one side or the other.

Perhaps the most interesting contribution Mr. Leavis makes is his acknowledgement of Lawrence's limitations. One of them exemplified by his relatively weak novel, *The Plummed Serpent*, is due to his failure to recognize that his convictions about the dark side of human nature could not serve as a program for solving contemporary problems. Mr. Leavis also points out that Lawrence was disqualified by circumstances from dealing authoritatively with certain aspects of life central to his message.

For one thing, he had no children. For another, his experience of marriage was not representative. Mr. Leavis perceptively demonstrates that these facts sometimes prevented him from maintaining his highest

standards. But he asserts that they hardly detract from the value of a body of work that is the expression of "a supreme vital intelligence . . . informed by an almost infallible sense for health and sanity."

## Obsessed by Women

**BITTER HONEYMOON AND OTHER STORIES.** By Alberto Moravia. Translated by Bernard Wall and Others. Farrar, Straus and Cudahy. \$3.50.

By Herbert Gold

THE STORIES of Alberto Moravia express the same obsessive theme he put forward in the novels *Conjugal Love* and *A Ghost at Noon*. Men are enfeebled by intellect, ambition, activity in the world — these things separate them from their bodies; women are mighty in their sensuality, they are devouring of men.

To the extent that there is a real struggle between the demands of the flesh and civilization, the theme operates as a powerful organizing center to Moravia's primary talent, which is for anecdotal storytelling. To the extent that his morbid personal concern interferes, this position is weakened by emphasis on the aggressive, controlling, sadistic, "non-sexual" aspects of sex and a draining, oversexualized perspective on work in the world. To the extent that his lovers are persistently and fatally incapable of love, the novels often seem to come down to mechanical tricks. There is no real plot; there is a mounting series of failures. The hero grovels, he suffers, he observes his own impotence — he does not love. Actually, sex is not very erotic for Moravia, although it may seem so to the casual reader because everything *but* sex is charged with erotic fervor.

After a while we can predict the life story of his doomed lover — enslaved man, greedy earth-woman, jealousy, unhappy lovemaking, sadness. There is no pleasure; there is no satisfaction outside pleasure; *nada*.

HERBERT GOLD is the author of *The Man Who Was Not With It*.

However, Moravia plays his one tune eloquently, and the tales in the present collection are often more convincing than the dragged-out short stories which he publishes as novels. The title story, *Bitter Honeymoon*, is a good example. Giacomo has married Simona, who, in addition to being one of Moravia's usual pneumatic visions, is also a Communist. Here the author has played a slight switch on us. The girl expresses her allotted destructive sensuality through a blind political passion. Because her communism is a private, alienating thing, a kind of secret vice, Giacomo is emotionally isolated from her. In fact, she is a virgin and afraid to give herself to him. She is married to the Party. In order to take her, after several unsuccessful tries, the battered and literally bloodied husband succeeds in making her conceive of the possibility that her marital responsibilities might come before party discipline. She retreats before this curious honeymoon discussion and, with the *deus-ex-machina* aid of a frightening thunderstorm, finally "she sought his embrace, he penetrated her body without any difficulty whatsoever."

This is a rare triumph for a man in the Moravia canon, but lest we rejoice too soon, he warns us that "nothing was settled." The loneliness of the diminished man and the impenetrable autonomy of the woman can only be overcome in momentary illusion.

The boyishness of the fantasy represented by Moravia's stories and novels is startling — the sexual act seen as test, the dread, the unstable and vengeful triumphs. Expressing with laconic precision a hopeless longing for secure pleasure, the stories are a convincing dramatization of what every man fears in his weak moments: There are no women; there is only Woman.



# Major League Economics

*THE BASEBALL PLAYERS.* An Economic Study. By Paul M. Gregory. Public Affairs Press. \$3.75.

By Mark Harris

PROFESSOR GREGORY's "pioneer application of the tools of economic theory" to the business of baseball reveals the impotence of reason in the presence of the game. In the most literal sense, words fail the professor.

To a rational economist, baseball appears to be a form of commerce, but the Supreme Court declares it is not (though professional boxing is). This mysterious industry's non-productive producers (workers, which is to say, players) may be sold without their prior consent; and they do not share in the proceeds realized by their value (a "value," incidentally, which, to Mr. Gregory's confusion, cannot be reckoned by any known economic formula). Ordinarily the word "exploitation" would here suggest itself, but if the economist is to use it in its historic sense he must be wary; he reflects, for example, that the "gate value" of Ted Williams of the Boston Red Sox

*MARK HARRIS is the author of Bang the Drum Slowly.*

probably far exceeds his \$100,000 annual salary; Williams is therefore—technically—"exploited." But this is nonsense.

The 400 major-league ballplayers crushed within this system belong to an association which insists upon conferring with owners in a setting of democracy and free speech. Together employers and employees democratically agree that on the field of play (work) the absolute dictatorship of managers is crucial.

Mr. Gregory greets these paradoxes amiably, permitting his helplessness to convey that quality of baseball which renders it, indeed, more than commerce. It is a mystique. It is "more than a game—it becomes a ritual and a symbol, for the true fan vicariously recalls nearly a century of playing and his ears catch whispers from the great dead."

In the end, says Mr. Gregory, it is to "the fictional approach" we shall have to look for the "deepest insights." Its relative unreality gives baseball the power to annihilate the traditional terminology of scholarship. A book which suggests this much provides, for the "true fan" who is not simply obsessive, a refreshing contrast to most of what we are offered upon the subject.

possibly monopolistic network practices (see *The Nation*, July 7, 21) has encouraged those who dared to question the status quo: independent producers, a few independent station operators, government officials for their own several reasons. But network officials have repeatedly refused to consider any proposals for immediate reduction in their control of the airwaves on the ground that they know best how to operate their industry in the public interest. I often wondered, as I read through President Robert Sarnoff's handsomely printed NBC statement, the 200-odd-page memorandum of Dr. Frank Stanton for CBS and ABC President Robert Kintner's lengthy testimony, whether the insistent repetition of this point was not the real proof that monopoly does exist. It is entirely likely that the present leadership of the networks has done a better job in control of TV than anyone else could do. The three networks have, in the main, used their immense power as a force for good. I have considerable faith in them, just as they have faith in themselves and in the fact that they have built, and are still building, a channel of communication between people which can be one of the great cornerstones of freedom.

BUT whether or not the monopoly is a benevolent one is hardly the question. Its benevolence merely makes it more difficult to measure in the framework of functioning democracy, because under present conditions it is hard to visualize the day when television might destroy much of what we hold to be indestructible, to question whether the public good is being served by the networks' almost complete blackout of competition. An open industry might not soon, if ever, serve the public as efficiently, but it would do business according to the democratic rules of free competition and would not be subject to the danger that concentrated power always runs of falling into unscrupulous hands.

So far, government regulation has been confined to the Federal Communications Commission, operating under a code which was formulated

## TELEVISION

Anne W. Langman

NO AMERICAN industry has ever had so great a direct influence upon its citizens as does the television industry today. The most powerful medium of mass communications ever known, TV reaches into 35 million American homes where the average viewer watches for five hours a day. It can create a personality, a point of view, a level of taste. It is no longer stylish to deny its existence or to close one's eyes to its enormous influence on every phase of American life. It operates in a public utility—the air—and presumably in the public interest.

But the public has very little to say about it. True, the viewer can choose the program he wishes, but freedom of the dial is limited. His choice must be made between two or three programs, and more often than not there is little to choose between them. He can carp, criticize and complain about mediocrity, but unless his comments happen to appeal to the sovereign powers they are little regarded. The networks control television—some say their control amounts to a monopoly—and it is about time the public took a look at this control.

Current government inquiry into

for radio some years ago. The FCC has almost fostered concentrated control by limiting TV to the narrow Very High Frequency band which can accommodate only twelve channels and thus severely limits the number of stations that can be licensed in each community. By 1948, the FCC had provided for 108 VHF stations in sixty-three markets. It then called a halt to further station construction, realizing that the twelve channels were not enough to provide a freely competitive TV system and needing time to decide what to do about it. The freeze continued for three and a half years—long enough for CBS and NBC to get an almost exclusive franchise in most of these markets. Then the FCC decided to open up the capacious Ultra High Frequency band, which allows for seventy channels, and to “intermix” them in the same communities with existing VHF allocations. This move was disastrous for the new UHF stations; they could get few network programs, were unable to attract viewers without them, lacked the appeal to persuade set owners to spend money for the converters necessary to receive UHF. Even today, only 7 million of the country’s 37 million sets are equipped for UHF. Seventy-five UHF stations have either gone off the air or surrendered their construction permits. This state of affairs has continued for several years while the FCC has bungled its way through a mass of technical and engineering barriers and all kinds of pressures pro and con UHF and how it should be used.

EARLY this summer, the FCC announced a masterpiece of inaction called “Interim Deintermixture.” This amazing collection of prefixes proposes to end the operation of both VHF and UHF in the same communities. In fact, it effects only two cities, Fresno, California, and Madison, Wisconsin, and according to Representative James Quigley (D., Pa.) “isn’t worth the paper it’s written on.” He adds that the FCC is “a perfect example of what government regulation cannot do.” Anti-truster Emanuel Celler (D., N.Y.) is currently examining possible net-

work domination of the FCC and states that its failure to move on the TV-monopoly front “strikes me as dereliction.”

In the meantime, everyone involved in the TV industry seems eager to agree that more outlets—or the use of UHF—will resolve the current problems. FCC spokesmen call the arguments for moving all video operations to UHF “impressive,” but are not at all sure that expected difficulties arising from such a shift could be overcome. Certainly a changeover period of at least ten years would be needed for amortization of present equipment, a new set of allocations and rules to govern them. The FCC has invited the industry and the public to send the commission comments by October 1. My guess is that very few people outside the industry know of the existence of UHF and VHF, much less understand the implications of their use.

Close examination of what appears to be a logical and intelligent use of the new spectrum—more channels, more stations, more chance to compete for viewers—reveals that the shift to UHF will solve only part of

the problem, hooking public imagination with a magnificent red herring. Unless the question of control is settled first, adding more channels will add nothing but more of the same confusion, and in the decade which would pass before it could take place, the networks might build completely unassailable bulwarks of control. In order to establish a truly competitive, national television service, the government must take steps *now* to open present video facilities to independent program sources and to small advertisers, so that when the UHF day comes it will accomplish its purpose.

Limitation of network function by cutting down hours of option time and the number of programs stations must accept from a network would allow a free flow of programming from existing creative sources to all advertisers and stations who seek it and would serve the public well. As public understanding and attention cut through the fog of good intentions and statements of purpose, it becomes evident that television of, by and for the people is needed right now if democracy is ever to be found through the public eye.

## RECORDS

### B. H. Haggin

THE COLUMBIA record *Golden Jubilee Concert* (ML-4929) offers dubbings of imperfect but listenable recordings of a number of Josef Hofmann’s performances at the concert in November, 1937, at which he celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his American debut, and provides the only available documentation on records of this famous pianist’s playing. For some it documents unequaled pianistic and musical mastery. “Hofmann was not only the world’s greatest pianist; he was also the pianist’s pianist,” says Abram Chasins, a pupil of Hofmann, in the accompanying booklet. “His greatest colleagues (even Rachmaninov...) placed Hofmann on the highest peak, the absolute monarch of the pianistic realm.” And in an article in the *Saturday Review* Chasins welcomes

the record’s documentation of piano-playing in the “grand manner” of an earlier day, no longer to be heard today, which he says gave the Romantic repertory—and specifically the music of Chopin—the correct and effective style it doesn’t have in performances of today. Chasins describes what Chopin himself demanded for correct performance of his music: “a controlled spontaneity, a direct cantilena, a variety of coloring, pedaling and rhythmic accentuation, an elegance of ornamentation which have all but vanished from the concert platform.” And of Hofmann’s performances of the Chopin pieces on the record Chasins says the art “is Chopin’s own art . . . Chopin’s Chopin was precise and classical. So is Hofmann’s Chopin.”

Not, however, to my ears. What I



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hear on the record is evidence,  
 rather, that the piano-playing of  
 Chasins' "exponents of the grand  
 manner" was similar to the singing  
 of their contemporaries of the  
 "golden age," who treated music as  
 something to use to show what they  
 could do with their voices. The  
 record, in fact, provides documenta-  
 tion of my observations on Hofmann  
 in this column a couple of years  
 after that golden-jubilee concert. The  
 virtuoso pianist, I said, presented  
 himself to his audience for the same  
 purpose as the acrobat—to exhibit  
 all the things he could do with his  
 instrument and the music; and he  
 regarded the instrument and music  
 in the way the acrobat regarded his  
 trapeze—as things to use for his pur-  
 pose. He learned his pianistic and  
 musical tricks in a certain number  
 of works in his youth; and he con-  
 tinued to elaborate and add to those  
 tricks in the same works thereafter.

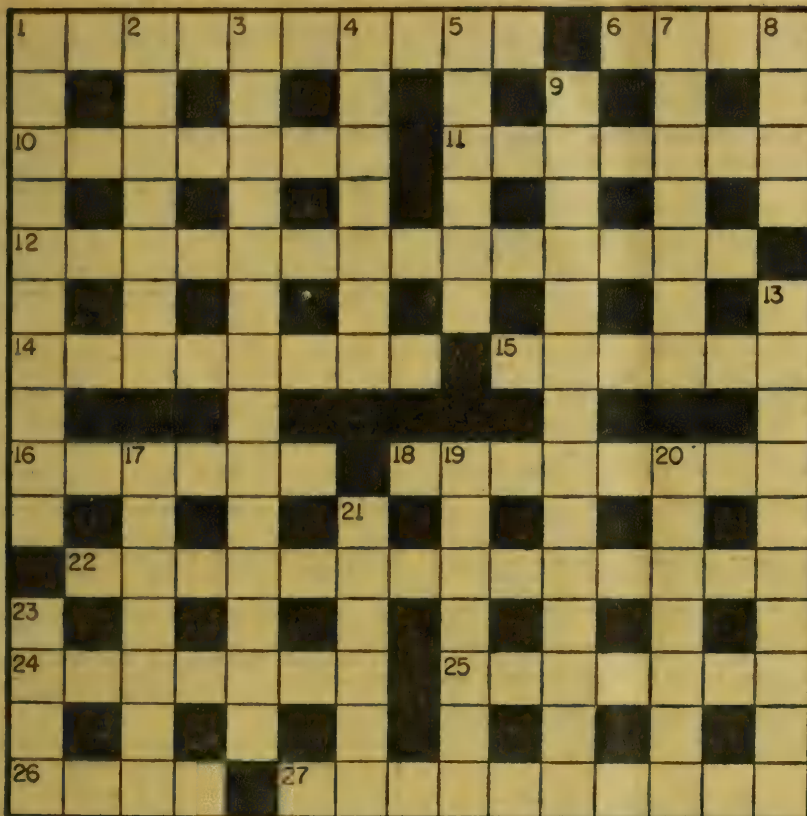
THUS Hofmann, in the twenty-five  
 years in which I had observed him,  
 had repeated a limited repertory—  
 mostly a lot of Chopin, some Schu-  
 mann, a few major sonatas of Bee-  
 thoven—which didn't include Bee-  
 thoven's *Diabelli Variations* or last  
 Bagatelles, or a single sonata of Mo-  
 zart or Schubert, but did include a  
 large quantity of trashy salon and  
 display pieces. And in his perform-  
 ances one had heard things like the  
 left-hand octaves or chords crashed  
 out suddenly for no musical purpose  
 but only to surprise and impress  
 the audience; the series of notes ex-  
 tracted from within accompaniment  
 chords to astonish the audience with  
 a counter-melody unknown to the  
 composer; the exposition of a sonata  
 movement played one way the first  
 time and a different way the second  
 time, to amaze the audience with  
 the ability to do that. ("He would,"  
 writes Chasins, "enunciate a theory  
 and then sit down at the piano to  
 illustrate it . . . and just as one had  
 concluded that this was the way,  
 the *only* way, he would turn the  
 theory upside down and prove it  
 equally valid.")

The Columbia record has a couple  
 of trashy pieces by Moszkowski and  
 Rachmaninov that Hofmann used to  
 play. And in the performance of

Mendelssohn's *Spinning Song* there  
 are the unexpectedly accented left-  
 hand note, the sudden eruption  
 of hammered-out accompaniment  
 chords, the succession of perverse  
 accents in the accompaniment, which  
 have no relation to the ends of the  
 piece itself, but are contrived for  
 their own effect of shock and excite-  
 ment by their unexpectedness, their  
 exhibition of daring wilfulness and  
 perversity. So with the octaves  
 banged out by the left hand at one  
 point in the Chopin G-flat Etude,  
 and the perverse decrescendo that  
 follows in place of the crescendo the  
 music calls for. So with the succession  
 of loudly accented A flats in the  
 left hand near the end of Chopin's  
*Berceuse*, in which, moreover, the ex-  
 cessively fast tempo makes the ex-  
 ecution of the delicate ornamental  
 passage-work breathtaking but the  
 piece not a lullaby. And so with  
 the succession of such ostentatious  
 perversities of tempo, phrasing and  
 accentuation in Chopin's G-minor  
 Ballade, the accompaniment chords  
 at one point that are made louder  
 than the delicate passage-work they  
 accompany, the concluding three  
 forceful chords that are played loud  
 —unexpectedly soft—loud. Pianistic  
 mastery certainly is exhibited in  
 these performances, but not what I  
 regard as musical mastery. And not  
 Chopin's own direct cantilena.

THESE are the performances which,  
 year after year, thousands came to  
 hear—among them the many stu-  
 dents, teachers and pianists with the  
 professional's interest in the mere  
 doing of things on the piano and  
 with the music, who came to Car-  
 negie Hall to marvel at the things  
 this "pianist's pianist" did. Chasins  
 and I, when we began to hear Hof-  
 mann in our teens, were piano stu-  
 dents with that interest; and the  
 explanation of the difference in our  
 present evaluations of the perform-  
 ances on the record is, I think, that  
 he has retained that interest to this  
 day, whereas I lost it, and by the  
 time of Hofmann's jubilee concert  
 I had stopped going to hear him use  
 music to show what he could do on  
 the piano, and had begun instead to  
 go to hear Schnabel use the piano to  
 illuminate music.

# Crossword Puzzle No. 684



## ACROSS:

- 1 Perhaps embarrassed at the sound being interpreted like a rhythmic unit. (3, 2, 1, 4)
- 6 The logical fallacy of a backward Italian battle city. (4)
- 10 In which the pessimist could see no flaw? (7)
- 11 See 23 down.
- 12 Do union stablemen wear them? (14)
- 14 Change a fish to true pink, by the way. (8)
- 15 Shed favor? (4-2)
- 16 Try on a modified version. (6)
- 18 Point in a waterway, traditionally dangerous to missionaries. (8)
- 22 Common carrier? (8-6)
- 24 Communist state? Quite the contrary, it is affirmed. (7)
- 25 Mean to come ashore, far from the coast. (7)
- 26 and 8 down Don't lean so much towards being apathetic! (8)
- 27 How to get a free bar of soap (without fat in it). (6-4)

## DOWN:

- 1 Checking over a monologue? (10)
- 2 Salesman whose time should be of utmost importance. (7)

- 3 Dummies? Not necessarily! (6, 8)
- 4 Tweedy town, but you might make light of it finally. (7)
- 5 In fine, a single diminution. (6)
- 7 A campaign in part of the motion-picture business. (5-2)
- 8 See 26 across
- 9 French dressing, for example? Listen with both ears! (6, 8)
- 13 Ringing of bells on the deck of a ship. (4-6)
- 17 Summers? (Fall seems imminent.) (7)
- 19 Islands. Also a human being. (7)
- 20 Stop! Stop! A girl! (7)
- 21 It's certainly not easy going down, when broke. (4-2)
- 23 and 11 across Lies in a building, twenty feet would be. (4, 7)

## SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 683

1 MISANTHROPE; 2 BESTRIDE; 10 AND 13 WOMAN'S INTUITION; 11 AND 13 CAPITAL STOCK; 12 MONSTER; 14 INDIES; 15 TATTLERS; 17 FRENCH; 20 DIVERS; 22 STOKERS; 24 AWARDED; 26 UNLIKE; 27 PUG-NOSED; 28 REMONSTRATE; DOWN: 3 ANIMALS; 4 TIER; 5 ROWBOAT; 6 PUMPS; 7 RETAIN; 8 ENDEAR; 16 LIVERWORT; 18 RETINA; 19 TORPEDO; 20 DOWAGER; 21 REEFER; 23 KNIFE; 25 OPUS.

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OVER THE BRIDGE; MAY SARTON



**THE** *Nation*

AUGUST 18, 1956

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# WHAT'S WRONG WITH NIXON?

Public Life of a Cardboard Hero

*by Gene Marine*

## Atoms and Genes

*by C. H. Waddington*

## Inside the French Left

Thorez Fights the Future

*by Pierre Hervé*



# A COMMUNICATION

## DISARMAMENT AT THE CONVENTIONS

*The author of this communication, Josephine W. Pomerance, is the United Nations observer for the American Association for the United Nations.*

SINCE 1950, under the administration of both the Republican and Democratic Parties, the United States has advocated a policy of world disarmament and a raising of living standards in the underdeveloped areas of the world. In its unanimous adoption of S. R. 150 in 1953, the Senate went on record in support of this goal. Yet to date it has been impossible to reach agreement on the first concrete steps to disarmament. Nevertheless disarmament and world development should still be the cornerstone of American foreign policy. What will the two parties, meeting in Chicago and San Francisco, have to present in the way of resolutions and platform commitments on disarmament? If our policy is to be more than an expression of pious hope — if tangible achievements are to be registered — then certain basic points should be met:

1. As a prerequisite to successful negotiations on stages of a disarmament plan, the goal should be clearly defined as universal, enforceable disarmament right down to the level necessary to maintain internal order. Every effort should continue to be made to devise those techniques necessary to facilitate total nuclear disarmament. In the meantime, however, disarmament negotiations could be governed by the principle stated by Jules Moch, French delegate to the UN Disarmament Commission: "No control without disarmament; no disarmament without control, but progressively all the disarmament that can be controlled."

2. There should be a recognition of the need for a more flexible U. S. policy which would permit the acceptance of those agreements on disarmament which can now be obtained. An essential step in this direction is the formulation of a UN control organ to enforce a limitation of nuclear-weapon tests. Although agreement on this plan would not ensure against surprise attack, nor would it represent extensive disarmament, it would reduce world tension and act as a brake on the race for intercontinental ballistic missiles, thus keeping the technical obstacles to arms control within manageable proportions.

3. There should be a recognition that

U. S. security itself depends on raising the present sub-standards of living of two-thirds of the world's people. (This requires urgent attention, as the immediate advantage of atomic power will fall to the already industrialized nations, tending to widen the gap between the "haves" and the "have nots.")

The recent statement of President Eisenhower to the Advertising Council that "Every dollar spent intelligently in the field of development is worth \$5 spent on armaments" indicates that success in this field could be achieved at bargain rates. Nor would this expenditure be a total loss, for it would increase world trade, enlarge world markets for U. S. products and, combined with domestic public-works programs for schools, hospitals, slum clearance, etc., help to cushion the shift to a peacetime economy. To implement this program the United States should commit itself in definite terms to use the resources saved through preliminary steps to disarmament for such United Nations programs as SUNFED, if the USSR will similarly fulfill its pledge of last March to donate the resources saved through the reduction of conventional arms to welfare purposes in less developed countries.

4. There should be a recognition that the political settlements which the United States believes must precede disarmament might be reached more easily within the disarmament framework. On June 25 Senator Flanders suggested to the Senate that Chancellor Adenauer be encouraged to negotiate with the Kremlin to reunite East and West Germany in exchange for an unarmed and neutral Germany, free in all other respects. This proposal, Senator Flanders pointed out, would satisfy the real wishes of the German people and create a neutral buffer zone, mutually advantageous to East and West.

On June 28, the army's Director of Research and Development, Lieutenant General James M. Gavin, disclosed that "several hundred million deaths" would result from an American strategic bombing assault on Russia. The area of devastation, according to the "current planning estimates" would extend over Japan and the Philippines or over a large area of Western Europe, depending on which way the wind blew. Only insistent demand and courageous leadership for political settlements within the

framework of universal disarmament can ensure the security of nations.

Will the delegates to the conventions which are about to assemble recognize the opportunity which is theirs for political leadership on this paramount issue?

JOSEPHINE W. POMERANCE  
New York

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## The Shape of Things

### The Opacity of Mr. Dulles

John Foster Dulles is a hard man to understand. His latest blunder—the State Department's firm refusal to permit American correspondents to visit China at Premier Chou En-lai's invitation—profits nobody except possibly the Chinese Communists, whom Mr. Dulles would not consciously aid and abet. Reading Mr. Dulles' mind is a hazardous occupation, but some or all of the following considerations may have moved him to hold our newsmen on leash: 1. It is improper for American reporters to accept Chinese hospitality as long as the last "political hostages" have not been released. 2. We maintain no diplomatic relations with the Communist regime and could not protect our nationals. 3. The invitation was a propaganda stunt. 4. Officially received correspondents might be hoodwinked into a favorable impression of China's present situation. But having thought that far, Mr. Dulles would presumably have thought further that: 1. The presence of American correspondents in China would be powerful added pressure for the release of the hostages (any correspondent worth sending that far would ask to talk to them and report the result of his request). 2. No harm could conceivably come to visitors sponsored by Chou En-lai. 3. Whatever propaganda there may be in the gesture the Chinese have reaped immediately by our spurning it. 4. American correspondents, as Mr. Dulles knows, are not a docile and naive lot. Furthermore, he continues the situation whereby American papers are forced to print news about China from sources more friendly to the regime than their own correspondents would be. The day before Chou En-lai issued his invitation, the *New York Times* featured on its front page a distinctly favorable interview with him by the correspondent of the Melbourne (Australia) *Herald*. The fifth, and possibly the determining reason behind Mr. Dulles' obstinacy, may have been a fear that the projected visit would upset Chiang Kai-shek. Chiang can be very troublesome during an election year, the more so as he knows full well that time is running out on his profitable Formosan enterprise. Looked at from whatever angle, however, this latest Dulles blunder is another example of his capacity to mystify everyone. It

is hard to understand a man whose failures are apparent enough but whose intentions are never clear.

What is clear, however, is the necessity for re-establishing direct channels of communication, via the press, between the Chinese people and the American people. Our main reliance for news about China for the last seven years has been the fantasy-factories maintained by the Chinese Nationalists at American expense. It has been the steady flow of rumor and propaganda from Formosa, coupled with the lack of direct news, that has given the China Lobby its power to influence policy. Half the time, our policy-makers have felt themselves the captives of an aroused but misinformed public.

*The Nation* is pleased to have been included among the eighteen American publications which may now send correspondents to China, assuming they can get through the Dulles curtain. Unlike most of the press, we have not acquiesced in the blackout of news from China. Since the Korean War, we have managed to bring to our readers a long series of first-hand reports on China by such observers as: V. K. R. V. Rao (April 5, 12, 1952); Desmond Donnelly (March 3, April 4, 1953); Joan Robinson (August 14, 1954); Kingsley Martin (May 14, 1955); Gerald Bailey (December 3, 1955); and James Bertram (June 23, 1956). Excellent as this coverage has been, we are confident that it will soon be possible to supplement it with reports from some of our regular correspondents.

### The First Step

Dr. C. H. Waddington's article in this issue (p. 137) may at a rapid first reading suggest that there is little urgency about the suspension of further tests of nuclear weapons. But in our view the element of hazard in the tests has never been the major reason for stopping them. Suspension of the tests would be the first step toward nuclear disarmament. It would dispose of the Administration's objection to disarmament without inspection. No inspection would be needed for no concealment is possible. Ending the tests may seem like a small step toward disarmament but it is not. As V. K. Krishna Menon pointed out in a remarkable speech in the UN Disarmament Commission (July 12), one forward step may not be a guarantee of progress but it always carries within it the possibility of another step. It would also provide part of the answer to what is called the problem of "the third country," that is, what might



happen if a third, fourth or fifth country, say West Germany, Japan and China, in that order, were to perfect their bomb technology by conducting successful tests. Suspension of the tests would relieve popular fears and apprehensions that have reached dangerous proportions; for example, psychiatrists in Japan have given a name to a new malaise, *hoshano noirozeh* or radiation neurosis. Finally, the tests are immoral and contrary to international law (see, The Legality of H-Bomb Tests, *The Nation*, December 31, 1955). The force of these considerations is not lessened by the fact that the actual genetic damage caused by the tests to date may have been slight.

## Sad Anniversary

This year's observance of the eleventh anniversary of Hiroshima on August 6 was a sad affair. For one moment there was silence in Hiroshima's Peace Memorial Park where 20,000 people had assembled. Then a whirr of wings as hundreds of doves arched the sky. As the hands of the clock pointed to 8:15 A.M.—the exact hour and minute when the bomb fell—sirens wailed and bells tolled. A few moments later, the mayor told the gathering: "The tragedies of Hiroshima shall not be repeated" and the crowd chorused in return: "The tragedies of Hiroshima shall not be repeated." In New York—perhaps the world's finest target in a future nuclear war—the anniversary was principally observed by three small pacifist groups. But the support for disarmament is much broader than this minimal demonstration would indicate. With the Democratic and Republican Parties assembling in Chicago and San Francisco, now is the time, as Josephine Pomerance suggests in a communication in this issue, to induce both parties to accept as the minimum bipartisan commitment on disarmament, the vital first step of a suspension of further tests. As a matter of fact, now is the time for the President to make a unilateral announcement that we will make no further H-bomb tests, the commitment to stand only as long as other nations also refrain from making tests. There is no risk in such a declaration and there might be great advantage.

## Cheers for CASE

No recent event has aroused such unqualified enthusiasm in this office as the announced intention of the Republican high command to win over the "egg-heads" and intellectuals. No longer will the Democrats, as in the glorious days of Roosevelt, have a monopoly of "cultural" political influence. Chaired by Harry J. Carman, dean emeritus of Columbia College, and Helen Hayes, with strong support from Mrs. Jouett Shouse whose husband was president of the American Liberty League, the Committee of the Arts and Sciences for Eisenhower (CASE) has been formed with the personal

blessing of Sherman Adams, assistant to the President, to enroll the country's intellectuals in the great crusade.

For us, the editors of a publication catering to intellectuals, being wooed by the GOP is a new and delicious sensation. Never before, in ninety-one years of publication, has the GOP come with posies to our door. Not only do we like being wooed; frankly, we could be "had." But we can't be had for peanuts. If CASE wants us, if CASE really feels, as its announcement states, that the influence of the extreme right wing is waning in the Republican Party, then let it induce the GOP to offer some seductive bait. For example, "ditch" Dick Nixon, chuck the Madison Avenue crew (it may be news to Mr. Adams, but American intellectuals are not wild about Robert Montgomery), stop public brain-washings, put the banned books and publications back on the shelves of the overseas libraries, go forward with the idea of taking some American art exhibits overseas despite the fears which have been expressed that some of the artists might turn out to be admirers of Picasso or Léger, reschedule the tour of the Symphony-of-the-Air which the State Department abruptly canceled for political reasons, rescind the cruel judgment pronounced on Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer, induce Mr. Brownell to stop "listing" organizations including another "Arts and Sciences" committee which was formed to support Roosevelt and ended up by being proscribed, and, above all, stop insulting our intelligence by nonsensical notions that Chiang Kai-shek and Syngman Rhee are twin pillars of democracy in the Far East. If the GOP will do these things—even a few of these things—it will discover that the nation's intellectuals, after years of being kicked around by a donkey, are quite willing to be seduced by an elephant.

## Penny-Wise

It is farsighted of UNESCO to set up an international convention for the preservation of cultural monuments in time of war, providing an attractive blue and white flag to be flown on such structures and a matching badge to be worn by the custodians in charge of them. It is also ludicrously trivial and at bottom wrongheaded. The nations of the world now recognize that they must resolve to keep the peace or resign themselves to the extinction of civilization, if not the race itself. No one is going to spare monuments in another war, and to pretend that any such humane consideration might operate gives a false picture of the holocaust in store.

UNESCO's little flag also suggests that the UN has its fingers crossed when it declares that war has become unthinkable. A man who has irrevocably renounced the demon rum does not carry a bottle of Alka-seltzer in his valise, and statesmen who really believe that war must be forever abolished should not make plans for saving a cathedral here and a museum there. Mankind itself is what we are now trying to save.

# WHAT'S WRONG WITH NIXON?

## Public Life of a Cardboard Hero . . by GENE MARINE

*San Francisco*

THE NAME of the man who will be the next President of the United States is Richard Milhous Nixon.

To bet against that proposition, you would be entitled to odds. Losing your bet would depend on only three intermediate events, each of which is heavily weighted in one direction. First, Nixon must win renomination for his job as Vice President, almost a certainty since Harold Stassen has considerably brought the opposition out for Leonard Hall to slap down. Second, the Eisenhower-Nixon ticket must win again in November, also conceded to be an easy probability by most observers whose crystal balls are unclouded by the mist of wishful thinking. The probability of the third event can be derived with the precision of mathematics from the handiest set of actuarial tables.

Yet, thanks to today's peculiar political situation, the ascension of Nixon would place in the highest elective office a man who almost certainly could not win it by election. Regardless of their aptitude in fact, such appellations as "white-collar McCarthy" seem to most Americans a trifle extreme; still, a good many citizens who have swallowed the Madison Avenue image of Eisenhower remain chary of his "boy" — often without knowing why. One writer has characterized the widespread wariness about Nixon by reference to an old English rhyme:

I do not love thee, Dr. Fell:  
The reason why I cannot tell;  
But this I know, and know full well:  
I do not love thee, Dr. Fell.

Even Nixon's strongest supporters — *Newsweek's* Ralph de Toledano, the *Los Angeles Times's* Kyle Palmer, *Time's* James Keogh — admit this pervasive dislike: they argue that since the feeling is often vague or

amorphous, it must be baseless. This writer, seeking the roots of this dislike, has come to feel differently. Because a large number of people are inarticulate does not necessarily make them stupid; and a widespread feeling of caution, if not hostility, toward a public figure does not spring up without cause.

Slowly, an investigator realizes that if the Nixon boosters really don't understand the dislike of their protégé, it is probably because they haven't paid close attention to their Madison Avenue homework. One of the most effective techniques of "attitude conditioning" now in use is to avoid the massive message, and, indeed, any message at all. Instead, one uses only a subtle touch here and a casual word there — some so quiet as to be hardly noticeable, none strong enough to provoke answer or response, but all, cumulatively, adding up to an attitude. The hat manufacturer no longer tells us to wear hats; instead he induces movie and television studios to show their heroes wearing hats. Our heads are covered without our knowing that the hat people had anything to do with it. We recall no particular movie or TV show; it just "seems right" to wear a hat.

THE PSYCHOLOGICAL processes involved can operate in reverse to create a feeling of vague dislike — even for a young man who often seems the embodiment of Madison Avenue values and methods. The feeling against the Vice President, I believe, comes from precisely this: one or two major eyebrow-raising events to set the tone, but the attitude finally shaped by myriad tiny examples of contradiction, vacillation and outright unreality.

The essential fact about Nixon, evident to anyone who looks at his record as a whole, is that the Vice President, after ten years in national politics, can best be described as a Cardboard Man; one can sometimes

find two sides to him, but never any depth, any reality as a person. The public image of the President may be misleading, even false, but it is three-dimensional and consistent; Nixon, in contrast, is like the television pitchman who, with a good script, cogently explains the benefits of life insurance one evening a week, only to be encountered late another night frenziedly shouting the dubious virtues of a headache nostrum.

Often the two sides of the Cardboard Man appear, though rarely close together; sometimes the dissimilarity seems to pass unnoticed. Like the hat-wearing TV hero, though, the process has its subtle effect. Thus every semi-official Nixon biography boasts of his gentle Quaker background, but he not only served for more than three years in the navy but was identified in the press as the "off-the-record" advocate of armed intervention in Indo-China. He has identified himself with the movement toward civil rights and full equality for Negroes, but gained headlines in the Negro press by buying a house under a racial restrictive covenant.

He returned from a trip to Southeast Asia to make a plea for understanding and wisdom that would have done credit to Chester Bowles, but then followed it up within weeks by trumpeting again the frightening Dulles phrases which had done so much to alienate the very people he had just visited. The contradictions reach well back into Nixon's career: during a Senate battle on extension of the Reciprocal Trade Act, for instance, Nixon warmly supported the opponents of extension, even voting to recommit the extension bill; yet when, in spite of his efforts, the bill came up for passage, he voted for it.

Among Nixon's critics the idea is widespread that he is quite without convictions, that the cardboard figure he presents is in fact all there is to him: the face turned ever toward personal gain, the back turned al-

GENE MARINE is The Nation's West Coast correspondent.

August 18, 1956



ways on scruple or principle—no more to him than that. Observers violently opposed to both often contrast Nixon with his fellow-Californian, Senate Minority Leader Knowland. Both are dedicated and essentially humorless men; neither is often found on what liberals would regard as the side of the angels. But where Nixon is a force, a type, an image, Knowland is a person. He has a personality rather than a multitude of personalities; he has positions—however prehistoric—rather than a reputation for having taken every possible position on every possible subject at least once.

*Business Week*, in its issue of October 8, 1955, made the only real attempt this reporter could find to counter this image of Nixon; the magazine argued strongly that Nixon does indeed have principles, and even listed eight. Some were dubious; some were unintentionally damning; some were funny. All deserve examination—if only because they represent a determined, thought-out effort, by professional writers in avowed support of Nixon, to come up with the best possible proof of the Cardboard Man's three-dimensionality.

1. The first, if un-Quakerish, is broad enough to be unquestionable: "He believes deeply that we must be strong, and must fight if necessary."

2. "Though his record on foreign aid was spotty during his Congressional days," says the magazine, "insiders believe he's for it." The qualifying phrase would seem to speak for itself.

3. On foreign trade, he "probably agrees with Eisenhower." Students of the President's actions in the foreign-trade field are invited to decide whether this constitutes a position.

4. The fourth goes with the first: "He would be for balancing the budget, but to him it's not quite the shining goal that it is to Eisenhower."

5. *Business Week* points out that some favor tax cuts for individuals, others for corporations. Nixon's principle? "He would lean to the cut for individuals, out of political considerations (italics added)."

6. "Nixon opposes making military cuts just to balance the budget." The sole base for this statement is that Nixon once had lunch with Treasury

Secretary Humphrey to help settle a difference between Humphrey's budget estimate and Defense Secretary Wilson's. At that, it is a stronger base than is offered for most of the statements.

7. Nixon opposes racial discrimination. For some reason unnoticed by *Business Week*, however, the Negro press almost uniformly opposes Nixon. Possibly it has something to do with his bland assurance, not long ago, that school desegregation was brought about by "a great Republican Chief Justice," or his earlier remark to the effect that armed-forces desegregation was a Republican accomplishment. Even the austere Republican *Army Times* couldn't stomach that last one; it printed an angry editorial quoting Truman's executive orders and blasting Nixon's partisanship.

8. The eighth "principle" attributed to the Cardboard Man admits the truth of the accusation in the wording of the defense: "When his current views become more widely known," the magazine states cautiously, "Democrats may find it hard to pin an anti-labor tag on him." The admission, of course, is that his views are not known now—which is what the magazine is trying to deny.

WHAT DEMOCRATS, according to *Business Week*, may "find hard," labor does with no trouble at all. The AFL, in rating Nixon's Congressional voting record on ten key issues, gave him two "right" against eight "wrong." The CIO-PAC, broader in its interest, made it six "right," ten "wrong" on sixteen votes (but three "rights" had nothing to do with labor law, being foreign-aid votes on occasions when the Cardboard Man was being an enlightened internationalist). Examination of the labor record itself brings to mind again the quick switch by the life-insurance-to-painkiller TV pitchman: Nixon voted to raise the minimum wage, and opposed extending anti-trust laws to unions; yet he voted for Taft-Hartley (according to *Business Week*, he helped write it), voted to remove 650,000 workers from social-security rolls, voted to deprive a million workers of minimum-wage coverage.

The overall effect of the *Business Week* brushwork is to paint Nixon as a sort of junior Eisenhower—a picture hard to square with Nixon's

strength along the Dirksen-Bridges-Bricker axis of diehard reaction. Even that other rabid Nixon-worshipper, Ralph de Toledano, quotes Nixon's bland admission: "I broke with McCarthy when he attacked the Administration." Apparently, the noisome activities of the Wisconsin Senator prior to that time had been perfectly all right with the cardboard Vice President.

IN CALIFORNIA, we find it easier to account for the dislike, ranging from vague unease to near nausea, that Nixon so easily inspires. We remember a lot of things that never really came to national attention, like his first foray into politics, contesting the Twelfth Congressional District (California) with Jerry Voorhis.

It seems appropriate that Nixon got this start by answering an ad placed by California businessmen seeking a candidate—any candidate—to oppose Voorhis. The story is that they asked the young applicant whether he was a Republican; they got for reply a ringing declaration of political principle: "I guess so—I voted for Dewey last time." A few months later Nixon was issuing a folder declaring that "a vote for Nixon is a vote against the PAC and its Communist principles" (the non-Communist CIO-PAC never endorsed Voorhis). More significant, perhaps, housewives in the Twelfth District began hearing by phone from mysterious callers—"I'm a friend of yours, but I can't identify myself"—who whispered confidentially, "I just wanted you to know that Jerry Voorhis is a Communist." The man whom Washington newsmen had voted "best Congressman west of the Mississippi" lost; the Cardboard Man won.

In Congress, Nixon gained enough prestige by becoming associated with the Hiss case to earn himself the 1950 nomination for the Senate against Helen Gahagan Douglas. The Hiss case has been amply discussed elsewhere, and Nixon's part in it assayed. Between the adulators to whom Nixon was the single-handed savior of the nation, and the detractors who insist that he, like others, was merely used by Chambers, the impartial investigators gen-

erally concede that he profited by tenacity where others were inclined to abandon the subject, but that Washington correspondent Bert Andrews was responsible for much of the work and most of the planning.

At any rate, his other activities in the House, especially his talent for getting on opposite sides of as many questions as possible, did their bit to contribute to the unease about Nixon (most people have forgotten that the oppressive McCarran act of 1950 drew many of its measures from the unsuccessful Mundt-Nixon bill, cooked up while the Cardboard Man was in the House). When the time came to campaign for the Senate, there were various other bursts of publicity about the Vice President-to-be. Like the peculiar affair of the Brewster - Grunewald - Nixon check.

OWEN BREWSTER, at that time, was Senator from Maine and head of the Republican Senatorial Campaigns Committee. Contributions from the party committee to a *primary* campaign are frowned upon (California's screwball crossfiling system is admittedly something of a special case, but Republican Party rules made no provision for it); contributions from a Senator to the primary campaign of a Senate candidate in another state are not exactly *comme il faut* either. But Senator Brewster apparently wanted the young Congressman beside him in the Upper House.

So Senator Brewster, according to his own story, borrowed \$10,000 from his Maine bank and deposited it to the credit of Henry ("The Dutchman") Grunewald, Washington mystery man whose activities have been thoroughly exposed by Drew Pearson and others. "The Dutchman," in turn, wrote out a check for \$5,000 to Nixon, who cashed it. Brewster later, in apparent violation of party rules, reimbursed himself from the funds of the committee which he headed.

As one writer phrased it, in cashing a Grunewald check "Nixon was either naive or knew less about what was going on in Washington than the greenest reporter on Capitol Hill." This was after this shrewdest of politicians had spent four years

in Congress. The association with "The Dutchman," and the peculiar juggling of funds involved in the transaction, were enough to defeat Brewster in Maine; the beneficiary of the deal, however, has never been touched by the episode.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Douglas was telling Californians, accurately, that Nixon had voted against aid to Korea five months before the Korean War began (a vote predicated on the fact that the bill did not carry an equal amount of aid for Formosa). But Nixon and his associates, including the ubiquitous campaign manager Murray Chotiner, had no intention of arguing about issues. They chose to dwell steadily on the fact that Mrs. Douglas' House record "paralleled" that of the radical New Yorker, Vito Marcantonio.

Marcantonio had voted for public housing, civil-rights legislation and pro-labor bills and so had Mrs. Douglas. Occasions when their votes were opposed, as on Marshall Plan funds and on Korean aid (where Marcantonio's vote matched Nixon's), were never mentioned. Mysteriously, Nixon's second bid for federal office was again associated with recurrent rumors and anonymous phone calls. One such tale told of a woman who could testify that she had attended Communist Party meetings at Mrs. Douglas' home; another had it that Melvyn Douglas carried a Party card. No woman and no card were ever produced.

For many who have the not-so-mysterious "Dr. Fell" feeling about Nixon, the 1952 campaign provides the frame into which the rest of the





picture can be fitted. Even today, Nixon backers are none too happy about the \$18,000 "slush fund" raised for Nixon by a few Southern California businessmen, including the present Undersecretary of State, Herbert Hoover, Jr. The references to it in today's biographies ("Mr. Nixon," says *U. S. News*, "arranged to go before the television cameras, and withdrew for several hours to gather his thoughts") is accurate enough, but distressingly incomplete.

There is no mention, any more, of the frenzied activity on the part of Los Angeles businessmen, attorneys and advertising men, who planned the idea, prepared the statement and staged a television show as carefully plotted as any of Ed Sullivan's Sunday night extravaganzas. The writer has personal knowledge of one huge California firm whose executive activities were at a complete standstill for days in advance of the speech, its officers being taken up with preparations for the program ("Of course it was phony," the general manager told me, "but it worked, didn't it?").

It worked well enough, obviously; but the incident left its mark in American minds. There were a good many to whom the financial affairs of Mr. Nixon came as no more of a surprise than did his choice of a way out. There are a good many more for whom the first impact of the frankness-*cum*-Checkers speech has worn off, leaving, like a receding wave, the stubborn rocks of fact.

THESE easy-to-remember incidents—the \$18,000 fund, Nixon's association with the "influential" Murray Chotiner—set the tone; the many tiny drops of expediency and apparent insincerity fill in the feeling. The Chotiner association was fully documented in these pages, well before the indication of Congressional interest. Coming after all the rest, it probably toppled off the fence anyone still uncommitted on the subject of the Cardboard Man after the 1954 campaign.

It was during this campaign, with all the heat it provoked, that Nixon proved himself the nation's foremost master of planting ideas without actually saying what he appeared to

have said. McCarthy's famous "Alger—I mean Adlai" pales to a sloppy crudity alongside the calculated subtlety of such phrases as this one from a Milwaukee speech of June, 1954: "... a Democratic Party which is the helpless captive of two types of men—one without principle (*sic!*), the other fanatically dedicated, but both welded together by a common determination to socialize basic American institutions."

IN THAT PHRASE, perhaps, we can find the whole picture of the Cardboard Dr. Fell. It says nothing, takes no position except an implied respect for "basic American institutions"; it is couched in the neat, semantically empty phrasing of a high-level advertising campaign; it depends for its effect on a shrewd and subtle attack on the opponent, an attack that through careful choice of words manages to force on the hearer an inference the speaker can blandly deny was intended.

That campaign included ads in Colorado reading "How Red is Democratic nominee John Carroll?" and a radio spot in which "Communist Party printing presses" were heard grinding out orders to support Democrats. But most of all it included Nixon, demonstrating once again his sole public identity: that of the Cardboard Man.

The *New York Times* of October 23 reported from Cheyenne, Wyoming, that "Nixon blasted away tonight at what he called the alliance between the Communist Party and left-wing Democrats to defeat Republican candidates for Congress." The *Los Angeles Times* editorialized, less than three weeks later, that "It is not true that Nixon accused the Democrats of treason or connivance with Communists." More significantly for our analysis, Nixon himself told a group of fellow-Republicans, almost immediately afterward, that they should "advocate vigorously the policies we think are best . . . without impugning the motives of those who disagree with us."

All of this, I think—and reams of similar citations that are easily enough found elsewhere—adds up to that vague, uneasy dislike of Nixon that reaches so far into the

American mind. It isn't opposition. One can oppose a McCarthy as a force, even detest him as an opponent and still feel sorry for him as a man—because he plainly is a man, round and three-dimensional. One can oppose a Knowland and understand, even grudgingly admire, the tenacity and integrity with which he fights for his aboriginal position.

But one can oppose a Nixon only as one boxes a shadow. Where other public figures present a pattern, Nixon presents a kaleidoscope. Where one can imagine Knowland, or even McCarthy, making a politically unwise choice that is nonetheless consistent, the idea is unthinkable when applied to Nixon.

It is no accident that his popularity—which is real and not to be underestimated—is strongest where the popularity of the soap opera is strongest. There, in that cardboard world, heroes are young, good-looking; they wear neat suits and open smiles, and speak in perfectly chosen clichés. They are depthless—cardboard—and when we meet such people in real life, our feeling is quite often that same vague dislike, that same unease which, when questioned, can only evoke the poetic reply:

The reason why I cannot tell. . .

### Convention Reports

AT CHICAGO, and a week later at San Francisco, *The Nation's* principal reporter will be R. T. McKenzie, the British authority on politics and parties who is in this country to cover the conventions for the BBC. Mr. McKenzie, on the faculty of the London School of Economics, is the author of *British Political Parties*, which D. W. Brogan has called "A first class book . . . of the first order of importance."

Carey McWilliams will also attend the Chicago sessions of the Democrats and will phone from there *The Nation's* lead editorial for next week's issue. At the Cow Palace in San Francisco, Kenneth Rexroth, poet, historian and radio critic, will sit in with Mr. McKenzie and will file a West Coast view of the Republican proceedings for the issue of September first.

# STORM OVER EAST EUROPE

## The Satellites Taste Freedom . . by MARK GAYN

*Montreal*

THE POZNAN uprising was a straw in a violent wind, but it was not the only one. All through the year, the wind has been blowing hard across the Red edge of Europe, exposing unrest, doubt and confusion. Whatever the Communist claims, it is now clear that the "people's democracies" have been going through a long-delayed but profound crisis the end of which is not in sight.

The roots of this crisis go deep into the soil of Stalinism. For in Eastern Europe, Stalin sought to achieve in a decade the degree of industrialization for which Russia had needed twenty-five years, and the West all of fifty. But, unfortunately, most of the countries of Eastern Europe were backward, peasant lands, and not all of them had the resources, the manpower or the funds required for the type of industrialization demanded by Stalin. As the stresses and the difficulties multiplied, coercion and terror became standard devices to keep the pace of production up.

Nor was this all. As in the Soviet Union, so in Eastern Europe, the rapid industrialization generated a major social revolution. Peasants became workers; a new and vast bureaucracy became encrusted about the enormous structure of state; and a great new class of intellectuals came into being. Yet, the political system remained frozen in the pattern introduced by Stalin, with all its compulsions, rigidities and crudities.

Signs of the great and growing crisis were plain long before Stalin's death. But since the spring of 1953 the strains have been translated into open, and sometimes violent, dis-

affection. The disaffection, in fact, represents two revolts, differing in participants, character and goals. One embraces the industrial workers, whose grievances are primarily economic. The other involves the intellectuals, or what might be called the middle class of the new classless society. The yearnings and demands of this group are mainly political; what they want is not more bread, but more intellectual and political elbow room.

ONE OF THE paradoxes in all these countries is that giant industrial complexes are being serviced by nations of paupers. For lack of capital, the Communist governments have been paying for their new factories with all the comforts and many of the essentials of living. But this explanation has not made it easier for a worker whose wage has been constantly manipulated to reduce his buying power. Nor is his anger assuaged by the ceaseless "work races" that make the old-time sweatshops seem humane; by the annual exaction of four to six weeks' pay for state bonds; by detailed reports of mass hunger and unemployment in the West; and by the party's assurances that his own living standards are soaring. The sober, indisputable truth is that unrest has been a permanent condition in Eastern Europe since the war, and that whenever the restraints had been lifted even a little—as in East Germany in 1953 and in Poland this spring—the unrest boiled up into violence.

As for the revolt of the intellectuals, it involves fewer people and seeks political goals. Unrest among the writers, journalists and artists has existed for years, as they sought to escape the rigid Communist mold into which they were being forced. However, it was not until this fateful spring that the intellectual discontent finally touched the students—perhaps the most zealously guarded and privileged segment of East Eu-

ropean society. The whole story of how the students assumed leadership of the intellectual revolt may never be known in the West, but it started in April with meetings in major Czech and Slovak universities to discuss the broad implications of the debunking of Stalin. In May, the talk was crystallized in an extraordinary petition to the party and the government that challenged the very bases of the regime. The students wanted nothing less than freedom to set up political parties; a re-trial of all political cases; access to Western news and literature; and a more critical approach to all things Soviet.

From Czechoslovakia, the spark bounced to Poland, Rumania and East Germany. The Communist reaction was prompt, stern and uniform. In Czechoslovakia, Hungary and Rumania, the Politbureaus held special meetings to discuss the student unrest, rejected the demands of the young "eggheads" and warned the students, writers and journalists that the party would not tolerate their "hostile" notions. In Budapest one even heard the old and ominous appeals to a "revolutionary vigilance." It is very likely that the restless students worry the Communists even more than do the workers. Economic strains can be eased by a larger ration of bacon; political ferment cannot.

WHY did the trouble break out this spring? It is true that the past few months have been harsh in East Europe, with acute shortages of food. But the spring of 1950 was as severe, and the unrest intense.

The answer must lie in the denigration of Stalin, the confusion it caused in the Soviet bloc and the whiff of fresh and liberal air it brought with it. The satellite leaders understood that changes would now be required.

The first, and obvious, move was a relaxation of police controls. In Poland, the strength of the secret

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*MARK GAYN, author and foreign correspondent, has traveled extensively in Eastern Europe and is a close student of Soviet affairs. Among his books are Japan Diary and Journey from the East.*



police was cut by roughly a fifth, though many of the dismissed men were simply transferred to the ordinary police. In Rumania, the party promised to cut the secret police by a third. Following Moscow's example, the "people's democracies" released political prisoners en masse. In Poland, an amnesty freed 30,000 persons, and reduced the sentences of 40,000 others. East Germany said it would free 19,000 prisoners, including at least 600 Social Democrats. In Hungary, several hundred Socialists were released quietly, and the chief justice of the supreme court not only admitted the mass deportations of 1952, but also conceded that they were made illegally.

The new climate—and the signs of intra-party confusion—aroused new hope in East Europe. People in general, and especially the intellectuals, began to feel that they could now safely challenge Communist dogma, the techniques of governing and subservience to Moscow. The workers gathered courage to protest their distress. Under Stalin, such protest would have been suicidal. Now, perhaps one could speak up.

But the trouble was that this eagerness to speak up and to act had come at a painfully inopportune time for both the Soviet and the satellite parties. It had come, in fact, at a moment when Moscow was engaged in a cautious and delicate readjustment of its relationships with other Communist parties and nations.

One hardly need go into the history of how Lenin established the dominance of Moscow over the infant Communist movement throughout the world, and of how Stalin carried this practice on to the point where he could destroy on whim an entire Communist Party (as in Poland). Such dominance was physically possible as long as the Soviet Union was the only Communist state, and all the other Communist parties were illegal, hunted and dependent on Moscow for aid. World War II, however, changed all this. By 1948, there was a solid wall of Communist regimes on Russia's Western flank; a Communist movement was active, or even in a state of open war, from Greece to Indo-

nesia; and the Communists were about to triumph in China.

Yet, it is now clear, I think, that Stalin did not understand the implications of this growth. As he increasingly dominated the Soviet Union, so he insisted on more and more subservience from the non-Soviet Communists. The governments of Eastern Europe were required to apply the Soviet practice without any variation or questioning. Trouble was soon to come. Tito rejected the Soviet pattern, and survived Stalin's wrath. In 1949, Stalin found it necessary to purge the Greek Communist Party. There is now evidence that in 1949-50, Stalin had had his differences with Mao Tse-tung, and lost out.

THE POLICY of trying to run the world from Moscow was self-defeating. It also proved disastrous for Eastern Europe. In applying the Soviet pattern blindly, the satellites devoted themselves to a frantic industrialization without regard to their means. Billions of dollars were sunk in industrial white elephants. Manpower was drained from the villages, with an inevitable drop in food production. For lack of modern machinery and technical know-how, the workers were compelled to work harder and harder. Sometimes, the speed-up was induced with the carrot of higher wages, or extra food, or better housing. But since there were not enough carrots to go around, the whip of fear was employed.

Stalin's heirs have shown a lively awareness of the new situation. At home, they ceased to regard the Soviet Union as a besieged fortress, as Stalin saw it, and instead proclaimed it an industrial giant with powerful allies. They have eased world tensions, and carried out some major internal reforms. They also realized that Stalin's insistence on making each "people's democracy" into a miniature copy of the Soviet Union was producing staggering waste. Somehow, Moscow's relations with the other Communist states and parties had to be altered to provide for less centralization, less adherence to rigid forms and for more autonomy to fit local conditions.

It is clear that the Soviet leaders

had been working on this problem all through 1953-55. The new formula was defined publicly only at the party congress in Moscow last February. Its essence was that each Communist-controlled state could develop in accordance with its own conditions, and that dominance by Moscow would be replaced by a federation of autonomous but like-minded Communist parties—a sort of loose Cominform in which all the parties would have an equal voice, but Moscow's voice would be more equal. It took but a few weeks for the new formula to be translated into a relaxation of Stalinist controls in Eastern Europe. The improvement was especially great in Poland, where the tensions had been the greatest. But it is now clear that the Polish leaders erred in gauging the depth of the unrest, or the effect of easing controls.

Poznan showed the Poles—and the other Communist governments as well—the dangers that lurked in too hasty a shift from Stalinism to a happy autonomy. The shift was essential, but it required safeguards and close co-ordination with Moscow. This is the reason why, all through July, one East European delegation had followed another on a pilgrimage to Moscow.

WHAT can the Communists do to cope with the economic and political unrest they face in the "people's democracies"?

To meet the economic revolt, they must provide higher pay, lower prices, more consumer goods, better housing. This is possible only through drastic cuts in the tempo of industrialization. Some such step has already been hinted at in both Poland and East Germany. But the question is whether a Communist state can abandon its emphasis on heavy industrialization without abandoning its basic philosophy. Such a shift was rejected in the Soviet Union itself. Would the Communists do in Eastern Europe what they refused to do in the Soviet Union? What seems more likely at the moment is limited economic concessions, from lower prices and better food supplies to a more moderate juggling of the work "norms."



In facing the political unrest, the Communists can make no concessions. They cannot abandon their control over the press, or literature, or any other medium of persuasion. They cannot allow free speech, or a free influx of Western ideas, or the emergence of competing new parties. The only likely political changes are those embraced in the new happy phrase, "Socialist legality." This might bring restraints on arbitrary police action; a chance for the innocent to fight the charges against them; the end of the recurring waves of terror; and additional amnesties. But no changes can affect the monopoly on power the Communists enjoy in Eastern Europe.

The fact is that while the relations between Moscow and the "people's democracies" might be modified, the nature of the East European regimes cannot be changed greatly. Any other notion is self-deception.

The insistence on what is still basically the Stalinist policy is not obstinacy. It is a sober recognition that communism cannot abandon or even slow down sharply the pace of industrialization; or slacken the collectivization of land; or share power with potential rivals; or give up complete control over the tools of mass persuasion. The logic of communism

is inexorable, and it rejects tolerance for other ideas or for what it scornfully calls "idealism."

The role of Eastern Europe in Moscow's eyes has changed in the past few years. In 1945, Stalin saw this area as a shield guarding the Soviet Union from the West. The H-bomb and the long-range rockets have outdated this conception. But in the past decade this bloc of nations has become important in other respects—as a provider of key raw materials including uranium, an industrial producer, a source of military manpower. It has also become the home of seven "Socialist" states which—whatever the inducement—the Soviets would never abandon to the imperialist wolves. This is a major political axiom that the champions of "liberation" do not always seem to understand.

For if there is a lesson to be drawn from the Poznan riots, it is that communism is too firmly entrenched in Eastern Europe to be toppled by any peace-time pressures. It took the Polish army tanks just five hours to re-establish order in Poznan. Had they failed, the Communist Party could have called on the armed units of the secret police, or on their own "shock troops." And if these had failed too, Soviet troops could have

been on the scene within thirty minutes.

The Poznan riots and the widespread unrest elsewhere have caused the East European Communists no end of trouble. They have disturbed the delicate readjustment of inter-party relations. They have exposed the staggering unpopularity of the Communist regimes. They have confused the parties, and forced a hasty change in the scope and pace of planned reforms. They may have even forced the Communist leadership to give up more ground than it had ever expected. But the confusion will not last forever. The Communists of Eastern Europe are now determining in talks with Moscow just how far they need go in their concessions, and what help they can hope for. What hints there are—and there are plenty—indicate that all one can expect is a mixture of relatively minor economic handouts and severe repression of all political discontent. Such measures can, at the very best, only ease the unrest; they do not solve the crisis. But the statesmen of the West might just as well realize that the Communist hold on Eastern Europe can be shaken neither by their own pious declarations nor by pressures from within.

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## Atoms and Genes . . by C. H. WADDINGTON

THE RISKS to man and to other living creatures, which arise from the fallout from nuclear bomb tests, have been assessed as fully as present knowledge allows in two authoritative reports, one American and one British, which were published early in June. The hazards involved in any utilization of atomic energy are likely to be considerable. The radioactive dust liberated in experi-

mental explosions is only one such hazard, but it is perhaps the most difficult to handle. One can plan in advance for the shielding of power units and for the disposal of their waste products, but explosions throw the dust into the general atmosphere of the earth, and there is little that can be done about the situation except to limit the amount which is liberated in this way.

All the major sources of power which man has tapped—coal and steam, electricity, the internal combustion engine—have also brought society up against new dangers. But there are two ways in which the present technological revolution differs from those of the past. In the first

place, we are much more conscious of the closely integrated nature of social life, and realize more vividly that the advent of a new power source will bring about many and profound changes which, though difficult to foresee in detail, can be to some extent predicted and controlled, even if only to a limited extent. Secondly, atomic energy for the first time faces us with dangers which affect not only the present population of the earth but also our remote descendants, who must inherit their biological characteristics through genes (hereditary particles) which are liable to be permanently damaged.

It is for these reasons that the coming age of atom-technics is the

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*C. H. WADDINGTON, who is professor of animal genetics in the University of Edinburgh, Scotland, was a member of the committee appointed by the British Medical Research Council to make a report on this subject.*

August 18, 1956

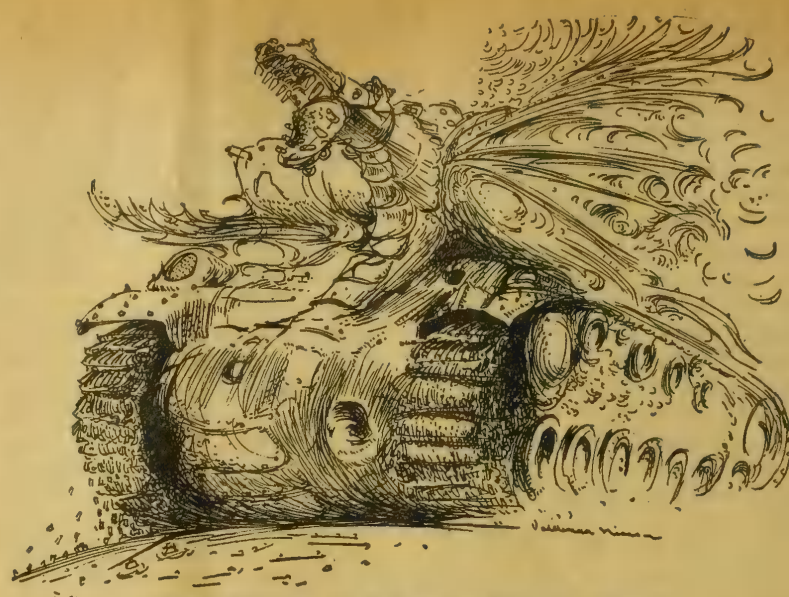


first for which mankind has tried to formulate some advance idea of what is in store. The two reports which have just appeared have been written on the most authoritative level. The American report was prepared by committees appointed by the National Academy of Sciences, with funds provided by the Rockefeller Foundation. Their membership amounted to more than 100 scientists, including many of the most distinguished biologists in the country. The British report was the result of a government request to the Medical Research Council for a scientific assessment of the situation. The committee appointed by the Medical Research Council contained only about a score of members, but again there were many internationally recognized authorities among them. Both groups, although sponsored by official bodies and receiving full co-operation from the U. S. Atomic Energy Commission and the British Atomic Energy Research Establishment, were free to express their scientific opinions without official pressure.

THE TWO reports take somewhat different forms. The American is in two parts; ■ Report to the Public, phrased in as simple language as the inherent difficulties of the subject allow, and a volume of Summary Reports written at a rather more sophisticated level. A further batch of more technical reports is promised. The British report makes less concessions to popular understanding, and is accompanied by a number of highly technical appendices which can be followed only by those with considerable scientific training.

In spite of these differences in presentation, the conclusions reached by the two groups are strikingly similar. One of the main points which had to be emphasized is the paucity of our information on many crucial questions, but the virtual identity in informed opinion on both sides of the Atlantic gives one considerable confidence that at least the broad outlines of the problem have been adequately envisaged.

The question which has focused public interest onto the peace-time hazards of atomic energy, and which



WAR MONSTER: Drawing by Valdemar Nissen

*Valdemar Nissen was born in 1914 in one of the German border towns that became part of Denmark in 1920. He feels that thus he may have inherited some of the spirit of Grünewald and the Dutch School, while studying art in a country open*

*to English and French influences. In "The Apocalypse," a large calligraphic series from which the drawing above is selected, Mr. Nissen deals not only with war, but with the devouring aspects of the machine in general.*

led to the formation of these committees, was undoubtedly that of the damage to the human hereditary material produced by penetrating radiations. As both reports emphasize, the evidence is that all radiation of this kind, however small in quantity, will cause some change in the hereditary particles or genes; and these changes will almost always be harmful. Our aim should therefore be to keep the level of exposure to penetrating radiations as low as possible. It cannot be avoided altogether. Radiations of this kind do not arise only from man-made sources. A natural and inescapable radiation is produced by cosmic rays and the radioactive elements in the earth's crust. The effects of this are in the main harmful; but obviously mankind has been able to take this degree of damage in its stride. The question is, how much more can it accept?

The American and British reports proceed in rather different ways in their attempts to assess what would be the social consequences of a certain extra dose of radiation. The

British have tried to keep their feet on the ground, even perhaps to the extent of some indulgence in their national vice of underplaying the hand. A considerable amount of their report is taken up with estimates of the increase in the incidence of certain major categories of human illness which would eventuate within a few generations if we all received a dose of extra radiation sufficient to double the normal rate at which genes mutate to new forms. They pay particular attention to certain types of mental defect, in which heredity is known to be of major importance, and to mental illness, which is the most frequent cause of hospitalization. Their conclusion is that ■ doubling of the mutation rate would in the first generation lead to an increase of about 3 per cent in the incidence of severe mental defect, and from 1 to 2 per cent in the most important categories of mental illness. If the doubling persisted indefinitely, the incidence of these conditions would slowly rise to about double the present level.

The American report deals more

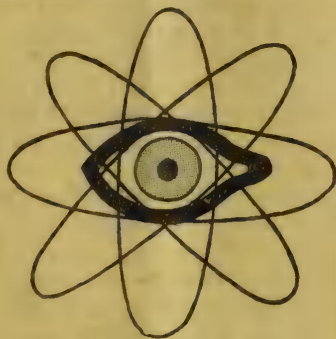


summarily with probable effects on the first few generations, but devotes more attention to the long-term consequences. It admits, however, that it is very difficult to form a clear picture of these later effects. Some geneticists believe that man may be near a critical limit in his reproductive efficiency, so that a comparatively slight increase in the number of harmful genes might prevent reproduction from keeping pace with death rates, and thus lead to a progressively diminishing population. Others, aware that mankind as a whole is still in the throes of an almost explosive increase in numbers, do not feel that this is a real danger. But even if we should be justified in neglecting this particular hazard, both reports make it abundantly clear that the other long-term dangers from the gradual accumulation of harmful genes are very serious indeed.

**BOTH REPORTS** are very emphatic that we have far too little knowledge to give a firm estimate of the quantity of radiation which would cause a doubling of the mutation rate in man. It is one of the problems on which more research is most urgently needed. However, the American and British committees are in entire agreement on the best estimate which can be made at the present time: the "doubling dose" is most probably between 30 and 80 r-units. The Americans give 5 r as the lowest possibility, and the British argue that it is unlikely to be below 15 r. These estimates may be compared with the level of natural radiation. This varies somewhat from place to place on the earth's surface, and is quoted by the Americans as providing a dose of 4.3 r between birth and the age of thirty, while the British use the figure of 3 r.

It is in the light of these approximate figures that we have to consider the present levels of exposure. The careful measurements which have been made of the radiation resulting from bomb fallout show that, in regions far from the test ranges, the contamination is at present rather small. The American figure is that U. S. residents have, over the last five years, been receiving an

extra dose from this source which would, in a thirty-year period, amount to one-tenth of an r unit if bomb-testing continued at the present rate, or perhaps double that dosage under the conditions of 1953 and 1955, when the rate of bomb firing was highest. The British figure is even lower—about a fortieth, instead of a tenth, of an r-unit—the difference being partly due to the greater distance between Britain and the test ranges, and partly to a larger allowance having been made



for such factors as the washing away of radioactive dust in rain.

A MUCH MORE important source of excess radiation turns out to be the medical use of X rays. These have, of course, many extremely beneficial applications; but if such rays reach the sex glands, they can also cause mutations. The American report suggests that on the average the U. S. population is already receiving from this source an additional dose of radiation which is about one-quarter of the natural radiation. The British minimum estimate for the additional dose is lower, about one quarter of the natural radiation, but they admit that this may be a serious underestimate.

One of the strongest recommendations of both committees is that the medical profession should review its current practice in the use of X rays, with a view to keeping as low as possible the dose to the germ cells of people who are likely to have children. The Americans, in fact, suggest that every individual should have a record kept of all penetrating radiation to which he has been exposed. The British seem more impressed by the obvious administrative difficulties of doing this, and

recommend such personal records only for those exposed to additional radiation in the course of their work—medical radiologists, workers at atomic energy plants and so on.

Both committees agree almost completely on the public-health regulations which should be introduced to regulate the amount of radiation which specially-exposed categories of people could be allowed to receive. Since much of the genetic damage is of a long-term kind, and spreads gradually through the population before actually producing any harmful effects, a few individuals can with impunity receive considerably more radiation than would be acceptable for the population as a whole. But we are confronted here with a rather novel ethical situation. A man could allow himself to receive a considerable dose of radiation without anticipating any very harmful effects to himself or even to his immediate offspring; but he would then be contributing more than his normal share to the load of hereditary defects which later generations would have to bear. Thus society as a whole must regulate the maximum dose which an individual still capable of reproduction can be allowed to accumulate. The limits suggested by the two committees are almost exactly the same (the main one being a maximum of 50 r units up to the age of thirty years).

It is another question to decide what dose could be accepted for the population as a whole. Both reports emphasize that all penetrating radiation is harmful. It is not a question of there being some limit below which there is no danger. What we have to decide is not how much radiation is harmless, but, admitting it is all damaging, how much damage can we accept? The British do not commit themselves; they say that the data are not sufficient to give a definite figure, which in any case they fear might be taken to justify paying little attention to the control of radiation until the accepted limit is approached. But they do go so far as to guess that, when we know enough to name a figure, it will prove to be not much more than twice the natural radiation dose (i.e., on their figure 6 r, up to



thirty years of age). The Americans are more forthright, and a bit less cautious; they name a figure of 10 r up to age thirty.

These figures are pretty close to one another, and it is clear from what has been said above that we are already not too far away from the limits which these committees have considered reasonable. Undoubtedly the committees have been, quite rightly, on the cautious side. It may be that mankind could put up with considerably more radiation than they suggest; but maybe it could not. Until we know, we have to take care. But the main danger in times of peace seems to be coming, not from the development of atomic weapons, but from some of the other uses which are being found for penetrating radiations.

THERE is, however, one special type of danger which arises from bomb fallout, which is important enough to demand special consideration. This is not a genetic effect, appearing in later generations, but an immediate hazard to those living now. One of the products of atomic explosions is a radioactive isotope of the element strontium, known as strontium-90. Strontium is chemically similar to calcium, and like it, becomes accumulated in bone. When the radioactive isotope locates there, it tends to give rise to bone cancers. At the sort of doses which now come into question, cancers arise in a small percentage of those contaminated, and they do so only after many years. However, the hazard is a real one. Unfortunately again, we have rather little precise knowledge from which to estimate its importance. The information available has been used to fix an internationally agreed maximum dose which is allowable to industrial workers exposed to the substance. At present the amount of strontium-90 in the fallout is such that the highest concentrations it has been found to deposit in bone are only about one-thousandth of this. But if the rate of bomb-firing increases, this concentration will rise, and the British report suggests that it is likely to reach an unacceptable level sooner than will the genetic effects.

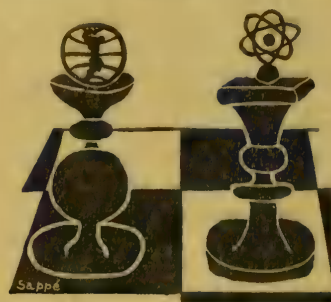
There is, perhaps, some real difference of opinion between the two committees in this connection. The Americans state that there seems no reason for not allowing a universal strontium burden of one-tenth of the internationally agreed permissible dose for industrial workers. The British argue that we know too little about the rate of uptake of the substance by the bones of actively growing children, or of its cancer-producing effects in such young people. They urge that the problem would begin to call for urgent consideration if the concentration of radio-strontium in bone showed signs of rising greatly beyond one-hundredth of the permissible level; that is only ten times the level we have already reached.

The careful examination of the evidence, which has been carried out by responsible scientists on both sides of the Atlantic, has made it rather clear that the testing of atomic and nuclear bombs, at the rate at which it is being carried out at present, does not present a major danger on a world-wide scale to the genetic endowment of the human race. It is, as we have seen, to some extent harmful, and is to be deplored; but it is less harmful, genetically, than some of the other manifestations of the atomic age, such as the medical use of X rays. This conclusion has probably surprised many people. Speaking personally, when I was asked to serve on the British committee, I had no definite idea how the figures were going to come out. The only thing I was convinced of was that the subject was one of great potential importance, and that intelligent opinion was absolutely justified in insisting that it must be gone into in detail and the results made available to the public. It was quite a pleasant surprise to find, when this was done, that the bomb-tests are at present a relatively small danger to the long-term hereditary qualities of the race.

The investigations have, however, also pointed up some of the dangers of a non-genetic kind. In particular, there is the evidence about the production of radioactive strontium. My own feeling is that this is probably the first problem with which

we shall be faced. As was said above, there is some difference between the British and American committees in their estimate of the level of contamination which should be regarded as tolerable, the British being the more cautious. I cannot claim to be expert in this particular aspect of the general problem, but from the arguments I have heard, my opinion is that the British were justified, as things stand at present, in laying rather more emphasis on the danger than the Americans did.

Many people have, I think, been hoping that the biological dangers of bomb tests would provide grounds on which governments could be forced, by public opinion, to give up the development of nuclear weapons. I have always felt that this was just a pious hope of finding a way to circumvent the major political problem. So long as nations believe that they may have to go to war they will produce the most powerful weapons they can devise. It is only when the possibility of a resort to war is ruled out that re-



striction of weapons will follow. In my opinion, nations will never be persuaded to abandon warfare on account of the long-term and gradual dangers which may be inherent in the development of weapons in peace time. But the knowledge of the catastrophic destruction which would result from a nuclear war is an altogether more powerful argument. It is the recognition of this, by both sides, which has led to the present relaxation of tension, and is gradually preparing a situation in which we may conclude that it is not worthwhile continuing to pay the biological price, which is substantial even if not outrageous for peace-time weapon development.



# INSIDE THE FRENCH LEFT

## Thorez Fights the Future.. by PIERRE HERVE

Paris

WHEN the fourteenth annual congress of the French Communist Party met at Le Havre late last month, those who had expected the meeting to reflect recent changes in Russia were disappointed. The proceedings turned out to be very much like those of earlier congresses. Maurice Thorez' four-hour speech contained but a weak echo of the Twentieth Congress of the Russian Communist Party and offered neither new perspectives nor original slogans to the party faithful. As at earlier meetings, the speakers who followed Thorez to the podium limited themselves to paraphrases of his report and heaped praise upon the veteran party leader. Their repeated references to events of ten or twenty years ago, such as the Liberation or the Popular Front of 1936, represented attempts to recapture the past and gave evidence of how much this party has aged.

The monotonously smooth proceedings at Le Havre were observed by numerous foreign Communist visitors, including an important delegation from Russia headed by M. Souslov, a member of the Presidium and Secretary of the Central Committee. Addressing the gathering, Souslov paid tribute to the French party leaders and particularly to "your comrade Maurice Thorez, who is also a very dear friend of ours."

This expression of support suggests that, for the moment at least, Soviet leaders regard the process of de-Stalinization as an operation for

internal use only and not to be applied to the Communist parties of capitalist countries. In the course of his report, the "very dear friend" Thorez declared that "the criticism of the cult of personality which surrounded Stalin should not be applied mechanically to our party, which has never suffered from such defects." Party members who had asked the leadership to engage in self-criticism were denounced for their "opportunistic and destructive spirit."

Warm and pressing invitations were extended to the Socialists to form a united front — currently the major theme of the French Communist Party — but it was significant that such appeals were made by a leadership and a party that remain faithful to Stalinist methods. The formal invitation to the Socialists was delivered by Jeanette Vermeersch, wife of Thorez and an ultra-Stalinist.

IF ANY within the top leadership of the party had intended, however timidly, to question the role played by Thorez and his team, the conspicuous presence of the Soviet visitors was enough to squelch them. The high command is aware of the danger represented by deviations within the ranks and has taken steps to suppress these differences. At the congress, all the old members of the party's central committee and political bureau were re-elected; major changes in personnel might have aroused suspicions and crystallized discontent within the ranks. Twenty-eight carefully chosen new members were added to the central committee as substitutes. The political bureau was reinforced by the addition of three new members and it was announced that this organ "will exercise collective leadership in all spheres of party policy and activity."

At the same time, changes in the composition of the party secretariat, an executive organ which controls almost the entire apparatus of the

party and is charged with the task of implementing its decisions, have reinforced Thorez' power. The old secretariat was made up of Thorez, Jacques Duclos, François Billoux, Etienne Fajon and Marcel Servin. The new body no longer includes Billoux and Fajon, who have fallen from grace for left- and right-wing deviations respectively. They remain members of the political bureau, but they have been replaced in the secretariat by three new officials whose loyalty to the leadership is guaranteed. Differences of opinion may be aired within the political bureau of the French Communist Party, but effective leadership continues to rest in the hands of Thorez and his faithful lieutenant, Marcel Servin.

The decisions which were made at the party congress show that Thorez and his team fear the growth of a real opposition. As yet, however, this opposition has not taken an organized form, there is only an ill-defined resistance to the leadership on the right and the left which is restricted to small groups of party members.

The Twentieth Congress shocked Communist intellectuals in France. Khrushchev's speech convinced many party members that their doubts about and dislike for certain aspects of Stalinism were well founded. If the Socialists and other left-wing groups had adopted a more positive and sympathetic attitude towards the changes which have taken place in the USSR, the repercussions within the French Communist Party might have been more profound. But the major concern of the Socialists was to exploit Russian developments in order to engage in polemics against the Communists. The Socialists said in effect: "We told you so." Many Communists were convinced that the purpose of these attacks was the destruction of their party, and under the circumstances every demand for a democratization of the party appeared to them as giving aid and comfort to the enemy. It is

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PIERRE HERVE, former Communist deputy in the French parliament and associate editor of *L'Humanité*, was expelled from the party last January after publishing *La Revolution et les Fetiches*, a sharp criticism of the party's ideology. Twenty-four hours after his expulsion, Khrushchev delivered his famous speech, confirming many of Herve's charges against the party.

August 18, 1956



for this reason that the struggle against Stalinist "fetishism" within the party has won only limited support, primarily among intellectuals.

Meanwhile, the war in Algeria has provoked an even more serious debate within party ranks. The vote of the Communist deputies for the special powers in Algeria which the Mollet government had requested was widely criticized, particularly among workers, and has caused a real division. One faction has repudiated the support to Mollet, urging direct action against the government's military measures and systematic opposition to the policy of the Socialist leaders. Another faction has approved the action taken by the Communist parliamentary bloc because its spokesmen regard a rapprochement with the Socialists as essential to the unity of the working-class movement.

From this and other causes a left and a right have grown up within the ranks of the Communist Party, but the left is itself divided. One left group is composed of members who are influenced by the Trotskyists and tend towards complete repudiation of the Stalinist period. Another is made up of Communists who refuse to break with Stalinism and who remain hostile to the new

party line, especially the theory of peaceful transition to socialism. Last year the Congress of the Confédération Nationale de Travail debated the possibility of securing economic reforms within the framework of the capitalist system. Opposing consideration of these reforms was a spokesman for Thorez, who with much fanfare had just discovered the "law" of the absolute pauperization of the working class, a vulgar simplification of Marxist theory designed largely for propaganda purposes. However, a number of Communist intellectuals and union leaders refused to accept Thorez' schematic views, and they have been denounced as "reformists" by the extreme left-wing faction, by the Trotskyists and by Thorez' spokesman.

As for the right-wing opposition, it is at once more liberal, more tolerant and less proletarian in its orientation than the left wing. This group has sought to reach some agreement with democratic, progressive and Socialist movements; its members heartily approved the denunciation of Stalinist excesses, for they had suffered in silence during the violent years of "Zhdanovism" in the arts, letters and sciences; and they hope that the French Communist Party will abandon its nega-

tive attitude toward national problems. The right-wing opposition is ideologically more consistent but less well organized than its left-wing counterpart. It is hesitant about challenging the leadership of the party, trusting in a simple change of personnel to be arranged by Soviet leaders. Consequently, it was particularly this opposition on the right which received a setback at Le Havre.

TO UNDERSTAND its significance, the fourteenth congress must be considered in the light of recent international developments. From the end of January to the end of June the leaders of the several Communist Parties outside Russia were indecisive. At one moment the French leaders considered adopting a policy of "Titoism in reverse" because the process of de-Stalinization appeared to them to be going too fast and too far. Then, at the beginning of July, the parties were called to order. On the second of July, the Central Committee of the Russian Communist Party published a resolution which marked a retreat from the Khrushchev speech. Togliatti, who had questioned certain aspects of the Soviet system, was criticized, while a benediction was accorded to Eugene Dennis, Thorez and Mao Tse-tung. On July 16, an article in *Pravda* blamed the intra-party disputes in Hungary and violence in Poland on "imperialist intervention." This was very likely a tactical move designed to strengthen the hands of Stalinist diehards. Presumably there are Soviet leaders who appreciate the difficulties of checking a movement which may get out of control and whose future developments they have good reason to fear.

So far, the leadership in France has not loosened its grip on the party, but the significance of divergences within the movement is that the process of de-Stalinization is irreversible. During his speech before the congress at Le Havre, Marcel Servin declared: "We are keeping our powder dry in order to smash the new attacks against us which cannot fail to develop." But in a period of thaw it is difficult to protect powder against humidity.

## Brotherly Love

*A Little Leter to the White  
Citizens Councils of the South*

In line of what my folks say in Montgomery,  
In line of what they're teaching about love,  
When I reach out my hand, will you take it—  
Or cut it off and leave a nub above?

If I found it in my heart to love you,  
And if I thought I really could,  
If I said, "Brother, I forgive you,"  
I wonder, would it do you any good?

So long, so long a time you've been calling  
Me all kinds of names, pushing me down—  
I been swimming with my head deep under water,  
And you wished I would stay under till I drown.

But I didn't! I'm still swimming! Now you're mad  
Because I won't ride in the back end of your bus.  
When I answer, "Anyhow, I'm gonna love you,"  
Still and yet you want to make a fuss.

Now listen, white folks!  
In line with Reverend King down in Montgomery—  
Also because the Bible says I must—  
I'm gonna love you—yes, I will! Or BUST!

LANGSTON HUGHES

# BOOKS and the ARTS

## Class and Delinquency

**YOUTH.** The Years from Ten to Sixteen. By Arnold Gesell, Frances L. Ilg and Louise Bates Ames. Harper and Brothers. \$5.95.

**YOUTH IN DANGER.** By Robert C. Hendrickson with Fred J. Cook. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.95.

**DELINQUENCY.** The Juvenile Offender in America Today. By Herbert A. Bloch and Frank T. Flynn. Random House. \$7.95.

**JUVENILE DELINQUENCY.** Edited by Grant S. McClellan. The H. W. Wilson Company. \$2.

### By Milton L. Barron

"I SEE no hope for the future of our people if they are to be dependent upon the frivolous youth of today, for certainly all youth are reckless beyond words. . . . When I was a boy, we were taught to be discreet and respectful of our elders, but the present youth are exceedingly wise and impatient of restraint."

The Greek poet Hesiod wrote these all-too-familiar words of despair almost 3,000 years ago. It may be small comfort to know that our contemporary anxiety concerning "frivolous youth" also plagued adults 900 years before Christ. But historical perspective of this sort does serve to encourage a more realistic appraisal of the problems of children and youth in the present era.

Adolescents may have been troublesome even in ancient times, yet the "stress and strain" of growing up is far from being a universal phenomenon. Cross-cultural research shows that it is remarkably insignificant among non-literate and rural societies outside the Graeco-Roman and Judaeo-Christian traditions. On

the other hand, problem behavior such as delinquency is characteristic of past and present urban and industrial cultures. As Margaret Mead demonstrated so convincingly in her classic *Coming of Age in Samoa*, delinquency is the price we pay for a motley civilization with all its contradictions and moral dilemmas.

In the United States there have arisen two systematic approaches to an understanding of the problems of adolescence. One has concentrated on "deviant" behavior, particularly juvenile delinquency, defining its subject matter in terms of the delinquency legislation enacted ever since 1899. The other, almost as old as the first, began with G. Stanley Hall's notable book, *Adolescence*, published in 1904. Its focus of interest and study is "normal" behavior, and it maintains that adolescence, the dynamic period that threads its way through late childhood and early youth, is a distinctive field for scientific investigation and interpretation.

BUT precisely what is meant by delinquency and what is normal behavior in adolescence? To whom do these terms apply, and why? The three most recent books on delinquency by Hendrickson (*Youth in Danger*), Bloch and Flynn (*Delinquency*), and McClellan (*Juvenile Delinquency*), and the long-awaited book by Gesell, Ilg and Ames on patterns of normal growth and development from age ten to sixteen shed some light on these questions.

Hendrickson's book is his report as the former chairman of the Senate Subcommittee on Juvenile Delinquency; Bloch and Flynn, a sociologist and a social worker respectively, collaborated on a definitive textbook on the problem; and McClellan edited some of the more provocative articles and essays on delinquency that had appeared orig-

inally in recent issues of American magazines. All three volumes cover a statistically impressive proportion of adolescents. The estimate is that 1,250,000 American boys and girls—one in eighteen of the population between ten and seventeen years of age—will become known to the authorities for their delinquent acts before 1956 ends. One third of these, 435,000, will be involved in acts alleged to be so serious that they will be brought into court.

THE AUTHORS admit, nevertheless, that there is a persistent ambiguity in the legal meaning of the term delinquency. A list of abbreviated definitions of acts or conditions included under the heading of delinquency in the juvenile-court laws of the United States at the present time would cover not only violations of any law or ordinance, but also such elusive and subjective categories as immoral and indecent conduct, conscious association with vicious or immoral persons, growing up in idleness, wandering in the streets at night, incorrigibility, habitual use of vile and obscene language, refusing to obey parents or guardians and deportment injurious to oneself or others.

Such ambiguity and subjectivity in the definition of acts of delinquency in law have not been without serious consequence in practice. The enforcement of delinquency laws has evolved into a system of social control leveled primarily against the weak and the vulnerable in our society. Comparable offenses by children in higher social strata are, for the most part, either overlooked, interpreted differently or handled unofficially. According to Bloch and Flynn, those groups in our society that are employed mostly in marginal and unskilled occupations, that are handicapped by social barriers are the ones that consistently find their children selected for the bulk of the official cases of delinquency. A personality profile of apprehended delinquents offered by one of McClel-

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lan's contributing authors brings out the toughness and other stereotypical traits associated with the lower social strata. Delinquency, in short, has acquired the connotation of lower-class behavior. Since the "stress and strain" of modern urban life may be thought to fall most heavily on the lower economic groups, a higher incidence of delinquency could be predicted there. Nevertheless, the almost complete class identification of this type of abnormal behavior is on its face suspect, and has been seriously questioned by studies set up specifically to investigate this aspect of delinquency.

The distortions of the problem, based as they are on selective application of ambiguous delinquency legislation, are corrected in part by the authors. Hendrickson's investigating committee, for example, found that in Oklahoma City problem behavior was typical of adolescents whose families have too much rather than too little. Children from the so-called "best" homes were reported to have committed more than their share of offenses. Even so, "white-collar" delinquency is still diverted

from official attention in the majority of American communities.

BY far the most significant and impressive book on adolescence published recently is *Youth: The Years from Ten to Sixteen* by Gesell, Ilg and Ames. It completes their trilogy that includes *The Infant and Child in the Culture of Today* (1943) and *The Child from Five to Ten* (1946). Whereas delinquency is assumed to be a problem mostly of the lower class, the prevailing assumption in Gesell's painstaking studies is that normal behavior of American boys and girls is best found in the middle classes. "We have traced the course of development of a group of normal youths in the concrete setting of their home, school and urban community," say the co-authors. Yet nowhere is there an attempt to define what constitutes normal behavior or why it should be studied in the middle classes and not in others.

A total of 165 children living in New Haven and its suburbs were the subjects of study over a span of twelve years. The socio-economic status of their families was generally

superior, with a preponderance of the fathers in professional, semiprofessional, managerial and skilled occupations. Parents in similar positions will undoubtedly leaf through the book, anxiously trying to determine how closely their own children of ten to sixteen approximate the patterns of "normal" growth and development clinically described. They will find for each chronological year information on motor characteristics, personal hygiene, emotional expression, fears and dreams, self and sex, interpersonal relations, play and pastimes, school life, ethical sense and philosophic outlook.

There is a normal cycle of development from ten to sixteen years of age, claims Gesell, just as there is in the earlier age groups. Each year of growth brings out characteristic traits. Ten, like age five, is typically an age of balanced poise, while eleven, like five-and-a-half to six, is "loosening up," "snapping old bonds"; twelve is more positive in mood, smoother in relationships. Thirteen pulls inward; fourteen thrusts out; fifteen specifies and organizes; sixteen again achieves a golden mean. These rhythmic sequences make sense, the Gesell team maintains, for growth combines integration and differentiation, comparable to an intricate weaving and braiding process in which multitudinous strands are drawn into coordinated patterns.

BUT there is no word in the New Haven study concerning delinquent behavior. Perhaps the middle-class adolescent in that community differs from those reported to be actively delinquent in Oklahoma City. More likely, there is an important lesson to be learned from another study by Professor Porterfield of the University of Texas. He showed a striking prevalence of anti-social and illegal behavior among middle-class youths who are seldom apprehended on delinquency charges. When he compared the offenses of 2,049 cases of delinquents in the Fort Worth, Texas, area with the admitted conduct of several hundred students at three colleges of northern Texas, he found that all of these economically and socially privileged students had

## The Hag

The old story went that the cajoling hag  
Fattened the pretty princess within a fence  
Of barbs the spiders poked their eight eyes out in  
Even, the points were so close, fattened her  
With pastry pies and would not let her incline  
One inch toward the threshold from the table  
Lest she slip off the hag's dish and exchange  
The hag's narrow intestine for the wide world.  
And this hag had to lie in a certain way  
At night lest the horrible angular black hatred  
Poke through her side and surprise the pretty princess  
Who was well-deceived by this posture of love.

Now here is an old hag, as I see,  
Has got this story direly drastically wrong,  
Who has dragged her pretty daughter home from college,  
Who has locked up her pretty eyes in a brick house  
And has sworn her pretty mouth shall rot like fruit  
Before the world shall make a jam of it  
To spread on every palate. And so saying,  
She must lie perforce at night in a certain way  
Lest the heart break through her side and burst the walls  
And surprise her daughter with an extravagance  
Of tearful love, who finds it easier  
To resign her hope of a world wide with love  
And even to rot in the dark, but easier under  
Nine bolts of spite than on one leash of love.

TED HUGHES

committed one or more of the very same offenses. Rarely, however, had they been charged for delinquency.

Why is it that selective perception places the normal behavior of adolescents in one social class and delinquency in another? The most credible answer of social science is that the common tendency in research and investigation is to impute to behavior a significance measured by the researcher's or investigator's own cultural norms. Inasmuch

as the norms of educators, legislators and preachers are middle-class in American society, it is logical that the definition and application of normal and delinquent behavior patterns have taken shape in the manner found in these newly published books. It is the responsibility of social science to expose this deeply ingrained point of departure so that more satisfactory perspectives on adolescence and its problems may be possible in the books that follow.

## Through the Skin

**OVER THE BRIDGE.** By Richard Church. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$3.75.

By May Sarton

WE READ autobiography for the same reason some of us may feel impelled to write it: because by poring over the pool of childhood and slowly coming to see again the lost treasures on the floor of the mind, we recapture not innocence but revelation, and so come to discover who we are. We have had three remarkable autobiographies by English poets of roughly the same era, the late nineteenth century: Sir Herbert Read's, Edwin Muir's and now Richard Church's. The first two dealt with childhoods in remote country places, and it was not surprising that they had about them the air of Eden, the natural pre-mechanized world. But Richard Church was born in Battersea, just across the river from Chelsea. This is a city childhood where schools are like prisons and the kinds of magic (the lamplighter lighting the lamps with his tall pole, the life on the Thames, the church bells ringing, or two little boys carrying a bowl of goldfish across Battersea Bridge on a bitter winter evening) are man made.

"If I had not faith!" Mr. Church exclaims at the end of a chapter. "In that phrase lies the motive of my journey over the bridge of time into the past, and the setting up of

*MAY SARTON is a distinguished poet and teacher. Her most recent book is the novel Faithful Are the Wounds.*

a transparent theatre into whose fluid element I can stare at the living creatures evoked there, almost forgetting that I am myself one of them." It is by an act of faith that he is able to dip a mature sensibility into the waters of the past and recreate for us this child with an extraordinary capacity for direct experience, a child who, we are told, "thought through his skin as a cat does." We experience a series of collisions between an intense inner world of revery and emotion with the outer world as it gradually comes into focus. One of these collisions happens when the boy is finally given a pair of glasses: "I had to cling to my mother's arm to prevent myself being carried away in the flood as the pavements rushed at me, and people looked up with their teeth like tusks, their lips luscious, their eyes bolting out of their heads . . ." There is the collision between small Richard Church and time and space when he first observed that he saw an axe chopping before he heard the sound; and there is the enormous collision when he suddenly found he could read: "It is an understatement to say that I began to read; I stepped into another life."

THESE moments of revelation are one thread that runs through the book. The other, equally rich and intense, is the thread of family life. We come to know this family as if it were our own — the buoyant, limited, loving father whose great dream was to propel his wife and sons on immense bicycling ordeals into the country; a post-office clerk

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by profession, he watched his brilliant sons outgrow him. We come to know Richard's awe-inspiring older brother, whose whole personality closed like an oyster round his passion for music, for mathematics or for whatever had seized him at the moment. But the figure whose presence makes this work of art a tragic and joyful celebration is Richard Church's mother. The ardor, the intensity, the bubble of iridescent joy this remarkable woman sustained within her, shines and illuminates the whole rich experience, and the more poignantly that we must watch



her die. No one comes to mind, except Proust, who has probed with such devotion, honesty and exquisite tact into a boy's love for his mother. And it is this evocation which lifts the book to its special grace. We know too much about this; we have analyzed it too mercilessly in recent years to come to it now with an innocent eye. But Richard Church for a few hours, gives it back to us, for he has moved from innocence to wisdom, and we can lay aside our scientific obtuse knowledge for a moment and rest here in the healing light of the spirit.

## New Art Books

**ANCIENT ITALY.** By Gisela M. A. Richter. University of Michigan Press. \$15. These lectures, plentifully illustrated by more than 300 half-tone cuts, survey what is known of sculpture, painting and work in such subsidiary arts as coins and gem-cutting in Italy, from archaic Greek times to the end of the Roman Empire. In between come the Etruscans and the contributions of various almost forgotten Italic peoples. An enormous amount of scholarship is summarized and presented with utmost clarity to the studious reader. The degree to which Greek artists dominated Roman Imperial production may come as a surprise.

**ART TREASURES OF THE NATIONAL; LONDON.** By Sir Philip Hendy. Abrams. \$15. A beautifully made book brilliantly illuminated with 100 color plates of works selected from what is usually regarded as the finest collection of paintings in the world, judged in terms of quality and of coverage of all the major European schools. Sir Philip Hendy, director of the gallery, first provides an interesting study of the formation of the collection and the history of the building in which it is housed; this section is illustrated with line drawings. His comments on the plates are a model of perceptiveness, taste and professional competence. The coverage begins with Duccio (Sienese, died 1319) and ends with John Constable's sketch-masterpiece, *Weymouth Bay*, painted in 1816. Alphabetically it runs from Fra Angelico to Roger van der Weyden.

**THE LETTERS OF PETER PAUL RUBENS.** By Ruth Saunders Magurn.

Harvard. \$10. This is the first complete translation into English of Rubens' voluminous correspondence, which touches upon the manifold facets of a fabulously busy and productive life. While diplomatic affairs receive the major emphasis, students of Rubens' art will find much of interest, for the two were intricately interwoven. The author is Assistant Curator of Prints at Fogg Museum, Harvard.

**GIORGIO DI CHIRICO.** By James Thrall Soby. Museum of Modern Art. \$7.50. A revision of, and supplement to, the author's book of 1941, *The Early Chirico*. As Soby makes very clear, De Chirico's early work (prior to 1918) is with few exceptions the work by which he will be remembered favorably. The story of De Chirico's attempt to deny this work—running all the way from what Soby considers false denials of authorship

to subsequent false datings—is one of the more ironic bypaths of the struggle of modern art to overcome the dead hand of tradition. For De Chirico has become a bitter enemy of the visual revolution which he himself helped to establish and “has tried with every means at his power to obliterate his own brilliant youth.”

**BENJAMIN HENRY LATROBE.** By Talbot Hamlin. Oxford. \$15. A scholarly and readable account of the career of the originator of Greek Revival architecture in the United States and one of our most gifted designers. Latrobe (1764-1820) overcame formidable opposition in course of altering architectural history. Baltimore Cathedral, the Bank of Pennsylvania and the south wing of the Capitol in Washington are among his major achievements. The book is profusely illustrated.

S. LANE FAISON, JR.

## TELEVISION

Anne W. Langman

**LITTLEST** viewers have been turning out clay birthday cakes, cardboard birthday cakes, even cake birthday cakes because *Ding Dong School* had a 1000th birthday the other day. For almost four years the NBC school bell has rung each weekday morning and teacher “Miss Frances” has enraptured small fry with a half hour of gentle activity and quiet talk. “Oooohhh—what fun we can have with finger paints. Do you like to paint like this?” “. . . and just look at *this*—look how the lima beans have grown since yesterday. We are going to have some *real* leaves on our lima beans soon, aren't we?” Small heads at home nod in agreement and you can be sure that mom is going to have to grow lima beans in a jar.

Producer and star of *Ding Dong School* is Dr. Frances Horwich. Twenty-five years ago she was a first grade teacher in Evanston, Illinois. Her educational career was not unusual for an energetic, intelligent person with an enthusiasm for teaching; she steadily climbed the pedagogical ladder, picking up an MA at Teachers College and a PhD at Northwestern University on the way.

Then, quite unexpectedly, came an opportunity to do a TV show on a local Chicago station. Today “Miss Frances” is a national institution. *Ding Dong School* has a wintertime audience estimated at 8,500,000 preschool children and their parents. A *Ding Dong School* PTA is being organized in each of the 109 cities which receive the show. Members get a monthly news bulletin “From Miss Frances' Desk” in which Dr. Horwich expands her educational principles. There are *Ding Dong School* toys, books, records. And even in this day of award and citation madness, the show and its star have received more than the average share of honors. Dr. Horwich has been all kinds of “Woman of the Year”; a graduate fellowship has been established at Teachers College in her honor.

**HER SHOW** is a success because she is a good teacher—and a bit of a ham. Either quality alone would not be significant or unusual, combined they are both. *Ding Dong School* is carefully constructed on sound educational principles with a decent respect for its young audience and it

is skilfully and entertainingly executed. I watched "Miss Frances" making a clay animal on the show one day; the body, the head, then four legs. "Where shall we put the tail?" she asked patting a long strip into shape affectionately. "Shall we put it here? or there? or there?" I was ready to turn her off, clay and all, when my young daughter (old enough to be a *Ding Dong School* alumna) shouted "THERE!" This spontaneous response was no accident. Dr. Horwich believes that participation is important and designs the entire show for easy contact with her audience. Her voice and movements are slow-paced, with considerable repetition and nothing to startle or to disturb the easy fluidity. She uses simple nursery school materials, occasional guests—a clown, a dancer, an artist, a few trips to a fire house or the zoo. She likes to leave the children with ideas of things to do later in the day, and with anticipation of tomorrow's show. These kindergarten cliffhangers are explained to parents in the last five minutes of the program, along with bits of advice, encouragement, philosophy.

DING DONG SCHOOL also has sponsor appeal, and its commercials are at present an unsolved problem. Dr. Horwich does them herself, in the same tone of voice and approach she employs for the rest of the show, and this skilful persuasion rouses the ire of a good many parents who would prefer not to be badgered into buying what Miss Frances says is good. It does seem a questionable use of the faith of the young, established so painstakingly along correct educational principles. How early in life must the American mind understand commercialism? Dr. Horwich has skilfully created the illusion that she is just a nursery-school teacher, but she is not just that: she's a nursery-school teacher on TV, and subject to its commercial entanglements and pressures. It need not be this way forever, and if viewers feel strongly enough about it they can use their own kind of pressure on "Miss Frances" and her sponsors. In the early days of the program she announced her sponsors to the par-

ents in a post script to the program.

A year ago, Dr. Horwich was appointed Supervisor of Children's Programs for NBC. In a recent survey of children's shows, she found that it is foolish to expect a script writer, however skilful, to turn out a good program for children. Education is a profession and no one untrained in it can possibly meet the requirements that thoughtful educators and parents set today for development of the mind of the child.

"Why," asked Dr. Horwich, "would you expect a fine performer, assigned to a new children's program, to censor himself from saying 'I'll wrench your arm out of its socket', as he did on a recent show?" The lasting effects of such statements on impressionable young minds are not part of the average entertainer's knowledge. Another young man, thinking to amuse his viewers, simultaneously munched peanuts and

talked on his show and was avalanched with reproaches from mothers. "A pretense at understanding children doesn't hold up in front of the camera. It must come from within, from the sureness born of training and experience in the teaching profession," Dr. Horwich says. "TV can be a tool for better living, just as the classroom. Children need all kinds of help to know how to live happily in their family and in the neighborhood which is their world."

Experimental childrens' shows are being launched at the NBC-owned Chicago TV station under Dr. Horwich's supervision. Changes and refinements in current network shows and plans for two or three new ones are under way. Whatever may be their merit or success as entertainment, they will be based on a solid ground of professional knowledge and trusted for their respect for and understanding of the mind of the child.

## RECORDS

### B. H. Haggin

SEVERAL months ago I discussed the first six records that had been issued singly of the Angel recording of Giesecking's performances of all of Mozart's piano music. Since then the remaining five have come out; and like the others they acquaint us with a number of unfamiliar pieces—some only exercises of an exquisite craftsmanship, some with impressive effect as works of art. Giesecking's performances continue to be finely chiseled but often deficient in energy and sustained tension; and again he plays some of the unfamiliar pieces with more life than the familiar sonatas.

On record 35074 are two of Mozart's most remarkable pieces, the Rondo K.511 and Gigue K.574. The rondo is unique in the chromaticism and expressive intensity of the exquisitely contoured principal melody and its recurring variants; the gigue equally so in its rhythmic intricacy. The Sonata K.281 is uninteresting; but there are two engaging unfamiliar pieces, the Sonata K.547a and Variations K.398.

Record 35075 offers the fine Variations K.455 on *Unser dummer Pöbel meint*, and the unfamiliar Variations K.364, which are equally good, with one of Mozart's wonderful syncopated and chromatic variations in minor and an extraordinary Adagio. In addition there are the engaging Sonata K.283, which has a superb finale, and the Sonata K.576, in which one hears some of Mozart's most developed, most complex writing for the piano.

No. 35076 has the magnificent Fantasia K.396; the fine Sonata K.332, which has another superb finale; the engaging "small sonata for beginners," K.545; and two unfamiliar pieces: the Variations K.354, of which Variations 4, 8 and 10 are outstanding; and the Variations K.460, with good writing in the later pages.

On 35077 are the fine Sonatas K.330 and 309, and three unfamiliar pieces: the Variations K.352, of which Variations 4, 5 and 7 are outstanding; the Rondo K.485, entirely and interestingly unusual in its pro-



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cedures; the Capriccio K.395, a strange piece unlike any other by Mozart, reminiscent of Bach and implying a larger scale than its actual small one.

Of the unfamiliar pieces on 35078 the Sonata Movement K.400 is charming; the Sonata Movement and Minuet K.498a are good; the Six Minuets and Trios K.315a are uninteresting. And the better-known German Dances K.509, which I found pleasantly inconsequential in their orchestral versions, are less attractive as arranged for piano.

The Rondo K.511 and Sonata K.330 are heard again, together with the powerful Fantasia K.475 and Sonata K.457, on London LL-1399, played by Backhaus. For the most part his playing is graceless, gruff and hard-toned; hence one is unprepared for the delicacy and charm of his treatment of the first two movements of K.330—though I must add that the charm involves constant changes of pace that create a longing for a little steadiness.

IN addition London LL-1164 offers Mozart performances by Katchen—of the Sonata K.333, with its fine opening movement; the best-known K.331, with its impressive minuet movement; and the "small" Sonata K.545 again. They have grace and beautiful-sounding treatment of the piano; their defect is Katchen's practice of having a passage begin with energy and sharp contour and then fall away into a pallid whisper, which sometimes continues for an extensive section.

London LL-1233 has a performance of Beethoven's Sonata Op. 111 that is made impressively effective by the steadiness, directness and sustained power of Katchen's playing; and one of the Sonata Op. 57 (*Appassionata*) that is made ineffective by his lingering and fussing and melting now over this phrase and now over that.

Solomon's performance of the first movement of the *Appassionata* on RCA Victor LM-1964 is made erratic by his whipping up of tempo; and the second movement suffers from being played Adagio instead of Andante con moto; but the finale comes off satisfactorily. There is the whip-

ping up of tempo again in the first movement of Op. 31 No. 2; but the second movement is played admirably, and the finale also is done well.

All of Chopin's Nocturnes are played by Istomin on the two records of Columbia SL-226; and the first of two similar London records, LL-1281, has Peter Katin's performances of Opp. 9, 15, 27 and 32. I am strongly for the "direct cantilena" we are told Chopin himself demanded in the performance of his music, and strongly against the traditional mannered style in which the two pianists play the Nocturnes. But Katin employs that style with a delicacy, a restraint, a refinement which I prefer to Istomin's high-powered and often violent operation, and which certainly is more suitable in writing like the tranquilly reflective opening of Op. 32 No. 1. And this difference is magnified by the difference in recorded piano sound: not only does Katin use a mellower-toned European piano, but its sound is reproduced with its true balance of treble and bass; whereas the sound of Istomin's brighter-toned American Steinway comes off the record with stepped-up treble and reduced bass that make it not only brighter but shallower.



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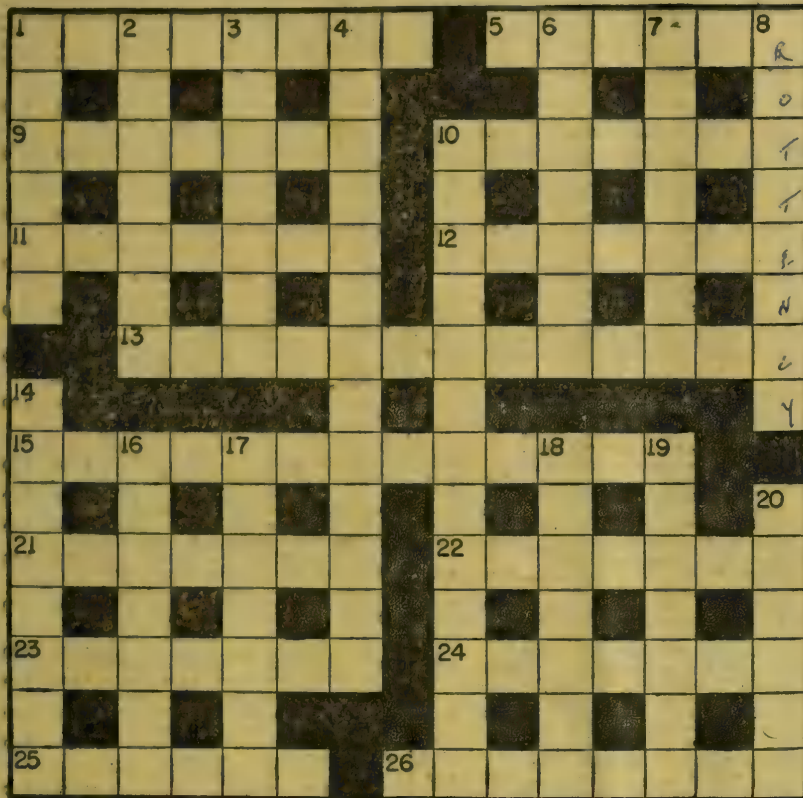
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# Crossword Puzzle No. 685

By FRANK W. LEWIS



## ACROSS:

- 1 Seem confused and about to leave the plant. (8)
- 5 and 26 Cavalier opponent. (6, 8)
- 9 Downpour in the place from which one starts a drive. (7)
- 10 Fastens locks, even in the rain. (4, 3)
- 11 Make bigger, in a general way. (7)
- 12 The force of unstable emotion about a child's game. (7)
- 13 It might circle about the horn. (8, 5)
- 15 The sort of debit some mind, but others almost look forward to. (13)
- 21 Arrived with quite a bit at this legendary site. (7)
- 22 Doesn't sound like a pencil mark at this angle. (7)
- 23 16 turned around, with two instead of one. (7)
- 24 Even apartment number. (7)
- 25 Stylish, to some. (6)
- 26 See 5 across

## DOWN:

- 1 See 4 down
- 2 Necessary points of the business office? (7)
- 3 Courage of the United Nations. (7)

- 4 and 1 down Double T. (3, 5, 2, 3, 6)
- 6 The law about a false idol is thus fulfilled. (4, 3)
- 7 Good point of view. (7)
- 8 Lot entry, in a tainted manner. (8)
- 10 and 16 down A case of moving the barbecue indoors, because one of the guests complained. (6, 2, 2, 3, 7)
- 14 Drawn around at the sort of guess which should be good. (8)
- 16 See 10 down
- 17 Cuts a measure inside and becomes toned down. (7)
- 18 Formerly what was staked out? If you do in print it might be followed thus! (7)
- 19 The list that stands for Scotland. (7)
- 20 4 and 1 down. (6)

## SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 684

ACROSS: 1 RED AS A BEET; 6 IDOL; 10 CRULLER; 12 UNMENTIONABLES; 14 TURNPIKE; 15 LEAN-TO; 16 NOTARY; 18 CANNIBAL; 23 STANDARD-BEARER; 24 AVERRED; 25 MIDLAND; 26 AND 8 LISTLESS; 27 SPONGE-CAKE. DOWN: 1 RECOUNTING; 2 DRUMMER; 3 SILENT PARTNERS; 4 BERWICK; 5 EASING; 7 DRIVE-IN; 9 DOUBLE ENTENDRE; 13 TOLL-BRIDGE; 17 TOTTERS; 19 ANDAMAN; 20 BARBARA; 21 HARD-UP; 23 AND 11 TALL STORIES.

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THE AUTHOR of this letter, Joseph R. Starobin, was for twelve years prior to 1954 foreign editor of the Daily Worker. He is the author of Paris to Peking.

GEORGE BENJAMIN'S call upon "Americans of every shade of progressive, liberal and radical opinion to find some common meeting ground" is the most challenging aspect of his letter in the July 28 Nation. I find his estimate of the Communist Party's impact on the 2,000,000 Americans who came in contact with it rather unreal and excessive, but let us resist the temptation to go into all that. His real difficulty is that, by making a new movement for democratic socialism so heavily contingent on an act of self-dissolution by the American Communist Party, Mr. Benjamin greatly oversimplifies the dilemmas of both the Communists and the larger world of non-Communist opinion.

It is clear that the American Communists do not have what it takes to generate a Socialist revival. They are the victims of history's uneven development. In part, they are the honorable casualties of a fierce assault, and in a sense, they disabled themselves by trying to meet this assault with a mistaken analysis of their own country and the post-war world; this in turn was shaped by how the party was formed and the premises on which it functioned, even in its best days. This state of affairs is increasingly recognized, judging by the letters and columns of the Daily Worker. There is now a considerable body of Americans of a Marxist outlook, larger than the party's present ranks, who came to such conclusions over many years. In my own case, long-developing differences of view came to a head shortly after I returned from abroad some three years back, and I did not resume activity or membership.

The American Communists need to be superseded. A proposal for dissolution, especially from the outside, is not likely to take priority over an inner-party struggle for a clearer understanding of what went wrong.

The Soviet Twentieth Congress stimulated this long-suppressed process. It also served as a mirror, revealing that the party is rather more heterogeneous, both as regards leadership and rank and file, than its own self-portrait would have it, or than others have realized.

The larger part of the Communist

leadership invested its political capital in a hysterical rejection of both the good and the bad in the policies of its former general secretary, Earl Browder. In the years following (ten years ago by now!) these leaders seriously believed that economic crisis, domestic fascism and a world Armageddon were the probable outcome of the great polarization of world relations. They led the entire movement, including trade unions and personalities under their influence, to behave accordingly. Many now realize that the whole perspective was faulty, but they appear to be impotent to put their ideas into practice. Old habits are not easily broken. For example, the elementary step of telling the truth about what happened at the national committee meeting late in April—the first full session in five years—was not taken. It has been left to the New York Post for July 22 to offer some light.

Many thousands of rank-and-file members have been cut off from the country's productive process; part of this is no fault of their own, part of it flows from a concept of Socialist behavior which gloried in making as many enemies as possible as simultaneously as possible. Some of these people are aging, and they subsist on loyalties and memories which are not easily dissolved. There is a substantial group, however, perhaps several thousands more, which had begun to come to terms with themselves and with realities quite a while before last February, sometimes using those passages of contradictory party policies which suited them. These people work in plants and mills, on farms and in professional life, and belong to community organizations; they have already begun to take a modest part in all sorts of good causes, or, in Mr. Benjamin's words "re-educate themselves for a constructive role in a new radical movement." Among them are many of the trade-union circles, influenced by the party. To them, leadership had long lost authority, and its failure to seize the opportunities of recent months is proof of incompetence.

Thus, whereas the party as a whole has only begun to separate the wheat from the chaff of its own history, these people continue as a kernel that cannot be dismissed. Mr. Benjamin does not grasp their dilemma. They cannot alter the party as such, neither can they dis-

(Continued on Page 168)

## Moderation Triumphs .. by Carey McWilliams

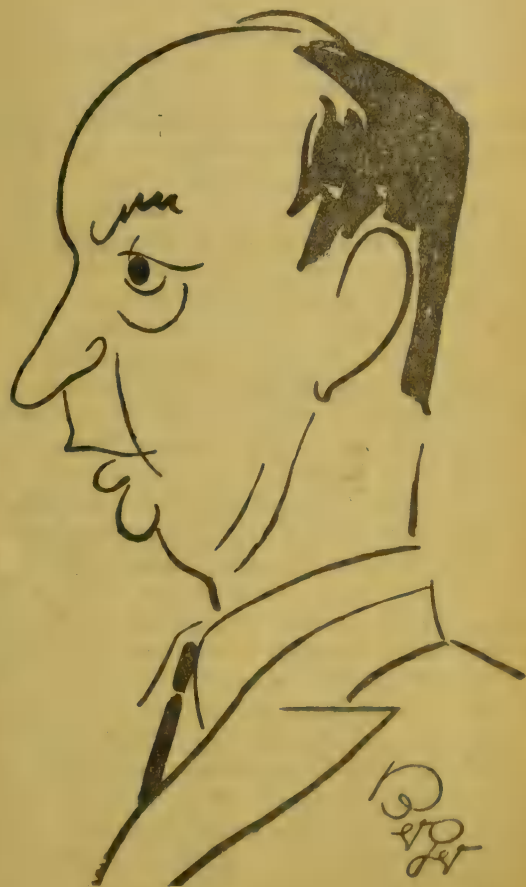
*Chicago, August 17*

MODERATION scored a stunning triumph here with the massive first-ballot nomination of Adlai Stevenson, its champion, for the Presidency. But it is merely one of the paradoxes of this convention that moderation's victory spells irretrievable defeat for the old-guard, courthouse branch of the Democratic Party. Any doubt about this was sealed with the nomination, in an open "under-the-lights" convention, of Senator Kefauver for Vice President. Kefauver not only added to Stevenson's triumph, but gave it an extra and creative dimension. His strategic and timely withdrawal from the Presidential race made possible an unfettered victory for Mr. Stevenson. Consequently, the Presidential nominee now has a magnificent opportunity to liberate the Democratic Party from its partial bondage, in this post-Roosevelt era, to Southern racism, branch-water-and-bourbon Missouri bossism and undiluted Lyndon Johnsonism.

With Kefauver's nomination, moderation's triumph has been given a plus—and the GOP a direct challenge.

Moderation's minus is plainest in the civil-rights plank. On this issue the party of Jefferson, Jackson, Wilson and Roosevelt screws up its courage to admit that Supreme Court decisions are "part" of the law of the land, but cannot bring itself to say that they should be enforced. The key sentence in this masterpiece of equivocation—"we reject all proposals for the use of force" etc.—is publicly presented as a condemnation of extra-legal violence but privately touted as an assurance that "troops and bayonets" will not be used to enforce desegregation. This sham plan, characterized by the Hearst press as a theft of Negro rights, is glorified as the "best ever." Such are the fruits of moderation.

From the outset the convention's problem was to moderate and contain the civil-rights issue. This turned out to be ludicrously easy. First off, a fine collection of word jugglers, including five signers of the Dixiecrat manifesto but not a single representative of organized labor, was named to the important drafting subcommittee. The civil-rights plank was actually drafted almost two weeks ago, yet the delegates and the public were told that a battle royal was going on behind locked doors. In point of fact, the plank was written by former Governor John S. Battle of Virginia, Senator Ervin of North Carolina, Yarn M. Kennedy of Texas, Repre-



sentative Brooks Hays and Governor James Coleman of Mississippi after former Governor Paul A. Devers of Massachusetts had explained the minimum needed to avoid a floor fight. At the open hearings, the Dixiecrats refrained from questioning witnesses, but one Southern lady was heard to mutter that she could "just choke" Roy Wilkins, executive director of the NAACP.

Then this ludicrous document was pushed through the convention by steam-roller tactics with only a sham debate. The proponents were not Southerners—the Dixiecrats maintained a tactical silence—but such stalwarts of the Fair Deal as Paul Devers, Senator O'Mahoney and Representative McCormack. But not without an important assist from that "fighting" liberal, Little Ole Harry Truman, who turned out to be about



the most moderate Democrat at this convention dedicated to moderation. And as the former President helped the Congressional leadership of the party put over the hoax—after an hour's delay to send as many listeners as possible to sleep—the Averell Harriman forces, who had been sharpshooting at "moderation," maintained a remarkable silence.

Moderation also triumphed on the "Left." The civil-rights rebels—mostly from Illinois, California, Michigan, New York and Pennsylvania, Republicans please note—found it impossible, so they said, to find out what was happening behind those carefully guarded doors where the subcommittee was at work. On late Wednesday afternoon, the Leadership Conference on Civil Rights held a packed session at the Congress Hotel and listened to "fiery" speeches by Walter Reuther and Jim Carey; but by then, of course, it was too late to organize a fight and there was little will to wage one. A week's barrage of leaks and stories about "hard in-fighting" behind "locked doors" had created the impression that the great issue of human rights for Southern Negroes simply turned on two words: "Supreme Court." In short, the issue was made to appear as a problem in semantics. No clear-cut alternative was projected before the public. And, of course, the real power behind the scenes—who provided the assurance that Negroes would not revolt—was Representative William Dawson, who is forever telling Negroes "don't get mad, get smart." The minority report was, in truth, a very moderate document, so moderate indeed that there was actually some substance to the opposition argument that the civil-rights proponents were quibbling over words. The key statements in support of the minority report, those by Governor Williams and Senator Douglas, were strictly pro forma, made only for the record. The "liberals" did not need to act in this craven fashion. Even the Republicans, nowadays, are for civil rights and Stevenson's nomination was ensured in any case. Yet the issue which, in a desperate moment, the Democrats met with courage in 1948, they fled in terror in 1956. But, then, there was a "Left" opposition in 1948; there is none today.

YET THE paradox of this convention is that the civil-rights proponents retreated at a time when the Dixiecrats were obviously on the defensive. The Dixiecrat strength was much less here than in 1948 and 1952. This year the Dixiecrats were not threatening to bolt; they, too, were "moderates." The old Dixiecrat squeeze-play—create a deadlock and then trot forth a border-state compromise candidate—failed to work. And the South was worried here. The 1948 bolt saw four states with thirty-seven electoral votes desert the Democratic Party. In 1952 the Republican Party captured four Southern states with fifty-seven electoral votes and rolled up an impressive percentage of the popular vote in the South. In the meantime, the Supreme Court's

desegregation decision has created a new situation. The Southern Democrats, in order to retain their committee chairmanships and a Congressional veto power on civil rights, recognize that the Democratic Party must win nationally and are well aware of what this implies. But they are haunted by two fears: one, that the White Citizens Council may outflank them on the racial issue by entering rival candidates in Democratic primaries or launching a protest movement; and, two, that the Republican Party may become a real political force in Southern politics. In short, their political careers are at stake. The recent eleven-state conference at Atlanta (August 1-2) was not called to organize a bolt at this convention but to prevent one. At Atlanta, one Dixiecrat said: "If anybody starts talking bolt at this caucus, I'll bolt right out of it." Hence there was no real danger of a bolt here; a strong, honest civil-rights plank could have been adopted without dividing the party. But this is another axiom of moderation: never call a bluff.

YET IT IS one of the major paradoxes of this convention that the delegates, despite this shameful performance, feel cheerful, confident and hopeful. There are few delegates here who, in private conversation, expect the Democrats to win in November. Even those who speak of victory are careful to hedge their predictions with numerous conditions. But most of them feel confident about the party—about its future—and for this there is some warrant. One reason, of course, is that the specter of a Dixiecrat bolt has largely vanished. The Democratic Party is maturing and levelling out as a truly national party. The Dixiecrats are still about; they got what they wanted; but their power is not what it was.

Another reason for the good feeling about the party which prevails here—as distinguished from its prospects—is that it has managed to shake off, to some extent, the burden of Trumanism. The former President came a cropper with his attempt to put over the absurd candidacy of Governor Harriman. The most satisfactory answer to the question, "Why did he do it?" is that he struck at Stevenson to get Kefauver. Nothing that has happened here has added more strength to Stevenson than Truman's open endorsement of Harriman. Not only did Mr. Truman misjudge the situation but he was given an elegant public spanking by Mrs. Roosevelt and leaves Chicago with a permanently deflated reputation. No longer the "hero of 1948," he is the little man he always was. This is a net gain in terms of Democratic self-knowledge. With the collapse of the Truman-Harriman blitz, the power of such backroom hacks as Frank McKinney, William Boyle and Frank McHale, and of such fund-raisers as Ed Pauley, is seriously undercut.

Both developments—the decline in the relative power of the Dixiecrats and of the Trumanites—are indicative

of a larger shift in power that is taking place in the Democratic Party. The shift is from old to new, from "old" pros to "new" pros, from old-style labor and minority representatives to new style, from the courthouse branch of the party to the uptown branch, from the Truman type to the Stevenson type. It is more a difference in background, manners, style and attitudes than of ideologies; basically it is an old-new dichotomy—a difference in temperament. The division is between the flashy dressers and the boys with the casual air; between the back-slappers and the flashing smile; between the joke and the wisecrack. It is the traders and operators versus the eggheads and the smarter bosses. For the "modern" Democrats still have their bosses. After all, such stalwart Stevenson supporters as Colonel Jake Arvey, Mayor Richard Daley, Matt McCloskey, Jim Finnegan and Dave Lawrence are not amateurs. On the other hand, they do have a "modern" point of view about politics; they have some respect, that is, for the intelligence of the American electorate. The Cook County machine made Adlai Stevenson's career possible and the Pennsylvania bosses have had the good sense to back some fine candidates: Governor George Leader, Mayor Richardson Dilworth and, above all, Joseph Clark, the party's nominee for the Senate. The Democrats have a right to be pleased with the new talent which includes such figures, in addition to those named, as Governor Mennen Williams, Governor Robert Meyner, Governor Ribicoff, Senator Kennedy and other attractive political talents. Without exception, these new leadership elements are in the Stevenson camp.

BUT THE shift that is taking place between old and new creates special opportunities for maneuver for such gifted compromisers as Senator Lyndon Johnson, Representative McCormack and the indestructible Sam Rayburn. These men have a fine intuitive understanding of how to manipulate the "liberal" mind. In addition, the relative power of Texas is increasing, as the power of the South is decreasing. The old pros, the Trumanites and the Dixiecrats are still around in sufficient number so that a middleman or broker can still make an honest living. The Congressional leadership, which makes up this middle group, assumes that the party's nominees will not win in November; they merely want to control the party. Senator Johnson, from the outset, was fighting for three things: his nominee, James H. Rowe, Jr., as chairman of the Democratic National Committee; a bland civil-rights plank to be adopted without a floor fight, and some Vice Presidential nominee other than Kefauver.

If the Democratic Party is shaping up, if it is, as I believe, overcoming some ancient fears and weaknesses, the transition is by no means complete. There are new faces here but no new ideas. There are lots of "new visionaries" but little vision. Governor Frank Clement's

"rant-and-holler" performance was old-fashioned to the point of quaintness. It reflects the world as seen from a window in Nashville by a young man of more bounce than brains. There are some new type Negro leaders around but the real power is still with Representative Dawson. There are some new type labor leaders about, too, but they had little power in this convention. There has been about the proceedings a noticeable staleness and mustiness; the old slogans and formulas are painfully tedious. The speech by Senator Morse, for example, was an excruciating exercise in the repetition of old clichés. Content-wise, Chicago represents a triumph of moderation.

THE OTHER day Mrs. Roosevelt—easily the most impressive person here, the youngest in ideas by several decades and the ablest politician in evidence—invested the word "moderation" with a meaning that helps to explain what is happening to the Democratic Party. "What moderation really means," she said, "is that you face all the realities of a situation; you study your situation, you analyze it." Implied is a realization that today's problems cannot be solved with yesterday's slogans and programs. In fact, today's problems have not yet been accurately defined. Of all problems, of course, this theory of moderation is least applicable to civil rights; but it is applicable to many other issues. What is also implied is that we know enough about today's problems to be disenchanted with formula solutions but not enough to be able to project the new institutions, ideas and instrumentalities with the aid of which these problems might be tackled. What is lacking, above all, is a new dynamic; some concept that would be sufficiently attractive to offset the prevailing—and very sticky—complacency. In this sense, Stevensonian moderation is a welcome replacement for the snap-judgment, off-the-cuff pronouncements of the Man from Independence; but it will never carry us very far. Caution and wisdom should go with power; but the other side of this coin is that the soliloquy—"to act or not to act," "to dare or not to dare,"—is a form that belongs to the study or stage, not to the political arena. Moderation has triumphed at Chicago, but in a world of revolutionary ferment and great technological change, moderation has little meaning except, perhaps, as a temporary stop gap for outmoded programs and thread-bare ideologies.

As power shifts from old to new in the Democratic Party, as the party begins to cast aside some of its heavier burdens and more antique fears, it will increasingly assume the form and structure of a national party rather than an improbable device by which a set of warring party chieftains have been able to maintain a precarious alliance by keeping up the pretense that their differences didn't really matter. A party is gradually replacing a coalition. But for the time being, its only program is "moderation."



# CONVENTION DIARY

## A Britisher's Very Dim View . . by R. T. McKENZIE

*Chicago, August 17*

"I AM not very fond of conventions," said Mrs. Roosevelt in a TV interview in Chicago. "It seems to be pretty much a pageant, too much hullabaloo, not enough serious thinking. It is an American institution, all right, but I'm not sure it's one of our better ones."

The matriarch of the Democratic Party leaves even the friendliest foreign observer little to add by way of general comment. I enjoyed my first distant enchantment with the American convention system when, aged fifteen, I followed the 1932 conventions with avid interest; this, I decided, was a spectacle I must someday see. Now, twenty-four years and six conventions later, my wish is fulfilled. I am not disillusioned, everything is exactly as I had expected. But I am disenchanted.

By a process of empathy I have been able to share the excitement of the delegates and the myriad political experts over the gladiatorial contest for the Presidential nomination. But need this absurdly over-dramatized personal contest overshadow so completely the discussion of issues? One is bound to ask this question as one jogs along the Chicago "El," with trainloads of festooned delegates, through slums very nearly as degrading as any to be seen in Europe.

It would be more fun if one were still fifteen, especially since so much of the oratory during the first three days of the convention appeared to be directed to an audience with some such mental age. There would also be less ground for concern if this were still the United States of the twenties; but a great depression, a world war and many nuclear explosions later, with America cast now

in the role of leader of the free world, there is something almost intolerably frivolous about the convention high-jinks of Chicago, 1956. It is rather like watching the antics of an aging middle-aged bore who has inherited serious industrial responsibilities from his wealthy parents, but prefers to play practical jokes rather than to tend to the obligations of his patrimony.

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FOR one who has spent a dozen years studying the natural history of British and European parties, the prodigal time-wasting of the early days of the convention provides the initial shock. To pitch the argument on a no more exalted plane, why were three days of free time on the national TV and radio networks given to exhortations so dreary and repetitive that they drove out of the convention hall most of the delegates, the public and the press?

The hearings of the Committee on Resolutions and Platforms were easily the most impressive aspect of the convention. One by one the representatives of most of the great interest groups of the nation presented reasoned arguments for including one plank or another in the party platform. Is there any reason why this committee should not have begun its hearings a month or more (rather than a week) before the opening of the convention? Its recommendations could then have been presented in a reasonably systematic way during the first three days of the convention. This would have provided a far more effective opportunity to demonstrate what the Democratic Party stands for to the great TV audience.

It will not suffice to argue in reply that the Democratic convention is too large to permit serious discussion. Of course it is. But the annual conference of the British Conservative Party is much larger and that of the Labor Party is almost as large;

nevertheless both parties manage for a week each year to conduct wide-range discussions which contribute to the enlightenment of the party leaders, the conference delegates and the public. And they do this without, in any serious way, threatening the necessary freedom of action of the party leaders in Parliament. This annual dialogue between party leaders and their followers helps to account for the greater maturity of political discussion across the Atlantic.

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IT WAS not until almost one A. M. on the fourth day of the Democratic National Convention that the first serious item of business was discussed. With the presentation of the minority report of the resolutions committee, the convention came alive. For a glorious half-hour the convention was worthy of the attention of serious men and women as it discussed an issue which is profoundly relevant to the future of the Republic. One groaned, at first, to think that much of the American population had probably switched off their TV sets and gone to bed. But as the debate developed, it was difficult not to conclude, on second thought, that it was better so. Although the result (a victory for the moderates) was a foregone conclusion, the ground-rules applied to the debate made utter nonsense of the most elementary principles of rational discussion. Three whole days of convention time had already been wantonly wasted; yet no more than thirty minutes could be allotted to ten speakers (including one ex-President, three Senators, three Representatives and one governor) to discuss the most important domestic issue facing the United States at the present time.

And further: the allocation of time as between the contesting teams of speakers was outrageously unfair (even if, as I am quite prepared to believe, it may have conformed to

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the standing orders of the convention). Representative McCormack announced that, out of the generosity of his heart, he would "yield" ten minutes of the thirty to the spokesman for the minority report, retaining twenty minutes for himself and his supporters. At the end of these indecent proceedings the debate was throttled; according to Senator Lehman, even the microphone of the New York delegation was suddenly and inexplicably shut off. Clearly it was better for the prestige of the democratic idea that these events should have occurred in the dead of night.

It would be unkind to dwell on Mr. Truman's role in these proceedings. Whether one's sympathies were with the majority or the minority report on the civil-rights plank does not matter. For me, at least, Truman long ago ensured his place in the distinguished second rank just behind the half-dozen immortals among the American Presidents. It was therefore acutely embarrassing first, to hear him at his press conference denounce Adlai Stevenson as a detestable apostle of moderation, and then, fifteen hours later (after Stevenson's victory had everywhere been conceded), to witness the same Harry Truman climb on the bandwagon of "moderation." It has often been remarked that when great men clash, great principles may be illuminated; but, inescapably, one must conclude that when Harry Truman picked his fight with Adlai Steven-

son at Chicago in August, 1956, this did not happen.

LISTENING to the Democrats trying to build up a head of steam for this year's campaign, I was struck by the similarity between this election and the last British election of May, 1955. On that occasion, the British Conservatives went to the country after four years in office. Strictly speaking, this was the first Conservative government since 1924-29; or, if you include the National governments of Baldwin and Chamberlain, since 1940. The Tories in last year's British election had two great assets; booming prosperity at home and the fall in international tension.

In fact, conditions were so good that the Labor Party could get no grip at all on their Tory opponents. Eden then—more so than now—seemed to stand almost above party and had great personal popularity. Most embarrassing of all for the Labor Party, hardly any of the dire predictions they had made in the previous election of 1951 had come true. The Tories had not brought unemployment; they had not cut the social services; they had not ground the faces of the poor, they had not proved themselves truculent warmongers in their dealings with the Communist world. Labor could no longer campaign against Baldwin and Chamberlain, against unemploy-

ment and appeasement and the horrors of the twenties and thirties. It had to campaign against a highly successful post-war Conservative administration.

The Democrats are obviously in somewhat similar difficulties. For the first time since 1932, it is going to be difficult to campaign against Herbert Hoover. The Republicans, like the British Conservatives, have finally broken the bands of steel that linked their name to the words "unemployment" and "depression." And like the Tories, they enjoy the two great assets of prosperity at home and comparative peace abroad. There is this further parallel: the Eisenhower Republicans are a major force in this election, just as the Tories were last year in Britain, because the leopard appears at last to have changed his spots.

It may be that from now until November, Adlai Stevenson will be "one heart beat from the Presidency"; it may be that the Democrats' "permanent majority" will assert itself if, for medical reasons, the Republicans were to find themselves bereft of the magic of the Eisenhower name. But this possibility aside, the Democrats face a problem which Labor last year did not manage to solve; they must present a new and dynamic vision of American life if they are to recapture the initiative from their progressive conservative opponents. Writing prior to the acceptance speech of the Presidential candidate, one must report that the Democrats have not demonstrated at this convention that they are likely to be able to do so.



A Gallery of Losers

Drawings by Maas



# BIG DITCH FOR OIL

## The Meaning of the Suez Crisis . . by JON KIMCHE

*London*

IT WAS an uncanny experience sitting in the gallery of the House of Commons on Thursday of August 2 and watching the unfolding of what might well become the decisive crisis of the Commonwealth. There below sat Parliament—"in impressive unity," said the *Times* next morning. But there was little of the atmosphere of a great occasion. The Labor benches were half empty, and those on the government side were far from full. There was no crowd of latecomers at the bar of the House. There was an air of unreality about the entire debate that followed, heightened if anything by the evident agreement and determination of both government and opposition.

Yet it was without doubt one of the gravest occasions on which the House has met since the end of the Second World War. The issues were clearly and boldly stated, the lion's roar was genuine enough and the drama of the three Foreign Ministers meeting across the road added to what should have been a tense and momentous occasion; but it just was not that. Somewhere in the general setting there was a false note.

As I sat there I tried to identify it, and my mind went back to another debate on a similar Thursday afternoon two years and four days earlier, on July 29, 1954, when Parliament was about to rise, as on this occasion, for its three months' summer recess. The Secretary for War, Antony Head, had moved a motion that the House approves the Heads of Agreement which he had initialed two days earlier in Cairo, and which provided for the complete British evacuation from the canal zone by June, 1956. He argued that it had to be recognized that either in peace or war the facilities of the Suez Canal,

or of the British base in Egypt, would be little or no use if Egypt were hostile. The base had also lost much of its past military value because of the development of nuclear weapons, he argued, and he pleaded for silence by the critics lest they spoil the chances of better Anglo-Egyptian relations.

But far more significant—perhaps the most significant speech in British post-war foreign policy—was the argument with which the then Foreign Secretary, Mr. Eden, wound up the debate. It provides the explanation for the flatness of last week's Suez debate.

THIS was how Mr. Eden explained the situation in that midsummer of 1954. "We are not proposing to create a new base in Cyprus. Nothing of the kind is proposed. The main base, as a base for war, will remain in Egypt." He was referring here to the clause in the agreement which gave Great Britain the right of re-entry in time of war. Mr. Eden went on to describe how the new arrangements would not lead to a power vacuum in the Middle East since it would enable British forces to become much more mobile. The troops in Libya, Jordan and Aden could be increased and moved at will. Without this evacuation what would happen in 1956, Eden asked the House? And he told members that Britain would in such a case "have no place, no establishments, no workshops, no possibility of going in again, no right of re-entry whatever and assurance of the upkeep of the base. We would have the absolute assurance of the worst possible relations with Egypt and with all the other Arab countries, leading to rising tension," Mr. Eden concluded emphatically.

Mr. Eden then turned to make the only reference to shipping through the canal in his speech. It was perhaps the strongest case that could be made against the agreement, he acknowledged, but then he

turned to brush it aside as largely irrelevant. Listening to some of the speeches, he added caustically, one might have thought that traffic on the canal had largely been held up. Actually, more traffic than ever before was going through the canal. The Israeli problem was a special one. The only hope of settling it was by Britain developing better relations with both sides. That was that.

Britain's dependence on the canal did not worry the Foreign Secretary at that time, and it was clear from his concluding remarks why that was so.

It is ludicrous to pretend that, as a result of the agreement, our influence is going to be undermined throughout the Middle East. I do not believe that for one moment, and I will tell hon. Members why....

On a basis of friendship, we have an opportunity, on an entirely new basis—a new conception—to influence them [the Arab countries] and work with them....

With Saudi Arabia we have just concluded an agreement to arbitrate our differences there.... With Jordan we have our treaty. With Israel we want and shall maintain the friendliest relations we can establish....

Does not this House see that through all these things, and finally, most important of all, this agreement with Egypt, we shall be creating a new pattern of friendship throughout the Middle Eastern regions? . . . Set in this context, I suggest to the House that the prospect of a new and growing collaboration with our Arab friends is now opened up.

It need hardly be added that in this course outlined by Mr. Eden, the British government was supported and encouraged, if not actually pressed, by the Eisenhower Administration and by Mr. Dulles especially. This then was how London and Washington viewed the Middle East two years ago, when the Suez agreement was signed. Looking at it now

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the colossal error of the day stands out like a pyramid in the desert: it was a repetition of a traditional concept in British Middle Eastern policy over the last thirty years: Egypt, Suez and indeed the whole region were evaluated purely from the point of view of their importance in a war. Their even greater importance in peace time was totally overlooked both in London and Washington.

Otherwise it would be difficult to explain why the vital importance of the Suez Canal received no attention in the Egyptian negotiations. Its decisive function in the supply of oil to Western Europe was as apparent in 1954 as it is today. Was there no one among Eden's or Dulles' foreign-affairs, military or economic advisers who drew their chief's attention to this problem? Someone must have done so, for there is a reference to the Constantinople Convention of 1888 in the agreement. But clearly it was concluded that if Egypt could be trusted with the base she could also be trusted with Western Europe's oil supplies in the "new pattern of friendship" which was foreseen.

**BUT EVEN** so we have to recognize that neither the British nor the United States, because of their military preoccupations, paid adequate attention to the peace-time implications of abandoning the Suez base. They were too busy turning a political necessity into a political virtue to consider the changed situation of the canal in relation to Western Europe, to weigh the consequences of abandoning physical control over the canal at the very moment when it had become more important to Western Europe than it had ever been during the eighty-seven years of its existence.

For by 1956 the Suez Canal had become as much of the Middle Eastern oil complex feeding Western Europe as were Kuwait, Iraq, Bahrein, Qatar and, to a lesser extent, Saudi Arabia—the countries producing the oil. Through the canal passed more oil than the total combined output of Kuwait and Iraq, the two largest suppliers of Western Europe. By the end of 1956, barring interruption,

August 25, 1956



some 90 million tons of oil worth 2 1/2 billion dollars will have passed northwards through the canal in the twelve months, carried by something more than 5,000 tankers.

It was this detail that the Anglo-American policy-planners overlooked when they worked on the pattern of British withdrawal from Egypt. It must rank surely as one of the most remarkable oversights in modern history.

Nor was that all. The Western hunger for Middle East oil is growing at an extraordinary rate. Last year's output of Middle East oil of 150 million tons is estimated to reach 400 million tons by 1965 and 900 millions by 1975. The larger portion of this vast increase will be flowing westwards either through the canal or through existing and new pipelines from the oilfields to the Mediterranean. The stake thus is much bigger than even current figures of canal-transit shipments would indicate.

To meet this growth in demand and trade the Suez Canal Company had already approved plans that would enable it to cater for traffic

up to about 160 to 180 million tons of oil, but even this would be inadequate to meet the needs of Western Europe and the United States after 1965. It is estimated that by 1975 something like 300 to 350 million tons will have to be carried by tankers through the Suez and ancillary canals, after allowing for direct shipments to the United States by the Cape route, and also allowing for a maximum of shipment through the pipelines from the Iraqi and Saudi Arabian oilfields to the Mediterranean.

The basic consideration therefore in any discussion on the general dependence of Western Europe on the Suez Canal is that this cannot be isolated from the general dependence on Middle East oil. The issue is not the abstract principle of free shipping through the canal but the availability of Middle East oil whether it be transported through the canal or through pipelines.

Thus the hunt for alternatives to the Suez Canal is largely unrealistic so long as it ignores the problem of the supply of oil; partial solutions are possible, but the West faces one



major problem in the need to ensure its future oil supplies. These will not be assured by alternate canals or pipelines or even by the proposed internationalization of the Suez Canal.

Thus the new fast and large tankers of 50,000 to a 100,000 tons' displacement can carry oil economically round the Cape from Persia or Arabia to the United States, but not to either Western Europe or Great Britain; the additional journey of 4,700 miles would add a crippling margin to the existing pressure on new tanker construction. The current program estimates that the present tanker fleet of 40 million tons' displacement will have to be increased to 60 millions tons over the next ten years, and doubled again in the following ten years. A program of this kind calls for the greatest economy possible in tanker usage. The problem is not how to do without the Suez Canal but how to ensure that the canal is made to serve best the needs of Western Europe.

In this connection it has to be emphasized that the proposals that have been made for an alternative canal from Elath or Aqaba to Haifa would serve at best merely as a complementary canal to the existing means of transit; it could not possibly serve as a substitute for the Suez Canal or even as an adequate alternative. That is if the proposal were a practical one.

It is hardly so if the sources of Middle East oil remain largely in

Arab hands and if the entry into this proposed alternative canal passes through disputed Egyptian and Saudi Arabian territorial waters in the Gulf of Aqaba.

The political problem also affects the proposal to run an oil pipe from Elath to Haifa, or from some point in the Gulf of Aqaba to Haifa; the gulf waters are claimed as territorial waters by Egypt on one side and by Saudi Arabia on the other. The technical problems of discharging oil from so large a flow of tankers is also considerable.

The fact remains that there exists no easy technical solution to the problem of Egypt's grip on the canal or the Arab hold on Middle East oil. The large and fast tankers can be a partial solution, but will hardly do more than account for that part of the traffic which the Suez Canal in any case could not cope with; the same applies to pipelines from the oilfields to Syrian, Lebanese or even to Turkish ports as was suggested in the House of Lords by Lord Birdwood.

Even if the political problems do not interfere, the same is true of the proposed Elath-Haifa pipeline: it is questionable whether it could carry more than one-tenth of the oil now passing through the canal, even under the most favorable circumstances.

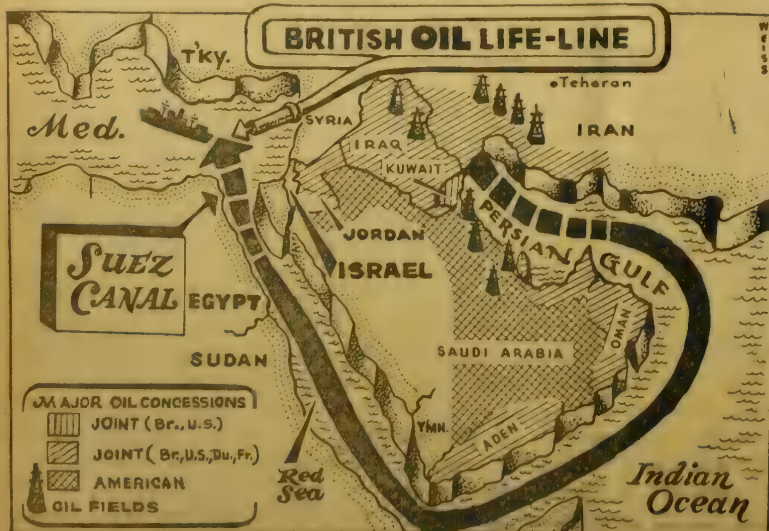
The problem which the British, the French and the United States now face is therefore clearly something much bigger than that of free

and uninterrupted passage of ships through the Suez Canal. The present crisis has brought to a head an issue that was bound to arise before long—the future relations of Western Europe to one of its basic sources of energy. The canal crisis has demonstrated that this is not something that can be left to the commercial negotiations of the oil companies and local governments any longer.

CLEARLY if the Western governments give in and surrender their positions then they will remain for years exposed to every threat and whim of the Middle East countries controlling the source of oil and the transit routes by which it flows. On the other hand, if they take up arms or resist in other ways the acts of nationalization of the canal and perhaps of some of the oilfields, they will find much of the Asian, African and all the Communist world marshaled against them; they will even find their own people uneasy about the issue on which they fight.

But perhaps there still is time for one other alternative, more to the point than new canals through Israel or pipelines through Turkey. The Western sponsors of the London conference should and could take the issue much further. They ought to propose now the nationalization not only of the Suez Canal but also of all the Middle East oilfields under the egis of a United Nations Middle Eastern authority which would ensure the free flow of oil and shipping, which would respect all the decencies of sovereignties of the states concerned and which would ensure that the profits derived from the oil trading and from canal dues shall be devoted to those social priorities which need them most in the countries concerned, starting with the Aswan Dam.

Here indeed is a radical solution, yet no more radical than the problem involved. And the step, once taken, could point the way to the solution of the broader question: how, in the long run, the world community can be assured access at fair prices to the vital raw materials of which, by accident of nature, certain regions have been granted a monopoly.



# CAN WE AFFORD PEACE?

## The Boom Needn't Bust... by DAVID HAMILTON

DURING the height of the cold war it was frequently stated that Stalin and Co. could sink us economically by declaring peace. Since they were obviously not in love with capitalism, just why they did not do so was a question for speculation. The speculation was half in jest, but now the matter is no longer a laughing one. The Russians evidently have declared peace.

What will be the effect on the American economy? Will arms expenditure and foreign aid be reduced? If so, will the American economy, all by itself and in accordance with the so-called "immutable" laws of supply and demand, respond purposefully to this change in policy? Or will it bobble like a ship without a rudder? The financial and economic pundits are now asking such questions in all seriousness. There are no unequivocal answers; all that can be considered are alternate possibilities. But these seem limited, at least for the calculable future.

First of all, it should be clear that this is no tempest in a teapot. Because of the cold war the United States never did go through a full-scale post-war readjustment. What we may now face is what the unsuccessful prognosticators of 1946-47 based their forecasts on—a serious reduction in government outlay, in other words a delayed demobilization of the economy.

The fear that this readjustment will reduce national income and employment is based on a widespread belief that the American economy is shored up by defense expenditure. There is more than a grain of truth in this. Almost everyone is now familiar with the truism that aggregate expenditure is the same thing as national income. Any reduction in

total expenditure is recognized as a threat to an existent level of national income and of employment. Since government expenditure has been amounting to from one-fifth to one-fourth of aggregate expenditure, serious reduction of the largest category of government outlay is not to be taken lightly, blithely trusting in the "natural order" and Adam Smith's invisible hand.

Further complicating the picture is the possibility that there may be a shift in the character of military expenditure. It appears that more emphasis is being placed on new super-weapons and less on orthodox weapons. This shift would mean a reduction in the proportion of the military dollar going for manpower and an increase in the proportion going to armaments firms. Thus the total outlay may be smaller, and of this total a smaller proportion would go into wages as against such other forms of income as interest and profits. Since the recipients of these latter forms of income are by and large in the upper-income brackets, savings will be increased. In fact, the general shift in income distribution from lower to higher receivers, apparently going on right now, would be accentuated.

WE ARE being told that these fears are unwarranted for any one of a number of reasons. The most simple reassurance is that the American economy right now is so buoyant that increased consumer expenditure is ready to make up for any federal cutback. Presumably, the consumers all have bottomless caves somewhat like the one from which Jack Benny gets additional money. But with consumer debt rising at a spectacular rate, it is apparent that any money caves the consumer may have access to are well guarded by the lending community charging the usual 12 to 18 per cent. Furthermore, any cutback in government

outlay has an immediate effect in reducing consumer outlay. Much of the present consumer prosperity is a direct product of high government outlay. To the discerning, this "natural" buoyancy is as authentic as a three-dollar bill.

A second straw upon which confidence rests is the idea that any reduction in government outlay will mean reduced taxes and thereby provide the funds for additional consumer outlay. It depends on whose and what taxes are adjusted. If the income tax is reduced by flattening out its rising scale, the rich will accumulate more savings. With a reduction in corporate taxes, corporate savings would increase. Since defense expenditure does partly underwrite consumption outlay, and since a reduction in defense expenditure would mean an immediate consumption cut, it is unlikely that capital investment would be increased, on a declining market for consumer goods, to offset the increased saving. Only in such an unlikely event could rising unemployment be avoided.

On the other hand, cuts in excise taxes on mass-consumed goods would have the effect of increasing consumer purchasing power. Raising the exemption on the income tax or lowering the rates more in the lower brackets than in the high brackets would also increase consumption outlay. Additional amounts of money in the hands of the poor are largely spent for consumption goods; additional amounts in the hands of the rich go more to increase the volume of savings.

RELIANCE is also placed on the so-called built-in stabilizers—unemployment compensation, old age and survivor's insurance and farm payments. The stabilizing effect of these factors is overemphasized and widely misunderstood. There is some vague idea that as national income declines, these payments will all automatically

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increase. However, only unemployment compensation increases for certain as employment falls. And even in this case, the unemployment benefits are less than the lost income so that these benefits would not prevent national income from falling. They merely place a limit below which it cannot fall. These so-called built-in stabilizers do have the effect of raising the bottom of the trough of the business cycle, but they will not prevent a recession, and a serious one at that.

Confidence has also been engendered by the experience of 1946-47 and 1953, at which times military expenditure declined without precipitating a serious depression. How-then had huge holdings of liquid assets—savings accumulated during World War II. The slight recession ever, national income did decline in both cases and we had what were called minor “roll-backs.” In 1946 the situation was entirely different from what exists today. Consumers of 1953-54 was generated largely by the hard-money policy throughout the greater part of 1953 and was corrected by an alteration in this policy. But since that time the stock-market boom, the frenzied sales promotions, the advance of consumer debt and falling farm income make the situation today less propitious for a defense cutback. It should be remembered that in every boom period there have been minor setbacks such as those of 1924 and 1927. These were thought to have been successfully mastered by manipulation of the interest rate and other monetary gyrations which were completely ineffective in the different conditions of 1929.

FINALLY, the threat of trouble is held to be insignificant and over-rated because defense expenditure right now is only about 10 to 15 per cent of aggregate national income. Comparisons are made with the total amount now spent on soft goods, durable goods and services. But this argument, as well as the other two, ignores the multiplier and acceleration effect of any reduction of national income. The multiplier effect is simply the fact that one person's expenditure is another per-

son's income. Therefore, an initial reduction in income to one group of income receivers will affect all those who are accustomed to receive the expenditure of the initial group of income receivers. But there is a tertiary effect, for the second group also makes expenditures, the income of still a third group, etc. The only thing which keeps a reduction from causing a holocaust is the fact that on the way down people do dip into past savings and therefore the reduction is somewhat less at each stage. Studies of the multiplier in the United States indicate that it is somewhere around three. Therefore, a reduction of ten billions would reduce national income by thirty.

Furthermore, such a reduction, felt through reduced consumer expenditure, would have an even greater effect on capital-goods industries. This effect is known as the accelerator. Every reduction in consumer outlay has its effect on business expectations. Business men scale down their investment expenditure with reduced consumption. In fact, some economists insist that a mere reduction in the rate of *increase* of consumption will have its effect on business expectations and thus on investment outlay. A reduction of, say, 10 per cent in consumption-goods expenditure would result in an even greater percentage decline in capital-goods expenditure. The interaction of the accelerator and multiplier gives to recessions an almost avalanche effect once they get tripped off by some small event. This relationship also explains why depressions seem to feed on themselves.

The multiplier and accelerator work both ways, and in recent years their influence on a recovery and the following boom has been gratefully acknowledged. But their effect in bringing on a sudden, sharp and devastating depression is frequently forgotten. Certainly, the declines in housing outlay, cotton textiles and automobiles in the late 20's were quite small in and of themselves—no greater than the small boulder unloosed by the unwary mountain climber.

Thus, the problem presented to the United States by the changed world

picture is one of economic strategy. Shall we let things take their course, hoping for the best? Or shall we use all the knowledge we now have of how the economy works to carry out a planned readjustment? And if the latter course, what kind of planned program should we have?

CERTAINLY the first course has the sanction of tradition and in an era of new-found contentment and complacency tradition has great appeal. We have made of free enterprise and the belief that the market will solve all our problems a new transcendentalism. Yet the facts are against the faith. The economic history of the United States reveals a boom and bust pattern. Given its head, the private-enterprise system has never generated sufficient private investment or consumption to maintain continued full employment. Although compensatory spending is supposedly a phenomenon of the 1930's, only the name for it was new. Our gifts of the public domain, not only to homesteaders, but to the railroads during the latter half of the nineteenth century, was only one of the many ways by which the government propped the free-enterprise system. We have a long history of subsidization of industry through such free government services as the post-office system, through the sale of surplus military plant and equipment and through outright subsidies of the kind currently enjoyed by the airlines. It has never been possible to admit just what this represented, but its effect was to stimulate an economy which lacked sufficient private investment to maintain full employment. Allowing matters to take their course now can have only one possible result—one more depression to add to our already long record.

But this is not necessary if in the present situation we are willing to use our economic intelligence for wise planning. If we do find it possible to reduce taxes, these cuts need to be so made that they will fall primarily to the poor, not the rich. We also need to increase the coverage and the benefits under the social-security system. Medical insurance should be included in that

program. Wage incomes should be underwritten by a strong national minimum-wage law—one that does not merely legalize low incomes. In short, we need to establish for all a basic income below which no one shall fall. By such means consumption could be increased in the face of falling government outlay. We would have what Alvin Hansen has called a low-profit high-wage economy—one conducive to rising and continuous income and employment.

We also need to be ready with what Edgar Snow has called a Point Four Program for America (see *The Nation*, May 12). Vast sums could be expended on schools, public housing and river-valley development, to name but a few possible outlets; and these items would pay for themselves in the long run in the form of a rising national income and standard of living.

That government officials are aware of these possibilities is made clear by a recent paper read by Dr. Grover W. Ensley, executive director of the Joint Economic Committee, before the Fifteenth Stanford Business Conference. Dr. Ensley outlined the extent of need for expenditure on public works—schools, highways, hospitals, etc.—and said that spend-

ing for such purposes could make up for the drop in the defense budget if and when it comes. His optimistic paper contained no hint, however, that plans were under way now so that the programs could be put into the spending stage immediately. Timing has long been recognized as crucial in the use of public works as a stopgap against an immediate economic crisis. Unemployment can grow to appalling percentages while public works are still on the drawing boards.

There is no reason for optimism. Except in the area of fiscal and monetary policy, planning has become a horrid word, thanks partially to the efforts of such imported economists as Mr. Hayek and Mr. von Mises. In fact the bible of the anti-planners, Hayek's *The Road to Serfdom*, has just been brought out in a new paper-back edition by the University of Chicago Press, evidence that this way of thinking has not lost its appeal. All thought on planning vs. come-what-may has been polarized. We have been convinced that planning leads only to serfdom and have confused planning for specific problems with some overall, all-encompassing plan.

But we are fortunately not faced

with the dilemma, shall we plan everything, or shall we give everything its head? We are faced only by the problem of what, when and where we shall plan. We need planning for what Veblen called the "interstitial" areas which lie between already privately planned large industries. Certainly the suburban paper boys, the shoeshine stands and barber shops can be left to Adam Smith. But what to do about the Missouri River Valley is another question; so is low-income housing, education in economically retarded areas and medical care. And all of these are related to the larger problem of maintaining a growing and fully employed economy.

It should be clearly recognized by now that the dominant power group in the United States is the business community — both large and small. The sentiment of the general populace, thanks to a largely subservient press, is predominantly in their favor. Any program for a readjustment without "moderate roll-backs" and with minimum hardship — for example, the program very sketchily mentioned above — would have to overcome the hostility of this potent power block reinforced by community sentiment.

# MYTHS WE SWEAR BY

## Gobbledygook of Politics . . by PAUL CROSSER

WHILE David Hume, eighteenth-century philosopher, distinguished between strictly political and strictly social—i. e., non-governmental—matters, he argued that both were merely appearances and thus reduced the distinction between them to meaninglessness. This particular *Humist* bent for undifferentiation has befuddled the thinking of most American political analysts. For example: because most analysts interpret actions on the basis of *prima facie* evidence and take words at

face value, they characterize the Truman era as an extension of the Roosevelt one. Yet in reality the two regimes were basically in opposition. F. D. R. used conservative words to cover up radical measures; Truman used radical words to cover up conservative and even reactionary measures.

The befuddlement has become compounded since the advent of Eisenhower. The Administration which must defend itself at the polls in November is neither wholly progressive nor wholly conservative; as a result, progressive slogans alternate with conservative ones, depend-

ing upon what kind of action they are supposed to camouflage. That the contradictory slogans reflect contradictory policies, which in turn reflect a contradictory reality, is something the analysts do not care to consider.

The inability or unwillingness of analysts to probe for the reality beneath the word has permitted the American public to live in a world of illusion of which the oratory of the national conventions serves as a dramatic example. And Americans will continue to move from one exploded illusion to another illusion which is bound to explode, so long

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as the *Humist* approach to political and socio-political analysis continues.

That the Wilson and Roosevelt Administrations had the same international goals constitutes another of our current illusions. Wilson instituted a policy aimed at the destruction of the Soviet regime by outside force if necessary. The Republican Administrations which followed implicitly accepted this policy. Roosevelt rejected it. The diplomatic recognition which he extended to the Soviet Union constituted a reversal in American foreign policy with regard to the major international political issue of the twentieth century. F. D. R.'s whole foreign policy can be said to have been based on recognition of the Soviet state as a political and social reality.

The Truman Administration, in turn, reverted to the Wilson policy. Wilson's "*cordon sanitaire*" paralleled Truman's "*containment*." The ultimate aim of both was the collapse of the Soviet regime, and both administrations were prepared to use force to accomplish the goal. If Wilson applied force directly, and Truman indirectly, the difference can be accounted for by the interim growth of Soviet military and economic might.

Basically both the Truman and Eisenhower administrations treated the Soviet regime as a kind of phantom. Its industrial progress was ascribed to a "miracle" produced not by the Russians themselves but by foreign engineers and scientists imported by Moscow. Indeed, the Russian mind was regarded as "mystical" and incapable of technological inventiveness.

The myth of Russian technological backwardness, along with that of its impending internal collapse, has now been exploded by the most circumspect factual information. A foreign policy based on these myths becomes itself a myth.

With an eye to the vote of the foreign born, GOP leaders during the election campaign of 1952 talked much of "rollback"—the removal of the Eastern European nations from the Soviet orbit. This kind of talk continues—as talk. But it no longer represents American foreign policy,

which has abandoned the preventive-war concept.

Even if no new policy has taken its place, it does not mean that progress has not been made. The Geneva summit meeting served to affirm what Americans had forgotten after the days of Roosevelt—that the Soviet world exists as a potent force in world politics. That meeting was useful in another respect. The designers of the Truman foreign policy were so trapped in their own verbalisms that Truman could never have gone to Geneva without being accused of appeasement. Eisenhower, not otherwise noted for his contributions to American semantics, at least succeeded in impressing indelibly upon the minds of the American people the difference between appeasement and negotiation.

THE illusions pervading American foreign policy are closely linked with those about the internal social forces supposedly supporting that policy. Truman policies, domestic as well as foreign, were supposed to express the interest of a liberal-labor coalition, just as are those of Truman's protégé, Averell Harriman. Eisenhower policies are allegedly shaped largely by big business. But these conceptions ignore the middle strata of American society. If any society can be said to be prevailingly middle-class in character, it is the American; even the labor movement here is not a labor movement in any strict sense, it is rather a middle-class movement in its social outlook and economic aspirations.

In this country even big business cannot be considered a class in any rigid sense of the word, Democratic demagoguery notwithstanding. Numerically, small business dominates the economic scene; indeed, the whole American business world has a predominantly middle-class outlook, opposed equally to the extremes of wealth and poverty. Since World War II, moreover, the redistribution of income has created a situation in which at least two-thirds of the American people have a vested interest in the preservation of the middle class. Thus, any domestic policy aimed at enlarging its prerogatives and security can be certain

of overwhelming mass support. Conversely, any threat to it—real or fancied—is likely to provoke a powerful, and sometimes an irrational, reaction. It was the threat to the German middle class represented by the economic drain of World War I and the post-war inflation which made it succumb to the hysterics of Hitler.

No similar threat is likely to arise here. The middle-class base in America is too broad (in Germany it could never be said to have included a Socialist-minded labor movement); there is little likelihood that the United States will ever experience the galloping inflation which plagued Germany in the twenties. But an *external* threat is another matter. The playing on middle-class fears *vis à vis* the Soviet Union has been a major factor in American foreign policy (except during the F. D. R. Administration) from Wilson through Truman. In that sense it can be said that Truman's policy was based on keeping the middle class in a constant state of turmoil through magnification of the danger which Russia and communism presented to its security.

IN THIS context it is relevant to point out that both the Roosevelt and Truman administrations were "crisis" administrations in the sense that both were confronted by a series of "critical" situations. The Roosevelt crises were real, however, while those of the Truman regime were to a great extent manufactured, or at least magnified, in Washington. A policy geared to overcoming fear is quite different from one geared to creating fear.

Under the Eisenhower Administration, the American middle class is returning to a state of normalcy. Political leaders and high administration officials are soft-peddling, to a degree, the alleged Soviet threat; the whole notion of the inevitability of Russia's internal collapse or of its extermination by outside force has in turn, been permitted to recede to the background. How long this will be the case remains to be seen.

In the meantime, though Soviet terminology does not acknowledge its existence, a Soviet middle class

is slowly rising. No verbalism can hide the social and economic reality: as the underprivileged worker and peasant disappears from the Russian scene, as the gap between higher and lower incomes shrinks (the Twenti-

eth Congress of the Communist Party of the U. S. S. R. has stated this as a goal), a major structural change is taking place in Soviet society. Perhaps the interests of these broad class groupings, one in the

United States and the other in the Soviet Union, will provide a common denominator on the basis of which a sound and realistic policy could be built which may bring the two countries into agreement.

## Balladier For Americans . . by EARL ROBINSON

"WE WROTE the 'Ballad for Americans' for everybody, not only Republicans," said Mr. Latouche. "Especially not only Republicans," said Mr. Robinson.

This is a quote from the *New Yorker* interview with the authors in July, 1940, when their "Ballad For Americans" was sung at the Republican National Convention. It highlights some of the conflict faced by the artist in our society. It has special reference to John Latouche, the brilliant writer, poet and lyricist, who died this month of a heart attack at the age of thirty-eight.

Latouche was always what would be called a "controversial figure." Basically, he was humanist. He loved people, all kinds of people, but this never prevented him from satirizing in his conversation as well as his lyrics all forms of humbug, cant, super-patriotism, etc. He is noted among his friends for his hilarious rendition of a song he originally wrote for Spivy, a night-club singer. The chorus, to the tune of "John Brown's Body," goes "We're the Daughters of the American Revolution. But we'll never be the mothers of another!"

A wit and a humorist, he had a deep and serious attitude to life and his work. He was committed to reaching a wide popular audience (he worked much and competently in the popular-song and tin-pan-alley field with Duke Ellington and

others), but he was always exploring new poetic paths. Consequently he would time and again run smack up against the dead level imposed by commercialism, the open antagonism to a new idea. Latouche was essentially a sanguine person, but he went through periods of deep depression shared by most serious artists of our time.

We met on the Federal Theatre Project in February of 1938. Both of us, it turned out, had had essentially the same idea and out of the collaboration came "Ballad for Americans." I remember that the tremendous cast of recently unemployed actors, dancers and singers applauded for five minutes when "Ballad" was first played for them. Then followed fourteen frustrating months of rehearsal, and the show, *Sing For Your Supper*, had scarcely started running and picking up audiences when the Federal Theatre Project was abandoned by Congress.

The history of "Ballad" from then on is well known. Paul Robeson's magnificent singing of it twice on CBS, the records, publication, movie sale and the Republicans presenting it at their convention exactly one year after they had (with the help of the Southern Democrats) killed the "boondoggling" project on which the "Ballad for Americans" was born. The ups and downs were enough to frustrate any artist.

It is, in fact, remarkable that John Latouche kept his gaiety and his positive energy through the forties and up to his death. When he was unfairly listed in Red Channels and much of his writing was consequently kept off radio, TV and the movies, he was deeply hurt and at the urging of friends sat down to write a statement "clearing himself." (He was neither Communist nor pro-Com-

munist.) But the melancholy picture of scared-liberal-spilling-guts was not to be repeated in his case. His native stubbornness and conviction of what is decent behavior asserted themselves. He named no names and never finished the statement. He seemed to be saying, "I am what I am. Please accept me. But if you can't or won't, there is nothing I can do about it."

Except to produce new works. He reached out, enchantingly and creatively, into uncharted fields in *Ballet Ballads* with Jerome Moross. He helped set new and more popular directions for native American opera in *Golden Apple* (Moross) and *Ballad of Baby Doe* with Douglass Moore. The latter will be on Broadway this fall, and *Ballet Ballads* will finally reach TV this winter. Eighteen years later, "Ballad For Americans" is known and is being sung by children of all ages in this and other lands.

We can perhaps take these successes in spite of obstacles as a vindication of the American Way. Through struggle anything can be accomplished, etc. We can also refuse to be blinded by some superficial successes and recognize that the creative artist with a feeling for humanity has a tough row to hoe in this land of ours. His economic struggle is often so desperate that compromises with principle are forced on him. The in-born desire of every artist to express himself creatively in his art on the important issues of the day—equality, civil liberties, international understanding, war and peace—are stymied or stillborn. "It's not commercial." And the crusher, "It's controversial."

So John Latouche was controversial. May we remember, and may America breed many more like him.

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EARL ROBINSON is the composer, in addition to "Ballad for Americans," of the musical, *Sandhog*, recently produced at the Phoenix Theatre. He has written a great deal for the movies, notably the score of *The Roosevelt Story* and the theme ballad for *A Walk in the Sun*.

August 25, 1956



# BOOKS and the ARTS

## Existentialist Nerve Twitch

By William Cooper

London

AT THE END of May this year the English literary scene was rocked by a phenomenon. A book was published called *The Outsider*.

The author's name had previously been unknown, Mr. Colin Wilson. (One is forced to keep on referring to him as Mr. Colin Wilson in order to distinguish him from all the other literary Mr. Wilsons.) Within a month of publication *The Outsider* was in highbrow literary circles the book most talked-about for years—its sub-title is *An Enquiry Into The Nature Of The Sickness Of Mankind In The Mid-Twentieth Century*. The author's age was twenty-four.

The *Sunday Times* and the *Observer* reviewed the book at length on the day before publication, the *Times Literary Supplement* four days afterwards and the literary weeklies disarranged themselves to follow suit. As far as being reviewed goes, other books in the same period made a similar start; but about *The Outsider's* start a difference was immediately apparent, the difference which seems to be the indicator nowadays of whether a book is going to be "talked-about." This book had hit some kind of nerve; somehow, somewhere, the highbrow public twitched.

Everyone who reviewed *The Outsider* observed that Mr. Colin Wilson's feat is remarkable, and so will everyone else who reads it.\* In the first place it represents a remarkable feat of reading. One's first impression is that Mr. Colin Wilson has read everything, for nearly every page is spattered with the world's literary names—Chuang-tze, Swedenborg, Boehme, Blake, Roquentin,

Ramakrishna, Freud, Kant, Alyosha, Nietzsche, all on one page taken at random.

After commenting on his feat of reading, the professional literary persons divided in their attitude to Mr. Colin Wilson's thesis, some enthusiastically approving of it, some expressing no opinion and a minority of one really attacking it. However, studying *The Outsider's* collected press in tranquility, one tends to the opinion that reviewers lost their heads less than the later hullabaloo leads one to believe—until one remembers that what matters most is not praise or abuse but *attention*.

*The Outsider* is the first English existentialist book. In view of the way it has bowled everybody over, it is surprising that we have not had one before, that our native parallel contribution to philosophy, logical positivism, has warded off existentialist manifestations so long. Put in brief to begin with: *The Outsider* corresponds, at least for the first third of the book, with the type schizophrenic; the sickness arises from the existentialist schizophrenic conviction that everything is unreal and "Nothing's true but what is horrible"; and the cure is a new unorthodox religion to be founded by Mr. Colin Wilson, a religion, one gathers, of general if unspecified nastiness.

*The Outsider* certainly got attention. As the wave of attention continues to spread out from the literary center, it looks as if the supporters of his thesis show less fervor and its opponents get tougher; but it is too early to be certain, and anyway, the degree of explicit fervor is not as important as all that. All sorts of intelligent people are going about saying variations of this: "I'm told it's full of mistakes in scholarship, and I suppose a lot of it is cribbed from Halévy. All the same, there's

something in it. . . ." As one had not grumbled about mistakes in scholarship or cribbing from Halévy—what on earth is to be expected in the first book of a young man of twenty-four?—the peculiar insistence, apologetic, irrational and yet determined, gives the show away. A nerve is twitching.

LAST March in *The Nation*, Mr. C. P. Snow wrote about a sort of cleavage that is taking place in English intellectual society. On the one hand there is what has come to be called the Establishment and its supporters: on the other a minority of rebels—whom, incidentally, Mr. Snow found not half rebellious enough. He described what the term Establishment means as "an agreement, entirely unspoken and very largely unconscious, to preserve substantially the present web of power-relations." The rebels fall into two groups—Mr. Snow left out scientists, since their place in English intellectual life is curiously separate. One group, spoken for by a collection of young literary people, their most gifted novelist being Mr. Kingsley Amis and their most gifted poet Mr. Philip Larkin, displays a rough-necked neutralism to the Establishment; the other group, of youngish journalists, by naming, defining and attacking the Establishment, has hit apparently the sole hittable political nerve.

It is arguable that any group of people bound together by an agreement, whether unconscious or not, to preserve the present web of power-relations in a period which is going through a social-economic revolution by no means over, is automatically condemned to failure. In a sense the Establishment, simply because it is the Establishment, has—though it may not know it—had it. Twenty years from now we may have an-

WILLIAM COOPER, British novelist, is the author of *Scenes from Provincial Life*, *The Struggles of Albert Woods* and *The Ever-Interesting Topic*.

\* *The Outsider* will be published by Houghton Mifflin in September.

other Establishment, but it will not be this one. And this one must have tremors about its fate, possibly not among those members who are currently wielding the greatest power—actually wielding power seems to keep men in comparatively good psychological shape—but among those on the periphery, the supporters, the hangers-on, the persons who have thrown in their lot with the Estab-

lishment because the thought of the future is too much for them. These persons, whose only hope of preserving a life they can cope with lies in rigidifying and ossifying the structure of society around them, are in the worst mess: they do not find much in themselves to counterbalance their feeling of being cut off, their disgust, *Angst* and frustration, their bouts of finding "Nothing's true but

what is horrible." They represent the dead wood in our intellectual society. These in the main seem to be the people whose bell *The Outsider* has rung. Here is the nerve in intellectual society, almost paralyzed, that *The Outsider* has started tingling again with its promise of a new religion to bring life.

Again as far as one can see in the early days, the twitch is biggest in the artistic wing of the Establishment's supporters. This is not surprising, as the artistic wing is largely composed, as Mr. Snow observed, of persons and bodies connected with *avant-garde* art of twenty years ago, and they seem to be attached to the Establishment only as the poorest of poor relations, half the time being snubbed for their pains. It is the fashion in London to say that it was pure chance that *The Outsider* was put so strikingly on the map by Mr. Cyril Connolly in the *Sunday Times* and Mr. Philip Toynbee in the *Observer*, the Sunday before it was published—and they undoubtedly did put it on the map, even though it would clearly have found its way there anyway—but the chance seems not such a long one when one recalls that Mr. Connolly is living on the reputation for having edited *Horizon* during the last war, while Mr. Toynbee is nearly overwhelmed, he tells us, by the difficulty of writing novels in the experimental technique.

We come to the other side of the picture, to the sort of people in whom *The Outsider* does not hit a nerve of social decadence, the persons on whom the effect of the book is to make, as we used to say in the slang of my lower-class boyhood, their feet ache. Again it does not seem like pure chance that the one and only whole-hearted attack on *The Outsider* in print comes from Mr. Amis in the *Spectator*. He does not represent the only kind of person whose feet ache at the thought of *The Outsider*, far from it, but he is the only one to say so in print. (We are promised shortly a second whole-hearted attack from another quarter: I will refer to it later.) If one may invent something called the Amis-Larkin kind of society, i.e., the society about which they write and in which their public exists, the seri-

## The Statues in the Public Gardens

Alone at the end of green *allées*, alone  
Where a path turns back upon itself, or else  
Where several paths converge, green bronze, grey stone,  
The weatherbeaten famous figures wait  
Inside their basins, on their pedestals,  
Till time, as promised them, wears out of date.

Around them rise the willow, birch, and elm,  
Sweet shaken pliancies in the weather now.  
The granite hand is steady on the helm,  
The sword, the pen, unshaken in the hand,  
The bandage and the laurel on the brow:  
The last obedience is the last command.

Children and nurses eddying through the day,  
Old gentlemen with newspapers and canes,  
And licit lovers, public as a play,  
Never acknowledge the high regard of fame  
Across their heads—the patriot's glare, the pains  
Of prose—and scarcely stop to read a name.

Children, to be illustrious is sad.  
Do not look up. Those empty eyes are stars,  
Their glance the constellation of the mad  
Who must be turned to stone. To save your garden,  
My playful ones these pallid voyagers  
Stand in the streak of rain, imploring pardon.

At night the other lovers come to play  
Endangered games, and robbers lie in wait  
To knock old ladies with a rock; but they  
Tremble to come upon these stony men  
And suffragettes, who shine like final fate  
In the electric green of every glen.

For it is then that statues suffer their  
Sacrificed lives, and sigh through fruitless trees  
After the flesh. Their sighs tremble the air,  
They would surrender scepters, swords, and globes,  
Feeling the soft flank shudder to the breeze  
Under the greatcoats and the noble robes.

In darker glades, the nearly naked stone  
Of athlete, goddess, chaste as any snows  
That stain them winters, tempts maiden and man  
From their prosthetic immortality:  
Pythagoras' thigh, or Tycho's golden nose,  
For a figleaf fallen from the withered tree.

HOWARD NEMEROV



ously striking thing about it is not its ungentlemanliness, its non-graciousness, its Americanization, but its rude social health. The need of its members to liberate themselves from themselves by a Mr. Colin Wilsonian "definitive un-reversible act," such as biting off somebody's ear or blowing their own brains out, could hardly be less.

The attitude of Mr. Snow's other rebels, the small group of political journalists proclaimed enemies of the Establishment, has not been expressed in print yet, but one would probably not be going far wrong in assuming that they declare themselves against.

Lastly, there are two other main sources of resistance. The one is, of course, of sturdy Christians—their heads begin to spin a little when they find Mr. Colin Wilson classifying Bernard Shaw and St. Augustine together, but they do not lose them: the other, from which we are expecting an attack in print shortly, is of logical positivists. (Incidentally, a point which Mr. Snow did not

make is that the Amis-Larkin kind of society has been influenced by logical positivism.) This is no surprise, either: the situation can be epitomized, in a philosophical, linguistic and many another sense, by the reported interchange at a party between Mr. Colin Wilson and Professor A. J. Ayer, the chief of the logical positivists. (Mr. C.W.: "I think you are the Devil." Professor A.J.A.: "I think you are a very silly young man.") We may assume God's in His Heaven all right, there.

So we are left with contemplation of the hullabaloo to finish up with. In the literary world we have not a few writers who contest for excellence as their own publicity managers: Mr. Colin Wilson has made these old heads look like the merest beginners. Within two months the whole of literary London knows Mr. Colin Wilson intends to found a new periodical to save literature, and the national television public knows that he intends to found a new religion to save everybody.

Well, it is America's turn now.

## Schools and Society

**TOWARD A RECONSTRUCTED PHILOSOPHY OF EDUCATION.** By Theodore Brameld. Dryden Press. \$4.50.

By Abraham Edel

PROFESSOR BRAMELD has written an interesting and provocative book ranging over the whole field of American education from its philosophical presuppositions, cultural relations and contemporary determinants, to problems of curriculum design and control, and directions for possible large-scale reconstruction. Professor Brameld's reconstructionism differs from the more familiar progressive-education theory in stressing group self-realization rather than simply individual growth and

development, in including a definite pattern of ends to be sought rather than just valuing the process of solving problems, and in its specific diagnosis of the present cultural crisis.

A schematic character is inevitable in a book covering so much ground. But one wonders whether the formulation of the outlook as a "school," looking for precursors and setting itself off from other schools, is really required to do justice to Professor Brameld's central point — the existence of a cultural crisis, its causal analysis and the terrific need for a democratic, socially awakened, critically minded youth. The overformalization unnecessarily extends philosophical claims which are then partially withdrawn in application. Thus social consensus is worked out as an over-all knowledge principle in a pragmatic vein, and later narrowed chiefly to problems of human relations; and even reconstructionist education itself turns out

to have its core in the secondary program — that is, precisely where awakening of critical social awareness is most pertinent, and not where individual personal development or transmitting systematic knowledge looms largest.

In general, Professor Brameld has shown that the spirit which permeated advanced educational discussion in the America of the 1930's is no less relevant to the 1950's, though its voice is less frequently heard.

## Sport of Books

**BOUILLABAISSE FOR BIBLIOPHILES.** Edited with an Introduction and Notes by William Targ. World Publishing Company. \$10.

By Harold T. Mason

"STYLL AM I besy bokes assemblynge" confesses an early book collector in a poem, *The Boke-Fole*, by Sebastian Brant, translated from the German in 1509 which appears to be the earliest contribution in point of time to this "book about books" edited by William Targ.

It is reassuring to observe in spite of the millions upon millions who nightly sit glued before their television sets being "entertained" by the regimented mediocrity of the average program, that there are still extant enough old-fashioned readers to encourage this sequel to Mr. Targ's previous collection, *Carrousel for Bibliophiles*. Like its predecessor, this is a compilation of stories, essays, poems and what-not, derived from many sources but all calculated to appeal to the seasoned book collector.

John Carter defines this happy breed in the initial essay, describing at some length the infinite variety of book collectors, defending them from the charge of bibliomania and explaining the real debt owed them by scholarship generally. All in all, they turn out to be good citizens of the book world. In a charmingly

**HAROLD T. MASON**, formerly a publisher and bookseller, is now on the executive staff of the American Academy of Music, Philadelphia.

**ABRAHAM EDEL** is a member of the Department of Philosophy at the City College of New York and author of *The Theory and Practice of Philosophy and Ethical Judgment: The Use of Science in Ethics*.

modest case history, Wilmarth Lewis in *Collector's Progress* tells of the beginnings of his own interest in collecting which resulted eventually in the formation of a world-famous collection centering around Horace Walpole and the Strawberry Hill Press.

An example of the specialization which is the heart and soul of book collecting is offered by the Henry and Albert W. Berg Collection devoted to first printings of first books by American authors. These rarities were exhibited at the New York Public Library in 1951. A selection of descriptive notes and literary comments by John D. Gordan is reprinted from the original catalogue of the exhibition. Here are rare books indeed: the famous *Tamerlane* of Edgar Allan Poe of which only eleven copies are known to exist; Washington Irving's *Salmagundi* papers, issued in parts, in wrappers, 1807-1808, of which a bare half-dozen sets survive; William Cullen Bryant's *The Embargo* issued privately as "by a youth of thirteen" and paid for by his father. Fewer than ten copies are to be found. In fact many first books were published at the expense of the author, among them Stephen Crane's *Maggie* and Edward Arlington Robinson's *Torrent and the Night Before*.

Belonging to the byways not the highways of the history of books is Ralph Thompson's study, "Deathless Lady." This is the record, as much as is known, of the publication of John Cleland's famous novel *Memoirs of Fanny Hill*. Written more than two hundred years ago, Fanny shocked even the mid-eighteenth century and was immediately suppressed. Yet edition after edition poured from secret London presses and the Continent was flooded with translations, often under weird titles. Publishers and booksellers in England and later in this country were fined and imprisoned by the score, yet the book has steadily if illegally been reprinted through the years. A classic—even if a shady one.

Variety is the spice of Mr. Targ's selections. In this handsomely produced volume we have a most appropriate addition for the bedside table of the confirmed book collector.

## Saga of the Wobblies

**THE I.W.W. ITS FIRST FIFTY YEARS, 1905-1955.** By Fred Thompson. Industrial Workers of the World. \$3.

By Harvey O'Connor

IN THE early decades of the century the Industrial Workers of the World flashed across the labor sky the three beacons of education, organization, emancipation. Of these, the brightest by far was education. Its message of industrial unionism, now imbedded in the CIO-AFL, was spoken, sung and acted on the stages of a hundred wobbly halls from coast to coast and from soapboxes on scores of skidroads in the dilapidated proletarian areas where the migratories shouted defiance and hope.

Fred Thompson reminds us that this union was the first to pull a sitdown, stay-in strike, back in 1906-07 in the General Electric works at Schenectady. It was the first to use modern publicity methods, as in the mass exodus of hungry textile strikers' children from Lawrence in 1912. The first suggestion of Section 7a of NIRA and of the Wagner-Connery act was seen in the Akron rubber strike of 1913 when the

wobblies tried to break the open-shop impasse by proposing that union workers elect committees of their own choice to present their grievances to the companies.

Repeatedly, the I. W. W. seemed destined to become the main stream of the American labor movement. After McKees Rocks in 1910 it was by far the strongest union in steel; in 1912 its textile union was poised to sweep New England; during World War I the lumber workers were the predominant force in the industry in the Pacific Northwest, and never have so many farm laborers been organized as by the I.W.W. After World War I the union gained amazing strength in the maritime industry. But the semi-anarchism of the wobblies coupled with fierce and brutal repression by the Department of Justice and state and local governments in 1917-1919, reminiscent of the current anti-red crusade, extinguished the stars that flared so brilliantly. The I. W. W. today probably has fewer than the 4,000 members it started out with in 1905.

*HARVEY O'CONNOR, author of The Empire of Oil, was a member of the I.W.W. in 1916-1919.*

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# LETTER FROM ITALY

William Weaver

*Pompeii, July*

THE TOURIST can enter the ruins of Pompeii by either of two main gates: one is just off the *autostrada*, the ribbon-like super-highway from Naples, and the other, which leads past the ancient amphitheatre, is on the Salerno road. But neither of these entrances, with their turnstiles and ticket-offices and waiting guides, is ideal for giving the first-time visitor a memorable, immediate impression of the Roman city.

If, instead of buying his ticket at once, the tourist strolls off to the left of the Salerno road entrance for a few yards, he can catch a first glimpse of Pompeii much as an ancient visitor might have glimpsed it, a visitor arriving from the South, from Salerno or the Roman town of Nocera. For here, in fact, is the Porta Nocera, which post-war excavations have carefully dug out of its millennial bed of ash and dirt. In itself, this sand-colored arch of *tufo* (the soft stone of which most of Pompeii is built) is not especially beautiful, and some Italian critics have fussed at the amount of money spent on unearthing what can hardly be called a work of art. Yet, even to the uninitiated visitor, this arch, the wall that stretches away from it and the surroundings give a striking insight into what Pompeii was really like.

First of all, before entering the gate, the visitor sees another important recent discovery, or rather un-discovery. Only a few yards from the macadam road, where trucks and cars whiz by on the straight stretch, one sees, below the road level, at the level of the ancient city, a street of tombs. It was customary for the Romans to bury their dead outside their city walls, and one such street of tombs has already been excavated at Pompeii. These new Porta Nocera tombs form in their variety a kind of digest of Roman architecture: almost every imaginable kind of tomb is represented, from simple trench graves marked with plain stones to elaborate mausoleums in the form of monumental altars or

semi-circular *exedrae*, some of them adorned with portrait statues and inscriptions, others with painting or stucco-work.

If you turn suddenly from these tombs, for a moment the Porta Nocera and the walls rising in front of you give you the sense of a living city; this could easily be an entrance to Viterbo or Perugia or some other small hill-city of Lazio or Umbria; the shape of the arches would be the same, and they would have the same earth-brown color. It's only after that first moment, when you see around you the hills of dug-up ash, like the slag outside a mine, that you are reminded of the time and money spent to bring this little corner of Pompeii to life.

FOR 200 years excavations have been going on here, but much of the early work was done either by vandals (like the Bourbon kings of Naples, who carted off mosaics and sculpture to adorn their palaces) or by unscientific, haphazard amateurs, who uncovered little more than bare walls. Inside the city, therefore, whole areas look like a kind of bare ground-plan; it is the excavating done in our century that finally gives a picture of Pompeii in the round. And in these more recently excavated streets, as at the Nocera gate, one often has the sensation that life ceased here, not in 79 A.D., but yesterday or the day before. This feeling comes chiefly from those little touches of every-day life, a dish of peas some Pompeian never lived to eat, or campaign promises scratched on a wall next to announcements of sporting events, these ordinary things which a terrible whim of nature has preserved; and the feeling of the disaster comes, too, from the grisly plaster casts of bodies of inhabitants, fleeing when death overtook them, or of the tortured body of a chained dog, contorted as if he were howling still.

But Pompeii is not all tombs and grim reminders. Other recent excavations add to the total impression of

a vanished life that was led amid enviably beautiful surroundings. The Villa Julia Felix, for example, with its courtyard shaded by a portico of graceful, thin columns; or, in a house nearby, the rich fresco called *il frutteto*, where luscious figs and cherries and other Italian fruits burst with ripeness on a background of warm green leaves and sprightly birds perch in the branches or light on the grass. This fresco, along with the other recent ones, is perhaps more impressive than some of the famous frescoes excavated in the past because, inevitably, exposure causes the bright, Pompeian colors to fade.

The feeling of life here is enhanced, too, by some of the recent embellishment of the ruins. Pompeii is more than a museum; it is a number-one tourist attraction, and everything is done to make the place as attractive as it is interesting. Oleanders bloom in the ancient courtyards, flowers grow where they grew a thousand years ago and graceful cypresses and ilex line some of the streets. A discreetly concealed restaurant and bar also offer the footsore tourist more material solace.

The man responsible for these attractions, and responsible also for the excellent new excavations, is a dynamic, elderly little Neapolitan professor, Amedeo Maiuri, Naples' Director of Antiquities. From his barrack-like, high-ceilinged suite of offices over the Naples Museum, Maiuri not only superintends what goes on at Pompeii (and Cuma, Baiae and other ancient remains in the area), but he is also one of the directors of the vital *Ente Provinciale per il Turismo*, the organization that fosters tourism in the area, and thus is responsible for one of the country's chief sources of income. The author of a number of scholarly volumes, Maiuri is a typical Neapolitan combination of passionate devotion to his science and a strong sense of the practical. His personality is reflected in the management of Pompeii, and in the results: last year, close to 600,000 tourists visited the ruins. This year a similar number is expected, proving that Pompeii is a truly going concern, as well as one of Italy's most fascinating national monuments.

# RECORDS

## B. H. Haggin

THOUGH Schubert's posthumous Sonata in B flat for piano and his Fantasy Op. 103 for piano four hands were both written in the last year of his life, they are different in important respects. The poignantly lovely melodic subject of the opening and closing sections of the Fantasy, the dramatic proclamations that introduce and follow the exquisite melodic episode in the Largo, the enchanting Scherzo, all these are characteristic of Schubert; but wonderful as they are they contain not as much as a hint of what is heard in the tranquilly meditative opening page of the Sonata and elsewhere in the first two movements: the implications of final illumination and sublimity, similar to what we hear in Beethoven's last sonatas. And what J. W. N. Sullivan says of Beethoven's last works may be said of Schubert's B-flat Sonata: not only does its expressive content reveal Schubert as a great spirit, but its musical embodiment of that content reveals him as a great musical genius.

Columbia ML-5061 offers a performance of the B-flat Sonata by Leon Fleisher, the young American winner of the 1952 international competition in Brussels. In organization and articulation of the musical substance and in expressive effect it is the best I have heard on LP; but a few questionable details include the C sharp Fleisher plays in the fifth measure of the second movement, which is clearly an error in the *Urtext* edition and should be B natural; and his treatment of the octave G that claims attention repeatedly in the finale and is marked *fp* at each of its important appearances: he plays it *fp* the first time but *p* most of the times thereafter, with a loss of its expressive effect. The way a certain note F hits one in the ear throughout the first movement must be the fault of the recording; and the piano sound that is correctly balanced and true in the engaging Ländler Op. 171, which Fleisher

plays with admirable grace on the same record, is made brighter and shallower in the Sonata by the stepped-up treble and reduced bass.

The Fantasy Op. 103 is played on Epic LC-3183 by Helen and Karl Ulrich Schnabel, with superbly enlivening inflection, tension and contour of phrase that are not heard in the merely fluent performance by Badura-Skoda and Demus on Westminster 5047. Also on the Epic record are a number of Brahms Hungarian Dances.

Schubert's Impromptus Opp. 90 and 142—smaller-scale and more intimate examples of his matured writing for piano, most of them extraordinarily beautiful and affecting—are played on Epic LC-3232 by Karl Engel, winner of second place in the 1952 Brussels competition. For the most part his playing of them has the right lyricism and warmth, governed by excellent musical taste; occasionally one feels it could have more grace; and Op. 142 No. 4 seems to me to call for lightness and grace rather than the pounding it gets. The heavy bass and glassy treble in Op. 142 are what I would guess to be the true sound of the European (Bösendorfer?) piano which Engel played; in Op. 90 the recording makes the bass even heavier and the treble less bright.

MY HOPE for a good performance of the original piano version of Musorgsky's *Pictures at an Exhibition* is disappointed again by the performance on Angel 35317 that introduces us to the playing of still another Russian, the young pianist Eugene Malinin. As playing of the piano it seems to be carefully restrained to ensure the production of only beautiful sounds—one result being an anti-climactic lack of sonority at the beginning and end of the final "Great Gate of Kiev." As playing of the music it indulges in fussy prettification of phrases instead of allowing them to flow naturally—"Gnomus," "The Old Castle" and

the several "Promenades" being some of the sections that are damaged most by this practice. But "Bydlo," "Limoges" and "Catacombs" are played well.

My hope for a good performance of Albéniz's *Iberia* also is disappointed again—this time by Leopoldo Querol's brutal and eccentrically paced treatment of the fascinating pieces on London DTL-93022/3.

London LL-1289/90 offers both books of Debussy's Preludes; and I cannot imagine the Debussyan sonorities achieved with more precision and beauty than they are by Gulda in the few pieces I have listened to.

E. POWER BIGGS continues to record Bach on the organ in Symphony Hall, Boston—which means that most of the chorale-preludes of the *Orgelbüchlein* come off the three records of Columbia SL-227 as thick, coarse sounds fused by reverberation into a mass in which the strands of the contrapuntal texture are difficult to distinguish even with the help of the score that is provided with the records. The notes quote the usual comments on these works that describe them as a succession of masterpieces; but hearing them again

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has confirmed my earlier impression that here as elsewhere in Bach's music the masterpieces are few and the dull products of routine exercise of formula and craftsmanship are many. The flowing accompaniment which Bach puts under the chorale melody *Ich ruf zu dir, Herr Jesu Christ*, and the changes he makes here and there in the melody itself, produce a marvelous piece; but in a dozen other instances the addition of such an accompaniment or figuration produces something I find less impressive than the original chorale.

Bach's Eight Little Preludes and Fugues and his Fantasy in G are played by Biggs on European classic organs, whose sounds come off Columbia ML-5078 made unclear by reverberation. The works themselves I find uninteresting.

The pieces by Praetorius, Frescobaldi, Forberger and others on Vanguard BG-529, *Organ Music of the Seventeenth Century*, I also find uninteresting; and some of Gustav Leonhardt's performances on the organ of the Stiftskirche in Klosterneuberg, Austria, are not reproduced clearly.

## A COMMUNICATION

(Continued from inside front cover)

solve it. They could abandon their ties with the organization, but they cannot dissolve themselves. They need to find a place in something more substantial, something different from what they have known, but which they cannot build alone.

Is the larger world of progressive, liberal and radical opinion interested in a movement for democratic socialism? I am not speaking of a front for the Communists. Nobody needs it and no one will respond to it. Nor is a formal united front at all realistic. I am thinking of a movement that might well be formed without the Communists, yet would not hesitate to absorb those present and former participants who understand their real choices, and have learned something the hard way. Such a movement would have to come from significant sections of American labor. It would insist on a legal status in the established forums of political debate; it would be educational by stimulating controversy within itself and seeking it with others; it could not be an "action organization" but ought to

cut across the existing ones by which liberal and progressive causes are now being advanced.

The potential is there, but I do not see its sponsors. Do they exist in the Automobile Workers, among the unionists of Chicago, among the West Coast longshoremen and warehousemen? Are there Socialist-minded members of the ADA to whom such a body has validity? Will the former Wallace supporters be reactivated? Are there churchmen and scientists and educators prepared to join with unionists on such a meeting ground? So far, I see only that many vested interests are blocking even preliminary contact. The deeper issue of what the new age of competition with a Socialist world means for America, and what it requires of American radicals, has not even been broached.

Let us be frank enough to admit to one another that liberals and progressives have themselves shared in ostracizing Marxists of many kinds and affiliations. The "guilt of dissociation" which Milton Mayer described so poignantly in the *Progressive* last autumn still prevails. Granted the heavy responsibility of Communists, past and present, it is a fact that hardly a liberal journal discusses the party as an objective reality, or seeks to re-establish a market place of opinion in which a Marxist view is included. Consider the *Reporter's* recent symposium on the future of liberalism, or the *New Republic's* special supplement on post-Stalin communism, or the *Progressive's* round table last year on the Quaker report: none of them recognize a Marxist place in the political spectrum. Thus far, only the venerables — Norman Thomas and A. J. Muste — have taken their arguments directly to the Communists while preoccupying themselves with a dilemma for which they acknowledge some responsibility. My own experience is that it is easier to have personal and intellectual contact with conservatives than with liberals.

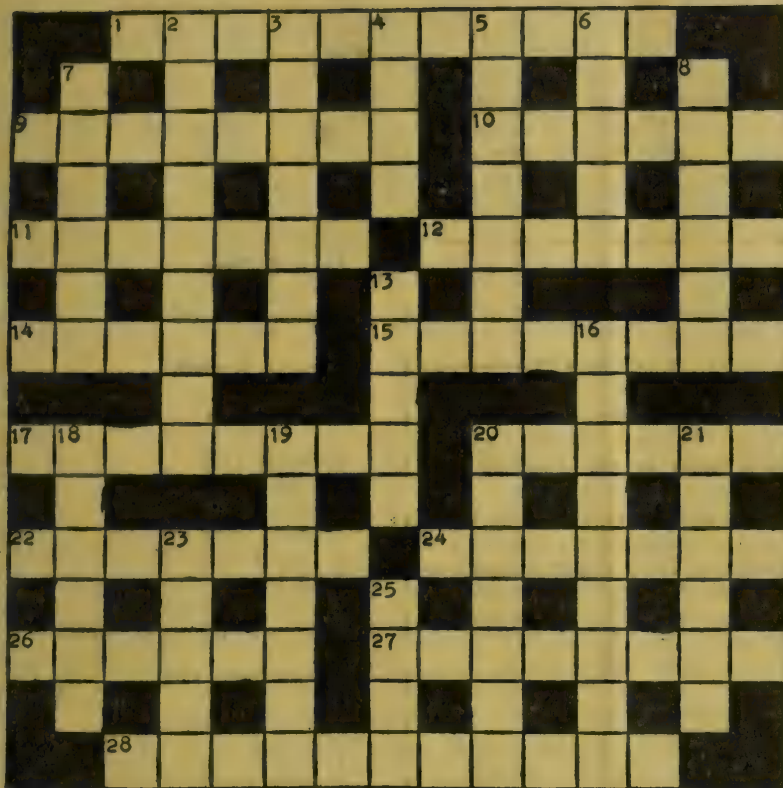
Is there a meeting ground? I doubt whether it can be found in the lamentation of how fine everything would have been had the American Communists never existed, or in making believe none exist now while urging them to dissolve. They need to be replaced and absorbed, a process that requires, if not mutual aid, then at least the inter-action of many sectors of the Left. Where are the men and women of vision, far-sighted and big enough to take the initiative for that?

JOSEPH R. STAROBIN

New York

# Crossword Puzzle No. 686

By FRANK W. LEWIS



## ACROSS:

- 1 If your first is last by the facts, you should be in good shape, but this isn't. (11)
- 9 Pleasant home with poor building material in it, perhaps. (8)
- 10 Notice in the theater how dark it might be? (6)
- 11 Such treatment implies they are about equal, looking at it one way. (7)
- 12 Play up one's appearance as being less peaked. (7)
- 14 A measure of sheer refusal on the part of one. (6)
- 15 How greed played an important part in the Normandy campaign. (8)
- 17 One who puts his money in, or just besieges? (8)
- 20 Does it take a constellation to be so? (6)
- 22 A very short drink, perhaps, to distribute around one side of the room. (7)
- 24 Cheese insect, in short. (7)
- 26 The bar to respiration. (6)
- 27 Voltaic. (8)
- 28 It's difficult to listen to Edward when he's so unfeeling. (4-7)

## DOWN:

- 2 Sap. (9)
- 3 See 13 down

- 4 Take 8 and look out for this farmer—he sounds rude. (4)
- 5 The players went first and made a defensive move. (7)
- 6 Raise up. (5)
- 7 A mess of a meal—that is, in the club. (6)
- 8 Dance jacket. (6)
- 13 and 3 down Somewhat lower in the social world than a coupon-clipper. (5-7)
- 16 It's clear it has one extra "e". (9)
- 18 Not an old repository of law in the city. (6)
- 19 What gears might be, and do to the shift. (7)
- 20 In "A Policeman's Lot" he is enterprising. (7)
- 21 A relic of the kitchen, perhaps. (6)
- 23 Probably a domesticated variety of the guanaco. (5)
- 25 Is this the League's main trouble? (4)

## SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 685

ACROSS: 1 MESQUITE; 5 AND 26 OLIVER CROMWELL; 9 TRAINEE; 10 HAIR NET; 11 ENLARGE; 12 VOLTAGE; 13 STEERING WHEEL; 15 DISEMBODIMENT; 21 CAMELOT; 22 INCLINE; 23 TWOSOME; 24 FLATTEN; 25 DRESSY. DOWN: 2 STAPLES; 3 UNNERVE; 4 AND 1 THE HEART OF THE MATTER; 6 LAID LOW; 7 VANTAGE; 8 ROTTENLY; 10 AND 16 HAVING IT IN FOR SOMEONE; 14 EDUCATED; 17 MELLOWS; 18 EXCLAIM; 19 THISTLE; 20 KERNEL.

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DEATH ON LABOR DAY: DAVID CORT

# THE *Nation*

SEPTEMBER 1, 1956

20c

## ***Stick With Ike; Stuck With Dick***

by R. T. McKenzie

## **Poet in the Cow Palace**

by Kenneth Rexroth





# LETTERS

## On a Third Party

*Dear Sirs:* I was very much impressed with the communication from Sidney Lens. Here is a credo for all those of independent mind who have tried and failed as part of a third party. Also for many who are not so independent but are not reconciled with either big party line.

Your editorial, *Comfort and Commodities*, is a fine companion piece. What a wonderful piece of good fortune it would be to find an organization and candidates to run on such a platform!

GEORGE W. HULLINGS

*Philadelphia, Pa.*

*Dear Sirs:* With reference to the letter of Sidney Lens, published in your August 4 issue, I will say that a third political party is of value; but to start one this year would be a disaster to our nation!

When I was National Chairman of the Farmer Labor Party of the United States, we had control of the two Dakotas, Minnesota, and Wisconsin. At times, we also held the balance of political power in states ranging between Ohio and Colorado. It was this vote which kept Senators Norris and La Follette Sr. in power for so long.

Today, when the Republican Party is giving away our valuable public resources to corporations, along with other evils, we must support to our utmost the Democratic Party, which has favored the poor man from the days of Thomas Jefferson. I call upon all liberals to unite under the slogan, "United we Stand, Divided we Fall."

C. B. WARNER

*Biloxi, Miss.*

## Un-American Committee

*Dear Sirs:* You will not be astonished to learn that the American Civil Liberties Union still believes that the letter and spirit of the First Amendment make the mandate of the House Committee on Un-American Activities unconstitutional or unwise, or both. That has been the Union's belief ever since the committee was established in the late 1930s. Its current mandate is to investigate "(1) the extent, character and objects of un-American propaganda activities... (2) diffusion... of subversive and un-American propaganda... instigated from foreign countries or of a domestic origin... and (3) all other questions in relation thereto that would aid Congress in any necessary remedial legislation."

Inside or outside its mandate, the

committee has heretofore usually limited its investigation of opinion and association to that which it has held to be related to illegal action. But large parts of the questioning in the recent hearings on two activities of The Fund for the Republic — the John Cogley report on blacklisting and the Plymouth Friends Meeting library award — have overstepped even the committee's own established boundaries. So this is the time to urge that no committee with such a mandate should be appointed when the new Congress convenes next January. (There are other committees on internal security, with much better mandates.)

The committee has conducted some proper inquiries, including the Hiss investigation of 1948, and its procedures are much better than they were. But the basic trouble is what it has been from the start: the committee's mandate is bad. This is the fault of the successive Congresses which have supplied its mandate, phrased entirely in terms of "un-American propaganda" — propaganda as such, whether or not related in terms of "clear and present danger" to illegal acts. Such acts, and propaganda so related to them, are proper matters for Congressional investigation; and, as the ACLU has frequently pointed out, the conspiratorial-action part of the Communist Party's activities can properly be prohibited and punished. But "propaganda" as such — speaking or writing *in and of itself*, whatever its source and however offensively "un-American" to Congress, as well as to you and me — is not a proper matter.

Any citizen or group of citizens — as citizens — and our alert and independent newspapers have the right to investigate and expose and denounce the speaking and writing of any other citizen or group of citizens. But that is utterly different from having any branch of a democratic government in a free society undertake such a task; it is the exact opposite.

PATRICK MURPHY MALIN  
Executive Director,  
American Civil Liberties Union

*New York*

## Federal Supremacy

*Dear Sirs:* The legislature of North Carolina and the governor are trying to rush through amendments to our state constitution which would close public schools in order to get around the Supreme Court's ruling. In view of this, I would like to quote a clause from the North Carolina constitution which would

make it clear that the Supreme Court ruling is paramount to any state regulation: "... Every citizen of this state owes paramount allegiance to the constitution and government of the United States and that no law or ordinance of the state in contravention or subversion thereof can have any binding force."

EUGENE FELDMAN,

Editor, Southern Newsletter

*Winston-Salem, N. C.*

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by FRANK W. LEWIS

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## *The Nation's Choice*

THE GAVELS have banged adjournment at Chicago and San Francisco and *The Nation* is now prepared to register its choice. An innate aversion to premature bandwagons prompted us to delay indicating a preference until the nominees were known and a similar aversion to blank checks would normally prompt us to wait and see how the campaign shapes up. But events have already given the campaign a definite cast. For one thing, the Democrats have selected their strongest nominees and our consistent preferences among the Democratic hopefuls. On the other hand, by trying to exploit the President's popularity not merely to retain power, but to force the electorate to take Richard Nixon as an odds-on heir to the Presidency as part of a gift-wrapped package, the Republicans have presented all good men and honest publications with a compelling reason for supporting the Democratic nominees apart from the merit of the candidates themselves. It is this which has promptly aligned *The Nation* with the limited ranks of publications that will support the Democratic ticket.

For those who respect the office, it is intolerable that a President of phenomenal personal popularity and prestige should feel no apparent compunction about forcing the nomination for the Vice-Presidency of a man who could not possibly win the Presidency on his merits, but who now stands a good chance of "picking it up"—cheaply without a contest. It is an affront to the people. It demeans the Presidency. It bespeaks contempt for the democratic process. It is also in glaring contrast with Mr. Stevenson's willingness to accept the risks of an open convention. Seldom has the tendency of this Administration to substitute the manipulative for the representative theory of government been given more striking illustration. As in so many other matters, the President's advisors have acted as though his and their sole political responsibility were to "sell" the people pre-determined decisions. In this instance, the delegates were given the sole option of voting for Nixon or dropping dead. And voters in November will be given an option that is false in the sense that it makes the choice turn on matters not directly related to the record of the Administration or the needs of the future. Voters should

not be asked to choose a President on the basis of what they think about the state of his health or his chances for surviving a four-year term. To do so is to exalt the man and denigrate the office; it is to convert an election into a lottery—a wager on the life expectancy of an elderly man who is not in good health.

By his handling of it, the President has made the concern about Nixon this year's paramount issue. For it is this concern that invests the question of the President's health with the dominant but thoroughly debasing importance it now possesses. Neither the President's health nor his age would necessarily be a decisive factor if it were not for the Nixon issue. No doubt we should always have been more critical in the selection of Vice-Presidents—we have tolerated too many "Indian Charlie" Curtises and Tom Marshalls (even then this country needed more than a good five-cent cigar)—but this is not the point, either. If the President felt that it was his duty to run despite his age and the state of his health, then he should have insisted on a genuinely open convention or taken the precaution of insisting that the Republicans name some one who would be "acceptable" not merely to him—the choice, after all, is not his—but to the American people. As it is, he has placed himself in the position of seeming to say, "Want to be Vice-President? Come up and see me sometime."

Even in his own party, Mr. Nixon is not widely regarded as measuring up to the Presidency. He has never been proposed for *that* office. The flouting of the democratic spirit implicit in the attempt to foist him upon the American people—upon the world—as a likely next President, all as part of a cynically prearranged package, takes on added gravity by reason of the fact that Mr. Nixon is not unknown. Quite the contrary; he is very well known and is disliked and distrusted by many in his own party and by some of the President's closest advisors. There is even some warrant for the belief that the President himself would be happier with another choice.

The objection to Mr. Nixon is not that he is "controversial"—Lincoln and Roosevelt were that—but that he lacks character. As Mr. McKenzie points out elsewhere in this issue, it is not even certain that his



succession to the Presidency would bring the right-wing of the Republican Party to power despite his heavy prior commitments to these elements and the strong suggestion of a recent deal with Senator Knowland. Nixon is quite capable of being Right, Left, or Center, or a little of each, as may serve his purpose. He is the "faceless" candidate: the cardboard politician. In an attempt to describe what kind of President Mr. Nixon would be, the *Wall Street Journal* was forced to conclude that "No one can precisely describe the political philosophy of a Nixon Administration." Even his most intimate associates can't be quite sure; they merely express a belief that any administration he headed would be "in practice somewhat more conservative than Mr. Eisenhower's."

That noisy millions did not raise their voices in protest against Nixon's nomination proves nothing.

One of the responsibilities of democratic leadership is to encourage people to participate in political decision-making. Too many Americans already feel that they have lost the power to influence the course of events. Each time the decision-making process is faked, their apathy increases. And each time a key decision is manipulated, it becomes a little easier to manipulate the next one. It is cause enough for concern that the President's personal popularity has been so cynically exploited, without regard to his health or well-being, by the interests that dominate his Administration; but these interests could prove to be benevolent indeed by contrast with those that might dominate a Nixon one.

San Francisco's moment of truth came when Joe Martin banged the great gavel and shouted: "Take Joe Smith and get out of here so we can get along with the convention."

## IKE: STUCK WITH DICK

### Meanings for the Future.. by R. T. McKENZIE

*San Francisco*  
THE PRESIDENT, said one Republican spokesman here, has no "physical excuse" for conducting a less vigorous campaign than he would have before his heart attack of a year ago. The word "excuse" somehow dramatized the essential pathos of Dwight Eisenhower's position at the Republican Convention of 1956. Most of the great war leaders, both civilian and military, of this and every other nation have long since left the arena of public affairs. Eisenhower almost alone has continued to bear—except for his two years at Columbia—crushing responsibilities in high office in Europe and America. Despite his diligent efforts at load-shedding, which have involved both long hours on the green fairways of the Burning Tree Country Club and the devolution of the powers of the Presidency, the strain has taken its inevitable toll. Manifestly he is a tired and sick man, desperately in need of

convalescence, and in no condition whatever to continue to carry the heaviest political burden in the democratic world.

This sort of situation is common enough in the prize ring. The aging champion, tired and showing signs of punch-drunkenness, should clearly retire from the ring while his faculties are still intact. But the champ's backers, the tough operators who own a piece of him, will not hear of it. They hint that it would be cowardly to quit now; they produce medical evidence to prove he is in better shape than ever; clearly he has no "physical excuse" for throwing in the towel.

Where in the history of democratic political leadership can one find a leader who has enjoyed the uncritical adulation that is showered on Eisenhower? Franklin D. Roosevelt no doubt stirred greater enthusiasm among those who admired him, but he also had enemies by the million who loathed and hated him, who prayed for his downfall, who told dirty stories about his wife and family. Most of the other famous Presidents have stirred conflicting passions in the breast of the nation. Certainly Woodrow Wilson did, and so did Theodore Roosevelt and Abraham Lincoln. Much the same

applied in the case of great and colorful political figures of other countries. Winston Churchill and Lloyd George were both loved and hated. Mackenzie King of Canada, the greatest vote-getter of them all, was the center of bitter controversy throughout his life and long after he had grown cold in his grave.

Yet after talking politics in the United States from coast to coast in the past six weeks, one must report that hardly a single "ordinary" American could be discovered who harbored a positive dislike for Eisenhower. Criticisms of the work of his Administration in foreign affairs or defense or taxation policy or in agricultural matters are common enough. But as Stevenson remarked in Chicago, "no one seems to connect Eisenhower with the Eisenhower Administration."

Eisenhower, it has often been remarked, tends to think of himself as a Constitutional monarch and in a sense he has every right to do so. The American President is head of state and Eisenhower has fulfilled these functions of his office as successfully as any of the monarchs of Western and Northern Europe. His success in this capacity has been so complete that it has obscured his performance in the other two roles

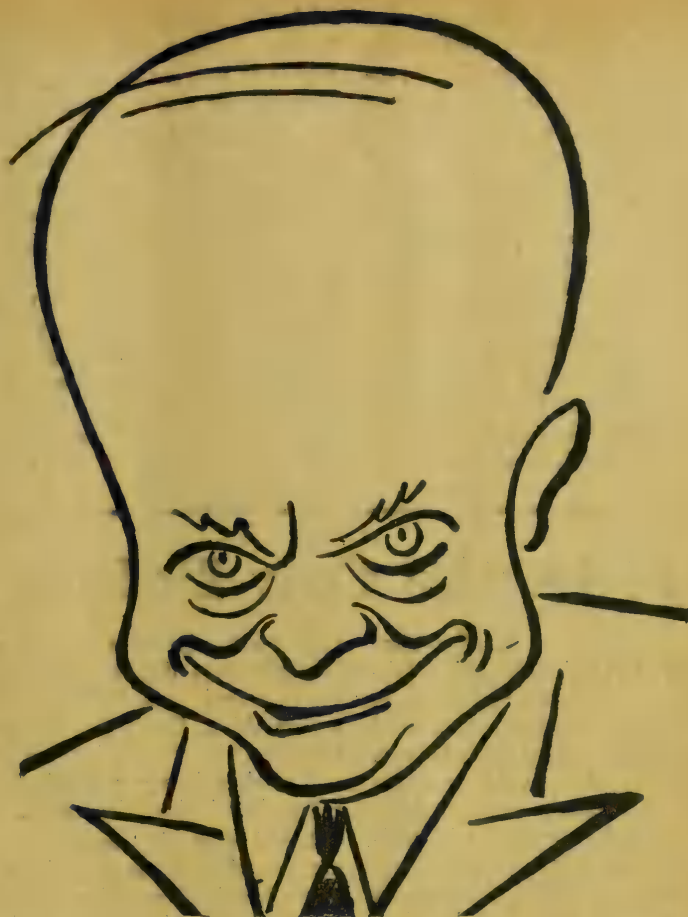
*R. T. McKENZIE, noted British political commentator, covered both the Democratic and Republican conventions for The Nation and the BBC. The author of British Political Parties, he is on the staff of the London School of Economics.*

the President must play under the American political system. As Chief Executive, his record is mediocre; as party leader he must be judged a failure. Nevertheless the general public in this "era of good feeling" appears quite undisturbed. And the tough boys who "own a piece" of the President no doubt vastly prefer it this way.

Listening to Joe Martin and Senator Knowland and the rest vying with the most innocent delegates in maudlin praise of the President, one could not help but reflect on the staggering opportunity given Eisenhower to make good on his professed purpose of reforming the Republican Party. Admittedly he has done much, more than his opponents can admit in an election year, to modernize and liberalize the party. But clearly he could have wrung from these frightened men who are so vividly aware of their dependence on him anything he wished had he been prepared even to hint that he would not run again if they refused to grant him the concessions he sought.

It is not difficult to understand the happy pattern of the future as foreseen by the Republican right-wing. They take it as axiomatic that if Eisenhower's health holds up he will be a certain winner in November. Thereafter, he will be a weak Chief Executive and an even weaker party leader. He will become the first President prohibited by the provisions of the Constitution from standing for a third term. If in addition he is a semi-invalid, he is likely to be hardly more than an amiable observer of events. And among the most interesting of these events will be a bitter struggle for the machinery and for the soul of the Republican Party.

Whether Eisenhower lives out his term or dies in office, the most important single contender in this contest will be Richard Nixon. He will be the first Republican who has made his political reputation in Congress who shares or at least has shared the sympathies and prejudices of his Congressional colleagues, to reach the White House (albeit by the back door) since Harding. In the long years between, and especially in the past twenty years, the



Drawing by Berger

Congressional Republicans have had to grit their teeth and watch the conventions, in search of a candidate who could win, nominate governors and business men and generals—all of whom turned out to be liberal internationalists. Now at last the long night is ending; in heir-apparent Nixon, the Congressional Republicans see one of themselves about to place his hands firmly on the levers of power.

There may, of course, be a flaw in this calculation. Nixon's credentials, from the point of view of the Old Guard, are admittedly good. As Congressman and Senator he gave little evidence of thinking dangerous thoughts. But it is just possible that the Congressional Republicans are dwelling too fondly on the early career of Richard Nixon. As he has revealed in his brilliant handling of his own candidature for re-nomination, he is one of the most astute politicians in American public life.

And he would not need to be very astute to recognize that Eisenhower's brand of liberal Republicanism is a far more potent vote-getter than the last-ditch conservatism of his former colleagues in Congress. It is just possible that Richard Nixon would rather be President than be Right.

The first clue to the nature of the Nixon Presidency will be provided by his performance in this campaign. It seems highly likely that he will attempt to live down his reputation as the "vice-hatchet man" of his party. The prospects, first of victory for his party in November and subsequently for his succession to the leadership, will depend on his ability to convince the American electorate that he is a worthy successor to Eisenhower.

In the field of policy, the one issue of any interest here at San Francisco has been the Republican effort to devise a form of words in their civil-rights plank which would offer



some hope of recapturing the Northern Negro vote without totally alienating the South. They have produced a slightly stronger and in some respects more courageous plank than the Democrats', but it is doubtful whether it will achieve either purpose. The Republicans do at least formally "accept" the Supreme Court decision and they do "concur" in the ruling that the decision should be put into effect with "all deliberate speed." There is no clever loophole such as that provided for themselves by the Democrats, who described the decisions of the Court as "part of the law of the land,"

with the clear implication that other "parts" include the state laws designed to prevent desegregation. The Republicans also specifically endorse the Eisenhower six-point civil-rights program, which was bottled up recently in the Senate. The colored voters may find this preferable to the vague Democratic pledge to "continue the party's work to eliminate illegal discrimination of all kinds." But there is no pledge to work for the alteration of the debating rules of the Senate and without it the remainder of the Republican plank means little.

It seems unlikely that either

party's statement on civil rights will be of much importance in the campaign, although the oratorical gloss on the two statements provided by the rival candidates may carry a good deal of weight. Northern Negroes are unlikely to vote, one would suspect, on the basis of their assessment of the rival planks; they are likely to be attracted either by the personality of Eisenhower or by the Democratic Party's reputation as a friend of the lower-income groups. The South, or most of it, will surely stay in the Democratic column, since this will strengthen its veto on civil-rights legislation in the Senate.

## Poet in the Cow Palace . . by KENNETH REXROTH

*San Francisco*

MY FIRST reaction on being asked to do a piece on the recent events at the Cow Palace was one of mild horror accompanied by slight nausea. This is a world I avoid as much as possible. I don't vote. I don't go to conventions even for journalistic purposes. I don't know any Republicans. I felt, in fact, much like Edmund Wilson did the time he was asked to be a movie critic. I was pretty sure what I would say in the article. I have been to other nominating conventions, long ago. I expected tub-thumping, ballyhoo, sabre-rattling, flag-waving, the circus of syndromes of that most insecure of all men, the professional politician.

As the Republican headquarters in the Fairmont Hotel began to take shape, it looked at first as though that was the way it was going to be—television cables all over the lobby, Pepsi-Cola girls in bottle-top bathing suits, stunts and flashlight bulbs going off in all directions. But now I have to take it all back. This convention has been thoroughly expertized. Everything was quiet, dignified, confident. It is obvious that

the experts, the stage managers and speech writers, decided from the outset to play it cool. "You are selling a sure thing. Don't foul it up with too hot a pitch." This is the way you sell a high-class car which has no competitor in its price range.

I feel that this convention was not just the combined brains of the best advertising agencies of America. It was a reflection of something all these people believe as a patent fact. As far as this Administration is concerned, the business community does not manipulate the government, it is the government. I had expected something like the last big General Motors show. This is more like a meeting of General Motors stockholders, and I don't mean this sarcastically. One thing: for anyone who remembers fights like those over McAdoo, the League and the Klan, it isn't much like old-fashioned American politics.

I had intended to write a "color story". There just wasn't enough color to write about. The meeting of the board of directors of a giant corporation, is not, unless you're Mike Gold, very good copy for a poet seeking color. The power élite may well be a conspiracy of mediocrity—but possibly power, if it is vast enough, demands mediocrity. These are the same Buick dealers and small-town bankers, by and

large, who came to Chicago in 1952. Meanwhile, they have been running the country, at least as minor deputies. Possibly the Republican foreign policy has been ambiguous and provocative, the domestic policy socially destructive in the long run, but if so, these people never heard about it. They are supremely confident, secure in a way politicians seldom are. "Peace and Prosperity—We Did It." Obviously they believe it.

This belief is on every face. Not just smugness, but real confidence, like a country banker weighing a farm loan. Even Senator Knowland, in the first important speech, largely on foreign policy, hardly got excited (for him, at least) when he got to his favorite subject of Red China, and he was a veritable demagogue in comparison with Governor Langlie's keynote speech. The governor, calm and a little countrified, stumbling once in a while over a word, just *knew* he was right.

This, of course, is all the General Line, the facade of speeches, of followers, delegates, the great crowd of well-dressed people all solid for Ike. Behind this facade "powerful forces" were supposed to be struggling. During the earlier stages, at the mention of the Vice Presidential nomination a kind of melancholy descended on the average delegate I talked to. They repeated the party

*KENNETH REXROTH, poet and literary critic whose work has frequently appeared in The Nation, wandered into the Cow Palace not of his own volition.*

line, just a very little bit frightened or depressed that I should have brought it up. You get the feeling the typical delegate knew "they" had already decided the matter one way or another. This is, to say the least, a rather ominous psychological development of the sort we are accustomed to think of as un-American. It is not a steam roller. All conventions have their steam rollers. It is more like democratic centralism. And democratic centralism is, we should remember, merely the methods of business administration, whether U.S. Steel or Fuller Brush, applied to politics.

Nobody I talked to had any specific objection to any actual policy of Vice President Nixon's. "He was a little radical in some of the things he said in the last campaign, but once he got in he's made a wonderful Vice President." "Do you think he would make a good President?" This is met with superstitious disapproval: "I'm sure Ike will be around a long time yet. We don't need to worry about that." "Suppose Ike came out against him?" "Oh, that would be different. But he won't. Dick's a fine boy. I'll tell you, this is all a lot of newspaper talk. They just want something to sell papers." This is a low level of political thinking. It is also irresponsible, utterly unlike the inside-track garrulity of the old-time American petty politician. These are delegates who, in turn, have delegated their authority to some dim region behind the clouds. No doubt, if given the word they would have turned to some other candidate sanctioned by that authority. No doubt plenty of them would just as soon have seen another candidate, since right up to Nixon's nomination there was—and no doubt still is—a vague feeling that his name might cost votes.

All this is very strange to watch. Maybe there is something about the social and economic structure of society all over the world today that conspires to produce this kind of political action. Unanimous political action, for instance the Republican Party's support of President Eisen-

hower, is one thing, the "politics of unanimity" is another.

Parenthetically, which is all it is worth, the second day's activities, with the reading of the platform and speeches by Martin and Hoover, passed almost unnoticeably in a gentle breeze of generalities, leaving only a vague impression that President Eisenhower was running against Mao Tse Tsung and Harry Hopkins.

As I come into the huge livestock show auditorium, like a dirigible hangar packed with human beings, an old timer at covering these things says to me, in a Front Page, side of the mouth, husky voice: "Sweet are the uses of adversity." Everybody has a paper with the headlines, "Dick Flies to Stricken Father. Stassen Gives Up." Even I am not this cynical. Maybe you have to feel yourself caught in it somehow to be cynical at all. I am certainly not caught, and I am surprised at how tolerant of it all I am. I just feel removed—ethnological—like I was visiting a meeting of the Han Lin Academy or a philatelists' convention.

As I watch the seats on the floor filling up, I realize the real heart of the matter. Except for a few hundred inconspicuous people, no matter where they are sitting, this building is filled with an audience. I go out and circulate around. Everybody feels real bad about the Vice President's father. Everybody seems relieved that there isn't going to be any trouble. It doesn't look as though there would. *Time* Magazine has reached town, and my Midwest friend of yesterday seems to have read it like dowagers read headlines—crosswise. "It's people like Reuther don't want Nixon. But we don't want Reuther, either." I haven't heard that Mr. Reuther came to town.

The big day gets on with a Civil Rights speech, a hot issue if there ever was one, again very cool, the applause quiet and dignified. More ballyhoo from Tom Dewey than anything so far, his speech seems almost as much the injection of the folkways of another epoch as did that of Herbert Hoover the day be-

fore. It sounded like something from one of his own campaigns. The audience welcomed it, they were beginning to need some campaign oratory, they were pleased to meet somebody still vigorously running against Harry Truman.

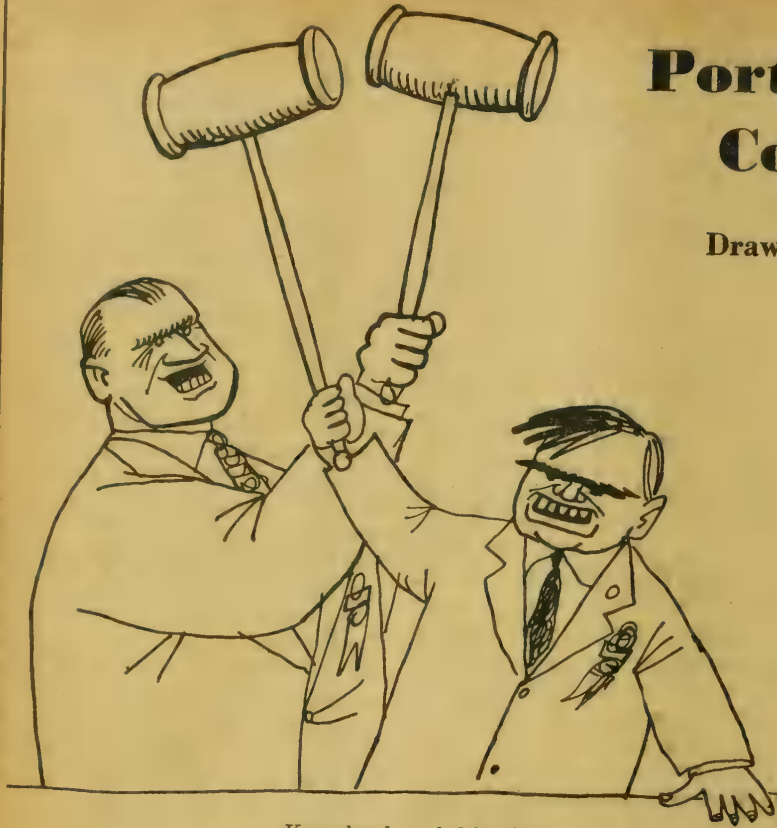
Halleck's nominating speech again played it cool, "stood on the record." At last the delegates had a brief good time going nuts for a while in good old convention fashion. I must say it started out as quite a demonstration, a real act of participation. Possibly in the politics of unanimity, participation is religious; I felt like I was being socked in the eye by the collective unconscious. And then I began to realize that it was not really that at all. It was far more a performance than the mass explosions which occurred at the Roosevelt conventions. Joe Martin was able to cut it short after some fifteen minutes. It was participation, it was even, for most participants, spontaneous, but it was not hard to stop. Of course I realize this has something to do with TV schedules, but it was stoppable, and I doubt if the 1936 Democratic convention outburst could have been turned off, TV or no. Once again, the hokum of the seconding speeches came as a relief, too. And then, down the line with the Vice Presidential nominations, with only Mr. Carpenter's little joke as an interruption.

I'm sorry I couldn't give you a good hot colorful color story, but I do believe I have seen the rise of a new kind of politics, a new color of the American political mind, or at least a very big section of it. I have tried to indicate something of that psychology. All over the world today there are indispensable men, and now we have two in the Republican Party. I wonder, if it can happen to the Republican Party, maybe sometime it can happen to the country as a whole. I don't really want to sound like a Democrat, but I just don't like unanimity. And so down to catch the last mail plane for New York and to bring my red ribbon and bronze medal home for the baby to play with.



# Portraits in the Cow Palace

Drawings by JOHN MAASS



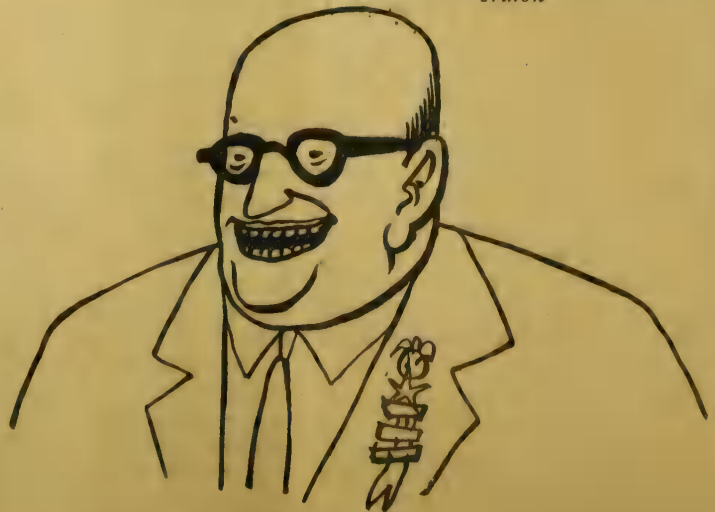
*Knowland and Martin*



*Nixon*



*Stassen*



*Leonard Hall*

# DEATH ON LABOR DAY

## The Killer and the "Saviour" . . by DAVID CORT

THE PRINCIPAL killer of children in the United States is not pneumonia, malformation, polio, gastritis, enteritis or any disease. It is the automobile. In an average year in which 11,000 children aged one to fifteen are killed by accidents, the automobile killings come to nearly 5,000. Over half these children are on foot or on bicycles when struck down.

The semi-official saviour of life in the United States, the National Safety Council, puts out an annual compilation of statistics called *Accident Facts*. The N.S.C.'s heart is obviously in the right place. Yet its handling of this massacre of innocents merely demonstrates the masterly statistical art of how to get an ugly fact lost.

This is how it is done: On the opening page of the 1955 edition a chart shows that accidents in general kill almost as many children as all other causes combined. There is a tall black column for accident deaths of children from one through fourteen years old, but the proportion due to *traffic* accidents is not given. On page five, the principal killers by age groups are shown to be "mechanical suffocation" up to age four, and "drowning" in the five-to-fourteen group. Most readers will not notice that this tabulation includes only "non-motor-vehicle" accidents. Back on page fifty-nine, if you know what you're looking for, a complicated table yields the secret of the absolute total of deaths of children by automobile. For 1954 it came to 4,100, and another 215,000 were injured. How many more died of their injuries a few weeks or months later is not given. Perhaps another four thousand.

The National Safety Council, Chicago-headquartered, is a non-profit association supported by over a mil-

lion members whose names it never releases. The funds given to it are good tax-deductible contributions. It is proud to announce that General Motors is "very active" and contributes funds beyond the ordinary corporate dues assessed corporation members in proportion to payrolls. Naturally, General Motors doesn't want to play the star part in the National Safety Council's annual book of accident statistics. The book, with ninety-eight pages, devotes only thirty to automobile accidents; the rest ramble among railway accidents, home, farm and office accidents, warehousing accidents, etc., etc. These tend to obscure the motor-vehicle type, the death roll that haunts Detroit, and to spread the guilt of recklessness among all people everywhere.

The official saviour is thus also the industry that gives us the homicidal weapon. The angel hovering over us with streaming eyes turns

out, at the critical point, to be the angel of death who characteristically cloaks her face a little and throws in the non-profit service of a book of statistics. The angel has carried away since 1913 nearly 1,150,000 Americans. She has variously smashed another fifty million, who seem to have survived the week or month, though in some degree broken. I make no claim for the National Safety Council's figures—they are sometimes on the low side compared with other sources' figures—but only N.S.C. statistics will be used here, for reasons of justice.

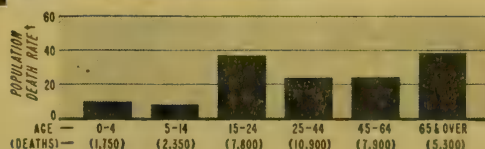
ESPECIALLY around the Labor Day weekend just coming up, the National Safety Council year after year has acted out the role of that ambiguous angel hovering over us all. A review of its efforts, as reflected in the *New York Times*, will be appropriate here.

The Labor Day weekend of 1951

### How people died in 1954



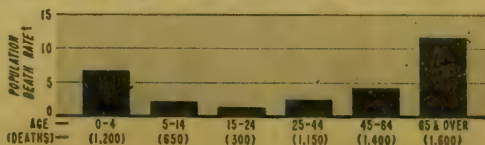
**Motor-vehicle accidents** 36,000 23.3



Changes in Deaths  
from 1953 — 6%  
from 1949 +14%



**Fire burns, and other deaths associated with fires** 6,300 3.6



Changes in Deaths  
from 1953 — 5%  
from 1949 + 5%

*These charts, extracted from a page in the National Safety Council's Accident Facts, 1955 Edition, read at a glance as if children's deaths by motor-vehicle accidents were less in 1954 than those caused by fire or drownings. But the scale is different; note that it is 20-40-60 for the top chart and 5-10-15 for the bottom. For the real story, read the totals printed in small type, in parentheses, under each black column.*

DAVID CORT, author of *The Big Picture* and *The Calm Man*, is a frequent contributor to *The Nation*.

September 1, 1956



had really frightened the N.S.C. In the seventy-eight-hour period between 6:00 p.m. Friday and midnight Monday, the nation's cars had ignored the council's prediction of 390 fatalities and destroyed 461 Americans—a record. The next year the N.S.C. predicted 480 deaths for the whole weekend. Monday rains in the populated East drove the weekenders home early and the death toll was only 432. The N.S.C. let itself be credited with saving forty-eight lives.

Somewhat emboldened in 1953, it predicted that forty million cars on the weekend roads would kill only 440. The prediction appeared as always in Saturday's papers, which nobody reads. A terrible heat wave, that had promised a record turnout and holocaust, broke on Saturday but the threat of hurricanes sent many home early again. The death total was way down at 368. The N.S.C. had "saved" seventy-two more lives. However, late returns brought the dead to 405 and the saved to only thirty-five. These later figures were buried in the press.

The weather was fine in 1954 and motorists were encouraged to visit the disaster areas hit by the hurricane. Come on out; hit the road, was the sense of the propaganda. However, the Giant-Dodger series on TV kept a lot of people safe at home. The prediction had been 390 deaths; the first actual total was only 334 (fifty-six saved). However, the sum crept quietly up to 364 (only twenty-six saved).

BY 1955, before the Labor Day weekend, the N.S.C. was telling everybody that the chances of a highway accident in the United States were steadily dropping. The plucking of the flower, safety, from the nettle, danger, was due, it explained, to "enforcement, engineering and education," for all of which N.S.C. took some bows. After "this array of comforting statistics," it predicted 400 deaths for the weekend, presumably aiming high so that it could "save" a few lives. It was an ordinary fair-to-cloudy weekend and something went awfully wrong. The deaths jolted up to 438, as if reaching for the terrible 1951 totals.

Friday's bland dream had turned into Tuesday's nightmare.

I don't blame the council for its kindhearted miscalculation. It can happen to anybody who fools around with predictions. I can't even predict what the N. S. C. will predict this year for the Labor Day weekend. I would guess that the forecast in Saturday's papers would be around 450, maybe up to 470. In an election year when everybody is quarrelsome, and with more cars than ever on the roads, I would further guess that the actual deaths will be around 450 (I am not trying to "save" anybody). Of course the weather will put in its word, too. We might even set a new record-high, I mean.

THE REAL criticism of the National Safety Council, as of so many other supposed mass benefactors, is that what pays off for it is that *it seems to want* to be a benefit—something quite different from really *being* a benefit. Being a real benefit sometimes requires one to be ugly toward one's friends. The highway problem can be solved; but its solution would offend people that the N. S. C. has no intention of offending. Quite unconsciously, the N. S. C. even avoids thinking such thoughts. What follows are some unsubsidized thoughts.

Firstly, all motor-vehicle traffic in the United States cannot be considered as a unity. The country breaks down into populated and unpopulated zones; its roads into thruways, rural roads and city streets. The N. S. C.'s apparent conclusions, drawn from the total of all traffic everywhere, not only have no relevance for most of the drivers now on the roads—they are almost exactly the opposite of the correct conclusions.

Furthermore, the deaths and injuries break down into two or perhaps three categories. The drivers, and to a less extent their passengers, are taking a deliberate risk for a desired benefit; they all want to go some place fast. These are the people who trigger the terrible projectile. The drivers at least are under license; they can be sharply controlled by the police power, as Governor

Ribicoff has so brilliantly demonstrated in Connecticut. About 28,000 of these people are killed a year, essentially by their own hand.

The other category is of people going afoot on their appointed rounds or sometimes even sitting in their backyards or living rooms when the terrible projectile found them out. These people need no license to cross the streets, which they own as members of the sovereign power. These are the people whom the state has an antecedent obligation to save.

In the cities, only 3,800 drivers and passengers are killed a year; the very congestion slows them down enough to save them. But in the cities, in 1954, 5,000 pedestrians were killed.

Outside the cities, the situation is very different. No breakdown is available between rural roads and thruways. But driver-passenger deaths in rural areas in 1954 were almost 24,000 against only 3,100 pedestrian deaths, including bicyclists.

A FREQUENT outcry in the cities is to punish pedestrians severely for risking their lives, and to formalize the rules for crossing streets. The statistics demonstrate that these particular saviours are not only drunk with unconstitutional car-arrogance but are giving us the worst possible advice on how to survive. The figures show that crossing a street with the light is twice as dangerous as crossing against the light; and crossing in the middle of the block, though bad, is only about as dangerous as crossing at the corner.

As everybody who can walk knows, when you cross at the corner, you can get it from any one of four directions. When the lights are with the pedestrian, the turning traffic can crawl up your back or whirl into your face or blandly run you down against the light or block you in the middle of the street until you are trapped when the light changes. To say that drivers should have more consideration or manners or decency to do any of these things does not help the old lady faced by fifty tons of projectiles all in a hurry to get through, over or around her. The drivers will never change their

spots unless forced to do so. When the lights go red and one driver keeps on going, he is invariably followed by three more. "If he can do it, why not me?"

However, we must return good for evil and give some merciful thought to the man in the projectile. Where and how does he die?

Here the truth is plain, surprising and very, very instructive. By present theories, the long, straight, beautifully empty roads of New Mexico, Arizona, Nevada and Wyoming ought to be the safest in terms of numbers of deaths per 100 million vehicle miles. In fact, those roads are by far the most dangerous roads in the nation for the driver and his passengers. (Kentucky, South Carolina and Alabama are grouped behind them.)

The safest roads are those where there are the most cars and the most law: the District of Columbia and the whole populated Northeast plus, for some reason I am unaware of, the states of Washington and Nebraska, which trail immediately after.

IN ABSOLUTE numbers of traffic deaths, California—second most populous state by the 1950 census—consistently leads all the rest, followed by Texas (fifth most populous in 1950). But populous states like Illinois, New York, Ohio, Michigan and Pennsylvania, which show up badly on Labor Day weekends are in fact a third or a half less dangerous than California measured by year-round records.

The average daily nation-wide death by automobile is around 100. Three days' deaths would therefore be around 300. Add the inevitable additional cars on the roads on a three-day weekend such as Labor Day and the "normal" death toll for three days will be around 400.

The National Safety Council's hullabaloo about the holiday holocaust may have some tiny deterrent value, but in fact it always points a moral that is false. It draws attention to an inevitable small increase in accidents in New York, Illinois and Michigan which are, in fact, among the safest states. The killing in Nevada, Arizona, New Mexico and

Texas is not especially accelerated by Labor Day; these states need no added excuse; they kill without glancing at the calendar.

Yet if N. S. C. propaganda is not the answer, we must still search for an answer, for our very lives, as once men searched for the typhoid germ and found it.

Is there a germ? Are there pre-disposed killers and maimers on the roads? On this question, a curious and unexpected light is thrown by a survey of motor-vehicle deaths by nations, rating deaths against motor-vehicle registrations. My eyes bugged and my jaw fell as I saw that the standout, undisputed champions were dictatorships of the present or the recent past.

The Dominican Republic is the king of them all, with 91.6 deaths a year per 10,000 motor vehicles. Next in order come Colombia, Japan, Guatemala, Italy and—this makes me wonder—Jamaica. The Dominican Republic, where every hundredth car kills somebody every year, is in the interesting position of being able, if it had 100 times as many cars as people, to wipe out its whole population in one year on the roads. (How to have fun with statistics.) It should be remembered that the list of reporting nations is not complete; omitted are all the Moslem states and nearly all of Asia and Africa.

There is a strong suspicion that driving safety has some relation to the individual's respect for the rights and lives of others, as inculcated by the culture and history of his country. A man cannot really respect himself under a dictatorship and so cannot very well respect anybody else. He may be gay rather than grim about it all, but he is a potential, though frivolous, killer. Killing by automobile begins to make some sense when viewed as an expression of disrespect for fellow-citizens.

Of the "good" nations in terms of driving safety, nine of the first thirteen speak English. The United States is second with 7.2 deaths a year per 10,000 motor vehicles.

But once again it must be emphasized that the United States is not all the same from sea to shining

sea. The good showing is entirely the work of the great mass of motorists in the populated areas. Our uniform superiority to the dictatorships is severely shaken if we look only at Nevada, for example, which has a death rate close to 20 per 10,000 motor vehicles. In absolute numbers, Nevada (with many more cars, of course) kills more people every year by automobile than the Dominican Republic, Guatemala or Jamaica, out of a much smaller population. Probably the world championship in motor-vehicle killing can be awarded Nevada without any further deliberation.

Yet it must be admitted that an automobile is close to a necessity in such states as Nevada, California and Texas, and will so remain as long as the fuel supply lasts. Wholesale revoking of licenses will not work.

BUT BEFORE we start worrying about Nevada, I would like to return to pedestrian deaths, the slaughter of the innocents. Spontaneous respect for one's fellow-man is too large and subtle a matter for subsidized propaganda. An enforced respect is a desperation remedy, but the time may have come for it. I think that any driver who kills a pedestrian should lose his license for a minimum of ten years, with special penalties for killing children and the aged, except in cases where the fault lies *exclusively* with the victim. An attachment against the income and real property of the killer would be a most effective deterrent; a parole system or abrogation of rights as a citizen could be held in reserve. The drivers must be taught somehow, if necessary by threat and punishment, that a license to trigger a projectile is not a right, but a limitation and responsibility.

As pedestrian deaths decrease, I believe it will be found that all other highway deaths will decrease too. As the licensed driver is taught to respect others, he will come also to respect himself as a driver.

The difference in Nevada's problem is that there the driver, rather than the pedestrian, is doomed. Detroit could help save him if it would produce no car capable of



more than fifty miles an hour, but only a federal law could compel Detroit so far. Some device that would oblige every thruway driver to slow to a crawl every twenty miles might help: say, a road-block, a detour or an unpaved stretch of road. If the fatal disease is recognized, somebody will find the cure. The disease here is high speed on the straightaway.

Too many cures endeavor to retain both the disease and the patient. Shatterproof glass and stronger car frames should have eliminated most of the driver-deaths; instead, they gave the driver a heightened feeling of omnipotence. Now it is the safety belt that is expected to cut the 28,000 driver-passenger deaths to 18,000 a year. The individual who doesn't install it is a fool. But he will have

to guard against another burst of omnipotence that may carry him to his death.

The reactionary but perhaps correct long-range view is that the automobile, as transportation and recreation, has hit the law of diminishing returns. The glow of power it once harmlessly gave the driver and passengers is now dog-eared and socially dangerous.

# BRITAIN'S NEW RIGHT

## Search for the Upper "U" .. by PAUL JOHNSON

*London*

THE LAST twelve months have seen something approaching a revolution in the English intellectual climate. The few thousand middle-aged, liberal, progressive-minded members of the pre-war middle class, who have created educated opinion in Britain for close on a quarter of a century, are becoming uneasily aware that their monopoly is over. A younger generation is not merely knocking on the door, but kicking it down with its feet. Those who came to intellectual maturity after 1945 are now, after ten years working underground, scrambling into positions of power and influence; and the strongholds of culture are falling to them one by one. The suddenness and rudeness of the assault are themselves disconcerting. Even more alarming, however, is the realization, now dawning on the graying mandarins in office, that their cherished moral, political and esthetic values have no meaning for their younger colleagues; that they are watching the birth of that rare and terrifying phenomenon—a right-wing, anti-rationalist intelligentsia. Small wonder, then, that the publication of George Scott's *Time and Place*—described as “the first full-length portrait of a post-war intellectual”—has been greeted with a chorus of horror, dismay and fear.

PAUL JOHNSON is assistant editor of the *New Statesman and Nation*.

The elders were expecting some sort of reaction from the younger generation; they were not prepared for a new invasion of barbarians.

Yet some sort of explosion was inevitable. The liberals had held power for too long, and their rule had shown an increasing tendency to become absolute. Nurtured in secure middle-class homes, educated at Winchester and Oxford, governing Britain from their civilized citadel in Bloomsbury, they had acquired control, in the inter-war years, of all the vital machinery of English culture. During their heyday in the thirties, their progressive, humane and largely Socialist views had come to be accepted not so much as opinions but as eternal verities. The most influential writers—Auden, Spender, Warner, Greene, O'Casey, Orwell, Connolly, Isherwood—were all in their ranks. So was every leading critic, from Desmond MacCarthy to Raymond Mortimer. In Strachey, Crossman and Laski they had the three most effective political propagandists. They controlled all the most intellectually respectable organs of opinion—*New Writing*, the Left Book Club, the *New Statesman* and the *News Chronicle*. They dominated the London School of Economics. Gradually they enfiladed Oxford and Cambridge. By the time the war came they had captured the BBC and a score of other public institutions. A measure of their influence is that, at the height of

Churchill's war-time fame, his broadcasts could not command the audience enjoyed by J. B. Priestley's famous fireside chats.

The Labor victory of 1945 consummated their victory. It also brought stagnation, decay and disillusionment. Their most active members passed into public life—and intellectual silence. Others became corroded with success and turned to purely literary pursuits. The dynamic of the movement—a protest against fascism and unemployment—ceased to exist. Many of its members, indeed, became bored and irritated with the austere and increasingly egalitarian society they had helped to create. They also became, unconsciously, members of the Establishment, and their literary muscles slackened from disuse. There were a few public renunciations: Priestley, for instance, resigned from the Labor Party, and left the board of the *New Statesman*. But it was, in the main, a silent drift into neutrality and indifference.

Meanwhile, a new generation of intellectuals was being forged. They were young men from the harsh North and Midlands, lower-middle class or working class in origin, who had fought their way up from the grammar schools. The welfare state gave them access to the universities; full employment and the boom in mass communications brought them rapid promotion to positions of power. But with success came instant



Vicky

*Apostle of Britain's New Right: Malcolm Muggeridge, Editor of Punch.*

disillusionment. Having clambered onto the middle-class plateau, they found that the paradise they expected to discover there had ceased to exist: the taxation and restrictions required to facilitate their ascent had destroyed it. "The most common reward today for success achieved through legitimate, taxable channels," writes Mr. Scott, their spokesman, "is to find a boot crunching firmly on one's presumptuous head." "Here we are," he adds, "with our degrees and our posh education, our prideful positions in the public service, our ambitious names in print, trying to get on with the work brought home in the bulging brief case, while the baby cries in the next room or even in the same room, or while the mortgage slowly and re-

spectably strangles the life, the love, the adventure and the talent out of us."

In their resentment they turned not only against the administrative architect of their miseries—the Labor Party—but against the humanist and progressive values with which it had become identified. A great part of Mr. Scott's book is devoted to an assault, at once violent and patronizing, on Stephen Spender and John Lehmann, the two most persistent champions of Republican Spain. Equally harsh is Henry Fairlie, another spokesman of the New Right. "The real guilty men of the thirties," he proclaims, "are the intellectuals of the Left." A third member of the group, the young and talented novelist Kingsley Amis, dis-

misses all imaginative writers as "the legion of the lost," and proudly lists the books "I have not read and do not intend to read." John Usborne, the twenty-six-year-old author of *Look Back in Anger*, a strange and compelling play now playing to packed houses in London, preaches a gospel of nihilism and discontent.

HOW TO explain the unholy alliance of these savage young men with the unbending old-Etonians of the Tory Party? "The revolutionaries," George Scott writes, "have bred a generation of counter-revolutionaries"; and he makes it clear that resentment is the principal motivating force in the New Right. But it would be uncharitable—and also inaccurate—to describe it as the only one. Indeed, it is possible to discern four distinct causes of the revolt against the Left. The first is undoubtedly the influence of Professor Oakeshott who, ironically enough, succeeded Laski at the London School of Economics. The failure of the Left to avert the catastrophe of 1939 led many intellectuals—including H. G. Wells—to question the validity of its belief in progress; but Oakeshott has given the most complete formulation to these doubts. In his inaugural lecture, on political education, he described mankind as a ship sailing over "a boundless and bottomless sea in which there is neither harbor for shelter nor flood for anchorage, neither starting point nor appointed destination," and where "the seaman's ship consists in using the resources of a traditional manner of behavior in order to make a personal friend of every inimical occasion." It is not surprising to learn that Oakeshott reserves his principal admiration for Hobbes.

THIS distrust of reason, which some have termed the "New Obscurantism," but which is, in reality, simply a return to the skeptical Toryism of Burke, is doubtless linked to the revival not so much of belief, as of interest in religion. It is a subject of hot debate in Britain whether young people are, in fact, returning to the churches, or even to fundamentalism. But what is certain is that they show a marked will-



ingness to reopen the discussion on subjects which their elders dismissed as profitless. The Spain of the younger generation is South Africa; and their heroes are not the soldiers of the International Brigade but Christian missionaries like Father Huddleston and Michael Scott. The more sophisticated among them claim that this return to metaphysics is simply a reaction against excesses of the logical analysts; but they all share an increased respect for the traditional values of a more stable age—a reflection, perhaps, of the uneasy times in which they live.

Such feelings, of course, are not confined to Britain; what is, however, more specifically English is the obsession of its younger generation with class. One of the principal forces which drive young intellectuals—despite, or rather because of, their humble backgrounds—into the arms of the Tories, is their yearning for acceptance and social recognition. Class distinctions in Britain are almost invisible but terrifyingly real; and intellectuals are particularly aware of them. It is no accident that *Encounter*, now established as the leading intellectual monthly, owed its overnight success to the publication of an article by the Honorable Nancy Mitford on class usage in the English language. The younger generation are particularly sensitive on the subject because they realize that while the welfare state has brought them education and power, it cannot make them socially de-

sirable. Hence their dislike for the older liberals, who are. Hence also their strange affection for the Tories, who have much to offer them in this respect.

THERE remains a fourth cause: the Beaverbrook press. Lord Beaverbrook is a great creator of journalists and a great corrupter of men. Believing, as he does, that "rebels make the best journalists," he has always recruited his writers from the young men of the extreme Left. But in the thirties, they seemed able to survive the experience. Such men as Tom Driberg and Michael Foot emerged from the Beaverbrook machine, after highly successful careers, to pursue even more successful careers as Labor M. P.s. Since the war, however, Beaverbrook has fared better.

One of his victims is George Scott himself, who did a spell on the *Daily Express*. Another is Robert Edwards, until recently the brilliant editor of *Tribune*, the Bevanite weekly, and now a faithful exponent of Tory doctrine on Beaverbrook's *Evening Standard*. There are other, even more lamentable, cases. The younger generation, whatever its other merits, has never made a virtue of incorruptibility.

Such a curious combination of influences does not constitute a valid basis for an intellectual movement; indeed, it is perhaps misleading to refer to this collection of young men—who are really only united in their

predicament—as the New Right. They turned to the Tory Party in the late 1940s mainly because it was the only alternative to a party against which they were intellectually and emotionally prejudiced. It proved—as many of them are now realizing—a sorry alternative. The Tories conspicuously failed to forge any genuine doctrinal bond with their new adherents; and their intellectual ginger-group in the House of Commons, led by Angus Maude, has made little impression on the world at large or, indeed, on the Tory leadership. Since Sir Anthony Eden's crushing electoral victory in 1955, there has been a catastrophic collapse of morale within the party's ranks and wholesale desertions among its younger followers—of whom George Scott, as he states in his book, is one. Whether they will turn back to Labor is doubtful. Mr. Gaitskell's cautious empiricism, which is now finding expression in a series of Labor Party policy documents, has little appeal to these young men. They are turning increasingly to the attractive brand of political cynicism preached by Malcolm Muggeridge, the editor of *Punch*, who has suddenly, after many years in the wilderness, found himself with a large following. This, perhaps, is the most disturbing feature of all: after twenty-five years of liberal humanism, British intellectual life is slipping into the hands of men who have abandoned reason, and who are now in the process of losing even faith.

## Security for Lawyers . . by JAMES E. CURRY

WHEN President Eisenhower signed the social-security amendments on August 1, he brought joy to the hearts of many aging women and disabled workers. Working women may now retire on pensions at age sixty-two instead of waiting until sixty-five; totally disabled persons

may now receive pensions at fifty. But perhaps more significant in the long run is the new coverage for self-employed lawyers, dentists, osteopaths, veterinarians, chiropractors, optometrists and naturopaths. (What is a naturopath? Don't look in Webster's Collegiate; it isn't there.)

Social security was first devised for the benefit of wage workers. Some may argue—and have argued—that the amendment bringing the lawyers under it signals their entry into the

proletariat. It would seem more accurate to say that they are graduating from a vestigial proletariat into an all-inclusive American middle class.

In the 1830s a young French lawyer named Alexis de Tocqueville, seeking to identify the "American aristocracy," wrote that he found it "not among the very rich, who have no common tie," but in occupation of "the bench and bar." He added that the lawyers were trusted by the people and so constituted "the most

*JAMES E. CURRY, a practicing lawyer in the District of Columbia, served on the Social Security Committee of the District of Columbia Bar Association.*

powerful existing security against the excesses of democracy." But in the course of time the lawyer joined the rest of the population in the service of private business. By the time of the depression he had been rendered as humble, as propertyless, as proletarian—and as indignant—as any of us.

IN 1935 and thereafter, however, there took place a token realignment of the classes. Leland Baldwin says that "The New Deal . . . may be credited with an attempt to build a middle class, not necessarily of white-collar workers, but of manual workers who possessed enough property to acquire the middle-class respect for the sanctity of property." This attempt was largely successful. The concept of job security was created. Union pension funds, vaster than the social-security funds themselves, were built up. In them the working-class citizen had a property interest, or one analogous thereto. But more important, because more universal, was the introduction of the social-security card as an emblem of the citizen's share in the reserves established by law. Some lawyers may argue that social-security rights are not private property because they may be altered by Congress. But that is true of other property rights, such as the ownership of gold bullion.

As Marxists will bear out, the proletariat does not consist of the working class as a whole, for almost everyone works. It is less extensive, being composed of the workers who "have nothing to lose but their chains." There were plenty of these in 1935, but when FDR gave them all social-security cards, he endowed them with a sort of property (aside from their chains), the loss of which might be feared in case of social upheaval. He thereby transformed them, psychologically, into middle-class folks. At least, he "planned it that way."

This accomplished, what was left of the proletariat? Can anyone deny that there remained only those who lacked social-security cards? These were the hard working but largely propertyless lawyers, physicians, naturopaths, etc. Accepting social

security in 1956, the lawyers were following the workingmen, but they were also taking a step back up the ladder that they had previously descended.

Not that the leaders of the American Bar Association saw it that way. For more than fifteen years, they had resisted the step as a *downward* one. But did they, during this period, reflect the views of the rank-and-file lawyers? Congressmen finally insisted that the A. B. A. membership be polled. In August, 1954, the organization's House of Delegates resolved that the local presidents be requested to "sound out their members with respect to the matter of inclusion (in social security) of self-employed lawyers." It began to look like the end of resistance. But one final ruse was attempted at the very last moment.

Congress had already provided for coverage of ministers of religion on a "voluntary" basis. It was expected, naturally, that the ill and the needy among the clergy would accept coverage and the others would reject it. This special treatment was accorded ostensibly to preserve separation of church and state; actually it does the opposite by providing still another indirect subsidy for the preaching profession.

THE MEDICAL, dental and legal leaders should have known that while the preachers had gotten away with this deal, their own members never could. Nevertheless, they tried. In "sounding out the views" of members, the A. B. A. presidents asked whether they wanted (a) voluntary coverage, (b) compulsory coverage, or (c) no coverage. Not unexpectedly, the lawyers overwhelmingly favored the same treatment for themselves that had been given the clergymen.

But Congress never had any intention of granting it. And to the lawmakers, seeking guidance on how lawyers felt about the alternatives actually available—compulsory universal coverage or no coverage—the results of the polls were quite useless. Finally, another poll was demanded and supplied which accurately submitted the true alternatives. The lawyers voted overwhelmingly

for compulsory coverage. The District of Columbia bar endorsed it unanimously.

The meeting of the A. B. A. House of Delegates that considered the results was a sad affair. Chairman Allan T. Oliver of the Committee on Unemployment and Social Security announced that his group was still 6 to 1 against inclusion. "That which is temporarily popular," he said, "is not always permanently sound." William Logan Martin of Birmingham, Alabama, said that "We do not have to be forced by all the lawyers in the United States if it is against our judgment. I think it is better to continue to be right than to be popular." But James D. Fellers of Oklahoma said: "Every day during our present membership campaign, we have run into an obstacle because of the A. B. A.'s position on social security." The governing body then voted for coverage by 100 to 25 and notified Congress accordingly.

The American Dental Association followed a procedure so similar to the A. B. A.'s that it looked like collaboration. The American Osteopathic Association held out in opposition to a point where bills excluding its members had passed both Houses of Congress. At the last minute a national convention dictated a reversal of policy, and the bill was changed in Congressional conference.

NOW THE only holdouts are the medical doctors. The general attitude of their leaders is exemplified by their opposition to the disability-benefits provision of the social-security law which they call "a first step in a comprehensive federal medical-care system." They refuse coverage for themselves as a matter of principle. The American Medical Association refuses to take a national poll. Some local polls have been taken, but mostly in the meaningless form first used by the lawyers. The medical profession looks like the lone, sad remnant of that great depression proletariat to which we—most of us—belonged and which FDR sought to supplant. But one day the rank-and-file doctors, like the rank-and-file lawyers, will take matters into their own hands.



# BOOKS and the ARTS

## Testament of a Socialist

### CONTEMPORARY CAPITALISM.

By John Strachey. Random House. \$5.

By David Thomson

CLEMENT ATTLEE once wrote to the late Professor Harold J. Laski: "Although you are a theorist and I am only a working politician, I think that I give more and you less attention to changes of conception than to legislative achievements." Although Laski became chairman of the British Labor Party he never became a member of Parliament or held ministerial office. John Strachey was Laski's close colleague not only in the Labor Party but in the selection committee of the pre-war Left Book Club which did so much to propagate intellectual socialism in England during the nineteen-thirties. Since 1945 he has been M. P. for West Dundee, and was successively Under-Secretary of State for Air, Minister of Food and Secretary of State for War in Attlee's governments. Strachey's new book reflects the greater "attention to changes of conception" that this experience of governing responsibilities has brought, and which Laski never attained.

Laski as a political theorist was torn perpetually between the basic liberal impulses he inherited and imbibed from his English upbringing, and the doctrinaire Marxism which intellectually he adopted. Strachey likewise, in the thirties, tirelessly expounded Marxist theories of society and the state, and credited Marxists alone with an understanding of "the science of social change." Now he is concerned to discover where Marx went wrong, to scrap those elements

of the creed that no longer match experience and to propound a more systematic philosophy of democratic socialism. As he puts it:

Many of the most disastrous miscalculations, both of the orthodox economists and of the Marxians, have arisen from pursuing theorems with inflexible logic in social and political environments to which they no longer apply. (That is why the expression of economic views by a layman like myself, who can attempt to mate such economic knowledge as he has with fairly varied experiences as a working politician, may not be useless.)

Briefly, his argument is this. Capitalism has shown a powerful trend towards "oligopoly" (i. e. the number of the *dramatis personae* who produce and sell in any given industry has become so few as to cause highly significant changes in the working of the economy). This knocked all logic or reality out of classical economic theories which presupposed competition between large numbers of makers, sellers and buyers. It meant that capitalism, as Keynes showed, was not after all self-regulating. It needed a regulator, which could only in the end be the state. The state, too, has meanwhile evolved on similar lines—at least in the United States and Britain—for politics have been reduced to a choice between two big parties. But because both parties must appeal to universal suffrage to gain votes, political power unlike economic power has been more and more widely diffused. "The main trends in the political and economic fields are running in opposite directions." So the great question arises, "Can modern capitalism and modern democracy co-exist?" Strachey's answer is that they can and do—at least in the United States and Britain—but that they are unlikely to co-exist indefinitely or peacefully unless capitalism gives way to democratic socialism, and unless democracy is constantly extended both in time and space.

The central interest in his book—the first of several projected volumes on the general theme of democratic socialism—lies in his infusion of liberal ideas into the Marxian matrix of his thinking. Is the outcome fusion or merely confusion? He echoes J. S. Mill's faith that "truth will out" in free debate in a free society. There is even an echo of Burke (or is it only of Attlee?) in his insistence on the "immensely precious" value to working democracy of "a rich pattern of long established institutions," and on "an all-embracing, all-penetrating democratic climate of opinion." But there is some residue of Marxist dialectics, too, in his affection for the dogmatic dilemma so beloved of Laski ("either poverty will use democracy to win the struggle against property, or property in fear of poverty will destroy democracy"); in his belief that we are witnessing necessarily "the last stage of capitalism"; and in his persistence, even whilst abandoning economic determinism, in speaking of the "political superstructure" of society but of its "economic foundations." He is, like Laski again, over-fond of escape-adjunctives like "decisive" and "dominant." And, after demonstrating the economic fallacies in Marx's economic analysis, he adds "there was nothing basically wrong with Marx's economic insight. It was his political judgment which was at fault."

STRACHEY is, I think, wrong in giving Marx's economic analysis such a clean bill, and in attributing the falsification of his predictions so exclusively to the growth of democratic pressures, important though these were. He is less than just to the political, as well as the economic, insights of the late Lord Keynes when he dismisses him as "an intellectual snob" who was not historically minded and too ignorant of the wage earners. These two errors are connected, for Strachey greatly under-rates the anti-capitalist forces inherent in liberalism itself, no less

DAVID THOMSON, *Fellow of Sidney Sussex College and lecturer in history at Cambridge University, is the author of Democracy in France, World History from 1914 to 1950 and other books.*

than in radicalism, and of these Keynes was one significant expression.

But there can be no doubt about the intrinsic topical interest and value of the book he has written. It sets out to be (and it has been criticized in draft by Hugh Gaitskell and other Labor Party leaders) a serious re-thinking of Labor Party doctrines, and of their relevance to contemporary Socialist politics. It is, despite dreary patches, both pro-

vocative and constructive. It is the political testament of a front-bench British Socialist who has, with great intellectual honesty, fought and thought his way through to a coherent theory with enough traditional English empiricism in it, and enough conservative respect for traditional procedures, to make an important impact on the behavior of the Labor Party. It marries economics and politics in at least the right sort of way.

## The Curtain Around Us

*MARTIN BUBER.* The Life of Dialogue. By Maurice S. Friedman. The University of Chicago Press. \$6.

By Abraham Edel

MARTIN BUBER is generally reckoned as the leader of the Judaic wing of contemporary existentialist philosophy, deeply rooted in the mystical Hasidic tradition. His influence on many fields of thought and practice has been strong and is growing steadily. In his writings he has put his finger on many of the ills that afflict the spirit of man in the modern world—the sense of being pushed around and treated as a thing, the loneliness of spirit out of contact with its fellows, the consequent introverted subjectivity and counterpart flight to absolutism, the schism of thought and action. And he has traced the manifestation of these evils in many realms, spelling out in rich detail how they affect the intimate relation of teacher and student, character and personality, the links of man and man in society and the attitudes to God in religion—even down to a critique of conversation in the modern world: the way it emerges distorted into personal monologues without genuine meeting of spirit.

These evaluations of evil proceed from a unified conception of men's

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good. Buber's thinking centers upon the I-Thou relation, a dialogue or meeting which is present, immediate, unitary and in which a man reacts with his whole being. Buber sees this living personal dialogue in religious terms, consummated in relation with the Eternal Thou. It is sharply contrasted with the I-It relation, which is practical and involves *using* nature or people. It includes all science, for pure science too keeps the world at a distance for the purpose of observation. Even a poet looking at a scene and sensing it as a poem is already exploiting it for production. Evil is the predominance of the I-It, in turning away from God. But in spite of all these makings of a system, Buber, like other existentialist philosophers, is the enemy of system. He stresses the concrete particular meeting, and rejects universalization, whether it takes the form of reliance on rules in ethics or an exaggerated place for the law in the Jewish tradition. There is no avoiding the insecurity of the present and no way to face it but by the living dialogue.

Professor Friedman's book is a comprehensive exposition of Buber's outlook. An apt use of quotation lets the magic of Buber's phrase shine in. The book traces background, analyzes special issues such as the problem of evil, summarizes central works bringing out fundamental ideas clearly and in considerable detail and outlines applications in theory of knowledge, education, psychology, ethics and social philosophy. The last of these is of special interest because of the prominent role that

Buber's Zionist labors have played in his life. Here again his emphasis is on organic community to overcome man's dissociation today. He regards the Jewish communes in Palestine as the most promising experiment along lines that are socialistic but avoid forced centralization.

Professor Friedman does omit one essential ingredient: there is no critical evaluation. For example, there is no attempt to separate phenomena from interpretation, or to ask whether the same recommendations in ethics, education, interpersonal relations, could issue from a wholly different philosophical framework, and therefore how closely Buber's fundamental outlook and his values are integrated. Other philosophers are invoked to show either how Buber influenced them, or how their thought corroborates Buber's, or how they misunderstood him. Nor does the author really come to grips sufficiently with the question of how science fits into the picture—whether the awareness induced by knowledge reacts on the quality of the I-Thou relation or inevitably impersonalizes actual living. Unless this is dealt with, the suspicion will remain that the sharpness of the major I-Thou and I-It distinction may be tinged with irrationalism and oriented to shunting science into a secondary role. Finally, a more critical treatment of Buber's approach to the problem of evil seems required,

# John Strachey's

controversial interpretation  
of the forces  
which are revolutionizing  
the capitalist economy

## CONTEMPORARY CAPITALISM

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especially when we are dealing with so sensitive a thinker whose experience carried him through the period of the Nazi outrages. Although this problem is used as a unifying theme throughout the book, and it is always clear what Buber is against, the

author never really develops the proper "distance" at which he could ask whether Buber's notion of the redemption of evil is so much a resolution of the problem as a combination of faith and an indomitable spirit.

## THEATRE

### Stanley Meisler

#### *New Orleans*

"NOBODY outside of New Orleans gives a hoot about Ewing Poteet," claims Ewing Poteet, a smiling, rumpled ex-fiddler, as he goes about his business of trying to whirl the excitement of theatre into the heart of New Orleans. He plies one of the odd American trades. About 1,500 miles from Broadway, Poteet, drama critic for the New Orleans *Item*, covers the waterfront of theatre — the amateur clubs, the touring companies, the college shows. He covers the stuff few give a hoot about.

No one seems to care if Poteet dulls or excites taste for theatre. No one cares if he is foolish or brilliant, if he upholds theatre or sneers at it, if he knows how to write. Yet most Americans turn to writers like Poteet when they want news and comment about theatre. At least 140,000,000 Americans do not read Brooks Atkinson every morning. The words of the New York *Times* drama critic or his Broadway colleagues make no impression on millions who, by harsh chance, live outside metropolitan New York.

The forty-four-year-old Poteet, in his seventh year as *Item* critic, is more than just his newspaper's theatre man. Most non-New York critics are the drama-music-movie-radio-television-nightclub-book-photograph-art editors of their outfits. While Poteet does not dabble in all

these beats, he does have an added chore: he spends half his journalistic hours covering the civil courts of New Orleans.

Fifty per cent courts, 25 per cent music, 25 per cent theatre make up the 100 per cent Poteet. You can't blame the *Item* or any other newspaper for cutting up its culture man. There just isn't enough theatre in cities outside New York to fill the forty-hour week of a reporter.

When Poteet applied to the *Item*

in 1949, he was a musician without a job. Concertmaster for the New Orleans Summer Pops Orchestra, Poteet, who had played with the Cleveland, St. Louis and Kansas City symphonies, failed to make a winter orchestra connection that year. With no previous writing experience or college education, Poteet approached editor Clayton Fritchie, now top man of the *Democratic Digest*, for a job as critic. Fritchie asked for samples. Poteet returned home to Kansas City, reviewed every concert, play, movie, book he encountered, and mailed reams to Fritchie, who promptly hired him.

FOR three years, Poteet's work was 50 per cent movies, 25 per cent theatre, 25 per cent music. But the film houses complained, for Poteet had discovered that not all movies were better than ever, and the managers had discovered that some New Orleanians hearkened. The *Item* shifted Poteet to the courthouse and

### Of History, Fiction, Language

Just as no one works for a living in Oscar Wilde,  
and practically no one does in Henry James,  
so there are histories that eat no bread, or not enough,

and others that are bread alone, or armies alone,  
or mistresses alone, or diplomats alone, and none that, sufficiently,  
eat, fight, bounce baby, and talk six dialects at once.

My daughter, at one, discovered that the negative of O.K.  
is No-K, and Victoria (somewhat older, but only that)  
discovered and said: "We (meaning 'my Us-ness') are not amused,"

which, coming from an Us-ness was automatically an Of Course,  
but added *what* to the resources of language? whereas  
my daughter is tongue enough for all futures. And she is mine,

recorded in this history and no other. A scoop.  
A people with enough daughters in their memory  
will not vote wrong. May she correct Election. I

swear here by Persian, Peloponnesian, and Punic that no  
trumpet ever in time called to its commonplace troopings  
any but private fathers of the Extraordinary,

lovers of ineluctable Herselfs, and unique sons of Places, who,  
ranked in the lie-agreed-upon, one hour on stage  
did nothing much, and all their life in the wings

put meanings to the tongues that count the kings.

JOHN CIARDI

STANLEY MEISLER, newsman in the New Orleans bureau of a wire service, at one time reviewed plays for the Middletown, Ohio, Journal. Harold Clurman, The Nation's regular theatre critic, will shortly return to these columns.

installed the city hall reporter as part-time film critic.

The transfer of Poteet spotlights the way American publishers find critics and criticism expendable. Poteet, easily the most respected New Orleans critic, does not always get appropriate courtesy from his own newspaper. "The *Item* never puts my review in more than one edition," says Poteet. "And it's just slapped wherever they feel like putting it." But the *Item* does slap it somewhere, giving New Orleanians a chance to mull over the musings of a responsible theatre critic. But what good do these musings of Poteet and other non-Broadway reviewers do for the American theatre?

In general, Poteet will agree with Roger Dettmer, drama critic of the *Chicago American*, who says that "in the realm of professional theatre . . . non-Broadway critics — with such exceptions as Chicago, San Francisco and possibly Los Angeles — do nothing for theatre. Most cannot write, few speak with more authority than patent prejudice, most serve as publicity agents in the sense that their review may be considered 'space' for free. Mediocrity is fostered as art; amateurism as something gloriously more; a gift as developed talent or even mature artistry." Poteet hastens to add that he is not one of those Dettmer has in mind.

BUT Poteet does use a sliding critical rule. "I have two standards, one for local college and amateur groups and the other for touring professional companies," he explains. "When the professionals come and ask you to lay an awful lot of money down, you ought to expect something pretty good. In turn, the professionals should expect Broadway reviewing."

Even with this double standard, however, Poteet does not politely glance the other way when an amateur show cracks. "Briefly and baldly," he wrote after seeing a local group in the Ruth and Augustus Goetz adaptation of *The Heiress* by Henry James, "Mr. Cahlan (the director) does not seem to have read his script with all the attention it deserves."

Poteet is not always convinced the

failure of a well-known play is the fault of New Orleans actors. He did not, for example, like the amateur version of Calder Willingham's *End As A Man*. But he quickly exonerated the acting; the play itself was at fault. "Unless this production conceals all its virtues, which we do not believe," he wrote, "*End As A Man* is not a play at all, but almost literally a charade — a charade that spells out in large block letters the author's bitter resentment of some of the more pathological features of military school life. . . . In three acts of turbulent whoop-de-do, nothing really happens."

The professional version of *The Caine Mutiny Court Martial* came to New Orleans right after local amateurs had done the show. Unfortunately William Bendix, like a sick Riley, mumbled through a Captain Queeg role he apparently had not fully memorized. The pros put on a terrible show; the amateurs had been excellent.

Poteet commented calmly on the condescension of professional companies that tour the outposts of American stepculture. "All we know," wrote Poteet, "is that the professionals deserve little of either audiences or their sponsors along the way when their road performances reek of the backward elocution class' spring recital. The greatest lack of [New Orleans] theatrical life is a healthy, flourishing professional theatre, not to supplant but to be complemented by 'tributary' non-professional groups. But if we thought *The Caine Mutiny Court Martial* was the best professional theatre can do we'd say let's shut up shop and stick to the amateurs.

"We want professionals," he added. "We want them sorely. But we want them only on terms of mutual respect."

PERHAPS here is our key to Poteet, a discerning, responsible non-New York critic. His job gives him only limited time to worry about theatre. His experience contains no background of theatrical problems. Yet he must make palatable to a television-and-movie-trained audience the amateur stuffing of local artisans and the professional doles

from a charitable, snobbish New York. As far as Poteet can see, the New Orleans amateurs often prepare a tasty dish; the professionals often stumble on the way. Between New Orleans and New York there is no mutual respect.

Poteet's cry for mutual respect, if America is ever to have real theatre outside New York, is vital. Professionals must concern themselves with the tastes of their far-from-Broadway audiences. They must understand the men who help mold these tastes. They must give a hoot about Ewing Poteet.

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# ART

## Maurice Grosser

WHY IS so little mural painting being done today? The blank walls of our severe buildings in the contemporary style cry aloud for decoration. The clients of these buildings are certainly rich enough to pay for painting and we have plenty of painters around. The principal difficulty, I suspect, is one of subject matter. Nobody can think of a story worth painting.

In a finished picture subject matter does not seem very important. It tends to disappear behind the much more striking idiosyncracies of the painter's style. A picture of a countess and one of an inhabitant of a *maison close* differ principally for the spectator in that one is by Degas and the other by Toulouse-Lautrec. Nevertheless, the two simple notions—that one of these ladies was respectable and the other was not—were the generating ideas which made the pictures possible.

Subject matter in this sense—something that interests the painter enough to keep him at his best throughout his labor—is particularly difficult in the case of mural painting. Here the subject must be broad enough to interest a great many people and at the same time complex and personal enough to inspire the painter. In the past the stories of Christian iconography, royal grands and pagan myth furnished neutral subject matter, interesting to everybody and accepting from the painter any amount of elaboration. The stories embodied a way of thinking normal to the time. The painter was expected to illustrate and embroider, not to convince.

Today, the subjects found fecund in the past give as much trouble. Commerce and industry, the life of Christ, the pleasures of middle-class life (so productive for the impressionists), the noble workman, the history of our country, or the statement of a political creed—all these, when

treated on the walls of a public building, tend to become a form of advertising instead of painting.

Some painting of this sort was attempted in this country under the WPA. As we all remember, it generally took as subject some mild form of political or social betterment and proved to be so completely without interest that almost no mural painting has been seen here since. There has also been a great deal of mural painting of this order in Mexico during the last three decades. But these pictures can scarcely be called real painting. With their simplicities and violences, they are rather examples of the political poster, and are as useless to our contemporary architecture as are the competent and shallow optimism of highway billboards.

IT IS A question, I think, of the painter's sincerity. With these impersonal generalizations as subject matter the painter finds himself doing a form of commercial art. He is illustrating ideas which he has reason to believe are approved of by his client. He is addressing himself, not to his client, but to a vague entity he knows only as his client's public, and he must do this using his client's words. Whereas real painting, to have any sort of integrity, must be painted about things which interest the painter himself.

Consequently, a good mural painting in the past has always been a large picture of the things the painter liked to paint, and differed from his easel pictures only in size, visibility at a distance and scale. Modern architecture could be satisfied with pictures such as these. But large pictures in the representational style, painted of something which was of personal interest to the painter, are rare and probably expensive.

Since pictures with subject matter have proved to be so difficult to paint and to find, the standard decoration of new buildings in recent years has been painting in the modern style, with as little subject

matter as possible. Unfortunately, the style adopted for these murals has for the most part been the style out of which modern architecture itself derives—the straight line cut-outs of the Bauhaus, the cylindrical forms of Léger or the dry rectangles of Mondrian—all that would seem most rigid and dehumanized in modern art. This does not work well at all. Modern architecture needs as a relief from its own severity something with a great deal more ease and freedom.

THIS need is satisfied, I believe, by the painters grouped under the name of abstract expressionists. The school has many adherents both here and abroad. Pollock, De Kooning, Rothko, Matthieu are a few that come to mind. They are reputed the most revolutionary of present-day painters. In reality, this excessive comment should not frighten anyone. Judging from the work itself, they appear to form an academy of eclectic modernism. They seek to combine in their pictures—as did the Academy of Bologna—the best qualities of the painters they most admire: in this case Miro, Klee and Kandinsky instead of Leonardo, Michelangelo and Raphael. They employ as a rigorous working method the automatic techniques—the disciplines of spontaneity and of non-meaning—which are akin to the technique of automatic writing used by some modern poets, and which can be called academic since they are taught today in all the schools. These painters' most striking characteristics are the large size of their canvases and their systematic use of the accidents, the drips, runs and spatters which can happen in applying wet paint to a surface.

The pictures of these abstract expressionists suit admirably the modern buildings. They are large, free in execution, decorative and completely without embarrassment of subject matter. There is no story to be illustrated, no meaning the spectator can be asked to comprehend. Their subject matter—in spite of the punning, poetic or divergent titles they frequently give their pictures, and in spite of the somewhat obscure philosophizing with which

MAURICE GROSSER is a well-known painter and author of *The Painter's Eye*.

the school is promoted—is the paint surface of the picture itself. The freedom and variety of this surface marries perfectly with the habitual severity of contemporary architecture. The relative excellence of one of these pictures is easy to determine, for it depends entirely on the beauty of shapes, colors, textures and their arrangement. There is no trouble about scale; the pictures can be executed as large as needed without excessive effort on the painter's part. In short, this school has probably produced the most useful style of wall decoration yet to appear in our century.

But, however useful this work may be, and however brilliant a future I believe is in store for it, I must nevertheless insist that it belongs among the applied and not among the fine arts. Real painting has two characteristics which these pictures do not possess—it exploits a third dimension and it communicates ideas.

Painting is not the work of a solipsist. The painter acts as if he were one of Leibnitz's monads, reflecting all the other elements in the universe. As Manet said: the painter is an eye. He is a conscious being living in a special world. The drama and the tension of his painting comes from this duality: of the outside world in which he moves, and the inner world within his mind which feels, distorts, rejects and chooses. The painting which shuts itself off from the outside world and ignores its extension in space and its emotional and motor connotations, will limit its subject matter to the visceral tensions, its images to the sexual symbols and its ends to an inappropriate imitation of the art of music.

It must be admitted that a great deal of abstract expressionism's success as decoration comes from its careful avoidance of all communication. The egg-and-dart, the Greek key, the Persian pomegranate, could not be used as decorative motives until they had lost their original ceremonial meanings; the shape of an Oriental script seems pretty to us because we do not know what it means. Nevertheless, pure decoration is something painters have always sought to avoid. Picasso himself,

quite early in his career, abandoned strict cubism because it seemed to lead to decoration, and to keep his pictures in the realm of legitimate painting took to using emotional and even violent subject matter. This, however, the abstract expressionists will not do. Their unrelieved loyalty to the discipline of non-meaning renders them incapable of communicating a visual idea, or even of transmitting a personal emotion. I am aware that the artist who uses these automatic techniques is frequently convinced that his work is heavy with meaning. But these are meanings which do not communicate and which, at their clearest, express only the vast banalities of the unconscious mind.

As for the other quality which distinguishes real painting—the use of a third dimension—all appearance of depth or of solid form is so consistently absent that one is frequently led to suspect that the painters have been insufficiently trained. This, I know, is not true of De Kooning, and may be a willful affection on the part of the other painters as well. Nevertheless, their firm refusal to render space, to depict a world or to communicate an idea, whether it be from caprice or necessity, removes them from among the painters and places them among the decorators and artisans.

But this is a value judgment and has little to do with the matter at hand. The painters are skillful, inventive and sensitive. Their work is handsome, useful, and has great variety. The elements out of which it is made are well known and everywhere accepted. The publicity which promotes the school is controversial, asserting, as it does, that these painters are the bearers of some obscure and portentous message. But the pictures themselves are not controversial in any way. Once their immense value as decoration is admitted, and their negligible interest as poetry is avowed, the public resistance to these painters can only disappear and their work will receive the wide employment it so well deserves.

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gressions; and Wilbye's *Lady, When I Behold*, with wonderful harmonic progressions too. And on the other hand a number of earlier pieces by Tallis, Edwards, Johnson, Shepherd and anonymous composers, most of them lovely, and a couple—Johnson's *Defiled Is My Name* and the anonymous *The Bitter Sweet*—poignant and moving. The performances again are extraordinary in their refinement of tone and phrasing.

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727, which has Dowland's *First Book of Ayres* sung as solo songs, duets and four-part madrigals, one is struck first by the less beautiful tone and less sensitive phrasing of the Pro Musica Antiqua of Brussels as a group, and by its foreign-accented English, and later by the poor voices of the tenor and bass in solo performances. But these defects don't prevent one from enjoying the beautiful pieces, of which the ones in slow tempo—*Would My Conceit; All Ye Whom Love or Fortune; Dear, If You Change*, and *Go, Crystal Tears*—are rich-textured and powerfully expressive.

DELLER'S counter-tenor and subtle phrasing are heard on Oiseau-Lyre 50102 in several engaging songs with lute accompaniment, most of them by Campian, and in the uninteresting Cantata *Jubilate Domino* by Buxtehude. Uninteresting too is the Buxtehude Fugue in C played on the organ by Denis Vaughan; but the Cantata *In Dulci Jubilo* sung by Eileen McLoughlin, soprano, Deller and Maurice Bevan, counter-tenor, is pleasant to listen to.

Another uninteresting Buxtehude piece, the *Aperite mihi portas justitiae* from a cantata for alto, tenor and bass, is on Victor LM-1968, *The Art of Aksel Schiotz*, which offers dubbings of a number of the Danish tenor's pre-war recordings. He is heard also in "*Ich will bei meinem Jesu wachen*," one of the better arias of Bach's *St. Matthew Passion*; the uninteresting "*Frohe Hirten eilt*" from Bach's *Christmas Oratorio*; the pleasant "*Mit Würd und Hoheit*" from Haydn's *The Creation*; the fine "*Every Valley*" from Handel's *Messiah*; and four Mozart arias: "*Un aura amorosa*" from *Così fan Tutte*, "*Dies Bildnis*" from *The Magic Flute*, "*Dalla sua pace*" and "*Il mio tesoro*" from *Don Giovanni*. The deployment and inflection of the voice in phrases of melody, its suppleness in florid passages, are highly impressive; but the voice itself, which I remember thinking very beautiful when I heard it on 78-rpm records, now has a curious timbre that I find unattractive and monotonous. It may have been altered in the transfer to LP.

Anny Felbermayer, on Vanguard 481, sings the sixteen songs of Mozart that Schwarzkopf recorded on Angel 35270, and eight more, including the charming *Die Verschweigung*; but she gives only a couple of stanzas of the superb ironically humorous song *Die Alte*. Her soprano voice no longer has the exquisite crystalline quality it had, but it is still beautiful; and she uses it in these songs with admirable musical taste and expressive effect. Only in one instance does her singing fall far short of Schwarzkopf's: in *Die Alte* Felbermayer achieves nothing comparable with the pointing up of the humor by Schwarzkopf's dramatized performance. Erik Werba's piano accompaniments on the Vanguard record are not as sensitive as Giese-king's on the Angel record; and not only are Vanguard's texts less convenient to read, but the one of *Trennungslied* is a muddle which can't be related to the performance.

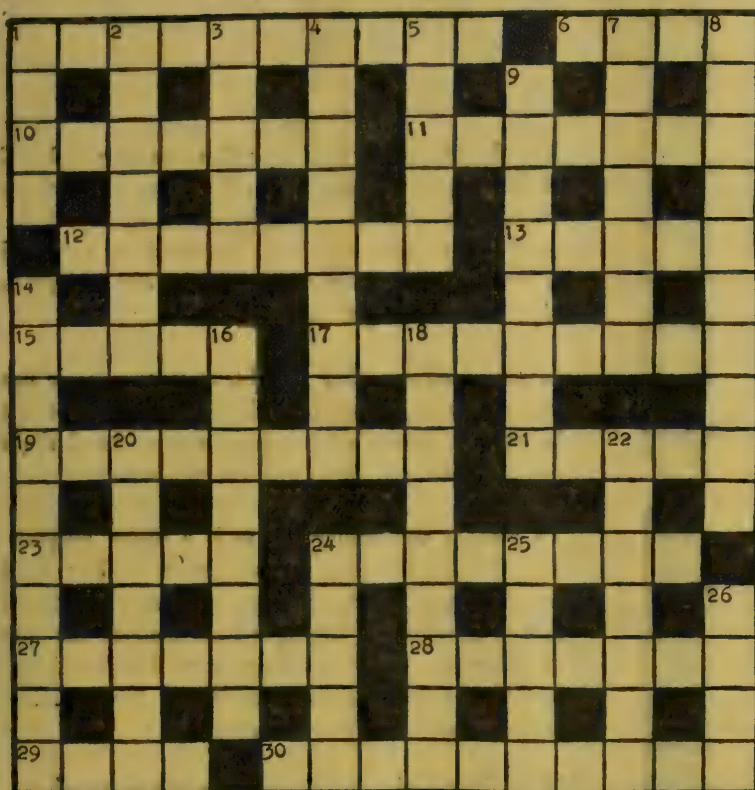
Angel 35219 offers the last fourteen songs of Schubert known as *Schwanengesang*, sung by Hotter with vocal beauty and flawless art in expressive phrasing, and with fine piano accompaniments by Gerald Moore.

No such vocal beauty is heard in Rehfuss' performances of Wolf's Michelangelo songs and several others on London LL-1318; and I recommend Hotter's performances of the Michelangelo songs on Angel 35057 instead. As for Musorgsky's *Songs and Dances of Death* on the reverse side, Rehfuss uses the Rimsky-Korsakov falsification and sings it in French; and I therefore recommend George London's performance on Columbia ML-4906. The London record provides no texts for these songs that follow the words so closely.

Vanguard 478 now offers on one record the Mahler songs to texts from *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* that were on 412/3. They are early but characteristic in moods and style; and some are very fine. Poell sings with remarkable vocal beauty, musical intelligence and expressive force; Lorna Sydney with a voice that is breathy and tremulous; and the Vienna State Opera Orchestra plays well under Prohaska.

# Crossword Puzzle No. 687

By FRANK W. LEWIS



## ACROSS:

- 1 and 18 down Hoping past performances may not be memorable? (3, 7, 2, 7)
- 6 See 11 across
- 10 A C should be, and I got mixed up in the sort of race which is proverbially hectic. (7)
- 11 and 6 Wagner thought it sublime. (7, 4)
- 12 Commits what one might do in tracking. (8)
- 13 It's the limit when Australians go for this! (5)
- 15 The start of counterfeit notes. (5)
- 17 Some find their ring to make good music. (9)
- 19 One of thirteen that might be in hand after 11. (5, 4)
- 21 A long synonym. (5)
- 23 Another article in the 1 down, perhaps. (5)
- 24 Rather large with a mouse like one of the three blind ones. (Implying the second mate can't be recognized.) (8)
- 27 23 without the relative beginning would scarcely be pure. (7)
- 28 Rather unsettled, to say the least. (7)
- 29 One of the things that Cupid and Campaspe played at cards for. (4)
- 30 Is the sick actor radically so? How unfortunate! (3-7)

## DOWN:

- 1 The authority stemming from pound or pence? (4)

- 2 Some tire? Quite the opposite! (7)
- 3 21 takes a different direction here for some time. (5)
- 4 A long coat, but with certainly more than one side to it. (9)
- 5 Crepe especially has such fine points. (5)
- 7 Cocked with five sides less than 4. (7)
- 8 Stepping back to push the bell around the exit? (10)
- 9 Generally speaking, used intensively around the globe. (8)
- 14 Attacked by a Satellite? (4-6)
- 16 Holmes suggested we tear such an ensign down. (8)
- 18 See 1 across
- 20 Darts, somewhat longer than spears. (7)
- 22 Apart from this, it's similar beneath. (7)
- 24 Keep out Candidate Smith? How trite! (5)
- 25 This snake is commonly female, at least to a degree. (5)
- 26 Run before the gale. (4)

## SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO 686

ACROSS: 1 HUNCHBACKED; 9 HANDSOME; 10 SHADOW; 11 THERAPY; 12 FLATTER; 14 DENIER; 15 HEDGEROW; 17 INVESTOR; 20 BOOTES; 22 SWALLOW; 24 BRIEFLY; 26 BREATH; 27 GALVANIC; 28 HARD-HEARTED; DOWN: 2 UNDERMINE; 4 BOER; 5 CASTLED; 6 EXALT; 7 MASHIE; 8 BOLERO; 13 AND 3 SHARECROPPER; 16 EXONERATE; 18 NEWARK; 19 TOOTHED; 20 BURLAR; 21 ECLAIR; 23 LLAMA; 25 AGUE.

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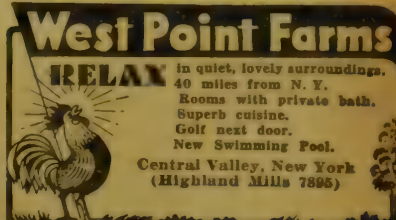
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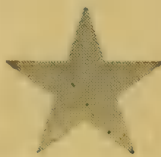
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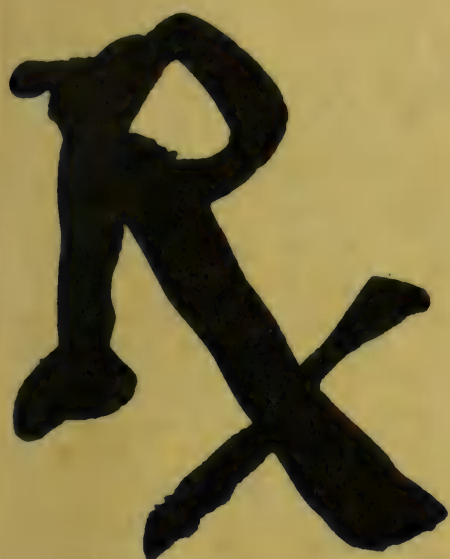
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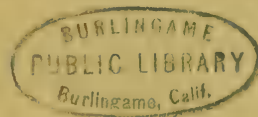
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by Kenneth Burke



# LETTERS

## Terror in Greece

Dear Sirs: Having returned recently from Athens, I can not resist denouncing the conspiracy of silence which throttles all news concerning the political prisons and island concentration camps of Greece. If any one subject is taboo in the American press, this is it; even conditions in Franco's Spain are reported occasionally, but the various American-dominated governments of Greece have been sacrosanct and apparently considered beyond the range of journalistic criticism.

How many Americans know that at least two thousand Greek women and upwards of four thousand men have been kept in medieval-style jails and over-crowded concentration camps, many for as long as eleven years? How many know that in Greece a simple demand for a wage increase or a criticism of the country's corrupt economy suffices to put the dissident in hand-cuffs for "Communist activity"? Of the thousands of American tourists who this summer are visiting Greece, few are aware that behind the façade of insolent luxury, dire misery stalks the land. In a nation of nine million, almost three million have been designated as "paupers" by a government service having no reason to blow up this particular statistic! No wonder that candidates never have been lacking to fill the unspeakable prisons and island detention centers.

On these islands, conditions can only be compared to those that existed in Germany's infamous concentration camps. With a total lack of medical care, a maximum daily diet of 1,500 calories and forced labor the rule, the health of each prisoner is systematically broken. No rules govern the management of these island hells, nor have they been opened to any form of international inspection. For the most part untried, and indeed unaccused of specific crimes, the inmates linger on until rescued by death. Nearly all suffer from more than one major ailment, the most common being pulmonary, cardiac, nervous and digestive complaints; young and old have lost their teeth; few are not affected by defective eyesight. During last winter, the coldest of the century, scores of men and women, weakened by chronic undernourishment, died of cold and exposure; the torrid heat of summer is proving fatal to many more.

It seems unbelievable that at a time when international tensions are relaxing, a so-called democracy should maintain

these conditions of terror. Only the connivance of Greece's allies (the United States in the first instance) permits this to happen. Is it not high time that the American people demand that look behind the scenes which has been so long delayed?

D. L. WILLOUGHBY

London

## He Stood for Nothing

Dear Sirs: Whatever the merits of Senator Kennedy, the fact that he was backed in the Democratic convention by opposing interests is evidence that he stood for nothing. Whatever the weakness of Estes Kefauver, we have to thank him for saving the party from the control of a coalition of Eastern bosses, racial bigots and religious authoritarians. In 1860 the racists controlled the party, in 1920 the bosses dominated, in 1928 the authoritarians had their way; in 1956 a combination of all three, with a very clever strategy and a liberal camouflage, was unable to win. The significance of the victory needs to be remarked because by covering it up the reactionaries increase the possibility of their returning to power.

PHILIP F. MAYER

Swarthmore, Pa.

## Where Reason Fails

Dear Sirs: As part of his analysis of the logic of liberalism, in your July 28 issue, Richard Wollheim examines briefly the contention that "the findings of modern psychology have obliterated the picture of man as a thinking, calculating being that is essential to the 'optimistic' social thought of Condorcet or Mill." This contention he rejects as not valid. If psychoanalysis has, he says, "laid bare the extent to which the mind also consists of non-rational elements, the practice of analysis shows the extent to which these elements can be subdued by reason."

No doubt there are psychologists or psychiatrists among your readers who will challenge this statement. But if none should come forward, perhaps even a layman may be permitted to question it on the basis of what he had supposed to be generally known and accepted. Surely it is an unusual conception of analysis to regard it as subduing, by reason, the non-rational elements of human nature. Is not analysis rather a process by which a mind enslaved by emotion is, by means of this very same emotion—guided by the analyst—liberated and made again accessible to reason? This is quite a different thing from subduing the non-rational through

reason. Indeed, is it not the chief value of analysis that it can succeed in situations impenetrable to reason alone?

I feel that Mr. Wollheim's gallant espousal of the traditional liberal belief that truth will inevitably triumph if allowed free expression certainly calls for firmer substantiation than he saw fit to give it.

D. L. HARLEY

Martinsburg, W. Va.

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# The Shape of Things

## Advice from Joe Smith

It is good to learn from Mr. Stevenson's speech to party leaders in Santa Fe that he intends to "listen as well as talk" in these pre-campaign sessions, particularly to the Joe Smiths. After we ourselves listened to a number of Joe Smiths recently, we have this friendly advice to pass along to Mr. Stevenson.

Turn a deaf ear, sir, to those who tell you that your first job is to get elected. Of course it is. But this notion, usually advanced by idealistic amateurs after their first rude brush with political realities, suggests that the wise candidate will indulge in Aesopian language, sidestep the tough issues and place unlimited confidence in the political "pros." One thing wrong with this approach is that it often insulates the candidate from the real issues, which are not always the issues that are debated in partisan terms. In 1952 the Korean War was a case in point. The platforms did not project it as a partisan issue nor was it debated in these terms; nevertheless Mr. Eisenhower's promise to go to Korea, if elected, was taken by the people as a statement of his determination to end the war.

There is a similar issue in this campaign and it could well prove to be the undoing of the Democrats. The platform does not present it quite as clearly as the respective acceptance speeches. Carefully avoiding the clichés of the cold war, the President made it clear that he is firmly determined to bridge "the great chasm" which separates the Soviet bloc from the so-called Western bloc. His attitude was conciliatory and hopeful; he wants to pursue the openings that have developed in the post-Stalin period and carry forward the various exchange programs. On the other hand, Mr. Stevenson put the emphasis not on conciliation but on reversing "the spread of communism." To some Joe Smiths, he seemed more concerned with "winning the cold war" than with safeguarding the peace. This disturbs many Joe Smiths, particularly those who regard the Democratic Party on its record as being somewhat more susceptible to pressures of a kind likely to lead to war than the Republicans under Eisenhower.

To Mr. Stevenson, then, we say: Don't let the President outflank you on the issue of peace as he did in 1952. The rumor making the rounds that Marshal Zhukov may be invited to Washington late in October

suggests that the President may be planning once again to walk off with this issue. And, incidentally, the fact that Mr. Dulles put on one of his rare demonstrations of statesmanship-by-negotiation in London may not be unrelated to the circumstance that the Suez discussions took place during the convention season. In short, Mr. Stevenson, don't let peaceful co-existence versus a continuance of the cold war shape up as an issue even by indirection. And the way to prevent this is for you to ignore the cold warriors in the Democratic Party. Use your remarkable eloquence to convince the people that you, too, realize that the hope for peace lies not in belligerent, provocative, get-tough statements or the assertion of rigid positions which preclude negotiation, but by conciliation and persuasion of the kind that will be discussed by your warm supporter, Mr. W. H. Davis, in our next issue.

## Dreams of Imperial Grandeur

Marshal Juin's declaration at Vichy (Aug. 27) for a federated status for Algeria within the French Union marks an about-face in his own ultra-imperialist position and may well presage a turning point in the long drawn-out colonial war. The statement was an unexpected blow to the bitter-enders, now branded as "retrograde conservatives," who have blindly resisted any change in Algeria's position as a second-class French province. The Marshal was considered their real if occult leader; he was the "strong man" who could be relied on against the politicians in Paris and in extremity undertake a Franco-like expedition to put the "house in order." With Juin's reversal the Socialist government should regain the initiative for the first time since last February when Mollet abandoned it to a riotous colonial mob at Algiers.

Strong coincidence marks the Marshal's declaration and Colonel Nasser's moral victory in the Suez Canal imbroglio. Disappointment was keen among the French at the outcome of the Suez conference. "The secondary, even the principal, aims of the preparatory meetings at London," *Le Monde* editorialized, "the loss of prestige inflicted on the Nasser regime, the check to pan-Arab ambitions will not be attained." This followed a prevailing notion that the Algerian rebellion has been "instigated by foreign agitators" — mainly at Cairo. Hence when Nasser nationalized the canal, the tone of most of the French journals rose to a fever pitch. Less concerned probably with the fate of the canal



than with settling accounts with Egypt, the press was impatient with negotiations; it demanded immediate and resolute steps — even military ones. French diplomacy pursued a similar course. Caught between Russian support of Egypt and Dulles' moderating counsel, the French had either to take unilateral action or give up the idea entirely.

Another factor is the military situation in Algeria. Hopes for an early victory are waning. Despite an array of 450,000 soldiers against primitively armed guerrilla bands, the "rebellion" is stronger than ever. Jacques Soustelle, former Resident Minister in Algeria, writes in *Figaro* that "the rebellion has spread immensely in area and urban terrorism has increased considerably." Soustelle's evolution is symbolic. He went to Algeria a liberal; he left it an arch-colonialist. He has now shifted again to the position taken by Mendès-France: that France should now declare its intentions by decreeing a new status for Algeria to take effect when hostilities come to an end.

It is true that Soustelle, who anticipated Juin by a few days, rejects negotiations with the rebels, and demands that the new sovereignty be proclaimed on a "take it or leave it" basis. Marshal Juin's altered attitude is also linked to a frustrated ambition of establishing a unified Nato command in North Africa with himself as chief, a military vantage point from which he would hope to dominate metropolitan French politics. Nevertheless, the weakening of the intransigent French Right could be turned to good use by the Mollet government. A solid majority of the French people voted for the Left last January because of its promise to end the war in Algeria. Mollet, however, yielded to the minority — and a tiny one at that — which would hear of nothing but force. The Resident Minister in Algeria, Lacoste, spurned all opportunities for negotiations. He refused to fight on two fronts at the same time, he said: against the rebels and against the colonials. The second front is now collapsing, or can easily be collapsed. That should allow the Socialist government to get back in step with the twentieth century, to stop wasting the patrimony of France on nostalgic dreams of imperial grandeur.

## The Passport Duel

In a prolonged duel with those who have challenged the validity of its passport policies, the State Department has managed to avoid a decisive court test by making minor concessions at the zero hour. Four years ago, a federal court declared that American citizens had a Constitutional right to travel and held that the State Department's policies interfered with this right. In subsequent court decisions, the department was told that it cannot rely on the Attorney General's listings in denying passports (the Schachtman case); that passport applicants must be given a quasi-judicial hearing (the Otto Nathan and Clark Foreman cases);

and that passport applicants have a right to face their accusers and to know the evidence against them (the Leonard Boudin case). Yet each time the department's critics appear to have forced a showdown, Mr. Dulles buys a little more time by making a concession. Most recently he has done this by granting Mr. Boudin a passport after a year-long duel in the courts. In the meantime, Mr. Boudin and five of his clients, all involved in passport litigation, were hailed before the House Committee on Un-American Activities in an effort to discourage their zeal in forcing the passport issue to a final decision. One of them, Dr. Otto Nathan, has been cited for contempt. Why does Mr. Dulles insist on continuing this duel? He can't be accused of being "soft" on non-conformists. Four years of stout resistance and studied evasion of court decisions is enough to win immunity from the charge of favoring adherence to Constitutional principles. It is time Mr. Dulles acknowledged the clear judicial handwriting on the wall and capitulated.

## Turning the Clock Back

The West German constitutional court's decision outlawing the Communist Party has set the clock back by several decades. Some West German newspapers, such as the *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung* and *Die Welt*, have tried to rationalize the decision by saying that constitutional provisions made it unavoidable. Besides, they say, the judges had only to glance across the Elbe to see what a dictatorship of the proletariat is like. Still others have said that the court's decision can be easily set aside: all the East German government needs to do is to consent to all-German free elections. (No one, of course, suggests how long the freedom of the Communist Party would last once reunification had been achieved.) The point about the constitution is equally fallacious. The West German constitution is provisional; it remains in force only until Germany is reunited. But the court's decision may well hinder reunification. And even those who defend the decision cannot help wondering why it was necessary to ban a political party that only managed to poll 2.2 per cent of the votes cast in the last federal election and failed to win a single *Bundestag* seat.

The Social Democrats opposed the decision on the stated ground that the elimination of the Communist Party is a political task to be achieved by open political methods; transferring the problem to the courts was not likely to aid in Germany's political development. But the Social Democrats may well have had another consideration in mind. Banning the Communist Party is only the first step in a familiar process. The government must now prevent Communists from "infiltrating" the Social Democratic Party. Thus the basis has been laid for an elaborate witch hunt that can only aid the Right. Once again German destiny begins to unroll.

# RECIPE FOR PROSPERITY

“Borrow. Buy. Waste. Want.” .. by KENNETH BURKE

SOME YEARS AGO, in fact just before the stock-market crash of '29, I wrote an article entitled *Waste—or the Future of Prosperity*. It was a burlesque, done along the lines of Veblen's ingeniously ironic formula, “conspicuous consumption,” as used in his *Theory of the Leisure Class*. The article worked up several variants on this theme, finding much merriment in such paradoxes as the fact that our people, who had been systematically led to believe that the maximum use of new manufactured objects is a sure sign of one's moral and social election, were kept frantically busy turning out labor-saving devices, that the more our consumers wasted the more they could buy (hence the greater the waste the greater the prosperity), and that, insofar as people failed in their economic function as wasters, there could always be recourse to wars, since in wars and the preparation for wars the amount of production for waste is prodigious. In sum, our position was: “We realize now that culture resides in *prosperity*, that prosperity is the outgrowth of *production*, that production can only follow *consumption*, that the maximum consumption is made possible by the maximum possible *waste*, and therefore that *culture depends upon a maximum of waste*. (At least until there is nothing more to waste.)”

In particular I centered on the automobile industry, taking Henry Ford as the symbol of that industry.

I think it's the only article I ever made any real money out of. In fact, I have sold it several times, and once a part of it was reprinted without consulting me. One sale (psst!) actually was to *Reader's Digest*. That was the most remunerative; but I should add: the sale was to a

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*Reader's Digest* then in a mood much different from its moods now. But, alas! I, too, am in a mood much different now from my moods then; and I couldn't now, for the life of me, stir up the spirit, not even out of a bottle, to cavort hilariously about such matters now as I did then.

Hegel remarks somewhere that all great, world-historical facts and personages occur, as it were, twice. He has forgotten to add: the first time as tragedy, the second as farce. And I nearly forgot to add that I am quoting from the opening sentences of *The Eighteenth Brumaire of Louis Bonaparte*, by one K\*rl M\*rx. However, in accordance with my nature, I would use the words revisionistically: for I am dealing with the fact that, whereas over twenty-five years ago I considered



the so-called Higher Standard of Living fit subject for a farce (insofar as this mode of life relied so heavily upon scientifically organized methods for goading the citizens of a great nation into a frantic scramble to buy unneeded things), now, in the years of my decline, I would look upon this same state of affairs as material for an almost awesome tragedy (albeit a tragedy that lends itself, in flashes, to such shrewdly morose and wincing appreciation as can at times go with high comedy.)

The terror derives from the fact that, to a great degree, unless we can somehow mend our economic ways and modify our naive and

even crude response to the range of things made possible by applied science, there is no other solution for us but to persevere in the current frenzy, a frenzy largely maintained by the paid priesthood of advertising and by the corresponding paid or unpaid priesthoods of the arts.

My article—like all burlesques—was based on what I thought was a grossly exaggerated statement of my case. But recently (in their May 5 and June 16 issues) *Business Week* published two articles that startled me, and even nonplussed me, by offering as simple gospel a line that, if I could have thought of it when I was writing my burlesque a bit more than a jubilee ago, I'd certainly have used as the perfect frisky summing-up of my thesis. “Just past the midmark of the 20th Century,” we read, “it looks as though all of our business forces are bent on getting every one . . .” (and here is the notable slogan) to “Borrow. Spend. Buy. Waste. Want.”

I would then have looked upon such a slogan as ideal material for a farce. Now presumably it is to be taken in full earnest.

IN MY original article, also, I thought I was making much sport of the trick psychological devices whereby a customer with a perfectly serviceable car was persuaded that he should get rid of it because there was a newer model available. In particular, I geyed the doctrine of “obsolescence” that was implied in such high-pressure selling tactics. But now I find *Business Week* referring quite respectfully to the way in which General Motors “adopted the annual model change, helping to establish the auto industry's renowned principle of ‘planned obsolescence.’” I had mistakenly thought that the principle was a joke; by now it has become “renowned.”

A correction of another sort is in order, too. I had featured Henry



Ford as the person most responsible for this type of economy. However, the articles in *Business Week* point out that, on the contrary, Henry Ford was an old-timer ("the archetype of the production man") with an antiquated Puritanical notion that, if you gave people a serviceable car at a price made progressively lower by increased sales, a car that the buyer might use for several or even many years before it needed replacement, you would have done enough. According to *Business Week*, it was General Motors that freed us of such old-fashioned nonsense, and started the rat-race of the annual change-over, plus the inducements of ever-lengthening time for payment on the installment plan; and Ford was reluctantly driven to the same methods by the pressures of the situation, with its technologically and financially Darwinian competition for survival.

The articles help us see how, when other industries such as appliances and plastics developed by following the same marketing procedures as General Motors, we finally came to have, in all its perfection, "the Consumption Economy," the "age of distribution, of the consumer and his foibles," in brief the Grand Convergence or Fatal Confluence of the factors that make up what now usually goes by the honorific title (and perhaps partial misnomer) of "The Higher Standard of Living."

This, then, according to *Business Week*, is the age in which "Consumer is King." And I'd like to round out my statement by meditating briefly on that resonant formula.



First, I couldn't help recalling the gnarled philosopher, Friedrich Nietzsche, who went crazy at the thought that the modern world was undergoing a moral upheaval, a "transvaluation of all values." But if these articles in *Business Week* are reliable evidence, then the Nietzschean supermen of our modern sales philosophy can take a revolution in moral standards simply as a matter of course. Many people, we are told, "are upset by what they see as an enormous emphasis on materialism and triviality" in the contemporary scene. Whereat the articles accurately pit their bright new asyndeton ("Borrow. Spend. Buy. Waste. Want.") against "all the old admonitions" that "appear to have been outdated," such *Poor Richard* proverbial saws in behalf of frugality and thrift as "Neither a borrower nor a lender be. . . . Waste not, want not. . . . A penny saved is a penny earned. . . . A fool and his money are soon parted." Discussing the "danger in thrift," the articles note that if the typical consumer should take it into his head to buy only the things he really needed, "he would scare the life out of business men and economists."

But fortunately (and we seem to have here a modernized variant of the paradox in Mandeville's *Fable of the Bees*, whose individual greed brought prosperity to the hive), the typical consumer "seems to prefer living just barely within his means. This may be profligate and short-sighted of him, in some people's eyes, but it is a powerful stimulus to the economy,"—and the statement looks to me as though it could be fairly translated: "This may not be morally good for the individual, but it is good for business." Or, more bluntly, the obvious *ethical* question which should always guide a state, "What is business good for?" is almost imperceptibly translated into a quite different *economic* counterpart, "What is good for business?" For the *Business Week* version of a business ethics would seem to be somewhat like the ethics of a tavern-keeper who thought it his business to get us all stinko drunk and keep us so. But surely ethical business admonishes a buyer, and

does not merely seek to make a fool of him. Meanwhile I begin to fear that what I thought was pardonable in my burlesque only because burlesque is by definition a playful exaggeration, is now presented to us as the Ideal Norm. But that can't be business ethics. Here it looks to me as though the congregation is being wronged by its priesthood. Business helps supply us—and that's a good job. And surely we don't have to become damfool spenders for business to carry out its role.

AS A MATTER of fact, one might even go a step further and ask whether, over the long run, promiscuous spending really is so good for business if, as tested by the rule of the Higher Standard of Living, the economic function of business is to see that the maximum amount of money is being spent on the output of our mines, mills, factories, farms and the like. For when a buyer is induced to buy on credit, then in proportion as his indebtedness increases, more and more of his income must eventually go to pay the interest charges on his loans. Thus eventually his creditors are taking a handsome cut out of his income; and thus, to the extent of that cut, in the long run a buyer cannot buy as much as he could have bought had he proceeded at a slower pace and bought always for cash.

However, the argument in behalf of systematic goading of the people into long-term installment buying may be that, had they bought purely on a cash basis, they would never have bought as much unnecessary goods in the first place. For when credit terms look easy, presumably there will be a greater temptation to adopt an easy-come-easy-go attitude that takes on obligations as lightly as the supermen of the *Business Week* articles seem to have taken on a reversal of moral values.

But maybe we have been proceeding too fast. For maybe, in trying to get an accurate insight into the possible cultural issues involved here, we should take a closer look at the assumption that this really is the Age of the Consumer. True: this "age of plenty" does contain a whole new wilderness of machine-made in-

novations available for a customer to buy if and when the fancy strikes him. But we should also remember that, at the same time, even greater mountains of productivity have gone into goods, such as munitions, about which the individual member of the mass-market has no say-so whatever. And in the search for the exact proportion among the motivational ingredients in our culture, we should not allow ourselves to be too distracted by the gawdy stuff in the store windows on Main Street.

Indeed, it's fortunate for our economy that a vast proportion of our productivity does go into goods not accessible to the fluctuations of the mass-market. (I refer to such resources as investment by private corporations in plant expansion, but above all to the vast sums spent by the government for defense, rivers, harbors, dams, reclamation, highways, housing, crop subsidies, direct or indirect subsidizing of exports and the like.) For insofar as the Higher Standard of Living involves the mass-production of goods for sale to individual customers in mass-markets, it is necessarily synonymous with maximum instability.

What we might call the "Inevitability of Instability" in the Higher Standard is inherent in the fact that, by definition, the Higher Standard is preponderantly a realm of "conveniences" or "improvements" rather than basic "necessities." And even where they are "necessities" (as with automobiles in many cases) they may be "post-ponable" purchases (as our old car may do well enough for a while yet, if we decide that at present we can't afford a new one). As a result, "business men and economists are much concerned with what is now frequently called 'discretionary' spending, or the outlay on things which there is no pressing need to buy." And though one expert is quoted as thinking that "the whimsical nature of consumer spending" is likely to be exaggerated, we also note: "Since each shift of a percentage point between spending and saving can mean a difference of \$2.5 billion in the nation's expenditures on goods and services, it is no wonder that business men and econo-



mists have been nervous about the personal-savings rate."

The articles say nothing about the kinds of production and consumption that, in falling outside the power of the individual consumer to cast an economic vote by buying or not buying, can counteract the instability natural to such a situation. The omission in itself is no scandal, since the articles were not on the subject of production as a whole. They were dealing only with production for mass-consumption. But in their engrossment with their subject, they make the individual consumer loom too large, even in his role as member of a great homogeneous band of similar consumers who tend to buy like him if they have the same income. And above all, the articles can make us overlook the cultural possibilities of stabilization in this other kind of production and consumption that lies beyond the consumer's direct jurisdiction.

True, such stabilizing kinds of production have various problems of their own. The most obvious instance would be the case where in times of peace a threatened sag in

the civilian economy is prevented by an increase in spending for war goods. The surest way to make the citizens concur in such expenditures would be by working up a large measure of international ill-will. And while such a procedure might seem to some the patriotic thing to do purely from the standpoint of an armaments race, it can have an unsettling effect upon the national psychology, since a permanent state of systematically coached ill-will is not a sound basis for moral discipline or peace of mind. And the maintenance of peace productivity by war productivity obviously has a bad effect upon a nation's reputation abroad, where the citizens are not given the same slant by press and radio as in their own country.

MY OWN particular fond dream along these lines is of a dispensation whereby the federal government would undertake to reclaim our streams by equipping all towns and cities, and even private industries, with sewage disposal plants. If such a mighty cleansing operation were set up, to purify the very symbol of purification itself, and thus to give us back our miraculous rivers, to reconstitute as trout streams and pleasure spots what are now but excremental drains and chemically-laden sewers, then indeed technology could by its own technological devices transcend itself—and we could begin to correct the most drastic ill besetting our culture, those grim conditions whereby "progress" equals *pollution*. Far from being expended in a cult of waste, with the almost diabolical ingenuity that must sometimes be exerted to goad our citizenry into frantic efforts at exhausting our national resources as rapidly as possible, a vast project in national reclamation could be undertaken to the profit of us all.

Then, as patriots, we could have the maximum grounds for congratulating ourselves on our citizenship. And far from cramping the consumer, such improvements would but extend the range of opportunities for the consumer to disport himself, just as government-built dams but increase the opportunities for private enterprise.



# TALK WITH BOURGUIBA

## Middle Way in Tunisia . . by ALEXANDER WERTH

*Bourguibas, Tunisia*  
I WONDER how many people know that little Tunisia, with its 3,500,000 people, the smallest of the three "French" territories of North Africa, is the most advanced, most progressive Arab state in the world, and one whose example may be of decisive importance in the evolution of the Arab world towards a democratic and civilized way of life? It has the advantage of having (1) a leader of immense energy, popularity and ability in Habib Bourguiba; (2) a politically mature Nationalist party, the Neo-Destour, led by Bourguiba; (3) a powerful trade-union organization—the U.G.-G.T.—the oldest and most mature of its kind in the whole of Africa; and (4) proportionately a far larger intellectual and technical élite than any other North African country.

During the seventy-five years of the French Protectorate, Tunisia has, on the cultural and intellectual plane, benefited enormously from its association with France. In no other Moslem countries is there a sharper reaction than here against certain "outmoded" Moslem ways and, consequently, a greater reluctance to follow in the footsteps of the Arab League or to look to the Arab world for political inspiration.

During the last few days the young generation in Tunisia was thrilled—and some of the older people scandalized—by the publication by the Bourguiba government of the new "family code," which means, in effect, the introduction of a Western way of life in Tunisia: the prohibition of polygamy, a Westernization of divorce (the old rule under which a man could simply "renounce" his wife has been abolished) and the transfer of the authority of the old-fashioned religious courts to

civil courts in all matters relating to domestic and personal relations.

It would be wrong, however, to suppose that all is well here. For several years the harvest has been bad in the whole of Central and Southern Tunisia, which is living in a state of semi-starvation; there are 400,000 unemployed. The French government has reluctantly agreed to give Tunisia some \$48,000,000 this year for its investment program; and the United States has promised some grain deliveries to relieve the starving areas. There is a drastic austerity program to be put forward next month by the trade unions; and there are plans for asking U.N. or other international authorities for a large loan for starting public works.

The trouble is that currently the whole atmosphere here is poisoned by the war in neighboring Algeria. This was the main theme of the interview Premier Bourguiba gave me in his sumptuous office of the Dar el Bey, the "Arabian Nights" palace in the native city of Tunis.

I could not help smiling at the thought that the last time I was in this office—back in 1952—I was received, not by the national hero of Tunisia, but by the puppet Premier, M. Baccouche; that the country was

then ruled with a rod of iron by the irate French Resident-General, M. de Hautecloque; that thousands of Tunisians were in jail, and that Bourguiba himself was interned on a rocky island off the mainland.

Bourguiba started the interview by talking of Suez, adding, however, that this was "perhaps the least of our worries." He said the whole Suez affair would fizzle out without war. "Nasser has had the good sense to agree to the principle of free navigation; also, he wants to replace the 1888 agreement by another one—in spite of the fact that Suez is, after all, in Egyptian territory, so that its position is not all so different from Panama or the Dardanelles. Nobody has the nerve to challenge seriously the nationalization of the canal; and, above all, the United States is not playing ball with your war-mongers." All the same, Bourguiba feared that the Suez affair might contribute to a revival of certain cold-war moods and weaken confidence in the area.

"BUT from the Tunisian point of view," he said, "all this is very small stuff compared with Algeria. So long as the war there goes on, we are building on sand. The Algerians have the right to self-determination; the French are trying in vain to put the clock back.

"The terrible thing is this: the longer the war in Algeria lasts, the greater will be the accumulation of anarchy and mutual hatred, and the more difficult will it be to set up any sort of reasonable cooperation between the French and Algerians. In Tunisia, they realized before it was too late that things couldn't go on, and the foundations have now been laid for a perfectly reasonable Franco-Tunisian co-existence. Everything now depends on how soon the war in Algeria ends. If it goes on much longer, our relations with the French will become impossible, too." [Marshall Juin, long a champion of complete French supremacy



*Habib Bourguiba*

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in North Africa, has unexpectedly come out for greater autonomy for Algeria. See editorial comment in this issue.]

"All the same, Mr. Premier," I said, "Don't you think that the French ought to retain a privileged position in North Africa, and particularly in Algeria?"

"Of course," said Bourguiba, "but only on condition that they recognize the legitimate aspirations of the Arab countries. If this horrible war of extermination, with its ghastly repressions, continues, how can there be any agreement between France and the Arab countries?"

"In France, Mr. Premier, there has been some talk of your mediating the Algerian conflict. What is your reaction?"

"The Tunisian government would be delighted to mediate, and, believe me, we are doing all we possibly can to preach moderation to both sides; for it's no use imagining that extremism and unreasonableness is only on the side of the French. The French must realize that colonialism is finished, while certain Algerian leaders, full of wild ideas picked up in Egypt, must realize they can't get everything overnight, and that they must proceed by stages, just as we have done."

I RECALLED to Bourguiba the words recently uttered by Ahmed Ben Salah, the head of the Tunisian trade unions, who had said: "Neither Tunisia nor Morocco can be sure of their independence so long as our neighbor Algeria is infested by this murderous war. We must openly take part by every means in the Liberation of Algeria."

Bourguiba made a face; this was, obviously, a point on which he was not in agreement with the much more leftist trade-union leadership:

"Honestly," he said, "I don't think the military side is what matters most. It's quite a different problem. Take the example of Tunisia. Here the French realized, before it was too late, that it was a case of striking a happy balance between our two peoples. I am sure the idea of a similar settlement in Algeria is bound to make progress in France before long. Besides, the example of

Tunisia should be an inspiration to both sides. We have created an Arab state in which the legitimate interests of France are well-protected; a close association between France and a number of sovereign Arab states is surely the best way of strengthening the power and authority of France itself. We have shown in Tunisia that France has nothing to be afraid of. There were Frenchmen who imagined that the moment we became independent they would all be chucked into the sea. Nobody's been chucked into the sea, and there isn't a more peaceful city in the world today than Tunis. The French like to talk a lot these days about grandiose schemes for developing the mineral wealth of the Sahara; but the only way this can be done is on the basis of a close cooperation among France and the three sovereign states of North Africa."

Speaking of the latest civil reforms in Tunisia, Bourguiba said:

"Tunisia is a small state, but we intend to make it a model for all other Arab countries: a country based on social justice and respect for the human person. The reforms we have undertaken are very bold, and have naturally met with some opposition from the 'Old Turbans,' but the vast majority of our people are in favor. However, we are having great economic difficulties. France is helping us, but not much; and we expect to get some aid from the United States. Chiefly, we must depend on our own planning. All the same, we shall welcome investments from other countries, especially from the United States—*bona fide* investments, that is, not colonialist investments: they must benefit not only foreign capitalists, but also the Tunisian people."

Bourguiba felt very strongly about the reluctance of the French to "draw the logical conclusions from the proclamation of Tunisia's independence." "We have to haggle and haggle endlessly over things like the continued presence of French police and gendarmes; over the control of Radio-Tunis; and, above all, over the continued presence in Tunisia of 40,000 French troops. Politically and psychologi-

cally all this has a very bad effect, especially when the French police start arresting Algerian refugees in Tunisia. Damn it, we're not at war with Algeria!"

This, of course, was a tricky point. In Tunisia today, Bourguiba ranks as a "moderate" while the trade-union leadership insists on a much more "activist" policy in favor of the Algerian rebels—which partly accounts for French reluctance to withdraw their troops from Tunisia. Also, the trade unions tend to consider Bourguiba as a "bourgeois democrat"—they themselves entertain much more advanced Socialist ideas. They consider a drastic land reform and a "British" type of income tax essential and think that Bourguiba got hold of the wrong end of the stick when he recently introduced cuts in the pay of civil servants. There's a potential conflict here.

BUT THE greatest problem, as everybody knows, is peace in Algeria. Ferhad Abbes, one of the more moderate leaders of the Algerian National Liberation Front, with its headquarters in Cairo, is expected in Tunis shortly. There are, indeed, constant contacts between the Tunisian leaders and various Algerian representatives. Here, not only Ferhad Abbas but even Ben Bella are considered among the more moderate and reasonable Algerians. But there are others whom the Tunisians consider "pretty impossible." They accuse them of religious fanaticism and anti-French racialism; they consider that it was a major error on the part of the Algerian resistance leaders never to have distinguished between the "ordinary" French in Algeria and the diehard Big Settlers.

Bourguiba is certainly in a good strategic position to mediate in the Algerian conflict; he denies the French theory that, on the Algerian side, "there is nobody to talk to." The big question asked here is whether—and if so, when—the French will agree to avail themselves of Bourguiba's services to try to bring about an Algerian settlement without which Tunisia's future must remain uncertain.



# DAWSON OF ILLINOIS

## What Price Moderation?... by ROBERT GRUENBERG

*Chicago*  
THE HERETOFORE muted voices of thousands of Negroes are going to find expression this November in the cities of the North. Drawn by the magnet of jobs and a seat on the front end of the bus, driven off by the "new South," they will join millions of other Negroes in the industrial heartland who preceded them by a few months or generations. And, in Chicago, it isn't long from the time they step off the all-night coaches in the grimy, drafty train sheds before they become voters—good, solid Democratic voters, immune to slick phrases about "the party of Lincoln" or a "Republican Chief Justice."

When they turn out at the polls, they are capable of swinging both city and state. Harry Truman found that out in 1948 when he carried Illinois by 33,000 votes. The Negroes in Chicago have been a bastion of Democratic strength in Cook county, depended on by the party bosses for the perpetual battle against hard-shell Republican downstate Illinois.

Responsible for much of this strength is one man, sometimes regarded as the most powerful politician in the nation: quiet-talking Representative William Levi Dawson, who can be a tub thumper when politics and the occasion demand it.

The grandson of a slave, he is now "the gentleman from Illinois" and vice-chairman of the Democratic National Committee and of the Cook County Democratic Committee. He represents—or controls—the First District of Illinois, a stretch of South Side Chicago whose lake front is the lace on the fabric of overcrowded tenements, interspersed with used-car lots, factories, the rackety, back-bedroom-intruding elevated



line, second-hand clothing and furniture stores, saloons, store-front churches—the whole motley, ramshackle complex that is the American Negro ghetto. The area is sprouting some tender shoots of redevelopment: an insurance company's gigantic housing project (outside the income class of most of Dawson's constituents), new buildings by universities and hospitals and a city-operated housing project. But mainly the district is still identified with the high crime rate, the increasing delinquency figures, narcotics, prostitution and the numbers gambling racket which Chicago accepts as the natural state of affairs.

It was here that young Bill Dawson, who had come to Chicago from backwoods Georgia with fifty cents in his pocket in 1905 or 1906, carved his future. His father was a barber and his mother "worked her fingers to the bone to get me an education they wouldn't give me in the South," he recalls. Educated at Fisk in Nashville, and at Northwestern near Chicago, Dawson the lawyer became known in the twenties as a Republican supporter of the boodle-fisted Republican mayor, "Big Bill" Thompson. In 1933, he won election to the City Council. He served five years, then ran on an anti-New Deal platform for Congress and lost. In

1939 Mayor Edward "Big Ed" Kelly, one of the country's most famous political bosses, recognized Dawson's talents as an organizer. Dawson became a Democrat, and Kelly made him a ward committeeman.

Dawson explained at the time that he felt "free to choose any party label that best advances the cause of Negroes," and added also that he had always supported Mayor Kelly's Christmas Fund benefit! Charles K. Wheeler, a greatly respected political reporter of the day, put the matter in a different light: Dawson, he wrote, was to handle "such minor details as landing on the payroll and adjusting the Democratic process of the ward to the Jeffersonian formula, namely, that a people are best governed who are interfered with least."

THIS WAS no accidental misquotation. In the following years, Dawson was often charged with being the man ultimately responsible for gambling in his area, who manipulated police captaincies, who was responsible for the civic ills and political wickedness for which American city bosses are famous.

In 1942, on his third attempt, he won his Congressional seat and has since usually coasted easily to victory every two years. His maiden talk in the House early in 1943 was in behalf of an employee unjustly accused by the Dies committee. Later he joined Lee Pressman, then CIO general counsel, in attacking the poll tax. The following spring, primary time, 1944, he was attacking the "reactionary and prejudiced clique" in the military for its policy on Negro personnel. At the same time he spoke of "patience and understanding" as the key to good race relations. And in his office hung two pictures: one of Mayor Kelly and the other of Henry Wallace.

Here, then, was Dawson, the only Negro in Congress for 13,000,000 American Negroes. His prestige

ROBERT GRUENBERG, *Chicago Daily News* reporter, won the *Newspaper Guild's Page One Award* for a story on race tensions in Chicago.



soared when, in 1949, he became the first of his race to win a House committee chairmanship, the powerful Committee on Expenditures. When making his first call at the White House to discuss legislative reorganization, six colleagues accompanied him—including one each from Virginia, North Carolina, Georgia and Missouri. He was pleased to point out to newspapermen that in Washington “nothing untoward” had ever occurred to him because of his race.

He easily weathered editorial blasts on charges of blocking Hoover reforms and by 1950 was named a vice-chairman of the Democratic National Committee. Now a wheelhorse on a national scale, he went on to win his fifth term in Congress. In an eloquent plea on the House floor, he helped defeat, 178 to 126, a segregation clause in the draft and U. M. T. bill in 1951. And that same year he decreed four more years of political life for the then Chicago mayor, Martin H. Kennelly, an unpopular figure among many Negroes because of his vacillating stand on housing and civil rights. Dawson could do what no other leader, Negro or white, could; though he controlled but four aldermen—each of them shrewd, able, intelligent—party leaders knew his nod meant the difference between victory or defeat. (Two years ago a fifth ward fell under his aegis and one of his men is expected to take over a sixth, Chicago's Twenty-fourth, once the famed political kingdom of Jack Arvey. There are an estimated 300,000 Negro votes in Chicago today.)

BUT LAST year Dawson vetoed Kennelly's bid to run for a third term as the official organization candidate. His stand evoked a bitter barrage of newspaper criticism as Kennelly went down in the primary and as Daley went on to battle the GOP's Merriam for mayor. The Chicago *Sun-Times* printed phone numbers purporting to “link” Dawson with mobsters; the Chicago Crime Commission charged that Dawson had admitted accepting money from gamblers some years earlier for political purposes (Daw-

son asked why it hadn't made the charges public earlier, when he had supported Kennelly.) The Chicago *Tribune* thunderingly asked, day after day, whether Dawson had actually received a law degree or merely attended law school. Editorial guns blazed in connection with the policy racket in the Negro neighborhoods.

But Dawson took the heat coolly. To the men and women of an oft-whipped race, he cried: “I am the whipping boy!” Forgotten in the campaign heat by everyone was the fact that Dawson's political allies, white and black, had not distinguished themselves in the fight for housing, civil rights, equal job opportunities—indeed, had been on the other side of the floor. As the din increased over policy, mobsters, and whether or not Dawson had a law degree, so did the number of Negro voters who firmly resolved to vote—Democratic. For sin is no issue when daily the walls are tumbling down in slum flats, when each winter rat-trap buildings—and their crowded, gouged renters—are consumed in flames, when stones, rioters and timid public officials keep the Negro consigned to his ghetto. And the tired, hackneyed “crusade” against Negro “sin” means nothing in the Dawson wards except a smoldering antagonism over the white sin. The whole issue is then reduced to a white man-black man contest.

As long as the opposition—and the newspapers—use this approach, Dawson will stay in power. His is a tight, well-knit political organization not concerned with moral uplift, but instead gives jobs to people, slashes the Gordian knots of bureaucracy at all government levels, or helps get the after-hours saloon out of a scrape with the local police captain. Certainly Dawson draws his power from the Negro ghetto, but whether he favors keeping the Negro wards Negro is not a question he need answer. Negro move-ins into white neighborhoods are still ventures for only the courageous few, and as the new Negro migrants pour in from the South they settle in the ghetto as did those before them.

The emphasis for years—right through the years of the New Deal—has largely been on concrete eco-

nomie and social benefits rather than political “equality” which superficially, at least, seems assured. Voting for a man or a party who adheres to fine sentiments on civil rights is a political luxury; voting for a man whose power is useful for bread and butter advantages is a necessity.

So Dawson felt free to follow a placating course on the civil-rights issue in Chicago. As a member of the platform committee, he sat next to the chairman, John W. McCormack of Massachusetts. Not once did he challenge, as other Negro delegates did, the blatantly anti-Negro and anti-democratic statements of the more voluble firebrands of the South. He was a member of the seventeen-man platform subcommittee which met in secret session for three days. This was the group which put the finishing touches to the plank which eventually emerged—the plank which both North and South “could live with.” The convention ratified the plank in fifteen minutes—and Dawson received his share of the plaudits from the men assembled, including the Southerners.

A reporter, referring to some of the firebrand statements that had been made in the closed sessions of the platform subcommittee, asked Dawson who would “extinguish the racial flames” that had been lit. Dawson's reply was, “Who will extinguish the flames lit on the other side?” He was referring to the statements of the Reverend Martin Luther King, Jr., leader of the Montgomery bus boycott, Roy Wilkins of the NAACP and others who had asked, in essence, that the Democratic Party recognize Negroes as members of the human race and the Supreme Court's decisions as the law of the land.

DAWSON has attracted to his organization, or to its support, some of the “bright young men” of Chicago Negro life. They possess skill, education, background and the firm belief that only through the regular party system will the Negro progress. They reject the argument that neither party can effectively serve them—and Dawson's fight against the Powell amendment is



accepted even as is ■ Senator Eastland. One of Dawson's supporters, a brilliant attorney who has served as a state assistant attorney general, explains his loyalty: "I have never seen ■ political decision that Dawson made that he did not regard as in the *political* interest of American Negroes. And no politician who can't carry an election is worth a hill of beans. In dealing with problems there is never a 'correct' solution, only a series of alternatives. And these alternatives have produced considerable results for the Negro that other tactics would not have produced." Another young attorney says candidly: "I am behind Dawson because he's a boss and he's a black man. I recognize he's got faults and he's got points. What is thoroughly lacking here—outside of Dawson—is someone who can lead the Negro people."

What of the future? Dawson's control seems assured, despite grumbling in organization ranks. Doorbell ringers have noted that Negroes have been rewarded with few choice appointments in the City Hall. A Commissioner of Investigation and members of the Public Buildings Commission were named without ■ Negro candidate being publicly mentioned as a possibility for the jobs. But none of Dawson's lieutenants is in a mood to revolt. Two subordinates who tried to challenge him in recent years were dumped and defeated.

The argument that Illinois can't

be carried unless Cook county is won and that no man can be victorious in the county against Dawson is much too glib. And here is where the threat to Dawson may lie: for the first time in thirty years, Cook is a "break even" county, party-wise. The Democrats cannot safely assume victory large enough to offset downstate GOP ballots. Today, clearly, the Cook County Democratic Party is not fighting for President; it is fighting to stay in power at the county level. One in four county votes is now a suburban vote, thanks to a shift of some 300,000 voters from the city. And the suburbs, returning heavy GOP majorities, still outnumber the gain in Chicago's Negro vote. It is true that today's suburban Republican may not be as dependable on a wet Election Day as an organization Democrat, nor may he be as one-party minded. The new breed is a young man with ■ mortgage and two children; any number of reasons, including a turndown in the economy, may send him across party columns. But so far it is the Republican Party, not the Democratic, which is winning the new suburban vote.

There are some other unknown factors. Dawson's men are each capable, energetic, ambitious. When the mantle slips from "The Man," as Dawson is known with fear and admiration, there might well emerge an internecine battle and a dilution of bloc power. More important, a new Negro voter has arisen as ■ re-

sult of educational, economic and social progress. These are school teachers, doctors, lawyers, artisans, civil servants and others who can now afford the "luxury" of voting on ■ candidate's stand, or lack of one, on an ideological issue. To them Eastland of Mississippi is a symbol, and the failure of either Dawson or the Democratic Party to disavow him is another. They are dissatisfied with Dawson mellowness as expressed in his opposition to the Powell amendment and are intolerant of his "I'm for civil rights but I recognize we have to deal with people." The Chicago *Defender*, a leading American Negro daily, which has supported "The Man," had harsh words for Dawson during the fight on the Powell measure.

Perhaps the Dawson forces are recognizing some of the ferment. Shortly before the Democratic convention a meeting of some seventy-five Negro leaders was held in Chicago to draft suggestions for a civil-rights plank. Thirty of them were Democratic alternates and delegates, the first time delegates of a major party had taken such a step. Dawson and three of his chiefs attended; one of them, Alderman Ralph H. Metcalfe, the former U. S. Olympic star, was chairman. Perhaps the meeting was a recognition that no matter what the party *says* about civil rights, it is time to admit that the spirit of Montgomery and Tallahassee is among the people; and the people might conceivably for once be ahead of "The Man" in November.

## Too Much Milk . . . By J. V. HOPKINS

*Madison, Wisconsin*

WISCONSIN'S dairy farms are undergoing a quiet technological revolution which threatens new headaches for government economists and, some observers say, dramatizes the need for new ways of thinking about the problem of agricultural surpluses.

Dairy farmers are johnny-come-

*J. V. HOPKINS, a graduate student at the University of Wisconsin, has written on labor and politics in that state.*

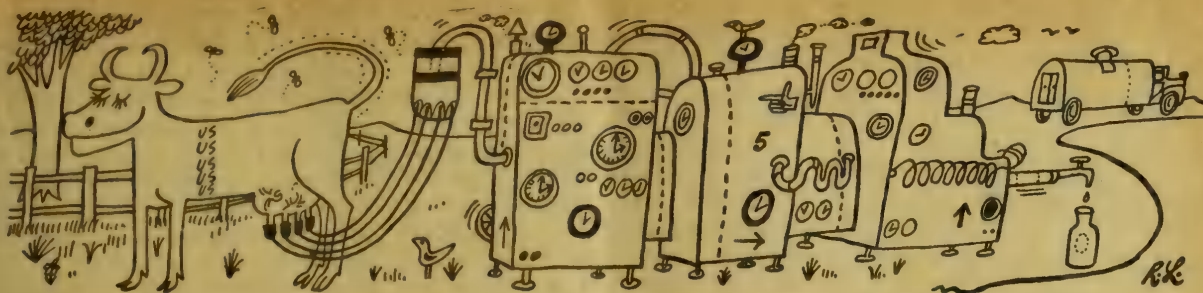
latelies in the area of technological progress. Dairy farming generally has not adapted itself to mechanical inventiveness. And whatever the conveniences of milking machines and cream separators, they have not substantially increased milk production. Dairy men have long known, of course, that startling increases in milk production can be had for the asking—and for the spending. Improved fertilizers, new feeds and feeding techniques, more scientific methods of herd management, opportunities in artificial insemination

and controlled breeding, new ways to fight herd disease: all of these produce better cows and more milk.

But economic facts dictate caution in the use of higher milk-production techniques. Dairy men face a relatively inflexible consumption of milk, butter, cheese and other milk products. And without the higher prices that a lively consumer demand could guarantee and justify, the increased cost of scientific dairy farming would be without profits to the farmer.

This has been the situation for

*The NATION*



ten years and more. At the same time, production advances reported by the dairy industry, outstripping the national population increase, have hinted at an astonishing potential. The U.S. agricultural-marketing service reports that average total milk production on dairy farms in the years 1951-1955 was 1 per cent higher than during 1941-1945—certainly not a startling statistic. What is startling is that this milk is being produced by 14 per cent fewer cows providing 18 per cent more milk. And the herds are grazing on fewer and fewer farms: less than three million in 1954 against 1941's nearly five million.

The likelihood that this productive potential will soon become actuality can be traced largely to the introduction of bulk-milk handling. Swiftly and without fanfare, Wisconsin farmers and milk processors are abandoning cumbersome milk cans with their cold water tanks and mechanical coolers in a changeover that will cost the Wisconsin industry an estimated \$170,000,000 when it is completed. Under this system, cows are milked mechanically and the milk is piped into a bulk-milk tank. The tank resembles a home electric refrigerator, built horizontally rather than upright, with a paddle agitator to stir the cold milk. The milk then is taken to the processor in a "thermos-bottle" truck.

Already dominating the Chicago, Milwaukee and Madison milk markets, this bulk-milk tank and tank-truck system is reaching out to the dairy processing plants with cheese factories, creameries and condensery plants moving as fast as they can to install the new equipment.

The system is costly. The price tag on a tank runs from \$2,000 to

\$3,000—a big investment for a small farmer who has just finished installing equipment, already obsolete, designed to meet Wisconsin sanitary standards.

"The bulk tank is something like the tractor when it first came on the market," says Everet Wallenfeldt, University of Wisconsin dairy specialist. "I was teaching vocational agriculture at the time. You could prove that the average farmer could do his field work cheaper with horses. But look what happened. Now the day of the bulk-milk tank is here, nothing will stop it."

Surveys indicate Wallenfeldt to be right. In March, 1955, the Wisconsin Department of Agriculture reported only 1,113 bulk tanks being used. But by last February, the number was up to 3,500. Now 110 plants in the state and thirteen out-of-state dealers buying Wisconsin milk have more than 5,000 bulk tanks in operation.

THERE is good reason for the bulk tank's success, as dairy specialists are ready to admit. Very real pressures are being exerted upon the dairy farmer by the big milk processors who are finding the bulk-tank system indispensable to large-scale reorganization and modernization of their plants. Stiffer sanitary standards imposed by the federal government simply cannot be met when canned milk arrives at the plant inadequately cooled and with a high degree of bacteria development. Moreover, receiving rooms for milk in the cumbersome, old style cans are expensive to operate—an expense made unnecessary by the bulk tanks.

Typical of technological improvements being made by dairy processors is the new, \$2 million Luick Dairy Company plant in Milwaukee

which opened in June. The company forwarded this ultimatum to the farmers along its purchasing routes: by July 1, receipts of canned milk would end and those without bulk-milk tanks would be dropped from the market. It is reported that the company offered its suppliers a premium over the regular market price for bulk milk. This means an extra 15 to 25 cents above the nearly \$4 a hundred pounds paid to farmers in the Madison and Milwaukee areas.

Despite the action of the Luick Company and others like it, dairy men have been left an element of choice. There are still many small dairy plants unable to undertake the costly conversion to bulk-milk processing and these will continue to buy milk in cans. Nevertheless, when farmers get together to talk over their plans (conversion is not an individual decision; it involves an entire route in most cases), the bulk tank finds many adherents. Governmental sanitary standards have been passed on to the farmer by his processor. This means he has to have equipment capable of cooling milk down to fifty degrees Fahrenheit and holding it there. You cannot do this with old cold-water methods and even the newer mechanical coolers are not altogether satisfactory with milk in cans. But bulk tanks can pull fresh milk down to thirty-six degrees in a matter of minutes and keep it at a constant temperature.

A second black mark against milk cans is that it's just plain hard work to wrestle them around a milkshed. And third, better refrigeration reduces losses of milk through spoilage. In the end, of course, there is no denying that the conversion of processors and the small premium payments do much to nudge an un-



decided farmer into investing \$2,000 in a bulk tank.

For most Wisconsin dairy farmers, however, conversion to bulk storage is a costly investment. A farmer with fifty acres and fifteen milk cows rarely sees a net annual income higher than \$1,800, little more than the cost of the new bulk equipment for his herd. The cost falls hardest of all on the 20 per cent of Wisconsin's dairy farmers who have less than ten cows in their herds.

In the northern part of the state where smaller dairy processors are expected to continue milk-can operations for some time, the ten-cow herd may survive several years. But in other areas the small dairy farmer can either convert to bulk tanks and work for miraculous increases in production or—and this is more likely—leave the dairy business altogether. This is often not as harsh a step as it may seem. Many of these are only part-time dairy farms with fallow croplands which can take up some of the slack.

AT THE other end, the giant factory farms are seeing an almost painless transformation. For many, the bulk tank is indispensable to their stainless-steel-and-glass operations. And for a large producer, the savings in labor and milk loss plus the premium payments soon pay off the investment. This is generally true for the dairy farms milking more than twenty cows, which constitute 34 per cent of the Wisconsin total.

For both these groups, total milk production should remain relatively unchanged. The small farmers account for less than 10 per cent of the state's milk production and those producers who abandon production will see their efforts made up for by those who remain and raise production.

Significant changes, however, should occur among the 46 per cent of Wisconsin farmers—the “family farms” that herd between ten and twenty cows and account for more than half of the state's milk production. These farms are large enough for the bulk-tank conversion to be a real possibility, but they are too small to find bulk handling profitable without the guarantees of con-

tinuing and generous premium payments. There is one way out of this dilemma: increase herd size and milk production.

There is unquestionable evidence that many farmers are turning to this double investment—one for the bulk tank and another for more cows and better milk-production techniques. With bulk-tank installations doubling every six months, researchers at the University of Wisconsin's Agriculture College asked 1,300 representative farmers about their production plans next year. Eighty-eight of every hundred said they intended to produce as much milk or more than they did this year. How are they going to do it? With more cows, better and heavier feeding, stricter herd management. Milk production is already on the rise. For the early months of 1956 it was 6 per cent higher nationally than for the same period a year ago; Wisconsin's production is 8 to 9 per cent higher.

Raymond J. Penn of the University of Wisconsin's Agricultural College, sees it this way: The overall demand for agricultural products cannot be increased much faster than the population (though there is some flexibility because patterns of consumption change). Rising purchasing power and a growing awareness of nutritional needs on the part of the consumer tend to absorb any expansion of livestock production. Concurrently, however, the consumption of wheat and corn diminishes, threatening new surpluses in these commodities.

In past years, about 10 per cent of the total dairy production has been in excess of consumer demand. The Department of Agriculture carried on a purchasing program, similar to grain purchases, designed to take surplus production from the market and to guarantee the farmer a “fair price” (variously set by parity policies). In the dairy markets, however, purchasing has necessarily been confined to the relatively storable products: butter and cheese.

There is only one catch to this approach: what do you do with the government stockpiles? This problem has never really forced itself on agricultural planners, Penn suggests, be-

cause the intervention of World War II and the Korean action offered opportunities—some financially profitable—to disburse the massive government-owned food stocks. But the surpluses continue. They cannot be taken from the market and forgotten as long as production stays ahead of demand.

Another method of whittling down surpluses is that of the “soil bank” which was included in the farm bill made law earlier this year. But to think that the removal of acreage—or even cows—from production will correspondingly reduce the harvest is to be shortsighted in the face of improved production techniques. For the lesson of the changing dairy industry is not only that production is staying ahead of consumption but that the gap between the two is widening as new farming techniques are brought into use. Thus we face a potential permanent surplus. Clearly a new way of attacking the problem must be devised—one not in terms of the giant factory farms, which are better able to cope with the vagaries of over-production and marketing, but in terms of the small farmer whose survival now appears to depend on higher production.

This solution, according to Penn, should take the surplus problem to its point of origin: the farmer. Production quotas would be set in pounds of milk (or bushels of wheat) for each farm and the program would include direct incentive payments graduated to favor the smaller farmers who maintain production well below the quota. “The farmer could then determine,” Penn explains, “the easiest or lowest cost way of meeting his production target.” He argues that this would put the premium on careful farming rather than on land ownership, as in the soil bank.

A program of this sort would serve a double end. Surpluses would be stopped before they reach the market. But just as important, strict production quotas, by encouraging careful farm management, would nevertheless protect a potential agricultural capacity which, until technology manages to eliminate droughts and world famines, must be safeguarded.

# BOOKS and the ARTS

## The Art of Bertolt Brecht

*Bertolt Brecht, German playwright who died a fortnight ago, was generally acclaimed the most original, and by many critics the most powerful, of contemporary dramatists. His Threepenny Opera—music by Kurt Weill—is now playing at the Theatre de Lys, off-Broadway in New York.*

*The author of the following appreciation of Brecht's legacy to the theatre is a noted British drama critic.*

By Henry Adler

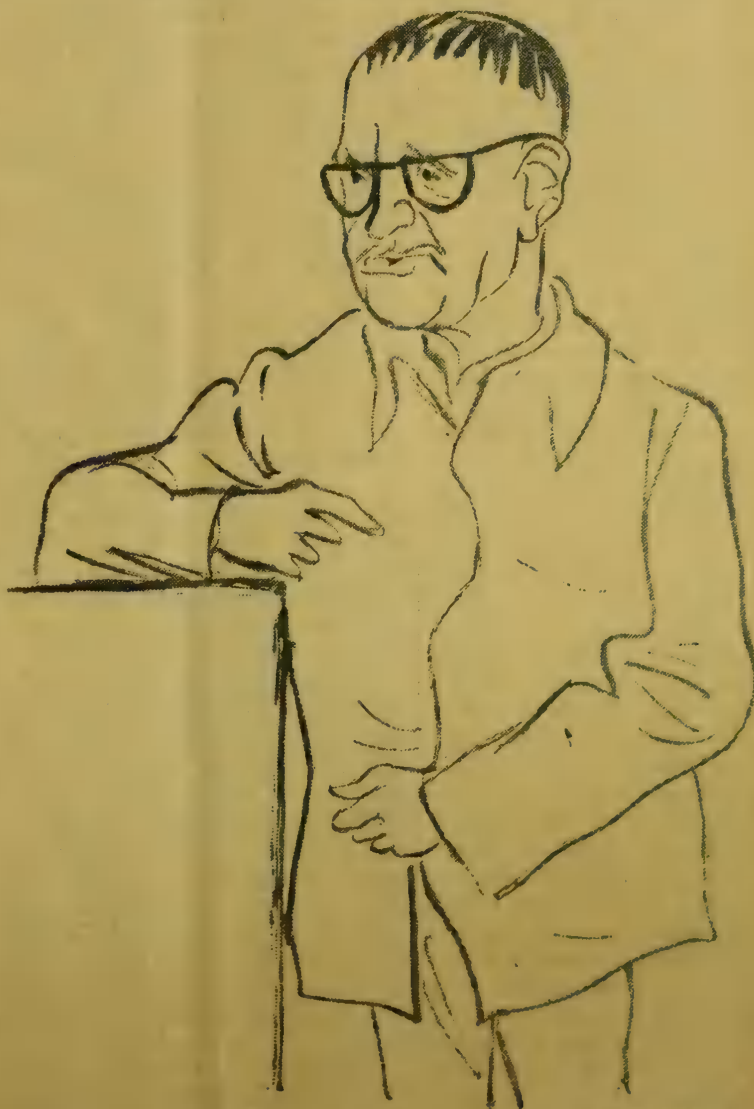
DURING the days of the Weimar Republic, Bertolt Brecht and Erwin Piscator lacked the money to stage one of their Socialist propaganda plays at their Berlin theatre. Instead, the actors gave a play-reading. Sitting at a table on the bare stage, they perfunctorily read their lines, sometimes making a gesture, sometimes rising to indicate a move. But, although the actors made no pretense of being "in character," as we say, the audience were more completely held than by the plays which attempted full theatrical illusion. Suddenly Brecht saw that what held them was not character, not illusion, but the moral relationship between the characters, the moral argument of the play. The actor was quoting the words, imitating the actions; he was estranged from the character. The moral conflict was seen isolated, at a distance, as history. This is the effect of "estrangement," of "alienation," which was Brecht's particular contribution to the theatre. He called it the *Verfremdungseffekt*.

THIS IS not altogether new. Two hundred years ago Diderot was propounding the same principles, and indeed Brecht formed a society which he called the Diderot Society. Diderot urged that the actor must not be lost in his part but detached from it. He quotes with approval the case of an actor in a dying scene who was so much in control of himself

that he could arrange the position of a chair without losing his effect on the audience. In the same way, Brecht pointed to the Chinese actor who, in his opinion, does not enter into his part but demonstrates it, who looks at the audience as though saying: "Doesn't it happen like this?"

The actor in Brecht's own company is estranged from his part. He

relates what the character said, describes what he did, with a kind of deliberation as though he realizes that the character could have acted or spoken otherwise—and yet did not. As a Marxist, Brecht was aware that every action has its alternative, that history depends on the correct choice of action. That is why he divided his play, *Mother Courage*, into short scenes, each of which is a stage in her life. There is no cli-



Bertolt Brecht

Drawing by Vicky



max. Each stage is determined by the previous stage, just as it determines the next stage; we know from the start that her degradation is inevitable. She stands monumental in her rags against the gaunt, hooded *doppelgänger*, her wagon which is her means to livelihood. The huge, bare stage is her lifetime, the battlefields she treks through, the years she lives through, as she turns and turns about. She is doomed because, as Brecht says over and over again, an individual cannot be good in an evil society. The war which gives her a living destroys her children. But she is too degraded to understand how it all happened. She is inside the war, we are outside, estranged, listening to her story. Therefore there is no catharsis of pity and indignation, no empathy. She goes off singing harshly the same hopeful song with which the play began, and, in case this sounds plaintive, Brecht cuts across it with some jeering military music.

BRECHT'S theatre is thus like an operating theatre. The human beings are exposed on that stage, beneath the white light poured down from a battery of lamps which are clearly visible and create no illusion. We watch it, not enthralled by illusion but, in Brecht's own words, like a man smoking, so that sometimes, despite our detachment, we may give an angry laugh or a grunt of recognition at the incontrovertible truth of what we see. You are not made to forget that you are in a theatre but reminded of it. With a kind of preternatural clarity the actors are revealed, pathetic as animals blinking in the headlamps, caught at a moment of history.

Estrangement—the *Verfremdungseffekt*—is also the keyword in Brecht's theory of "epic drama." Epic drama, so-called, was not new in Germany at that time, but Brecht introduced into it a more personal note. He combined with his Marxism a belief in the individual, a strange awareness of the power of the irrational moral choice. He has proclaimed his admiration for Brueghel and I believe that it is not only the big, group paintings which attracted him, but the more subtle

"Fall of Icarus." In this picture the ploughman in the foreground goes on unconcernedly with his ploughing, the shepherd stolidly watches his sheep: no one notices the catastrophe taking place in the distance over the sea. Far away, the tremendous event makes its tiny splash. So, throughout his plays, Brecht was trying to isolate the inconspicuous moral drama, to estrange it, to set it in a sharp light, so that it is not taken for granted before it falls, dragged down by the weight of society. His own analogy for what he meant by estrangement is a watch. A watch is a familiar object. But, he says, take it apart, and all the pieces seem strange and small: they are unfamiliar in their estrangement from the functioning timepiece, almost irreconcilable with it. There is the same sort of strangeness, of irreconcilability, about an individual who is naturally good in a society which is evil. To understand, we must watch his path through society. We must stand at a distance and judge him; we are powerless to help him but we can recognize where he goes wrong.

Therefore, the theatre must change. We must achieve a new classicism. No longer the Greek hero doomed by an enigmatic Fate; no longer the Shakespearean hero isolated in his conflict with right and wrong; and no longer Stanislavsky's theories of empathy, nor the Chekhov play with its illusion of shared emotions and its inconclusiveness. Not fate, but human intelligence. Not individual isolation but the individual in terms of society. Not the rapid tying up of a problem through climax and dénouement but the working out of a moral relationship between an individual life and the world. Above all, not intimacy with the character but a distance from which the audience can judge. But we shall have to remember that when Brecht said we must judge, he did not mean that we must consider the facts objectively, as Zola and the social realists do, but judge from the standpoint of the Marxist faith to which he was committed. That is why, although the method produces exciting drama, you realize afterwards that the issues of the play

are rigged, that everything that happens to Mother Courage is an illustration of Marxian economics and that the play which pretends to judgment is animated by a veiled didacticism.

Indeed, Brecht called some of his plays "parables." At the beginning of *The Caucasian Circle of Chalk* we see two groups of shabbily dressed people squabbling almost inaudibly. They are members of two Russian communes disputing the ownership of a farm. Which group has the most right to it? The group which reared goats on it until ordered to leave before the invading Nazis, or the group which later took it over and made it agriculturally prosperous? To interpret the ethics involved, a story-teller sits at the side of the stage, and as he reads the old legend of "The Caucasian Circle of Chalk" it comes to life on the stage. Sketched on the backcloth are the pyramids of oriental hovels. On the stage a baroque arch. The little world lives before you although you know it is dead. There is a squalid little revolution going on, in which the governor gets deposed. You watch it as though through the wrong end of a telescope. The characters are wearing wooden masks and their naive, painted expressions emphasize their distance away in history. The sensitive, sweet, silly face of the governor looks out unseeingly at the twentieth-century audience on this fine summer's day, when he is being led in cords to sudden death. The face of his consort is haughty and wooden as she flees; she saves her dresses and deserts her child.

BUT GRUSHA, the girl who saves the child, is a peasant and therefore does not wear a mask but shows us her nice, healthy, wholesome, human face. She is brought to trial for protecting the aristocratic child. But now Asdak, the leader of the chorus who has been commenting on the play's steps into it, as so often happens in Chinese morality plays. He is head as Grusha is heart. He has suddenly become a judge in the topsyturvy world of revolution. He sees that in a crooked world the good-hearted must use their wits and rise so that legalized injustice may be



# Announcing a special Pre-publication Offer on THE WORLD OF MATHEMATICS

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As a springboard to the understanding and enjoyment of mathematical thought, two basic books are included in full: P. E. B. Jourdain's *The Nature of Mathematics* and Herbert Westren Turnbull's *The Great Mathematicians*. Together they form a brilliant prelude to the 131 essays, articles, demonstrations, and diversions that follow.

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**Historical, Biographical.** Herbert W. Turnbull: *The Great Mathematicians*; Newman: *The Rhind Papyrus*; Plutarch: *Archimedes*; Lodge: *Johann Kepler*; Descartes: *Geometry*; 9 others.

**Arithmetic, Numbers and the Art of Counting.** Archimedes: *Poppies and the Universe*; Ball: *Calculating Prodiges*; Newton: *The Binomial Theorem*; Dedekind: *Irrational Numbers*; 5 others.

**Mathematics of Space and Motion.** Clifford: *The Science of Space, The Space Theory of Matter*; Euler: *The Seven Bridges of Königsberg, A Famous Problem*; Kline: *Projective Geometry*; Weyl: *Symmetry* (excerpt); Selections by Panofsky, and 6 others.

**Mathematics and the Physical World.** Galileo: *Mathematics of Motion*; Mosley: *Atomic Numbers*; Boys: *The Soap Bubble*; Mendel: *Mathematics of Heredity*; Durrell: *Theory of Relativity*; plus selections by Schrödinger, 16 others.

**Mathematics and the Social Sciences.** Malthus: *Mathematics of Wealth*; Richardson: *Statistics of Deadly Quarrels*; Hurwicz: *On the Theory of Games*; 7 others.

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**Mathematics As An Art.** John W. N. Sullivan: *Mathematics as an Art*.

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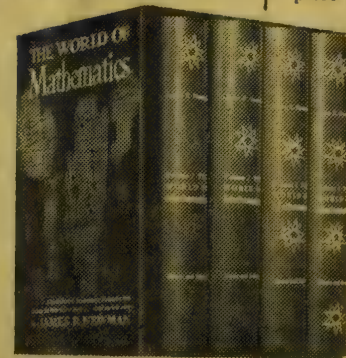
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replaced by illegal justice. When the governor's wife seeks to reclaim her child, he submits the two women to the test of the Chalk Circle. The child is put in the center of it. Which woman can pull him out of it? Grusha gives up from fear of hurting him, and Asdak awards the child to her because her love is the greater. The moral, according to the epilogue, is that fields belong to those who look after them best, which apparently refers to Grusha and peasants who do not wear masks.

Shaw once claimed that Bunyan was a greater poet than Shakespeare because Bunyan possessed a moral background which gave him a hard, spare, moral vocabulary, which Shakespeare, the word-spinner, lacked. But the fact remains that the vast and untidy characters which Shakespeare gave flesh and blood to had a unity in their diversity. We can see a moral meaning in their apparently formless experience. Even Shaw in his didacticism recognized that there are many approaches to the truth. But Shaw was capable of seeing both sides of a question. Compare the appalling intellectual naiveté with which Brecht presents the story of Galileo as a simple conflict between scientific enlightenment and obscurantism with Shaw's preface to *Saint Joan* and you can see the difference between a rationalist hidebound by dogma and a first-class, independent intellect. It is because Brecht's new classicism is unilinear, Marxist, external in approach, that it can depict with such beautiful precision the estrangement between the unity of the individual and the diversity of the world—but also that it lacks the complex human reality which arises from the individual himself.

### Requiem

Run to her foliage arms  
Sprung from the frozen fire;  
Read her firmament eyes  
Hung with the blazing stars;  
Hear her precipice voice  
Tongued in the crushing echoes  
Of silence.

Rest on her bony breast.  
Sleep; sleep.  
Unfold.

ROSE HIRSHMAN

## Third Reich

**DICTATORS FACE TO FACE.** By Dino Alfieri. Translated by David Moore. New York University Press. \$4.95.

**RACE AND REICH.** The Story of an Epoch. By Joseph Tenenbaum. Twayne. \$7.50.

**20 JULY.** By Constantine FitzGibbon. W. W. Norton and Company. \$3.75.

By Frederick L. Schuman

IL DUCE'S Ambassador to *Der Fuehrer*, 1939-1943, was sentenced to death by Mussolini, escaped, and was exonerated in 1946 by the Italian court established to try leading members of the Fascist regime. His memoirs of his mission are refreshingly free from self-justification and from speculation about events in which he was not a direct participant. They throw new light on German-Italian relations during the years of folly, though Alfieri knew no more than German diplomats about the major decisions of the Nazi leaders. "I can state positively that the Axis never functioned, or that if it functioned it did so only at the expense of Italy." He proves his point. His final chapter is one of the fullest accounts available of the Fascist Grand Council meeting at which Mussolini was ousted in the wake of the disaster into which his alliance with Hitler had plunged his country.

The politics of nihilism evolved into the science of mass murder once the *Wehrmacht* had millions of "inferior" peoples at its mercy. Joseph Tenenbaum, distinguished Polish-Jewish writer, here retells in grim detail the horror of the systematic extermination of Jews, gypsies and Slavs—from the origins of the racial myth to the career of Rudolph Hoess, commander of Auschwitz, "who killed more people than any man in history," and to Hitler's last testament. This meticulously docu-

**FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN**, professor of government at Williams College, is author of *International Politics*, *The Commonwealth of Man*, *Soviet Politics at Home and Abroad* and other books on current world affairs.

mented and vastly informative study of ghastly and incredible criminality deserves wide reading—lest we forget what our new allies were doing a dozen years ago.

A few Germans with influence and access to the master megalomaniac tried, too late, to save the Reich, not out of sympathy for Hitler's victims but out of certainty that his policies spelled national ruin. These were the Junkers and professional soldiers—Stauffenberg, Beck, Witzleben, Olbricht, Rommel, Hoepner and the rest—who long plotted *Der Fuehrer's* liquidation, who almost succeeded on July 20, 1944, and who were shot or hanged for their pains. Constantine FitzGibbon, a talented Anglo-American novelist, has retold this tale on the basis of exhaustive research in Germany and with full documentation not elsewhere available. His absorbing story has no moral save that some Germans, without ideology or party or cause, could yet "act like men" and risk their lives for a purpose alien to the Nazi *Weltanschauung*. They scarcely acted "out of conscience," as FitzGibbon would have it. Whatever honor is due these few makes deeper the shame of all the rest.

## Japanese Idyll

**THE SOUND OF WAVES.** By Yukio Mishima. Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.00.

By Kenneth Rexroth

SEVERAL American publishers, especially, I understand, Knopf, plan to issue quite a few modern Japanese novels in the next couple of years. Experts have been asked advice, translators have been set to work. *The Sound of Waves* is one of the first fruits of this program. It is hard to say if it was a good choice. The jacket blurb compares it to *Daphnis and Chloe*. It does resemble a Greek peasant's or fisher's idyll—but then, as has been pointed out so often, the typical Western thriller meets all of Aristotle's tragic desiderata—as Euripedes, for instance, does not. It is a question of what you want in an archetypal sort of story—the farewell of Launcelot and Guinevere can be made pretty trivial and still stick close to the plot. It is

not just style—or at least it is style as the reverberation of hidden depth.

Yukio Mishima is an inordinately busy young writer—born in 1925, he has published eight novels, four Kabuki plays, a travel book, fifty short stories, ten one-act plays and several volumes of essays. Well, there's just one *Daphnis and Chloe* and not very many *Idylls* of Theocritus. I am afraid to disagree with the considered judgment of my peers. Yukio Mishima was "the guest of the State Department and the *Parti-*

KENNETH REXROTH, author of many books of poetry, will bring out this year translations of Japanese, Chinese, Greek and French poems.

## Not Too Welsh To Write

*A MAN'S ESTATE.* By Emyr Humphreys. McGraw-Hill Book Company. \$3.75.

By Stanley Cooperman

FOR MANY YEARS Irish writers were expected to sing sweetly regardless of the medium they chose. Yeats wandered in Celtic mist until the mist itself sickened him and he turned to more difficult and less musical verse; even realists like O'Casey and O'Connor have had to buck the verbal auto-intoxication that audiences demand from Irish

STANLEY COOPERMAN is a member of the Department of English at Indiana University and associate editor of *Folio*.

*san Review*," which should really pin down the opposition at both ends, but *The Sound of Waves* reads like a piece of routine commercial fiction to me. It does have the sound of waves of a small Japanese fishing village, a sense of the life of the men who fish and the women who (as in Utamaro's famous prints) dive for abalones, and a sympathy for very young and simple love—all very admirable qualities which go to produce an entertaining story on a level, I should say, slightly below much American magazine fiction. I doubt if Knopf will lose money—the book is not a mistake in that sense. But I do hope they come up again with something a little more substantial.

writers. The problem, however, is no longer exclusively Irish; since Dylan Thomas made the literary world aware of Welsh rhetoric, the Welshman who writes fiction or poetry is all too often expected to be musical if nothing else. One can meet enthusiasts everywhere from the Bronx to Los Angeles who read Welsh writers aloud, with a great rolling emphasis, amid talk of "national genius."

Emyr Humphreys, author of *A Man's Estate*, is a novelist first and a Welshman second, for which his readers can be profoundly thankful. His book, set in a small Welsh town and large estate, is an examination of human beings within a closed but changing social framework. It is,

## The Failure of the Mask

given some fifty centuries  
at the art

and more dead than days  
in the fifty centuries

nevertheless the violence remains  
in the silence of their faces

these are violent faces  
death's many faces

silence breeding violence  
violence breaking the mask

and death stepping from the mask  
death beyond any embalmer's art

certifying human failure  
at inhuman art


HAROLD DICKER

✿ ✿  
A proper anthropologist  
and some conniving  
Irishmen turn an ancient  
fertility rite into a  
fine Irish stew  
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THE STRAIGHT AND  
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essentially, the story of an old and important family whose property evolves upon a prosaic scientist son and a sickly, romantic spinster daughter, and conveys a sense of decay, of an end to a tradition.

Mr. Humphreys' book, as a provincial novel, bears considerable resemblance to the work of William Faulkner. The children, for example, are either sensual and doomed, sensitive and impotent, or healthy and materialist. The older people are mummified eccentrics burdened by the corruption of past sin which finally results in madness. Philip, the older son in Mr. Humphreys' book, like Faulkner's Jason, is alienated from his family, interested in the estate only for the cash it might bring. Like Jason also, Philip is misanthropic, although possessed of a more acrid wit. He described his prospective father-in-law's speech as a "sanctimonious bleat that issues like an endless toilet roll from his letter box mouth."

Structurally, too, *A Man's Estate* has overtones of Faulkner. The novel develops through four separate narratives and four interlocking points of view, each spoken directly in the first person. While Mr. Humphreys does make some effort to vary the quality of the narrative according to the speaker involved, he fails to achieve the objectivity demanded by his method. The result, as in the earliest attempts to create interior monologue, is a distracting series of omniscient comments imbedded within subjective narrative, so that the book is without the free-



dom of one method and the spontaneity of the other. Mr. Humphreys' lapses in craft, however, are at worst minor irritations; his novel is an incisive and honest analysis of human pressures in a too frequently romanticized area.

## Art in Science

**COMMUNITY BUILDING:** Science, Technique, Art. By Carol Aronovici. Doubleday & Co. \$7.50.

**THE CORE OF THE CITY.** By John Rannells. Columbia University Press. \$5.50.

By Albert Guerard

IN SAN FRANCISCO, the Blyth-Zellerbach Committee of Business Men is attempting to block a double-decked freeway along the Embarcadero for esthetic and historical reasons. This is quite in harmony with Aronovici's essential message: city planning is science, technique, but also art. In most cities of the Old World, in many cities of the New, it is also history. We must meet the practical needs of the present: but tradition is a cherished fact and beauty is an asset. There is more to a city than a "machine for living." In many keys, Geddes, Mumford, Hegemann, Saarinen, Tunnard and even Le Corbusier—with all his crotchets—have preached the same humanistic gospel. Aronovici's merit is to give a masterly, if somewhat austere, synopsis of a very complex discipline. This book will provide an invaluable guide, not for the professional merely, but even more for the serious, civic-minded layman.

John Rannells' book is of narrower scope and more severely technical in treatment. It is a highly technical study of changing land uses in central business districts. The conclusions may seem a trifle slim and vague compared with the elaborateness of the statistical apparatus. But the study is not complete in itself: it is meant to be part of a larger survey. It is a tool rather than a finished report. The topical example selected is Central Philadelphia.

ALBERT GUERARD, professor emeritus of comparative literature at Stanford University, has maintained a lifetime interest in city planning.

# TELEVISION

Anne W. Langman

CONVENTION-viewing proved such a bore that Madison Avenue is wondering whether the campaign to come can salvage any part of the \$17,000,000 sponsors and networks have invested in this year's national elections. TV experts agree that it will take a lot of fast doing to recapture audience interest. It is their belief that only a tempting schedule of super-spectacular entertainment, in which long-winded political palaver will play little or no part, will be able to rouse the drooping eyelid and nodding head.

The months of planning, the electronic wizardry, the most expert newscasters were unable to prevent the thunderous thuds beamed from Chicago and San Francisco. In my own examination of what happened, one thing became clear: where there is no story, there is no interest. There was only a skimpy story from the Democratic convention, none worthy of the name from the Republican. Desperate efforts to camouflage the lack served only to make it more obvious; viewers were tossed back and forth between exhausted newsmen trying to discuss nonexistent issues with anyone they

could collar (including each other) and views of Chicago and San Francisco streets. I was often reminded of the sign at the food concession in Chicago: *Affy Tapples—15c*. Affy Tapples it was—devoid of the pungency of the real thing, coated with syrupy illusion.

One disgruntled viewer deserted a roomful of dozing patriots and went out to buy the early editions; he wanted his news the old-fashioned way. Here is another clue. Perhaps the only possible life-saver for the no-story dilemma to which TV found itself committed would have been the use of brisk and untrammelled comment, such as can sometimes be found in the printed page. A sizable tempest was stirred up by the CBS bluepencilling of *The Pursuit of Happiness* film from the Democratic keynote address. CBS president Frank Stanton replied to Paul Butler's public reproof by pointing up the freedom of the press issue involved: "... Those who make the news cannot, in a free society, dictate to broadcasters . . . to what extent, where, and how they shall cover the news. [We] are not mere conduits which must carry every-

## Sportive Accolade

Innocence is on the top of the world.  
Peaks give only a partial view. Icebergs  
Are massive under water. Joy is light,  
Accepts the immediate sun upon the skin.

As a skiff rows in a blue turbulence  
Knotted and easy, buoyant and placable;  
As the children play at the edge of the sea;  
As the osprey cries over the headland,

Love seems significant. The light of the eye,  
The truth of the white hand, seem magnificent.  
Any order seems good. All  
The battling makeshifts win a token.

There is a reverential attitude  
Inarticulate for those unfrenzied.  
A light breeze and a delicate cloud  
Are glories of the summer universe.

RICHARD EBERHART

The NATION

thing the newsmaker demands. On the contrary, we insist most vigorously that we are, and must remain, free to exercise our news judgment." Bravely said. Braver still would have been some truly free-wheeling opinions expressed by such electronic journalists as Edward R. Murrow, Eric Sevareid, Quincy Howe, the brilliant young NBC team of Huntley and Brinkley. The few times that opinion slipped into their too often sterile commentary proved refreshing and interesting. In the main, however, they came close to being the "mere conduits" which Dr. Stanton rejected.

Another big question: should conventions be made good TV fare by being produced, like any major TV enterprise, by professionals or should the producers follow the politicians, merely editing their antics into an acceptable format? One thing is certain: as things stand now, something will have to give. The spectacle, unadorned, is a sorry sight and makes for sore eyes.

TO BE sure, some good things came out of the morass: the intimacy and trust developed among millions for the three sturdy anchor men—John Daly, Walter Cronkite and Chet Huntley—is a plus; the trio has been deluged with letters suggesting vacation spots, tranquilizing pills, rest cures and appreciation for their steadfast guidance. Another value was the opportunity to accustom the eye to new screen techniques; retinas of the future may well be in three rectangles, or the keyhole pattern, or the triangle-type insertion. I liked some of the gimmicks, too: the podium equipped with an elevator to adjust every speaker's height to average; the built-in air conditioner which kept orators from perspiring under the hot glare of the lights; NBC's lip reader, who made doubly sure that no one could exchange secrets (as though the army of mobile cameras and mikes were not enough).

I did enjoy the very few unguarded moments: a CBS reporter interviewing, one hand holding out the microphone and the other holding back an ABC rival; the tragedy in Bess Truman's face as she watched

her husband's political somersault; the open mike which passed along Chet Huntley's plea for black coffee during the Ike demonstration; Harriman, alone in a box, engrossed in the thoughts of a defeated candidate; the tangle of wires in a hotel corridor—"Godammit, watch that cable!"—and then the hurried gasp "... And now back to Walter Cronkite."

It has been said that whichever party has the most money to buy TV time during the campaign will be assured of victory. The lesson of the convention makes this an open question. To make TV effective as a

campaign tool, it will have to be used with skill and showmanship, imagination and flexibility. It must be as intimate as the discarded whistle-stop tour, as warm as the handshake, as compelling as the local rally. It must command attention, compete with entertainment available at the twisting of a knob. The convention fiasco at least contributed the knell of the lengthy political speech on TV and the beginning of what will have to be some pretty effective and tough-minded thinking on how to make politics palatable and effective on the home screen.

## MUSIC

B. H. Haggin

THE RCA LC-1A speaker I used for several years produced the truest, most agreeable violin sounds (my test for highs) that I had heard. Or rather it produced them from good recordings: after much testing and checking I reached the conclusion that the lustreless, edged, harsh string sounds from many London records represented distorting resonances and peaks in the range above 10,000 cycles as it was recorded by London. But recently I installed a combination of two Bozak low-frequency speakers (woofers) and the new Janszen electrostatic high-frequency speaker (tweeter); and switching back and forth between this system and the LC-1A I was amazed by the new purity of the violin sounds from the good recordings as they came from the Janszen-Bozak system, and by the lessening—in some instances to the point of disappearance—of the defects of the string sounds from the London recordings. The Janszen, with its complete freedom from distorting peaks, revealed the fact that the response of the LC-1A included such peaks, which did no disturbing damage to the sound from the good recordings, but intensified the distorting peaks in the sound from the London recordings.

When the Janszen doesn't elimi-

nate the edged or harsh quality from the London sound entirely, it must be eliminated by a steep roll-off above 10,000 cycles. This is the one thing the superb McIntosh C-8 pre-amplifier doesn't provide; and it is something the Bogen PR-100-A pre-amplifier does offer. It also offers greater gain than the C-8, which has a use I will speak of in a moment.

With these I have tried the new Fairchild 225 cartridge. A year ago it was astonishing to hear the Fairchild 220 produce even more of the bloom and the glow that had been so extraordinary in the sound from the 215; now it is astonishing to hear the new 225 produce even more of that bloom and glow than the 220. In addition, the 225 has a greater output, and can be used with the McIntosh thirty-watt amplifier and C-8 pre-amplifier without a step-up transformer which alters the sound and is therefore something to avoid. And Fairchild says there are changes in design and manufacture which make the 225 more dependable and rugged than the 220.

I have also tried the Electro-Sonic Concert Series cartridge, the ESL-C1, and compared it with the Fairchild 225. The difference in sound is one of hairsbreadths, but it is definite: the Electro-Sonic produces the essential and pure sound from



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the record without the slight resonances which the Fairchild adds. In Mahler's Symphony No. 1 on Columbia SL-218 these additional resonances make the Fairchild's sound appear more brilliant; but one comes to hear that the Electro-Sonic's sound is the more true. And in Berlioz' *Au Cimetière* on Columbia ML-4940 the Fairchild's additional resonances appear as slight grains of stridency in Steber's voice that are not present in the voice as reproduced by the Electro-Sonic. I repeat: this stridency is a matter of hairsbreadths; and it is revealed only by comparison with the Electro-Sonic. If one listens only to the Fairchild one couldn't imagine anything more beautiful.

IN THESE comparisons I have used the two cartridges without transformers; and when used in this way the Electro-Sonic has a much smaller output than the Fairchild—so small that the gain provided by the McIntosh thirty-watt amplifier and C-8 pre-amplifier is insufficient to produce the music without excessive noise. This is where the greater gain of the Bogen PR-100-A pre-amplifier is useful: the noise is reduced to the point where it is covered by the music and isn't disturbing. But if one wants to eliminate the noise entirely one must use the Electro-Sonic with either a transformer or a fifty- or sixty-watt amplifier. I tried Electro-Sonic's own ESL-201-F transformer, and found that it introduced into the sound of Steber's voice a sharper stridency than did the Fairchild. Hence, for no noise with an Electro-Sonic cartridge one must use it with a fifty- or sixty-watt amplifier; and for no noise with a thirty-watt amplifier one must use the Fairchild.

The assemblage of components I recommend for the best sound from records begins, then, with a Janszen-Bozak speaker combination, an Electro-Sonic C1 cartridge (\$35), a sixty-watt McIntosh power-amplifier (\$198.50) and a Bogen PR-100-A pre-amplifier (\$109), and requires in addition a Gray 108-C arm (\$40) and a Garrard 301 motor and turntable (\$87). The speaker combination, comprising a Janszen

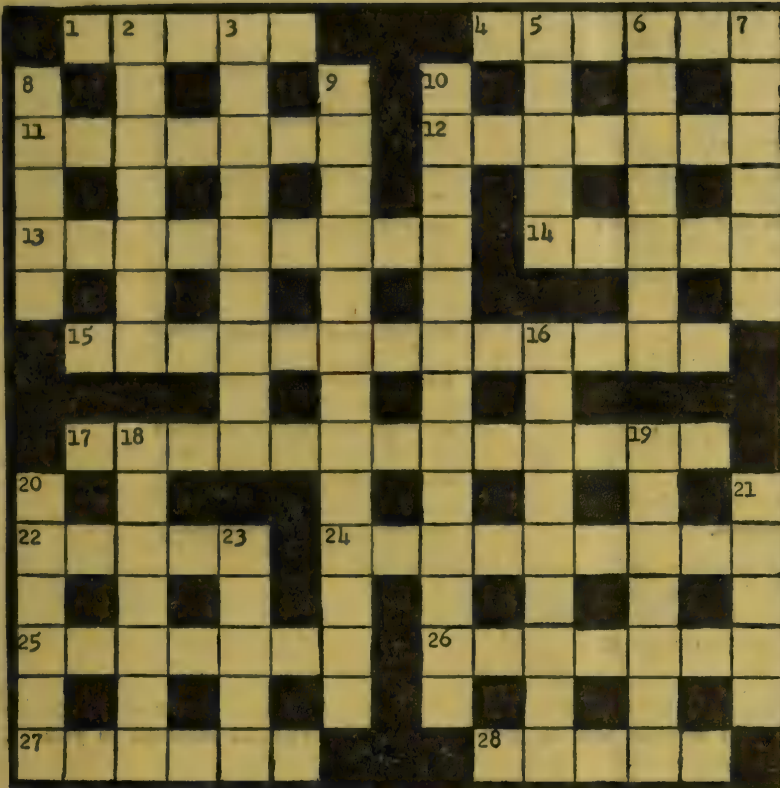
tweeter and two Bozak woofers, can be had in an excellently constructed and handsome Janszen cabinet (\$559). Or one can combine a Janszen tweeter in its small enclosure (\$161 for the black utility model, \$179 for birch finish, \$184 for mahogany) with two Bozak B-199-A woofers (\$49.50 each) in separate Bozak E-300 cabinets (\$75 each) which can be had in kit form (\$40) (the Bozak cabinets are placed side by side, and the Janszen on top of them). Or one can construct for the woofers two enclosures with dimensions providing an interior space of at least five cubic feet (e.g. 30 by 24 by 16 inches), with no opening other than the one for the speaker-cone (i.e. no bass-reflex port!), and with cross-bracing from side to side, top to bottom and front to back to prevent the slightest vibration. One can merely line this enclosure with sound-absorptive Aerocor Fiberglas; but it is authoritatively advised that one staple a piece of one-inch thick, three-quarter pound density Fiberglas across the speaker-frame, with a hole cut out for the speaker-magnet; and that one cut a 1-by-4-yard piece of the Fiberglas into pieces approximately three inches square, with which the interior of the enclosure is lightly filled. The other components than the speaker can be put into a cabinet; or they can be left out in the open, in which case the motor, turntable and arm can be mounted on a Garrard base (\$24), and a cage is available for the Bogen pre-amplifier (\$7.50). For 78-rpm records an ESL-C3 cartridge must be added (\$35).

Sound that is only a hairsbreadth less beautiful will result from substituting the McIntosh thirty-watt power-amplifier (\$143.50) and Fairchild 225-A and C cartridges (\$37.50 each). And a combination of the Janszen tweeter and only one Bozak woofer will produce sound with the same beautiful quality and with perfect balance of treble and bass, but without the additional solidity from the second Bozak woofer. This one-woofer combination also can be had in a Janszen cabinet (\$359).

Less expensive assemblages next time.

# Crossword Puzzle No. 688

By FRANK W. LEWIS



## ACROSS:

- 1 Sore points in labor disputes. (5)
- 4 Tropic disease? (6)
- 11 Automobile to end up on? You might think it funny! (7)
- 12 Stands up straight and comes to the point. (7)
- 13 A favorite title for last century pianists, but you should picture it today! (5, 4)
- 14 They might be worn to a ball, or protect one from it. (5)
- 15 Some people don't like these to stay with them; they're certainly not conducive to getting on. (4, 9)
- 17 Study the bacon supply, for a fee! (13)
- 22 Helps, like around the stake. (5)
- 24 Has it changed to iron yet? (9)
- 25 Not rail turnover in the dock. (2, 5)
- 26 The way to allow some to get upset about it? If you're going to make them, you'd better get cracking! (7)
- 27 These poisons sound as though they should give ample warning. (6)
- 28 The condition of the body politic. (5)

## DOWN:

- 2 Water buffalo. (7)
- 3 Leaves both sides of them, if they're being used. (9)
- 5 A light collection opposite the middle. (5)

6 Sanguinary. (7)

- 7 Like a Hogarth character? (6)
- 8 Is this only a small part of the struggle? (5)
- 9 How our fathers declared themselves, and ended in plenty? (13)
- 10 Standard in 17, instead of the team being there. (It's quite likely to be consumptive.) (13)
- 16 Does the party go underground if you do? (No wonder it's cross!) (9)
- 18 Certainly not a hidden weapon—if you don't prefer to strain for the clue. (7)
- 19 Copper might bear it, suggesting an odor. (3, 4)
- 20 His seat might be just above the trunk. (6)
- 21 Strauss' baron was such. (5)
- 23 Shoot, possibly because counterfeit coins are given. (5)

## SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 687

ACROSS: 1 and 18 down LET BYGONES BE BYGONES; 10 RADIANT; 11 and 6 EVENING STAR; 12 CONSIGNS; 13 BROKE; 15 ONSET; 17 NIBELUNGS; 19 NIGHT CLUB; 21 YEARN; 23 THANE; 24 BIGAMOUS; 27 UNCLEAN; 28 NOMADIC; 29 KISS; 30 ILL-STARRED. DOWN: 1 LORD; 2 TEDIOUS; 3 YEARS; 4 OCTAGONAL; 5 EPEES; 7 TRICORN; 8 REGRESSING; 9 VERBALLY; 14 MOON-STRUCK; 16 TATTERED; 20 GLANCES; 22 ASUNDER; 24 BANAL; 25 MAMBA; 26 SCUD.

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# **BATTLE OF CHARLOTTESVILLE**

Symbol of the Divided South

*by Dan Wakefield*

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# A COMMUNICATION

## SUPER-TANKERS AND THE SUEZ CANAL

*The author of the following letter is an experienced seaman who has held a master's license for fifteen years and has worked largely on oil tankers.*

THE HEAT generated by Egypt's nationalization of the Suez Canal has brought to the surface some arguments that bear close scrutiny. Thirty years of service in tankers and freighters and many passages through the canal should be sufficient background for a shipmaster to speak with at least a degree involved. I do not, of course, profess to speak of the political aspects.

The principal technical arguments raised by the West in favor of internationalization are: (1) the Egyptians cannot maintain the canal to serve the increasing demands; (2) They do not have the necessary pilots.

The first argument is based on the fact that tanker traffic is increasing in both volume and size of ships to the point where dredging operations are too formidable for the Egyptian government to handle. It is true that today's super-tankers are too deep to negotiate the canal—and if someone were to tell a layman it is possible to take a tanker drawing forty feet through a canal thirty-five feet deep he would probably be nominated for a berth in a lunatic asylum. In fact, it is an easy operation.

Assume a tanker six feet too deep to pass through the canal arrives at the southern terminus, Port Suez. Obviously, the vessel must be raised six feet. This is done by pumping enough oil into a self-propelled barge enabling the tanker to decrease her draft by the necessary amount. The tanker and barge then proceed through the canal and at the northern terminus, Port Said, the barge pumps the oil back onto the tanker. Such an operation would involve only six hours' delay at the most. For the same tanker to go around the Cape of Good Hope would involve an additional fifteen days.

The foregoing is not the only solution. A pipeline across the isthmus of Suez with a tank and pumping station on each end would serve the same purpose. The overdrift tanker pumps her excess oil into a tank at the southern terminus. While the tanker is making the canal transit, the oil is pumped to the northern terminus. When the tanker

arrives at Port Said the oil is pumped back on. Again the loss of time would only amount to about six hours.

Incidentally, the establishment of a pipeline and pumping operation across the isthmus would eliminate the need for at least fifty per cent of the tanker traffic. An oil storage depot at the northern terminus would enable super-tankers to discharge their oil at the southern terminus, whence it would be pumped across to the storage tanks at Port Said. From here the oil would be picked up by smaller tankers which could negotiate the European harbors. This would save considerable time for the operators, since their tankers would not have to negotiate the canal. And the Egyptian government would more than make up for the loss in transit revenue by the lease of tanks to private operators and from a charge for pumping the oil across the isthmus.

These expedients are far simpler and cheaper than deeper dredging. Present dredging operations could be limited to widening the canal so that vessels could proceed through at full speed instead of at half or three-quarter speed as they do at present. Between the increase in speed and the elimination of a large part of the tanker traffic, the present congestion would be greatly relieved.

These alternative procedures are bound to be arrived at by the Egyptian Government or by whoever handles the canal. Such being the case, it hardly seems reasonable to assume that the Egyptian Government is not or will not be technically equipped to handle the canal in a satisfactory manner.

As for piloting, in my judgment the canal is just about as easy a place as there is for a pilot to negotiate. With practically no tide or current, the pilot has little more to do than to stay in the middle of the channel. Any good navigator could handle a pilot's job in this waterway with a week of practice. During World War II, men on American and foreign flag vessels were compelled by circumstances to do their own piloting in far more rugged places than Suez. Europeans formerly did the piloting into Shanghai and Calcutta. Today they are gone and the piloting is being done by natives. This itself should answer the question as to whether or not the Egyptians can handle the pilot problem.

The main thing is, no matter how

you or I or anyone else feels about the Egyptian nationalization of the canal and the politics involved, don't be surprised if they can make it stick as far as operations are concerned.

HARRY RUSSELL

New York

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## Subversion in the South

*A man in the uniform of the United States Navy is protected by National Guard troops from an angry mob bent on physical injury and molestation for no reason other than that he is a Negro.*

*A deputy district attorney is threatened by a mob and hurries from the scene.*

*In Tennessee, National Guardsmen are stopped by members of a mob and threatened with knives.*

*In Mansfield, Texas, a stuffed figure made up as a "cotton-head" Negro is "strung up" from the flagpole in the white school yard while, across town, Negro children are hoisting the Stars and Stripes.*

*In Clinton, Tennessee, white parents are afraid to send their children to an integrated school because of threats that, if they do, their homes might be dynamited.*

THESE are acts of subversion. The spirit manifested is the same spirit that moved Nazi Storm Troopers. What could be more truly subversive than for American parents to teach their children, by word and personal example, to hate and despise other children solely because of the color of their skin?

The upsurge of subversion in Texas and Tennessee points up the fallacy implicit in the argument that force should not be used to uphold the Constitution. The argument turns on the point that the use of force, of "troops and bayonets," would lead to bloodshed and violence. The facts point to a different conclusion. The wise and courageous action of Governor Frank Clements in ordering out the National Guard in Tennessee, and similar action by Governor Chandler in Kentucky, put a brake on mob action that might have resulted in wholesale violence.

The members of a mob are always cowards. They will maim and even kill when the odds are in their favor by, say, a ratio of 50 or 100 to 1, but there is not a hero in a carload when the odds are even. Mob action feeds on lawlessness. It seldom gets out of hand unless law enforcement officials either fail to act or, as often happens in the South, connive at mob violence. The timely use of force, as in Tennessee and Kentucky, avoids bloodshed and violence; it does not provoke it. In these states the battle for integration has been won although it will, of course, take time to complete the process. A similar victory might easily have been won in Texas. *Enforcement of the Supreme Court's decision will not provoke violence in the South, but the encouragement*

*of mob action or any truckling to the South's subversive forces may well do so.*

The chief danger, at the moment, consists in the possibility that, softened up by a year's sweet talk of "moderation" and "gradualism," opinion leaders will capitulate even though the situation calls for firmness and determination. Walter Lippman, among others, has already begun to sound a retreat. Enforcement, he implies, must not be ordered where a majority in the local community is against integration. But on the issues of constitutional principle and human rights, we have never measured majorities by counties. Can a majority in a neighborhood drive a Negro home-owner from the precinct? This is not majority rule; it is mob rule. On issues of human rights and constitutional principle, the national and not the local majority must be respected.

In the present juncture, we need not only the courage to be fair but also the courage to be intelligent. The South is moving in the right direction; the bigots and hatemongers cannot hold it back except temporarily. Guardians of the South's most deeply-cherished traditions have shown more courage and spirit in espousing the future, as Dan Wakefield's story in this issue indicates, than the johnny-rebs-come-lately who speak and act not in the name of Lee and Jackson but of Bilbo and Rankin. But the South's subversives can cause trouble. Segregation and *apartheid* schemes are not established because a dominant social group simply cannot bring itself to tolerate a subversive group; segregation is a device to prevent an association which is imminent. Because the future is mammoth, as Mr. Wakefield observes, we cannot permit mobs armed with jackknives to abort it.

*The Nation* is not a pacifist publication. In our view, situations arise in the course of human affairs when the threat of force may be the only means to prevent bloodshed. To urge its use in such circumstances is not to provoke violence but to prevent it. Better men than the members of the Clinton and Mansfield mobs have died in defense of the American conception of human freedom and we would profane their memories were we to permit mobs to rob an entire generation of Southern Negro children of part of their heritage as American citizens, namely, the right to equal educational opportunities without regard to race or color.



# CHARLOTTESVILLE BATTLE

## Symbol of the Divided South.. by DAN WAKEFIELD

*Charlottesville, Va.*

THIS history-marked Virginia town, with roots struck deep in America's past, came close to catching up with the future last week. The date was postponed—but not cancelled.

The end of summer saw the future held back in several different ways in scattered communities throughout the South, as some of its public schools took the first shaky steps toward making the Supreme Court ruling against segregation a national fact of life. In Mansfield, Texas, and Clinton, Tennessee, the new day dawned with the ugliness of riots and mob demonstrations. Here the old day was drawn out longer by a last-minute legal appeal.

On August 27 Federal District Judge John Paul suspended a ruling he had made three weeks earlier ordering Charlottesville to make a start toward ending segregation in its public schools when the term began the first week of September. The order would have made this town of 23,000 whites and 5,000 Negroes the first Virginia municipality to start desegregation. The suspension means that the appeal will go before the Fourth Circuit Court of Appeals probably some time next month. And in the meantime, the public schools here have opened as usual: segregated.

In granting the suspension, Judge John Paul, native Virginian and son of a Confederate soldier, offered this personal view of the case: "Of course, as an individual, I do not expect my decree to be reversed by the appellate court. And I also know that you are playing desperately for time—at least I assume that it is desperate."

The "desperation" has been neither continuous nor quiet. When the Supreme Court ruling against segrega-

tion first was announced in 1954, Virginia's Governor Thomas B. Stanley met it without a trace of desperation—indeed, with stoic acceptance and some grace. These were his words:

I contemplate no precipitate action, but I shall call together as quickly as possible representatives of both state and local governments to consider the matter and work toward a plan which will be acceptable to our citizens and in keeping with the edict of the court.

In line with this statement, a commission headed by state Senator Garland Gray was set up to study the problem. It later recommended a school-assignment plan which would have meant a gradual start toward integration. But following this summer's order by Judge Paul, and a similar one by Federal District Judge Albert V. Bryan ruling an end to segregation in Arlington County schools in 1957, Governor Stanley opposed the moderate Gray commission proposals and called a special session of the state legislature for August 27. There he backed a plan of his own which would cut off state funds to any school making a start toward integration. The result could be the closing of the public school system in Virginia—a far cry from the governor's statement of 1954.

The innocent observer might wonder why the governor's vehemence took two years to show itself, and why it suddenly burst upon Virginia with the righteous wrath of a true Defender of the Faith just moments before the future struck. Many Virginians feel that the governor decided—with the help of Senator Byrd—that the defenders of the status quo were too large and too powerful a block of voters to be dismissed with a moderate approach, and that a last-minute charge against the inevitable was the best answer to future questions from all the white knights.

In the meantime the show of

righteous battle rages out of Richmond, adding more scars to the number already accumulated on the body of racial relations in the South. The gentlemen cry out against domination by the federal government; cry out for states' rights to determine their approach to the edict of equality. But at the same time, many of them push the governor's plan that would eliminate municipal and district rights by withholding funds from any community that wanted to operate its schools without segregation. They fear that within their own state there are certain communities which might go quietly ahead and accept the law of the land. Once that happened the line would be broken and the myths would begin to go. One of those feared communities is Charlottesville.

THE PRESSURES of change that are acting on this town are the same pressures that are, or will be acting, on hundreds of towns throughout the South. This is supposed to be one of the places where the change can be made with the least amount of difficulty; but the difficulties here are neither small in size nor few in number. Charlottesville's reputation as a point of progress, and the citizens who make that reputation, do help the community meet the problems—but can't by any magic sweep of the lamp of knowledge wipe them out.

The principal symbol of this town's tendency toward enlightenment is the University of Virginia, where the first colored student was accepted in 1950 and where a dozen Negroes will matriculate for graduate work this fall. The story of these students is still unmarred by any of the much-anticipated "trouble" that the white defenders tell us is inevitable in integrated schooling.

Beyond the entrance of Negro students, the university stands as a liberal symbol through its position as the center of higher education

DAN WAKEFIELD is The Nation's roving reporter and the author of many distinguished articles for this magazine.

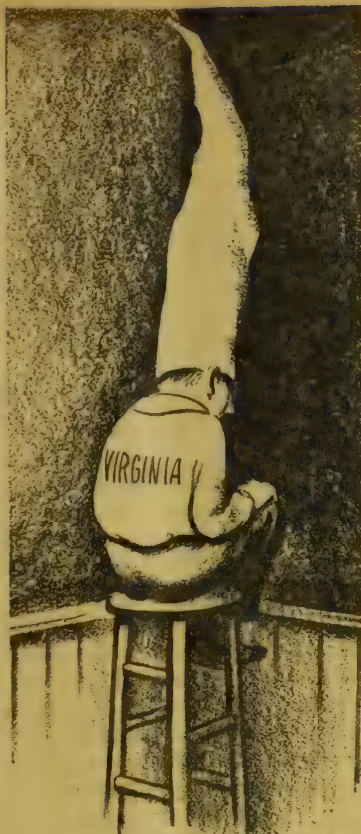


and scholarship in the state. It has, in fact, provided the core, though not by any means the whole body, for the only local group besides the NAACP which is working in support of integration in the schools—the Charlottesville-Albemarle (county) chapter of the Virginia Council on Human Relations. There is also a small group of white people in the local NAACP, whose estimated membership of 1,500 makes it the biggest branch in Virginia and earned it the 1955 award of the organization as the fastest-growing chapter in the country.

One of the most ardent workers for desegregation in both these groups is a forty-eight-year-old University of Virginia faculty wife named Sarah Patton Boyle. "Patty" Boyle stands with enough credentials in the family tree to remove all suspicion that her ideas are a product of "Yankee" or "foreign" intrigue—and they rankle all the more sorely with the town's professional Anglo-Saxons because of that. Who among them had one of their grandfathers serving as personal scout for Lee and the other riding as colonel under Stonewall Jackson? The shades of the past in a land where they hover so significantly gives this woman a special kind of power when she speaks, as she does, for the future.

Mrs. Boyle first became interested in Negro civil rights some six years ago, when the case came up about the entry of the first Negro student into the university. Discussions with white and Negro leaders brought her to a new attitude on the whole question of the segregated South. "Up till then," Mrs. Boyle explains, "like most Southern whites, I had never talked with an educated Negro." Their side of the segregation story was a revelation to her, who had always considered the system "natural" before. Since that time she has written, spoken and organized for the cause of equal rights in the South, and in February an article by her entitled *Southerners Will Like Integration* was published in the *Saturday Evening Post*.

The title, which was not her own, and actually not a conclusion of the piece, caused almost more anger



Fitzpatrick in St. Louis Post-Dispatch

from Southern friends and readers than the text of the article itself. Her own title, changed for publication by the *Post* editors, was *We Are Readier Than We Think*. Ready enough, Mrs. Boyle feels, to have carried out school integration in Charlottesville with the term that began last week. To those who feel that the last-minute suspension will help in giving more time for preparation to integrate next fall, she says that "The best way to learn about integration is to integrate. There are so many fears and illusions that can't be dispelled any other way."

Shortly after the appeal to delay integration here had been granted, Mrs. Boyle and Mrs. Morris Brown sat in the living room of the Boyle home and recounted recent events to a visiting Yankee. Mildred Brown is a tall, slim woman in her middle-thirties, the mother of a fifteen-year-old boy in the Charlottesville (white) high school, and the newly elected vice president of the Charlottesville chapter of the Virginia Council on Human Relations (an

affiliate of the inter-racial Southern Regional Council). Mrs. Boyle, ■ lively, graying woman in a lacy white dress and glasses that hang around her neck on a black ribbon, sat with a folder of notes and clippings on the coffee table in front of her. The two ladies might have been a committee for any town's Junior League fall program.

"I first got into all this myself after a mass meeting here in July to protest the integration," Mrs. Brown explained. "Judge Paul had said he was going to issue the order for integration and a meeting was called by the Defenders of State Sovereignty—that's the group here like the Citizens Councils. Well, they say it was the biggest meeting ever held in town. There were thousands of people, and after it was over the leaders said that all of the people there supported the protest against integration. I knew I for one didn't support the protest, or what those speakers were saying. I thought if there were others who felt the way I did we ought to get together. I'd never met Patty Boyle but I knew about her article in the *Post* and so I called her up."

THAT WAS the beginning of the local chapter of the Virginia Council on Human Relations. The first meeting was held July 27, four days after the Charlottesville mass meeting. The new organization didn't draw the multitudes, but it did find sixty-nine white and two Negro citizens of this Virginia town who wanted to be members.

Mr. E. J. Oglesby and his Defenders of State Sovereignty and Individual Liberties were surprised there were even as many "crackpots" in town as that. Both sides pursued their own ends in peace. The Human Relations group drew up a letter to the governor deploring the outlay of more than half a million dollars in public funds in the battle against integration, and affirming that:

We believe that desegregation can be carried forward in such a way as to accomplish better education for our total community and that it is the clear responsibility of the school board to immediately make plans to do so. This is a local problem and our community is capable of solving it.



The letter was adopted at the group's third meeting, August 23, when the business was interrupted by the shouts of the newest potential Grand Dragon of the day—John Kasper. This is the twenty-six-year-old agitator out of Washington, D.C., Camden, New Jersey, and Columbia University who was arrested a week later and sentenced to a year in jail at Clinton, Tennessee, after stirring Clinton High School's first desegregated opening into a series of riots.

As executive secretary of the Seaboard White Citizens Councils, Kasper and his imported cronies worked three weeks in Charlottesville, but was unable to bring his own brand of Citizens Councils into being—a brand disclaimed as too radical by the Citizens Councils of Mississippi as well as by the local Defenders of State Sovereignty. It was not the voice of the Defenders, but of John Kasper of Camden, New Jersey, that shouted to the Human Relations members that "We in the Citizens Councils have declared war on you people. We're going to run you out of town."

It was the cronies of Kasper who set the big cross to burning outside of the third meeting of the Human Relations Council and threatened Mrs. Morris Brown that there would be a cross for burning in her own yard. It was the people of her neighborhood in Charlottesville who gathered to defend her, a widow living alone with her children, the night the cross was supposed to be burned.

"Most of my neighbors aren't with me on my views about integration," Mrs. Brown said, "But no matter what their views were they stuck by me to see that there wouldn't be any trouble."

The cross wasn't burnt that night for Mrs. Brown, but a week later the threat was carried out on another lawn. The Yankee visitor was sitting in his hotel room in Charlottesville when the telephone rang and a pleasant voice said: "This is Mrs. Boyle. I just thought you'd want to know, there was a big cross burning out in the yard here tonight. Son took some pictures of it and then we put it out and brought it inside."

The visitor wondered how big a cross it was.

"Son? How big was that cross out there? 'Bout six feet? Yes, about six feet tall, I think. We're keeping it for a souvenir."

Mrs. Boyle and her friends felt that the cross was the work of Kasper's travelling agitators. The Charlottesville segregationist leaders are, of course, "respectable" folks, and as yet have offered no official threats to their fellow citizens, black or white. Charlottesville is not Mississippi; nor is it Plato's Republic.

BUT IF there is no immediate fear of the local segregationist leaders, there is little joy to be taken from the views of those most honorable Defenders of State Sovereignty and Individual Liberties, the foremost of whom are E. J. Oglesby and state Senator Edward O. McCue, Jr.

The home of Thomas Jefferson is just outside of Charlottesville; and also outside of town, in another direction, is the home of Mr. Oglesby, president of the Defenders. It sits surrounded by rolling hills, an archery range and a polo ground.

E. J. Oglesby, short and stout in khaki shirt and slacks that were decorated by a gold chain and a dangling Phi Beta Kappa key, sat in a red velvet rocking chair in his living room, clenching a pipe between his small teeth. He stated his credentials as defender of the people to the visitor from up North—native Virginian, head of mathematics department at New York University from 1919-1931, professor of engineering and mathematics at the University of Virginia from 1931 to the present, and special teacher of actuarial classes at Prudential Life Insurance Company for twenty-five years (this latter position requiring thirty-six annual trips north of the Mason-Dixon line to Newark).

"You can," Mr. Oglesby assured the visitor, "look it all up in *Who's Who*."

Thus established as a leading citizen, E. J. Oglesby, rocking gently and staring at the needlepointed message framed on the wall across from him—"God Bless Our Home"—proceeded to state his views on segregation:

"I figure it'll take about ten years for us to make the Northerners get

it through their thick heads that we're just not gonna integrate. We'll keep passing bills and finding ways out. And if it comes down to it, we'll close the schools.

"This house you're sitting in right here used to be the Brookhill School for Boys—private school. It operated from 1857 to 1862, and then it closed down because the boys were all out busy killin' Yankees. We've got enough money here in this county to operate private schools for the whites. What the niggers are gonna do, I don't know. If we have to close the schools, of course, the nigger'll have to suffer from it—everybody knows that.

"Then, if the federal government says we have to operate schools, and operate integrated schools, we'll be ready to get out the bayonets. There were more Yankees killed in the last one than Southerners, and if they want to try it again, let 'em come on down."

FURTHER enlightenment was thrown on the subject by state Senator McCue, who had just returned from the legislative battlegrounds in Richmond, where the special session had bred its new bills to avoid the Supreme Court ruling. Fresh from the fray, Senator McCue leaned his lanky frame in his desk chair, smiled the quick smile that periodically flashes across his handsome face, and rendered his views:

"Of course we know this whole thing [integration] is being aided and abetted by the Communists and the Jews. The Communists want to mongrelize the race—weaken and conquer; and the Jews, they're so clannish, they want it so they'll end up being the only pure white race left, and have it all over everybody.

"You know, we've got a lot of carpetbaggers down here in Virginia—rich Yankees come down here to settle, and they're more segregationist than we are. What makes us mad is you Northerners up there with dirty hands coming down here to tell us what to do. I've been to New York many a time and I never see a nigger couple in a restaurant there—they're all segregated out in Harlem.

"All those organizations that are

so worried about minorities, why is it just the nigras? What about the Chinks and Japs over on the West Coast, and the Italians and Irishmen over in the East? Why not worry over them for a while? Why, we do more for the niggers down here than all the liberal organizations put together. So happens I got a nigger in my will, and I bet there's not many white men up North can say that.

"We don't want any trouble down here, but boy, you haven't seen trouble compared to what there'll be if integration starts. Economically, the nigger'll be outa jobs. There's plenty of poor whites need work. These niggers'll be outa work and we'll give 'em a little pocket money and a railroad ticket and send 'em up there where you people love 'em so much. I've heard a good deal of talk about just that—there's a lot of people willing to give money for that."

BUT Charlottesville has other answers. The answers of the Council on Human Relations—and the NAACP. This is the answer the visitor got from Ray Bell, a young Charlottesville-born and Boston University-graduated Negro of the local NAACP chapter:

"What we need now is some constructive thinking on the subject. We get this negative stuff all the time. Lots of white people have told me that they don't object to some Negroes being in the schools but they were worried about those little black kids who never washed and some of those poor slow ones it was hopeless to teach and would hold up others in the class. Well, I realize these kind of Negro children exist, but I say we've got to help them raise their standards. I don't throw them all in with the whites right away, but pick the ones who are best fitted, and assign them to the white schools. There are also bright colored children who are being slowed up by their classes, and I say that no bright child should be held up, white or black. If we could just get together, people from each of the communities, and talk about the problem along with the officials, I'm sure we could work something out."

Ray Bell was quiet for a moment, staring out the window, and said, almost to himself:

"But right now, as far as the officials go, there's just no communication."

The communication from the NAACP leaders here is massively and amazingly patient. These are people who have waited a hundred years and they still are waiting, and they say, "We can wait a little more." Even Senator Ed McCue was willing to admit that George R. Ferguson, the local Negro undertaker who is president of the local NAACP, was "a moderate man."

The Yankee visitor went to see George Ferguson and thought he had gotten the wrong address. Ridge Street was broad and lined with great trees, the houses sitting comfortably back on long green lawns. George Ferguson's home was a large red brick house with white pillars. Here on this single block in Virginia were white and Negro citizens living door to door in peace and comfort—and yet many of the parents were looking ahead with terror at their children going to school with the neighbor children.

In Charlottesville, Virginia, it's all right for Negroes and whites to live next door to each other, but it's not all right for them to go to school with each other. In Princeton, New Jersey, it's all right for Negroes and whites to go to public schools together, but it's not all right for Negro families to buy homes out of their own district and live next to white people. Our sacred social order, North and South, is as logical and healthy as a nightmare.

George R. Ferguson, the man in the pillared home, sat in an armchair puffing a pipe, and slowly, quietly, gave his own answers.

"We Southerners have to worry about our whole education system, regardless of white or colored," he said. "Virginia is ranked forty-fourth in education systems in the country. In the Second World War they proved in tests down at Fort Benning that the Southern boy wasn't up to the Northern boy, races aside—just didn't have as good an education. What with Russia and China coming up like this we've got to get

to work and see each man develop his brain, Negro and white man alike—we're all Americans.

"Yes, I think there's no doubt that things will work out down here with integration. This is the atomic age; this is a new day."

It is some indication of the different worlds of Charlottesville that George Ferguson speaks in terms of the atomic age, and E. J. Oglesby extends his vision of the future and conjures up bayonets.

But there is also the silent world of Charlottesville, and its inhabitants are claimed by both of the worlds that are speaking out for what they believe. Patty Boyle wrote in the *Saturday Evening Post* that when she decided the Negroes should have equal rights, she imagined herself alone among Southern whites. But several years of talking, taking polls and studying the subject brought her to feel that "... The large majority, composed of good-willed but easy-going citizens, cower back, mistakenly assuming that there is nothing they can do about it because their number is so small."

Ed McCue III, son of the state senator, says: "Don't you believe it. I found those 'silent' people are the ones who are more set against integration than anyone. They sit back quiet but if it really comes they'll explode."

The occupants of the great middle ground have yet to raise their voices. They, like the mass of men in any time, are the neutrals—but this time, sooner or later, they will have to throw their weight against the future or accept it. Either way it will come; the question is how graciously, or how painfully. The crowds of Mansfield, Texas, and Clinton, Tennessee, threw themselves against it, and now it is coming in those communities with pain—but it still is coming. The E. J. Oglesbys and Ed McCues have the power to make things painful for Charlottesville. They can cause a good deal of trouble as the segregated past is buried, but they don't have the power to dig it back up again, and in their hearts they know it. They are hopeless men, picking at the mammoth future with jackknives.



# CHALLENGE TO AMERICA

## The Atomic Crossroads . . by WILLIAM HAMMATT DAVIS

THESE United States of ours stand on the verge of greater adventure than ever before in our history. We stand there, irresolute, reluctant perhaps to take the plunge; but events flood in upon us on a rising tide. They will sweep us into their whirling currents whether we stand hesitantly still or plunge in and strike out to meet them.

The first half of this century has seen revolutionary changes in almost every aspect of life—changes which affect the relations of men to society and of the peoples of the world to one another. We need to seek their deeper significance. For-saking nostalgic regrets and backward facing postures, we must advance together on the path that has been our destiny from the very start.

Outstanding among these revolutionary changes is man's release of atomic energy; and the most creative and benevolent aspect of that event is that in learning how to release atomic energy we also learned, partially at least, how to control it. In atomic *fission* we can either release uncontrolled destructive energy (A-bombs) or, if we choose, we can release the energy under control to serve productive purposes. With the hydrogen (*fusion*) bomb we have, at least for now, no such choice, for atomic fusion has not yet been brought under control. The awful power of the hydrogen explosion is unrestrained in its destructiveness and unlimited in its degree. It amounts, in fact, to a full reversal of the process of creation; a return to uncontrolled disorder of the ordered store of energy packed by the Creator into the atom when the physical universe was created. But our ability to control the fission of uranium subordinates its stored atomic energy to our constructive purposes—makes it in our hands a tool of creation such as man has never before been blessed with.

Thus we see, in this revolutionary power to release atomic energy, at

### About the Author

William Hammatt Davis has spent much of his life resolving disputes by mediation and persuasion. He was a member of the New York State Mediation Board, 1937-40; chairman of the National Defense Mediation Board, 1941-42; chairman of the National War Labor Board, 1942-45, and chairman of the Atomic Energy Labor Relations Panel, 1949-53. He has advised various U.N. commissions on the techniques of mediation. His thorough understanding of the implications of atomic energy grows out of his experience as an eminent patent attorney and his service with the Atomic Energy Labor Relations Panel.

The Nation submitted to Mr. Davis the provocative Quaker pamphlet, *Speak Truth to Power*, with the request that he submit his own views on the implications of atomic energy and the possibilities for peace. This article is his reply.

THE EDITORS

once the awful potentiality of annihilation and the beneficent promise of abundance; a force so great that its mere existence tends to remove the threat of general war and at the same time assures us of an inexhaustible source of usable energy.

Let's linger a moment on this elimination of the threat of general war. It is evident to everyone and repeated everywhere that war between great nations with hydrogen bombs would give neither victory nor defeat; that *realization of this in Russia and in the West makes such a war no longer available as an instrument of diplomacy*. The difficulty is to grasp the reality of this fact; to absorb, understand and evaluate it.

It sometimes helps, in the face of such truly revolutionary events, to cast the story in allegorical form; let us undertake to tell it in that form from the beginning.

1. The story of the first interpo-

sition of the Creator in the affairs of mankind is told by Plato through the lips of Timaeus. Some 2,400 years ago, in a grove in Attica, Socrates, Timaeus, Critias and one or two others, having agreed that each in turn would venture to express his thoughts as to the origin of the gods and the creation of the universe, Timaeus was chosen to take the first turn. Remarking with humility that he and they, being only human, "could hardly expect a discourse in every way wholly consistent and exact" and "should be content with an account not less likely than any other," he said:

The generation of the universe was a combination of necessity [the random force of chaos] and reason. Reason over-ruled necessity by persuading her to guide the greater part of things that become toward what is best; in that way and on that principle, this universe was fashioned in the beginning by the victory of reasonable persuasion over necessity.

Note the principles that governed this initial act of creation. In the first place, the interposition of the Creator was not by force but by reasonable persuasion. No *power* other than the power of persuasion was used; perhaps, indeed, none other was available. In the second place, not all, only the greater part, was ordered for good. The physical world, which always and everywhere obeys invariably the laws of nature, was evidently within the greater part; but not the hearts and minds of men. Bringing order out of chaos in the spiritual, emotional and intellectual realm of men's hearts and minds was left to a gradual process of creative evolution in which mankind, endowed with reason and free will, was to participate. The putting in order of the greater part may be thought of as Marquis of Queensberry Rules, so to speak, governing the minor part.

In this way, and under this protection, arose man's greatest obligation and his greatest attribute—

liability to persuasion. As Alfred North Whitehead has put it:

The worth of men consists in their liability to persuasion. They can persuade and be persuaded by the disclosure of alternatives, the better and the worse. Civilization is the maintenance of social order by its own inherent persuasiveness as embodying the nobler alternative. The recourse to force, however unavoidable, is a disclosure of the failure of civilization either in the general society or in a remnant of individuals.

Thus the core of civilization among men is seen to be, as it has been from the beginning, the creation of order out of chaos in the hearts and minds of men by reasonable persuasion.

We may assume that progress from the beginning was slow, or if not slow then spotty and too often subject to destruction by the chaotic forces of evil. At any rate, a second interposition of the Creator was in order.

2. The life and teachings of Jesus of Nazareth dramatize the second episode in the story of the Creator's direct interposition in the affairs of mankind. As social contacts among men increased in extent and complexity, the Creator's plan had not worked too well. The need for a supplementary tool of persuasion was evident; and this time an emotional tool was chosen. The concept of the brotherhood of man was implanted in men's hearts, with its golden rule "As ye would that others should do unto you do ye even so to them" and its injunctions to love your neighbor as yourself, and to do good to them that despitefully use you. With this supplementary tool, the work of creative evolution went on.

3. The Creator's third direct interposition is of our own time. It had come about that man's inherent tendency to disagree with his neighbor, and disagreeing to resort to force, had developed into the arts of war. In the first half of this century that development, assisted by all the highly developed forces of physical science, reached the level of so-called "total war." Hundreds of thousands of regimented men exerted themselves to destroy other hundreds of thousands, including civilian non-combatants, whom they

had never seen and toward whom they had no personal hatred. Would it be too much to assume that this extraordinary development was as great a surprise to a benevolent Creator as it was a disappointment?

In any case, measures were taken to put a stop to it. Mankind was permitted to learn how to release the inexhaustible energy that had been packed into the atom when chaos was persuaded by reason to order the greater part of things for good; to return parts of the ordered universe to chaos. But here again not all. A part, at least—the energy released by atomic fission—was made subject to man's control.

The consummation with its two-part effect, whether understanding of it is reached by the path of allegory or by mere observation of things as they are, is the outstanding revolutionary event of our time.

The first of these two effects, the



uncontrolled release of the annihilating force of the hydrogen bomb, has driven mankind into a corner; but a good one. The evil forces in the hearts of men which lead to war can no longer find expression in that way. They must be relieved or absorbed in the processes of reasonable persuasion on which we are now compelled to rely. That fact is, at least for the time being, the dominant aspect of international relations. We have to face up to it and draw the necessary conclusions. What are they?

The first conclusion is that the hydrogen bomb must on no account be put aside. Its continuing war-detering influence must be preserved until year after year and

stone by stone we can build up that mutual respect and confidence among nations upon which reliable agreement depends.

The second conclusion is equally plain. Men of good will everywhere and particularly the people of the United States, since they have the largest stake to win or lose, must apply themselves now, resolutely, with imagination and with all their resources to the processes of reasonable persuasion in world affairs.

Let no one think that the task is a light one; that these things can be done without hard, persistent work over the years that lie ahead of us, or that the temporary stalemate of general war justifies complacency. For progress by persuasion needs humility, patience, communication, factual knowledge, understanding, emotional maturity and empathy—that ability to put oneself in another's place without which the spirit of the golden rule is bound and fettered. Satan may be counted upon to be active and astute in besetting the way with gins and pitfalls. His prime attack, from all present appearances, will be under the slogan "We never had it so good." Fatty degeneration is the trap that will be baited and set for us. It is, perhaps, only the spirit of youth among us that, shunning that trap, will accept the adventuresome challenge; that will decline to be harnessed for life to acceptance of things as they are.

IF WE venture to take a somewhat closer look at the first of these conclusions—that the hydrogen bomb must not yet be put aside—it is not hard to foresee trouble ahead. One has to recognize, in the first place, that a continuing armament race is in its nature incompatible with the arts of reasonable persuasion, as the authors of the recent pamphlet, *Speak Truth to Power*, have so cogently and convincingly pointed out. It would be a mistake, nevertheless, to despair or to think that progress cannot be made toward reasonable solutions of common problems in the absence of respect and confidence between the parties. Indeed, mutual respect and confidence is more often the product than the



predicate of problem-solving by discussion, as the history of collective bargaining between representatives of management and workers has demonstrated. Experience shows that if a basis can be found for a beginning of agreement, the path to better things is opened up. For example, the attempt to limit the experimental explosion of hydrogen bombs, now actively proposed within the British government and elsewhere, might afford a toe-hold; mutual trust is not a pre-condition of such an agreement, since violations of it could not be concealed. On the other hand, the so-called stalemate of general war, while real enough as of now, lacks the element of a true stalemate: that no move can advantage either side. Consequently, it lacks assured permanency and retains the frustrating aspect of an armament race. Yet there may be another toe-hold here, for we are told by the experts that no advantage can be gained by mere accumulation of hydrogen bombs because "enough is enough," so that if the United States and the Soviet each knew—or now knows—that the other has on hand enough hydrogen bombs for annihilation, the futility of adding more would, in either country, make almost irresistible the pressure to stop wasting its economic substance futilely, to end a race that had already reached the tape.

BUT THE armament race involves also carriers for delivering the hydrogen bomb. Perhaps here, too, "enough is enough," so that a terminus might be reached if trust and confidence existed or adequate inspection could be devised. But here there is a further possibility; the development of radically superior defenses against the bomb carriers. One might imagine, for instance, the development of a lethal ray that could be focused and directed like a searchlight beam and which, when it reached a bomb carrier, could destroy or take over control of the carrier's radar, or make inoperative the bomb's firing mechanism, or explode the bomb in its cradle or otherwise make the delivery of the bomb too expensive to be attempted. But such a defense would have in it more of

threat than promise. It would return mankind to the unenviable so-called "conventional" warfare for the settlement of its disputes; start us again on the disastrous path the hydrogen bomb is designed to block—a backward step that might be compared to suppressing the Sermon on the Mount.

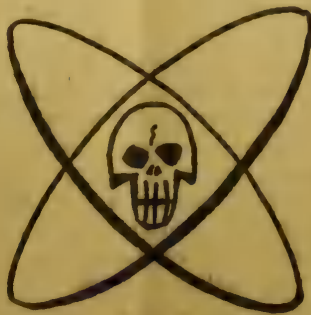
Overshadowing all this, moreover, is the race to produce the intercontinental ballistic missile. There is much current belief among the experts that this race must be stopped before it reaches its goal; that then it will be too late. But it is indeed hard to see how it can be stopped either unilaterally or by agreement without the prior development of mutual trust or of effective inspection, and either of those developments would make available much wider agreement than limitation of the race for the ballistic missile. But is there, possibly, another view? Against such missiles there could hardly be any defense; the maintenance of the hydrogen-bomb stalemate would then be permanently assured. The first to reach the goal would still be deterred by the retaliatory power of airplane bomb carriers (in the absence of any full defense against them).

The foregoing highly speculative excursion among the pitfalls which seem to beset the path of reasonable persuasion in the field of armament has not been ventured upon with any pretense of specialized knowledge or with the thought, as Timaeus would put it, that the account is "in every way wholly consistent and exact," or even "not less likely than any other." Its two-pronged purpose has been first, to underscore the critical importance of the temporary stalemate of general war,

and second, to suggest that, until there has been built up over the years in the hearts and minds of men widely accepted points of view and mental and emotional attitudes adequate to support practical disarmament, there is little in the picture to encourage the thought that it can be achieved by agreement.

When we turn to the second effect of the release of atomic energy, the controlled atomic fission with its abundant source of usable energy, the picture of the possibilities of reasonable persuasion is very different. The need and the worth of resolute action on our part assumes more concrete and predictable form. Here it is immediately apparent that Russia and the United States are in no sense the only countries involved. It is not Russia alone with whom we have to live, but with all the peoples of all the world, and they with us and Russia with them. It is in this common life that the controlled release of the energy of atomic fission throws open the door to accelerated human progress along the path of agreement by reasonable persuasion.

In this common life with newly awakened peoples, the heart of the problem is how to pass from an agrarian economy of scarcity to the now available economy of abundance—how to drive hunger from history at last! The approach to this problem is one in which communication, factual knowledge, understanding and cooperation—the handmaidens of reasonable persuasion—are in their natural element. At the threshold lies the problem of capital formation. The countries and the peoples of the world now face this problem in a great variety of development. Russia, at least in theory, follows the absolute economic dogmatism of Marxian dialectic materialism, which we believe to be thoroughly discredited by economic history and which we abhor because of its totalitarian destruction of freedom of choice and of the dignity of the individual soul. We lead on another path, believing in economic democracy not only as the most productive materially but also, and more important, as the creative way toward the self-directed de-





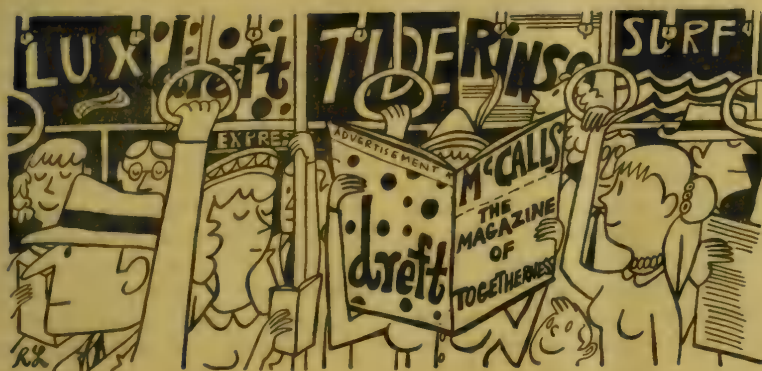
velopment of the individual until he freely and happily puts his talents at the service of the common welfare.

But as we look back over the pages of history, we cannot escape the fact that transition from an economy of scarcity to a power economy capable of abundance has never yet been made without imposing on the

people hardships which, whatever may have been the case in the past, could surely be avoided now. With the knowledge and resources of the present, there is really no need to repeat the cruel sufferings of the industrial revolution. Is there not here a fruitful opportunity for a program of worldwide cooperative

research? And would not the results of such research feed creatively the processes of reasonable persuasion?

In any event, the people of the United States face the inescapable obligation, if only for their own economic salvation, to participate in—indeed to lead in—the reasonable solution of these problems.



## Together in a Sea of Soap . . by DAVID CORT

SCIENCE-FICTION writers like to terrify their audiences with the fantasy of a future super-state which bans solitude as evil, and makes "togetherness" compulsory. This had been only a writer's mad dream until I saw the label "The Magazine of Togetherness" under the name of the July *McCall's* magazine on a newsstand. The world of the future was already for sale, for only thirty-five cents. I hastened to pay this small price for getting together with the *McCall* ladies, now numbering 4,600,000, according to the Audit Bureau of Circulation.

I regret to report that *McCall's* is no more able to deliver "togetherness" than are the modern Communist and Fascist super-states. There was not even a proposition offered that the *McCall* ladies and I could get together on. The Duchess of Windsor has contributed an installment on The Drama of the Abdi-

cation (some juniors must have asked what abdication?). The story here is how Edward VIII came un-together from his subjects. Presumably he thus got together with Wallis, but not very much so. Another article is about The Mother Who Ran Away—a violation of the one togetherness that remains fairly constant. Joseph Welch, the tolerant and sensible Boston lawyer, had a ghosted piece that developed the difficulty of being together even with your own children: You Can't Teach Children Anything. Where was the togetherness?

With flagging hope, I turned to the fiction: five stories. The characters, far from being models of citizenship in the mass state, were all rather eccentric and difficult, usually lonely and a little cranky, but sincere and sophisticated.

More important was a curious style convention imposed on all the stories. The modern concept of the "package," the "come-on," has here reached fiction. In every story, some attempt at fine style is made in the

first hundred words, but not beyond. In these opening lines, we have an older man with "polished silver hair," a "cool and fresh" girl in an "ocean-blue" dress. In another, six o'clock on Fifty-Seventh Street in New York City is a "magic, twilight hour," the antique-shop windows "richly laden with treasures," the art galleries "discreetly" vouchsafing single exhibits. The Fifty-Seventh Street traffic bedlam comes through as "a rich, muted glow"—on one of the noisiest and windiest blocks in New York. This overwriting in the first hundred words opens another story as if the heroine were losing her mind—"shocking bitterness," "deep, deliberate breaths," "pitifully grateful" (meaning pitiable)—when she is merely bored by life in a new town where her husband's job has taken them. He is named David. (This name is fine style for reasons not apparent to any living David.) However, I enjoyed four stories, though I did not finish the complete novel.

The stories give me the picture of how the *McCall* ladies think of themselves: luxury-loving but sensitive. A charming picture, and one I wish I could believe in.

But the far more revealing clue to the *McCall* ladies lies in the advertising pages. *McCall's* is in dead earnest about its advertising. It publishes the statement: "TRUTH IN ADVERTISING: *McCall's* will not knowingly insert advertisements from other than reliable firms." Its advertising staff, as listed, comes to forty-nine names, whereas its editorial staff is only forty-six (and many of these are food, fashion and equipment specialists who have a lot to do with the advertisers). The picture the advertising gives is one of *McCall* ladies actually dining on

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canned beans, meat balls and onion-burgers and doing their own housework. There is certainly a gap between the readers the editors are thinking about and those the advertisers are thinking about. I get the impression that neither version is very clearly seen. This matter of the advertising will be returned to in a moment.

Meanwhile, the fiction warrants closer attention.

It is reasonably sound and interesting fiction. However, it is open to two valid criticisms, which apply as well to almost all American fiction in the mass-media today.

THE FIRST is its predictability. The young couple bored in the strange town accept a party invitation that they think they got by mistake; the party simply has to lead to their success in the town: its opposite and more probable alternative is excluded by the conception of the characters. In another story, there is a handsome hired man and an unsolved murder; to any modern reader the hired man has to be the murderer; the writer would not have told us about a murder if he did not have a murderer on hand. An excellent story of a little boy who hates his stepfather has to end with his liking his stepfather; no other outcome is conceivable to a *McCall* reader. Another good story of a girl who rediscovers a young man she had snubbed in her youth has to end with wedding bells; this one echoes a new fashion in that nobody gets kissed.

What De Maupassant or even O. Henry would have done with the plot ideas is uncertain, but their stories would not have been predictable.

Referred to the life around us, each of the stories is also loaded with improbability. Going to a party where one is unknown and getting a job promotion is a widely shared fantasy, but it rarely appears in the world of reality. What the story really advises is "Don't give a damn, and results may surprise you." The murderer is a madman who in real life would have betrayed himself in one of a hundred ways: his crimes are not only foolish but impracticable. Stepsons aged twelve do not change their emotional patterns overnight by

sheer acts of will and justice; mothers are not quite as impotent or stepfathers quite so long-suffering. And the relationship between the snubbed young man and the girl who has changed her mind is so improbable as to be embarrassing.

THESE stories explain something of what the new editor of *Harper's* may have meant when he foolishly told an Authors' Guild meeting that fiction in America is dead. Fiction is not dead; it has hardly begun to fight. But two things have happened to it.

First, it has been displaced by a lot of supposed non-fiction which is really disguised fiction. Most articles in American magazines fall under this heading. Second, the writer of fiction, by letting the editors dictate technique, has lost 90 per cent of his birthright: credibility. One cannot believe stories that are wildly improbable; but improbability is a lot less fatal in fiction than predictability. The mastery of sure-fire fiction techniques, taught in 10,000 classrooms, is self-defeating. It separates fiction from its only energy source, life itself.

Every writer, and also every reader, is the world's greatest authority about life. And everybody knows that life is not predictable. To read a story whose outcome is inevitable is a nervous exhaustion, beneath the surface pleasure of being carried along on an orderly fantasy. The writer's recourse is only to look at life again. If he will reflect its appalling unpredictability, he will be believed again, and fiction will once more come back to life.

Writers have become jugglers, acrobats and legerdemainists; but these acts never finish the show. Almost anybody can be a juggler with a few years' training; the true writer is born, and must follow his calling.

The *McCall* stories, all good juggler tricks, sometimes have heart and guts too. The editors are glad to get the heart and guts, but they are buying the trick, the deliberate conventional lie to the reader.

A model of bad editing comes midway in the party story, in this paragraph: "Wednesday she felt suspense. Also, she got out her three

she made decisions."

best dresses and the time flew while

I do not believe that the writer wrote this paragraph, which sets several new marks for bad writing. The editor, to inject suspense, simply put in the word "suspense." To give an impression of time passing, the editor put in "the time flew." The spectacle is of the juggler dropping all his plates at once, to the sound of crashing illusions.

A prime example of the new fiction masquerading as non-fiction is the Duchess of Windsor's memoirs. Here again of course there is a David, to lend fine style. There is indeed a sort of fascination in watching the Duchess pretend she did not know what she was doing to David by leaving him alone in England to make up his "mind." She is so sure of herself that she even quotes a companion's question whether she was not, by leaving, forcing on the abdication, and can thus pour on the soap opera: "my brain was spinning," "desperation," "utterly bewildered," "preposterous." These reactions could well apply to some women; for all one knew at the time of the abdication they might have applied to Wallis Warfield Simpson; now we know her better and we know they are sheer invention.

EDWARD VIII comes out well in these pages. We cannot expect the picture of Wallis holding the King's head as he threw up in the morning, or of this kindly lady feeding him the day's first pick-me-up. There is an odd quality in what we are actually given that makes one think of a lady chicken crowing like a rooster. In many ways this non-fiction was fascinating, and did me no harm.

A note of sadness is struck by the advertisements, which convey that perhaps all is not well with *McCall's*. Too many are institutional ads: the carpet institute, the national-cotton batting institute, the beer institute, the paint institute, the glass containers, manufacturers institute, defense bonds and A. T. & T. ("with the telephone, you're never really alone"; togetherness in the ads yet). Those great life-savers of the American press, automobile, cigarette and



whiskey ads, are totally missing here; their lack is not entirely made up by canned beans and soups, soaps, shampoos and deodorants, though Procter & Gamble takes four pages. Rather ominously, a lot of *McCall's* ads were plated for a smaller page, and were stuck in here. The ads come to about 58 pages out of 144: a poor proportion, in view of those forty-nine advertising salesmen.

The explanation should be found in the circulation figures, but no explanation could be less correct than this one. *McCall's* has the second biggest circulation among women's magazines and has even risen slightly in the past year. At 4.6 million, it is behind *Ladies' Home Journal* at 4.9 and well ahead of *Woman's Home Companion*, sinking to 4.1, *Family Circle* at 4, *Good Housekeeping* at 3.6, and *Woman's Day*, skidding from 3.8 to 3.4. Some other explanation is called for.

THE WOMEN buy the magazine and they get a lot of value. Besides what I have described, they get advice on dressmaking, interior decoration, recipes, parliamentary procedure, calories, money, babies, laundry and beauty, larded through the issue or available in booklets for twenty-five cents. Actually the magazine value is far too high for only thirty-five cents; *McCall's* recently raised the price from twenty-five cents. Still, as *The Nation* pointed out a month ago, the readers do not pay for American mass magazines.

Combine this fact with the advertisers' recent discovery that most mass magazines largely duplicate one another. The advertisers' conclusion may be that they are supporting a lot of unnecessary literature.

Another fact of great significance is that the products advertised duplicate one another far more flagrantly than the media do. The great companies may have several score products, many of them competing and handled by half a dozen different advertising agencies. The lineup of Procter & Gamble, General Foods or American Home Products is almost unintelligible as a coordinated business operation.

I defy any lady to identify the products of all the brand names on

the P & G list: Camay, Cheer, Dash, Duz, Dreft, Ivory Bar, Ivory Flakes, Ivory Snow, Joy, Kirks Castile, Lava, Oxydol, Spic & Span, Tide, Zest, Drene, Gleem, Prell, Shasta, Lilt, Wondra, Teel; and Crisco, Fluffo, Primex, Sweetex and Nutex. When you think that each of these has to be advertised as the miracle of the world, you begin to get the inevitable cynicism of P & G. It doesn't much care whether one of its products draws ahead of another of its products. In our issue of *McCall's* it advertised only four: Ivory, Oxydol, Tide and Gleem.

Lever, with Lux, Rinso, Lifebuoy, Swan, Dove, Gold Dust, Silver Dust, Breeze, Surf, Vim, Pepsodent, Chlorodont, advertised none. Such a snub to the *McCall* ladies must have meaning.

A popular explanation is that the big advertisers are going to TV. The results in some cases have been extremely disappointing, so this may change. But meanwhile an unreasoning hatred of certain commodities with especially nagging and offensive commercials has been the primary achievement of TV advertising. Some people leave the commercial on just long enough to work up a towering rage and then turn off the set for the enchantment of silence. Consumer hatred is certainly something new and strange in the world.

BUT advertising in general is touched with a note of underlying frivolity. The real reason for this is that the U. S. government makes it tax-deductible, just like research and development. The institutional ads in *McCall's* are probably there for tax deduction purposes. Thus, as it turns out, this whole wonderful round robin is supported by the taxpayer, not only in that he pays for the products he buys, but that he pays for the advertising that is supposed to be seducing him into buying them, and so, though his thirty-five cents does not really pay for *McCall's*, in a final sense he is paying for all of *McCall's*. The happy American citizen is not getting a thing for nothing.

The game played among the advertiser, agency, medium, government and citizen is not a real game, except for the citizen who is the only

one who thinks it is. This is the kind of game in which the idea is only to move the ball around smartly and keep everybody warmed up. It is called a "pepper-game." P & G has \$90 million in stage money that the government says is tax deductible. It spreads it around among radio, TV, newspapers and magazines, with 15 per cent for the agencies. It doesn't care whether the ladies buy Cheer, Dash, Duz, Dreft, Joy, Oxydol or Tide; they have to buy one. Everybody will certainly remain happy, so long as it remains a "pepper-game." Should the game ever turn real, it would suddenly all be very different, with new rules. The surplus media, agencies and products would vanish very quickly; and this would be very sad.

THE fact is that American women's magazines have already seen a dark cloud no bigger than a man's hand, either for all the reasons given or for still another—the nature of the average woman's intellectual life. This last must be considered too, very modestly because it will be rejected very violently. Everybody is of course glad that the modern woman has any intellectual life at all, but its nature must be examined sooner or later.

The cultural problem in America today goes beyond who reads, listens or sees (women, of course), to who pays any real attention to what he or she reads, who believes at all in words, who can consider new ideas calmly, and who is capable of any loyalty to a particular medium.

I question whether the majority of the *McCall* ladies, who are supposed to do most of America's reading, are, under the foregoing tests, really qualified readers. The American publishing world puts its main reliance on these ladies. But it should be asked very seriously whether they are especially worth talking to.

*McCall's* sub-head, "The Magazine of Togetherness", expresses this doubt in an inverted way. The *Ladies' Home Journal* expresses it even more frankly with its own subtitle, "The magazine women believe in." If the women had not stopped believing, these slogans would be unnecessary and pointless.



# 11,000,000 SLAVES

## The Shocking Facts . . by C. W. W. GREENIDGE

*London*

AS THIS IS written, thirty-eight nations are meeting in Geneva for a U.N.-sponsored conference to further the abolition of something most Westerners find it hard to believe still exists—the institution of slavery. To an estimated 11,000,000 men, women and children now held in various types of slavery all over the world—national laws and international agreements notwithstanding—the conference has a deep significance.

Article I of the League of Nations' Slavery Convention of 1926 defines slavery as "the condition in which any or all of the powers attaching to the right of ownership are exercised over a human being." Slaves are saleable property; husband and wife, mother and child, may be sold apart. It is the attribute of "property" which distinguishes slavery from the currently more familiar institution of "forced labor." The latter is basically a penal institution through which a government exacts labor from a person it desires to punish.

TODAY slavery flourishes in many parts of the world under one or another of four different forms: Chattel slavery, the sham adoption of children, the sale of women into marriage without their consent and peonage (serfdom), with which is coupled debt-bondage.

*Chattel Slavery.* This old and crudest form of slavery is now found only in the Arabian peninsula between the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf. There, for the most part, the institution has long been integrated into the economic and social structure of the countries. As in the pre-Civil War American South, children born of a slave mother live and die as slaves; like any other piece of

property, they may be bought, sold and inherited. And again as in early American slave days, the supply of slaves is augmented by recruitment from abroad—mostly from black Africa.

Regarding the enslavement of free peoples from outside the Arabian peninsula, the Reverend Emmanuel La Gravière, a pastor of the French Protestant Church, introduced three important pieces of evidence in the course of a report he made on the subject last year to the Assembly of the French Union. The first is a dispatch from the French Ambassador in Saudi Arabia in 1953, which describes how Saudi Arabian slave-traders send African emissaries, posing as Moslem missionaries, to entice fellow-Africans to accompany them on religious pilgrimages to Mecca. Once in Saudi Arabia, they are arrested as illegal immigrants and subsequently turned over to the traders who sell them on the slave market. The Ambassador estimated that several hundred slaves a year were added to the Saudi Arabian supply in this fashion.

M. La Gravière's second piece of evidence consists of the testimony of Awad el Joud, a French African who was brought to Mecca by his employer along with four other servants. All five, testified Awad el Joud, were sold into slavery by their employer. The testator subsequently succeeded in making his escape and returning to his native village. His story is supported by a letter from the French Ambassador in Saudi Arabia to the Governor-General of French West Africa, which reports the incident substantially as Awad el Joud tells it.

The sale of servants into slavery by their Mohammedan African employers visiting in Mecca is not a new phenomenon. It was reported to the League of Nations as early as 1936. The wealthy Mohammedans use their servants as travellers' checks with which to pay for the

pilgrimage which the Mohammedan religion demands. This kind of check has always proved cashable in the slave markets of the Mohammedan Holy City.

There is evidence that slaves are also reaching Arabia from Iraq, Iran and Baluchistan. In September, 1955, the Iraq police arrested a trader who for several years had been supplying young girls to high-placed persons in Saudi Arabia; when arrested, he had fifty persons in his possession whom he had intended to sell into slavery. He was convicted and given a ten-year sentence. The Anti-Slavery Society of the United Kingdom has been informed that slaves were being taken from Baluchistan to Arabia as late as 1953, and Major W. O. Little, a British officer on duty in the Buraimi oasis last year, informed the society that Saudi Arabians pay high prices for slaves from Oman.

THE Saudi Arabian government insists that it has laws prohibiting slave-trading and denies that it is itself conniving in the trade. It is true that the late King Ibn Saud issued a decree in 1936 banning the enslavement of free persons and the importation of slaves by sea. But it is also true that the same decree, which has never been rescinded or supplanted, specifically grants slaves certain rights against their masters. It is inconceivable that a government would pass laws to protect slaves if there were no slaves to protect. And as to the question of connivance in the slave trade, one must weigh the evidence furnished by the French Ambassador as against the denials of the Saudi Arabian spokesmen at official government level.

It is interesting that during the current Geneva meeting, a proposal by Britain that authority be given for the search of ships suspected of carrying slaves, led Arab leaders to say: "You are permitting equally

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*C. W. W. GREENIDGE is the secretary of The Anti-Slavery Society, with headquarters in England.*



Woodcut by David Shapiro

bad things in your colonies and you are trying to use slavery as a pretext for interfering with our shipping and our independence."

Evidence that slavery is practiced both in Yemen and in Oman, though perhaps to a lesser degree than in Saudi Arabia, can be found in the writings of many persons who have lived in these small countries. Dr. Claude Fayein, a French woman physician, recently wrote in the Paris *Le Monde* that she had herself treated woman slaves in Yemen as late as 1951. In 1950 an official of a Jewish organization engaged in transporting Jews from Yemen to Israel, testified before an *ad hoc* committee of the U.N., of which I was a member, that slavery exists in Yemen. As regards Oman, a state under the military protection of Britain, there is the evidence of Dr. Paul Harrison, an American medical missionary. Dr. Harrison has reported that thousands of slaves are employed, under the most abominable and inhuman conditions, in Oman's pearl-diving industry along the Persian gulf.

Most Moslem countries have abolished slavery as repugnant to the teaching of the Koran. But in Arabia the wealthy and the aristocratic are too proud to perform menial tasks, and the persistence of slavery as an institution has been the result.

*Sham Adoption of Children.* This practice is found mainly in the Far East. Poor families sell some of their children to wealthy households as servants or concubines; sometimes they are sold into prostitution. Before World War II, a Chinese welfare organization estimated the number of these sham adoptions—the Chinese call them *mui tsai*—at 3,000,000. There are, of course, no statistics on the situation in today's Red China. Remnants of the practice persist in Hong Kong and Malaya, but British efforts to suppress it show progress. In Hong Kong, for instance, it is estimated that the number of sham adoptions has dropped from 10,000 to 2,000 in the last twenty-five years.

THE INSTITUTION also exists in Japan, despite stringent laws against it. In a twelve-month period, according to a 1953 report of the Japanese Ministry of Labor, 1,500 cases of boys and girls sold into slavery were uncovered. But in such instances, of course, the child slaves often run away when they grow old enough, and the "owner" has no means of reclaiming them.

*Involuntary Sale of Women Into Marriage.* This is most commonly found among tribal Africans. The sale is by the parents; the girl becomes the property of the husband and may in turn be sold by him. If

the husband dies while the slave-wife is still living, she becomes part of the inheritance and is taken over by the heir.

In French and Belgian Africa, Southern Rhodesia and the Union of South Africa laws have been passed prohibiting marriage without the consent of both parties and fixing a minimum age of consent.

*Peonage and Debt-Bondage.* In some underdeveloped countries—particularly Ecuador, Bolivia and Peru—an estimated eight million persons, too poor to buy land on which to live, till the property of a landlord, working for him a stipulated number of days per week—usually without payment. The landlord rivets the shackles on his peons even more firmly by maintaining a shop on the estate at which his workers must buy—for credit. The debts thus run up become hereditary and generations of peons are chained to the landlords.

In 1953, Bolivia instituted a land reform designed to solve this problem, but there are no reliable statistics to indicate what progress has been made.

International action for the abolition of slavery began at the Congress of Vienna in 1814, when seven European powers bound themselves to abolish the slave trade. In 1890 the Brussels Slavery Convention was ratified, and the following quarter-century showed great strides towards suppression of the evil. The problem was subsequently taken up by the League of Nations and, in 1948, by the U.N. The recent meeting at Geneva was designed to improve certain aspects of the Slavery Convention sponsored by the League of Nations in 1926.

But this 1926 convention has a weakness which so far the U.N. has made no serious move to remedy. While the U.N., as did the League before it, recognizes the evils of slavery, and asks states signatory to the convention to make reports on progress towards abolition, it has failed to create machinery to see that the provisions of the convention are complied with. This is the next and vital step required to put an end, once and for all, to an ancient and persistent evil.



# BOOKS and the ARTS

## The Convenience of History

*RUSSIA LEAVES THE WAR.* Vol. 1: Soviet-American Relations, 1917-1920. By George F. Kennan. Princeton University Press. \$7.50.

By William A. Williams

ONE OF THE most subtle, yet convincing, bits of evidence that America's cold-war policy has been less than successful is to be found in the way that several Foreign Service Officers who were prominent in the formulation of that policy have recently and coincidentally begun to study history in order to understand more fully the basic weaknesses of our approach to world affairs. Of all these men, George Frost Kennan has provided the most revealing explanation of this attention to a discipline that the social scientists dismiss as archaic. Writing in 1951, after twenty-five years in the foreign service, as the author and sometime vigorous advocate of the policy of containment and as the first chairman of the Department of State's policy-planning staff, Kennan remarked that American policy-makers had no "adequately stated and widely accepted theoretical foundation to underpin the conduct of our external relations." Thus his new concern with history stemmed "from no abstract interest in history for history's sake" but rather "from a preoccupation with the problems of foreign policy we have before us today."

This statement of motivation immediately raises the question of what kind of history will be produced by students who march into the past to requisition answers for today and tomorrow. Historical wisdom is the product of coming into today from and with the past, not the result of reaching back into Clio's

grab-bag for precedents and examples that seem to offer analogies for the present. The history that is written by men on the prowl for answers is not useless. It always is valuable evidence about the authors, and portions of the best of it are often stimulating and illuminating in their own right. But such history must be read and evaluated with a close eye on the situation that generated the interest and upon the author's role in that crisis.

This caution is necessary for a very simple reason. Such historians find it especially difficult to avoid slipping from the vocation of reconstructing the past into the avocation of justifying the present. For this reason their work usually takes one of two forms: the self-indulgent autobiography or memoir, or the general history which concludes that nothing else could (with the *could* often becoming a *should*) have been done. The danger is apparent. History which ignores, casually discounts or ridicules alternatives in the past leaves the impression that there is but one way in the present. And this, in turn, denies the reality and possibility of choice, that cornerstone of freedom.

Hence it is fruitful to review Kennan's emergence as a historian before considering his recent study of early relations between Washington and Moscow. Kennan's practical concern over the lack of a clear concept of foreign policy is intensified by his personal commitment to the view that foreign affairs (and a good many other things) should be the exclusive concern of an elite with very little meaningful or direct responsibility to the citizenry. He is quite aware, in other words, that an elite without a straightforward, well-thought-out and successful philosophy is something of a practical as well as a theoretical contradiction in terms. At the same time, moreover, Kennan has been confronted with the harsh, work-a-day

fact that his theory of containment has not met the test for such an elite-justifying theory of foreign affairs.

It seems reasonable to assume that Kennan is conscious of this dilemma. For it is quite a shift, after all, to begin explaining recent developments in the Soviet Union in terms of the "natural" slowing down of all revolutionary movements, and to suggest that the proper way to meet the challenge of the Communists is by "looking the other way," after having formerly asserted that it was necessary for the United States singlehandedly to undertake the job of promoting "tendencies which must eventually find their outlet in either the break-up or the gradual mellowing of Soviet power." Being a nationalistic and an ambitious political personality (consider his views on colonialism and his persistent activity in the higher echelons of the Democratic Party), as well as an intelligent and perceptive one, these conflicts produce a fundamental ambivalence and not a few basic contradictions in both his proposals for the present and his history. At times, indeed, it seems as though he would like to resolve the difficulty by proving, as an historian, that containment was justified and then, as Secretary of State, initiating a new and milder policy designed to avoid the unhappy consequences of driving the Soviet Union into desperate measures against the containment-liberation policy.

SEVERAL other aspects of Kennan's outlook need to be kept in mind when reading his history. He has spoken, candidly to be sure, but nonetheless significantly, of a possible "tendency to idealization of the American past." He has argued, apparently with no irony intended, that the two objectives of achieving security and the "promotion of private American activity abroad" result in a "very modest and restrained" foreign policy. And while he has been at great labor to criticize

*WILLIAM A. WILLIAMS, editor of the recently published The Shaping of American Diplomacy, is assistant professor of history at the University of Oregon.*

severely the legalistic and moralistic approach to foreign policy, he has publicly delivered moral and ethical judgments on almost every major event in world affairs since his views became newsworthy.

These considerations may help the reader evaluate Kennan's analysis of early relations with the Soviets. A few central issues may be singled out for introductory attention. His original intention was "to attempt a critical appraisal of the actions and policies" of the United States and the Soviet Union "over a much longer span of time" than the single year to which he devotes 500 pages. This project was dropped, however, because he found no study of early relations which used "all the sources available today" and which, therefore, "could serve as an adequate foundation for critical judgment." What this comment implies about the policy-making methodology and routine of one of the top experts of the foreign service elite may be left for individual reflection, but it is relevant to judge Kennan's research by the standards he applies to others.

THE PIONEER works on American-Soviet relations are weak because all the sources were not available. But while it may be regretted that certain later studies do not refer overtly to all key sources, or quote from them at greater length, a close examination of them makes it clear that they have been written from such research. In view of his stringent judgment of these works, therefore, it is most illuminating to find that Kennan makes no mention of having commuted from Princeton to Harvard to use the extensive manuscripts of Leon Trotsky. Neither does he list Issac Deutcher's biography of Trotsky in his "selected bibliography," though he does find space for such a slight volume as Henry Davidson's reminiscences of *The American Red Cross in the Great War*.

Such omissions, and there are others of the same character, are cause for more than a raucous quibble between bibliophiles. One of Kennan's basic theses is that the Soviets never seriously considered continuing

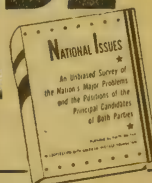
the war against Germany, or of making some arrangement with the United States for the aid necessary to carry out such a policy. This analysis makes it possible for Kennan to dismiss the labors of such men as Raymond Robins, who worked for this *modus vivendi* as a first step in modifying the antagonism between Washington and Moscow, as little more than the escapades of latter-day Don Quixotes. But the fact is, and it is made quite clear (explicitly or implicitly) in several of the studies which Kennan dismisses, that the Bolsheviks engaged in a long, bitter and fundamental debate on this issue of taking aid from the Allies in order to renew the war against Germany. Lenin revealed his basic ambivalence as early as December 8, 1917, and as late as March 6, 1918, he admitted to his colleagues—in the midst of negotiations with Robins and others—that within two days he might change his view and agree with those who insisted on striking back against Germany. Kennan neglects to tell this part of the story—and several others of equal significance. Thus his conclusion that the efforts of Robins, and others beyond the pale of the foreign-affairs elite, made no difference loses most of its meaning, either historically or for the present.

Kennan continues to argue in this vein when considering Robins' proposal to ask Washington for aid if the Soviets renewed hostilities against Germany. He discounts such moves as meaningless because the Soviets were not ready to promise to renew the war in return for such requests for Washington to supply aid. The close parallel between this interpretation of past events and the official policy of the United States between 1946 and 1952 is obvious. This concept of negotiation, which demands that the other party accept your proposals or desires before obtaining even an agreement to consider a *quid pro quo*, is akin to asking a crossroads banker to cash a \$10,000 check without identification or verification.

Kennan is so preoccupied with the undemocratic aspects of the Soviet government that he fails to see that the Bolshevik leaders have—and do

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—engage in significant debate among themselves. And, as more and more observers are realizing, there is a grave danger in making policy on the assumption that *any* government is literally totalitarian. The totalitarian hypothesis begets the same trouble in writing history. For in neither case is it true. No government ever existed in which the decision-makers confronted such a prolonged and major crisis as the Brest Litovsk negotiations without engaging in a searching debate over alternatives. Issac Deutcher, one of the scholars he failed to cite, recently made a devastating critique of Kennan's policy of containment on just this basis. And as far as early American-Soviet relations are concerned, Kennan would be far more accurate if he referred to the leadership in Washington when he spoke of a government that had no intention of exploring the alternatives

to unmitigated antagonism between the West and the Bolsheviks.

BUT EVEN Kennan, in the last analysis, cannot get around the fact that it was Wilson and Lansing—not Lenin and Trotsky—who refused to consider the idea of some working arrangement. It becomes necessary, indeed, to end the book on just this note: "Once again, as so often in the course of these rapidly moving events, Washington—troubled, hesitant, and ill-informed—had spoken, reluctantly, into the past." Some perceptive scholar may well find that summing-up an equally fitting conclusion for a study of American policy during the years when Kennan exercised his influence. And such a student, as with us, may wonder whether or not it might have been different if the interest in history had come before the crisis instead of after.

class speech and manner she designates as "U" and those of everyone else as "non-U." According to her neat distinctions, it is, for example, U to say "table-napkin" but unmistakably non-U to say "serviette." Only a non-U person would speak of a "teacher"; the U terms are "master," "mistress," or more specifically "maths-mistress." Professor Ross, whose study appears in a condensed version in this volume, informs us that one who spoofs at such U niceties by calling them "la-di-da" is most certainly non-U.

Miss Mitford's *Encounter* essay called forth a plentiful supply of retorts, denials, corrections, commendations and further fun. An entire issue of *Punch* was given over to the hilarious, mock epic-like war of words. Evelyn Waugh (who also turns up in this volume) joined the open season by writing a rebuking letter, in which he asserted that Miss Mitford and Professor Ross had duped the public by seriously espousing such dogmatic and even romantic notions. And judging by the findings of American linguistic studies, one would have to admit that Waugh has the formidable advantage of truth on his side. As Americans very well know, the speech of almost any social class unremittently penetrates two regions—the one below and the one above (if any). If the English parlor game of "Are you U or non-U?" should migrate across the Atlantic, the political results might be confusing. Governor Stevenson would be unmasked as pure U, while General Eisenhower would certainly be re-deemed as completely non-U (an advantage in a republic).

IT IS comforting to have Miss Mitford's assurance that such distinctions outside England are unimportant: "An aristocracy in a republic is like a chicken whose head has been cut off: it may run about in a lively way, but in fact it is dead." Even Henry James does not pass the U test; he started letters with such a salutation as "dear Margot Asquith," which Miss Mitford declares to be completely non-U, although she charitably explains that this was perhaps excusable usage for an

## But "La-di-da" Is Non-U

**NOBLESSE OBLIGE.** An Enquiry Into the Identifiable Characteristics of the English Aristocracy. Edited by Nancy Mitford. Introduction by Russell Lynes. Harper and Brothers. \$3.

By John R. Willingham

"I WISH they knew the life of a young noble," with mock exasperation said Lord Byron in *Don Juan*. But Byron's mysterious combination of derision and class pride found a readily identifiable focus in a British nobility which still had great wealth and perhaps greater political power in the early nineteenth century. Now, into a fray involving a presumably beleaguered English aristocracy, has leaped the Honorable Mrs. Peter Rodd (Nancy Mitford) with results disquieting for the domestic tranquillity of England (never say "Britain" without revealing that you are hopelessly middle class!). Miss Mitford, who regularly shocks and delights England and America with her perky novels, now sallies

forth as editor of and major contributor to a lively volume of essays about the mores and speech habits of what many others had passed off as a moribund English aristocracy.

The flurry began with the publication in an English philological journal of a study called *Linguistic Class-Indicators in Present-Day English*, by Professor Alan Ross of Birmingham University. Miss Mitford gleefully took the main drift of the professor's study and applied it to her own observations of the aristocracy ("upper middle class," she dubs it) with delightful comic effect. Her own essay, entitled *The English Aristocracy*, was first published in *Encounter*, a magazine with distinctly upper middle-class appeal. Miss Mitford's major assertions are that in England there still exists a marked class structure; that the English aristocrat is "a wily old bird" who has lulled an unsuspecting world into believing that he is on his last legs politically and financially; that this clever aristocracy presumably is just hiding its time until some happier day arrives; and that its sturdy survival is clearly manifest in certain linguistic habits. This upper middle-

JOHN R. WILLINGHAM is a professor of English at Centenary College of Louisiana.

American. And Russell Lynes, who writes an essay introductory to these English mysteries for American readers, assures us that "the charm of the essays in this book is at least partly their insularity" and that "this is a family joke told in family language." The strictures of Mrs. Emily Post are the nearest American equivalent we can offer for the fulmina-

tions of the Mitford-Ross combination; but as Mr. Lynes points out, the U equivalent would hardly regard Mrs. Post's taboos with either reverence or hostility. The illustrations by Osbert Lancaster and a piece of verse called *How to Get On in Society* by John Betjeman add much to the high level of fun contained in this book.

these poets share a varied but deep and recurrent obsession with the theme of death, a quietly insistent personalism and nonconformism, certain strains of humanitarian-pacifist feeling inherited directly from the temper of between-wars literary movements, and a renewed experimentation with traditional, simple and purely lyrical forms. Nevertheless, the book is seriously hampered by its arbitrary division into twenty-page segments, and one does after all expect an anthology to have a conscious motivation more ardent and complex than the simple desire to represent poets born between 1904 and 1921.

The absence of any larger critical

## Poems in a Procrustean Frame

**FIFTEEN MODERN AMERICAN POETS.** Edited by George P. Elliott. Rinehart. \$1.65.

By M. L. Rosenthal

THE DAYS of exciting new anthologies full of misprints, surprises and hoaxes and prefaced by screaming, strutting manifestoes are sadly over. In this age of Quiet Authority the teacher-critics, scholarly and sound and thorough (at their best, that is), have replaced the craftsman-propagandists. Their work, designed for durability in the study rather than fireworks in the market-place

or forum, usually seems conceived less out of passion than out of a sense of duty to the race.

George P. Elliott's *Fifteen Modern American Poets* is a sensible collection of pieces by that "middle generation" which, as Mr. Elliott says, begins with Richard Eberhart and ends with Richard Wilbur. Each poet has some twenty pages, whether he has that many pages worth of good poetry to his credit or not, and within this Procrustean framework a catholic but somewhat uneven editorial taste goes to work. The taste is intelligently discriminating in its selection from Jarrell, Lowell, Nemerov, Scott, Miss Bishop and the two poets named earlier. It relaxes noticeably in its tolerance of some of Plutzik's expansive rhetoric and of the self-indulgent softnesses that occur here and there in Shapiro, Schevill and Schwartz. And it is bold and courageous, however debatable some of the individual choices, in its cullings of hitherto unanthologized poems by Roethke, Warren and the Misses Rukeyser and Miles. (One real virtue of this book is that it does so seldom overlap with other current anthologies.)

NOW PUT all these writers side by side within the same covers in this fashion and you will almost automatically have something of value: a generous selection from the work of a number of vigorous and accomplished contemporary poets whose achievement is too often ignored in the dazzle of what their famous immediate predecessors have done. Moreover, we have many suggestive affinities revealed here, despite all necessary exceptions and qualifications. In the main, for example,

M. L. ROSENTHAL is poetry editor of *The Nation*. He is associate professor of English at New York University and his most recent work is *Exploring Poetry*.

Hart Crane

Forgive him, sea-petals,  
remember him not  
as you will not,  
lipped by the wave,  
sea-moulded among the conches.

His straw was in the wind  
running like an idiot  
with moss in the ears—  
devising plans for killing rats,  
for evading stench,  
stabbing for the heart  
to sustain himself  
among the walkers and the riders  
and the heaven-borne.

Creep into the sockets,  
Old Man of the Sea,  
come down into the skull;  
only his song  
pounds the Atlantic Highlands  
looking, America, for you.

WALTER LOWENFELS

September 15, 1956

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conception or principle militates against the full success of this collection in various ways. Apart from the inevitable padding, the rationale behind the choice of particular poets and poems remains finally unclear. Thus, Mr. Elliott must be well aware of John Ciardi's *Mid-Century American Poets*, published six years ago. But it would be impossible to conjecture why he omits five of Ciardi's poets, adds five of his own and holds on to ten others. On what grounds of preference or system—apart from that independence of judgment which is every editor's privilege when it is earned—does he make any of his choices? The preface makes one debonair confession, but it hardly can be said to clear the matter up.

An anthologist of current poetry seeks both Excellence and Sales; these do not always combine well, and they are very hard to be sure of ahead of time. Therefore, in making his actual choices he blends what he has at hand, his own Taste and the poet's Reputation (both of which he knows to be fallible), and thanks God when the two are identical. When they are not identical, he blends and blends and blends.

This is both too frank and not frank enough. But we would add one final consideration on the subject of anthologies. Birth-dates are more or less accidental, and it might reasonably be argued that Hart Crane, Horace Gregory and the later Stevens and Williams are—with others—more truly indicative of the poetry of recent decades than a few of the authors Mr. Elliott so devoutly includes; *some* of their poems, at least, might well be substituted for *some* poems by the latter group. Certainly there is great need for a first-rate anthology of the best work since about 1930, one which would most likely give Ciardi's and Elliott's poets the bulk of its space but would not exclude vital poems because their authors happened to be born in 1899 or 1902 or 1922.

Many of Mr. Elliott's choices, perhaps even most of them, are happy ones, yet one would wish to see them in a more committed and meaningful context than the one provided here.

## LETTER FROM PARIS

### Gerald Sykes

*Paris* AFTER ABOUT two years in this city I must go home. Along with a great many other Americans I shall soon be boarding a crowded liner with a head full of European memories that fortunately do not have to be declared at the customs house. Let me indicate a few of them, all related to the ever central subject of expatriation, in this last letter.

Expatriation does not get as much publicity now as it once did, but it continues of course, and in much greater volume than before. Our new

international commitments have seen to that. By far the largest number of our new expatriates are serving their government or their company abroad. The best-known representative of them, perhaps, is that latest heroine of the comic strip, the Army Wife. As a whole they seem to prefer to remain huddled together in officers' clubs and PXs, to disdain "natives" as much as British colonials did in the nineteenth century, and to surround themselves with creature comforts—big cars, big iceboxes, bourbon whiskey, laxa-

### Memory of Paris

In Paris they remember Paris was there before Christ. This is not an important memory in Rome. It is a memory, to be sure, but among other business.

In Paris talk comes slower and with longer pauses. On parade days there is much wiping of eyes as the flag passes. The young are mad for *le jazz hot*.

There is something and nothing inside seventy million French memories, moods, and preoccupations that stands forever at windows into a twilight.

"*Nous sommes foutu!*" cries the *café* philosopher after two hours of nursing a *demi-bierre*. "*Nous sommes français!*" jerks the barmaid, but it hangs there —

a clumsy reflex. A self-evident unanswerable self-evidently unanswered, even by the last *élève* and the last before it and the last before it stumbling

blood-stubbed in the sun-burst dunes to no end, and the bottom scraped. "Morocco? That is France!" And the Deputies cheer. But the *café* falls silent

except for the billiard balls clicked by two Norwegians, and an hour's-comma later in the same conversation the philosopher answers her: "*Et puis foutu!*"

It is very much to remember everything that must be remembered today in Paris. The best of men suddenly, between *demi* and *demi*, is caught in a fog-filled

speculation most like a dawn-mist in the Coliseum. Something in Paris is changing memories faster than all the stones can hold. Or the stones are breathing.

The mist walks up one alley and another. At the *Vieux Colombier* across the mist *les amateurs dig-dig le Muskrat Ramble*.

JOHN CIARDI

tive chewing gum—with ritual rigidity. All this is understandable and not worth satire; these people are unhappy and scared, however prosperous; daily they are subjected to subtle brain-washings that would destroy all their composure if they did not cling tenaciously to Donald Duck and Baby Ruth. Old stones speak far more forcibly than they are supposed to speak, and every day in old countries they cut new people—who after all did not know what psychological traps they were walking into—down to size.

A frightened family of this sort spent a few weeks at my hotel: a middle-aged couple from California with two teen-aged sons. The father, an official of a government program, laid down a sound line for his little brood quickly: "The best way to treat a foreign language is never learn a word of it. I can get anything I want anywhere in English." One son caused trouble when he praised French artichokes as better than those grown in California, but when he said that Spanish oranges also tasted better he caused his father to walk away in a rage. "That isn't true," his father said. "That can't be true."

They were on their way home after a tour of duty in Holland, and they looked happier as the day approached when they could finally get on the ship and escape all attacks on the articles of their faith.

IN ALL fairness it should be added that this kind of nationalistic anxiety is also prevalent among the French—and any other European or Asian or African people I have seen. Patriotism has its sure-fire appeal everywhere, at the voting booth and also at the sales counter, precisely because almost all people have been conditioned to resolve even personal problems with the narrow jingo slogans that have been intravenously fed them since infancy. Detachment is much rarer than it is supposed to be. Millions of Frenchmen believe themselves the inheritors of a great intellectual tradition which exempts them from such petty prejudice—in much the same way that a Moslem friend of mine felt free to drink alcohol be-

cause his ancestors had observed the Koran's prohibition—but in reality the French are notoriously touchy about anything that questions French prestige as a great power; and the more so, naturally, in recent years. It has become such a habit among travellers to regard the French as unable to reconcile themselves gracefully to their fallen status, in fact, that their many excellences are in danger of being overlooked. They have sniffed their way into undeserved unpopularity, especially among American tourists, who recoil from their condescension and often take revenge by making an efficiency cult of the Germans or a Stendhal cult of the Italians.

EVEN among intellectuals and artists there are few today who would still echo Jefferson's "Every man has two countries, his own and France." Paris has its diehard expatriates in what seem to be considerable numbers, but my impression was that on the whole they are getting on. An evening with some of them stands out in my mind: a dinner party given by a lady who had accompanied Fitzgerald on his 1920s visit to Edith Wharton's house on the rue de Varenne. The dinner was given for a prominent New York art dealer, during a periodic quest of French "name" paintings that would sell in sufficient quantity to justify an American experiment or two. In the course of the dinner a man made a striking remark about the earlier days of himself and the art dealer, who had also lived in Paris. He said: "God, we were attractive!" It struck the right note of elegy and self-preoccupation, and was typical enough of the older expatriates as they are today. Such people are dying out. Their sensibility is considerably keener than that of the Army Wife, but their range, if possible, is getting even smaller. Their wit must now be retroactive. Little in the present day delights them.

There are other expatriates in France, however, besides the Americans. It has become an old joke how many "School of Paris" painters are Spanish or Russian or German or Polish or Dutch or something else. Foreign names also abound here in

other arts and in the sciences. For centuries Paris has known how to naturalize talent, and since the war a great many people who emigrated for a while to New York have come back here. It is a sign of the continuing cultural vitality of this place, a vitality no longer aided by low prices.

The intellectual center of the Western world was once Athens, later Rome, still later Paris. Is it about to jump the Atlantic? As an American, I hope so; as an observer, I don't think so. Intellectuals enjoy life more in Paris than in New York. There is more of an atmosphere of relaxed respect for truth, of openness to new ideas; there is less of an atmosphere of salesmanship. Old stones have a way of discouraging self-promotion, at least in its cruder forms; they can even help people to be sure they have something to say before they open their mouths. Paris has much to learn from New York in the practical and necessary art of adjustment to the twentieth century. New York, which periodic-

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ally blasts even the few old stones it has managed to accumulate, has still more to learn from Paris in the quieter art of understanding reality and being transformed by it.

If there is any validity in the idea of a "Third Force"—and anyone who does not wish to be completely

politicalized by the cold war must recognize it—it is more cultural than political. Paris is having a *mauvais quart-d'heure*, but it is still the most humane storm cellar between the Cominform of the Russians and the Mominform of our own most emotional compatriots.

## RECORDS

### B. H. Haggin

SOMEONE who can't afford the reproducing equipment required for the best sound from records can have excellent sound from an assemblage comprising two Bozak 207-A woofer-tweeter systems (\$84 each) in Bozak E-300 cabinets (\$75 each; available in kit form for \$40) or in two cabinets constructed according to the specifications I gave last week (the two speaker cabinets are placed side by side), a Bogen DB-130 30-watt amplifier (\$115), the Fairchild 225-A cartridge (\$37.50), the Gray 108-C arm (\$40) and the Garrard 301 motor and turntable (\$87). If the components other than the speakers are not put into a cabinet the motor, turntable and arm can be mounted on a Garrard base (\$24), and a cage is available for the Bogen amplifier (\$7.50). For 78-rpm records a Fairchild 225-C cartridge must be added (\$37.50). The response of the Bozak speaker has the steep roll-off above 10,000 cycles that is necessary for some London records; and the Bogen amplifier provides similar roll-offs at lower points for the elimination of the noise of 78-rpm records.

One Bozak 207-A instead of two in the above assemblage will produce sound of similar quality, but without the additional fullness and solidity from the second Bozak 207-A.

Good sound can be had at less cost with a Radio Shack *Realistic* 20-watt amplifier (\$69.50), a Rek-O-Kut L-34 motor and turntable (\$49.50) and a Rek-O-Kut arm (\$27). The cartridges should still be Fairchilds and the speaker the Bozak 207-A; but if further savings must be made one can substitute the G. E. RPX-061A and 063A cart-

ridges with diamond styli (\$20 each; a sapphire stylus shouldn't be used with either LP or 78-rpm records) and, last of all, the RCA SL-12 speaker (\$30) in a Riveredge 12-inch bass-reflex cabinet (\$24).

I have said nothing about automatic record-changers because they are not needed with LP records that play twenty-five minutes per side, and are pointless if one removes the dust from each side before playing it, as one should.

For all the assemblages I have described the Radio Shack *Realist* FM tuner (\$40, plus \$6 for cabinet) is excellent; but in fringe areas it may be better to use the Harman-Kardon A-400 (\$90).

\* \* \*

COLUMBIA ML-5107 offers three recent works of Stravinsky. In *Memorial Dylan Thomas* (1954) is a setting of Thomas' *Do Not Go Gentle Into That Good Night* for tenor and string quartet, with a dirge-like prelude and postlude for trombones in alternation with string quartet. The instrumental portions and several of the vocal phrases are very moving; and the fitting of note to note is fascinating throughout. The *Three Shakespeare Songs* (1953) I find unsuccessful; and of the *Septet* (1953) the first movement has engaging passages, and the passacaglia in the second movement is wonderfully made, but the third movement is altogether unattractive. In addition the record has a number of early vocal pieces: *Four Russian Songs* (1915-1919), *Two Balmont Songs* (1911), *Three Japanese Lyrics* (1913), *Three Souvenirs* (1913) and *Four Russian Choruses* (1914-1917), most of which are engaging. Stravinsky himself conducts singers

and instrumentalists in excellent performances.

*Apollon Musagète* is not only one of Stravinsky's most beautifully wrought scores but one of the few that are directly expressive; and its expressiveness is very touching throughout, but especially in the hauntingly beautiful coda. Ansermet conducts L'Orchestre de la Suisse romande in an excellent performance on London LL-1401. He also conducts a performance of *Renard*, a work I don't care for.

Stravinsky's *Les Noces* was an effective sound-track for Nijinska's wonderful ballet; but I find it uninteresting to listen to by itself. The performance on Epic LC-3231 in which de Nobel conducts the Netherlands Chamber Choir with vocal soloists and a group of pianists and percussionists is good; but it is sung in French, and I would prefer the performance on Vanguard 452 with the Russian words whose sound should be retained, it seems to me, in music which uses voices like instruments. Also on the record are Stravinsky's *Mass* and his *Pater Noster* and *Ave Maria*, additional works of his I don't care for.

And finally Angel 35204/L offers his opera *Le Rossignol*, performed well by Janine Micheau and other soloists, chorus and the National Orchestra of the French Radio under Cluytens. Stravinsky wrote the first act in 1909, laid it aside to compose *The Firebird* for Diaghilev, and added the remaining two acts in 1913, when his musical language, as he says, "had been appreciably modified." It is the first act that has what little good music there is in the work: the orchestral introduction, in an idiom resembling that of *The Firebird*; the pretty song of the Fisherman; some amusing writing at the point where the Chamberlain, the Bonze and the Courtiers mistake first the bellowing of the cow and then the croaking of the frogs for the singing of the Nightingale. But what is offered as the bird's song is Stravinskian artifice which creates no believable illusion either in this act or later; and all the writing in the later acts is exceedingly thin and ineffective.

# Crossword Puzzle No. 689

By FRANK W. LEWIS



## ACROSS:

- 1 The reconstruction period of the Italian Bori. (14)
- 9 The absence of sound license. (7)
- 10 Ameliorate. (7)
- 11 Make your point before time—and hope it doesn't set in. (6)
- 12 Wander out of 10 and the result might make this. (7)
- 14 Vegetable and animal—yet a fine-feathered specimen. (7)
- 15 Pertaining to the mind or spirit. (5)
- 17 These sail, more or less obviously. (5)
- 19 The habit of ten-percenters. (7)
- 21 This is bound to be dusky. (8)
- 23 To fix up in like compensation. (6)
- 25 See 8 down
- 26 Comparatively flashy, more like Mr. Bumpo. (7)
- 27 One of these had a holiday on the stage. (They gathered about the knee of Old Timer.) (14)

## DOWN:

- 1 Livers are upset by red insets. (9)
- 2 Has a peculiar lilt, and possibly an awkward step about it, as you might easily see from here. (7)
- 3 A rather kindly insect, and gracious. (9)
- 4 This German song didn't tell a true story. (4)

- 5 This clue isn't very important. (10)
- 6 A favorite subject of Giotto pictures. (5)
- 7 A foreign college man chops up one of Lily's family with an ax. (7)
- 8 and 25 across He made a discovery his father was a Red. (4, 7)
- 13 Sounds like the main-lands should be an example of self-restraint. (10)
- 15 Mother has very simple surroundings, in a manner of speaking. (9)
- 16 As certain in things as comforts. (9)
- 18 Cupid has something charged—this (7) is the way things might be worn.
- 20 The real character of a bad actress, when young. (7)
- 21 Flourished like an older statesman. (4)
- 22 Is a Greek letter thus written in Latin? (5)
- 24 Slight check. (4)

## SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 688:

ACROSS: 1 SCABS; 4 CANCER; 11 CARTOON; 12 OBELISK; 13 ALBUM LEAF; 14 MASKS; 15 POOR RELATIONS; 17 CONSIDERATION; 22 ABETS; 24 NOTORIETY; 25 ON TRIAL; 26 OMELETS; 27 TOXINS; 28 STATE. DOWN: 2 CARABAO; 3 BOOKMARKS; 5 ABEAM; 6 CRIMSON; 7 RAKISH; 8 SCRAP; 9 INDEPENDENTLY; 10 CONFLAGRATION; 16 INTERSECT; 18 OVERTAX; 19 ONE CENT; 20

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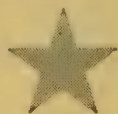
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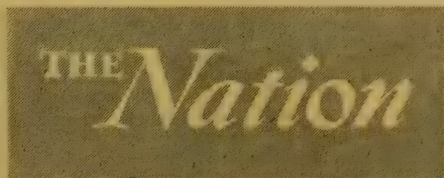
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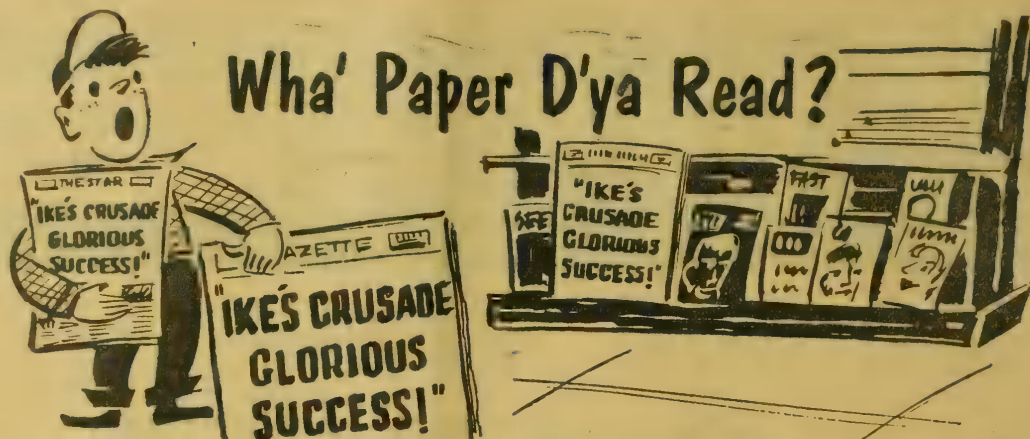
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- *PHILADELPHIA THEATRE*

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British Labor Looks to the Future

*by R. T. McKenzie and David Thomson*





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## The Shape of Things

### The Brave Are Free

Deep social conflicts are the great precipitants of human bravery. And the same paradox always prevails in these "times that try men's souls": the brave are certain to be few in number and isolated, but such is the contagion and exhilaration of courage that more often than not it is the act of individual bravery that determines the shape of the future. So in Philadelphia actress Gale Sondergaard and a handful of civic and political leaders defied the local censors and the Un-American Activities Committee (see page 233 of this issue); the resultant victory leaves us all a little more free than we were yesterday.

Today the South is divided into three unequal social parts: the partisans of the past, massive, angry, fear-ridden and stupid; the silent onlookers, numerous, unhappy, irresolute and uncommitted, captives of manifold misgivings and apprehensions; and the brave, Negro and white, standing alone, conscious of their isolation but not of their power. These last are the only free souls in the South today. There are many of them: the residents of Koinonia Farm in Georgia (see page 237 this issue); the Negro students who, in their thirst for knowledge and passion for human dignity, have been ascending those steep steps and walking down those long corridors, staring straight ahead, pretending not to hear the gibes and digs and the always audible chant, "nigger, nigger, nigger"; and the utterly courageous parents who have encouraged these Negro children to run the gauntlet and to set their faces unflinchingly toward the future. The American citizen who does not respect the magnificent courage that the South's brave ones are exhibiting today has lost the feel of freedom. In them the future is foreshadowed.

### The Affair Javits

Everyone connected with the tawdry Javits affair, including the intended victim, should feel some embarrassment about it. Reading between the lines, one may assume that some powerful factotum in the Republican Party—it could have been Mr. Dewey—took Mr. Javits to one side and, in the commanding tones that those who hold power use in addressing those

who aspire to it, told him that he must "swallow a toad," that is, appear as an accused before the Senate Internal Security subcommittee and perform the necessary rites and make the usual obeisances. The subcommittee, of course, was the source of the "rumors" about Mr. Javits. For a man of Mr. Javits' liberal background, his appearance before the committee must have been quite a toad to swallow but now that he has won the Republican Senatorial nomination he may be able to forget the unpleasantness. By way of penance, however, he should be made to read his testimony at least once, aloud, in a room large enough to echo the sound and furnished only with a portrait of Senator Herbert H. Lehman, framed for emphasis and hung at eye-level.

Nevertheless, it is worth noting that the Republicans did nominate Mr. Javits despite the mischievous "rumors." It would be glorious if one could report that he was nominated despite his own testimony rather than because of it but alas! this can't be said. Even so, the embarrassment which the Javits affair caused high-level New York Republicans could result in a bi-partisan truce in the smear-brush war. Now that the Republicans have nominated Mr. Javits and the Democrats have named Mayor Robert F. Wagner, both able candidates, the campaign can proceed upon the basis of what these men have to say about the issues.

### Defense Spending: New Phase

A remarkable shift in defense spending is taking place in response to new developments in military technology. In line with what we had to report on the aircraft probe (August 11, p. 117), the government-sponsored and financed aircraft companies have replaced the automobile manufacturers as the chief beneficiaries of our cold-war jitters. According to a survey of the *Journal of Commerce* (August 10), aircraft and guided missile industries in 1955 received about 25 per cent of the net value of all military prime contracts. The automobile industry, which had about 25 per cent of all defense work during World War II, received only 4.5 per cent of prime contracts in 1955. Last year new defense business amounted to less than 1 per cent of all GM business.

By contrast, the "war baby" aircraft companies are booming. In 1955 Boeing received more defense dollars than any other company: \$792.2 million. North American Aviation was second, with \$790.8 million; ranking third and fourth, respectively, were General



Dynamic (Consolidated-Vultee), with \$781.7 million and United Aircraft Corporation with \$587.4 million. Other aircraft companies were bunched near the top: Lockheed, eighth place (\$412.7 million); Curtiss-Wright, ninth, (\$354.7 million); Douglas, tenth, (\$291.1 million). Incidentally the aircraft "war babies," which tend to be "cry babies" over profits, managed to do fairly well. North American Aviation earned \$9.42 a share; sales were up 27 per cent. Boeing, 99.7 per cent devoted to government work, earned 3.56 per cent on huge sales; North American, 99.6 per cent devoted to government work, made 4 per cent; Douglas Aircraft, 88.9 per cent devoted to defense work, earned 2.5 per cent, and Lockheed, 80.9 per cent devoted to national defense, earned 3.25 per cent. Considering that these percentages are based on sales and represent "after taxes" figures, and that these companies were largely government-financed and made extensive use of government equipment, no one need feel sorry for the aircraft companies.

The shift in defense spending from auto to aircraft has important political implications. It is by no means surprising but nevertheless worth noting that the Senators who are the strongest advocates of increased appropriations for military aircraft represent states with burgeoning aircraft industries. And if United Aircraft has, as it boasts, unfilled orders totaling \$2.1 billion, and if the Convair Division of General Dynamics can project a \$40 million new plant near San Diego, and if Curtiss-Wright—which was given \$200 million in defense work so that it might take over Studebaker-Packard—can project a \$50 million expansion program, then it would seem reasonable to suggest that these companies should either start paying rent to the government for public plant-and-equipment in their possession, or be made to purchase it. The aircraft companies aren't "babies" any more.

## Socialist Unity in Italy

THE New York Times, reporting on the Nenni-Saragat negotiations in Italy, makes us wonder again how the newspaper construes its function: to report the news or to make it, to analyze events or to wish them.

On October 1, Arnaldo Cortesi wrote from Rome that the prospective unity of Nenni's left-wing Socialists and Saragat's Social Democrats is a "truly sensational political development." "The spice" in the news, he added, was that "Signor Nenni seemed to be moving toward Signor Saragat rather than the other way around." This meant that Nenni, despite his denials, was breaking with the Communists because—again according to Cortesi—"there seems little doubt that this was a fundamental postulate on which his negotiations with Signor Saragat was founded."

Having firmly established the premise, Cortesi gave free rein to his imagination. The Communists would

be weakened in their biggest stronghold in Western Europe, the Center parties would be strengthened, the Western alliance reinvigorated. Furthermore, Nenni "would do well if he took half his party with him into the anti-Communist camp." "Communist hopes in Italy" would receive "a shattering blow" while the Christian Democrats, still the governing party, would find a reinforcement in the unified party. Nenni was prepared to make this major sacrifice because, opined Mr. Cortesi, "He had apparently been soured by the fact that for the last nine years he and his Socialists had been out of the government."

Three days later Mr. Cortesi's political miracle began to look dubious. Nenni's terms for unification, handed to Pierre Commin, the intermediary acting for the Socialist International, were "judged disappointing by most anti-Communists in Italy." Nenni insisted on a neutralist foreign policy, he was vague about his

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The NATION

unity pact with the Communists, he wanted a return of the right-wing Socialist unions to the biggest union federation, the CGT, led jointly by the Communists and Nenni-ites. On September 5, Cortesi tried hard to keep up a good front: In the "compromise" necessary for the fusion "it appears that Signor Nenni has yielded the most."

But the following day, Mr. Cortesi's pleasing apparition became a nightmare. While M. Commin declared himself gratified with the progress made, Mr. Cortesi reported "misgivings in the Italian newspapers about the projected merger . . . caused by doubt that Signor Nenni's sudden conversion to democracy can be trusted." And now the correspondent found it possible that the "soured" politician who four days earlier had allegedly lost his shirt to Saragat had maneuvered so that "Signor Saragat may find himself in Signor Nenni's camp rather than the other way around."

Had Mr. Cortesi confined himself to an interpretation of the facts, his mood would have been less mercurial, and, above all, he could not have overlooked the most important consequence of the merger. It could shatter the precarious unity of Right, Left and Center in the Christian Democratic Party.

The comments of Ignazio Silone, one of the authors of *The God That Failed*, seem particularly appropriate: "Confirming the importance of the event in process is the perplexed and hostile attitude of the Right and a part of the Center, which a short time ago were deploring the political subordination of the Socialist Party to the Communists and exhorting it to independence. But hardly has this independence emerged as a possibility than a grave peril is seen . . . The Right politicians (and partly the Center ones) are in reality less anti-Communist in the name of freedom than they are anti-Socialist in the name of the old social order. Socialist unification cannot be conceived of in anti-Communist perspective, but rather in an anti-capitalist one."

## Mukden's Warning

ON SEPTEMBER 18, 1931, the Kwantung Army attacked at Mukden, and Japan had started along the road that led to national disaster. A quarter-century later, the Asian scene presents some striking parallels, some major differences—and a warning for the United States.

The Japanese, defending their armed action in Manchuria before the League of Nations, argued that existing conditions in China menaced Japan's security: "China came under Communist influence in the past and . . . is at present in danger of becoming communistic. . . . Japan . . . cannot regard with equanimity the 'bolshhevization' of China. . . . Japan is responsible for the maintenance of peace and order in the Far

East." The League of Nations judged the Japanese military action unjustified, and Japan withdrew from the League—which then began to die.

The United States also rejected the Japanese argument. From the beginning of the century, it had stood for the commercial Open Door in China and respect for China's territorial and political integrity. It desired stability in the West Pacific, and had often opposed Japan. It condemned the 1931 Manchurian adventure and Japan's war on China proper that followed in 1937. The United States was blasted into the Pacific war at Pearl Harbor in 1941 basically because it had refused to acknowledge Japan's dominance in East Asia.

During World War II—and after—we aimed in Asia at (1) The destruction of Japan as a military power, (2) The build-up of China to take Japan's place as the Great Power of East Asia; and (3) The reduction of Asian colonialism. Did our policies achieve a stable order in Asia? The question hardly requires an answer. Japan's military might was destroyed, but a Communist China allied itself to the Soviet Union—and "Bolshevism" is stronger by a continent. The balance of power in East Asia has been shattered: from Manchuria to the Black Sea the Communist bloc presses outward, while British, Dutch and French colonial power has retreated from Asia almost *in toto*. Asian peoples are rising to challenge not only Western political authority but basic Occidental cultural values as well. And, in practice, the United States is discovered to dislike both colonialism and Asian nationalism, and to be equally opposed to imperialism and revolution. It seems to see no inconsistency, after having sown the seeds of "democratic" revolt in Asia, in taking its stand alongside conservative defenders of the *status quo*.

Thus, it is now the United States, not Japan, which warns against communism in Asia and views the existing Chinese regime as "a threat to American security." Where Japan strove to establish a "Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere," we have tried to rebuild the Japanese military might and weld the "arc of free Asia," from South Korea to Turkey, into an anti-Communist league to "contain" revolution. The attempt has failed. Our "alliance" with Japan is not one between equals for a common political purpose, and lacks vitality. SEATO weakly acts the scarecrow in South Asia. In the Middle East, our touted "Northern Tier" is wracked by the violent forces of Arab nationalism. The Asians reject our cold-war concepts.

Friendly Carlos Romulo of the Philippines in 1955 reported an Asian criticism of us: "The Americans are so obfuscated by their hatred of communism they cannot think straight." Our Asia policy today has a strong admixture of blind passion compounded with a dangerous ignorance of Asian social forces; it is swayed by Machiavellian pressure groups. By it, we are obfuscated—and shackled.



That ill-conceived policy places us in opposition to the main political currents of contemporary Asia. To stand pat in our present cold-war position would be to increase our isolation from the billion and a half Asians. In 1956, therefore, we face essentially the same dilemma that confronted Japan in 1931: shall we adjust ourselves to unpleasing political realities, or try to force our will upon a headstrong continent? Japan tried the way of force in 1931; its fate is a warning we cannot ignore. National interest dictates that we extricate ourselves from the *cul-de-sac* where we stand trapped. It is not a predominantly military policy, but one strong in political and economic elements, that holds the greatest promise of success for us in Asia today—even in contending with communism.

## The Court's Vacancy

IF PRESIDENT EISENHOWER takes the advice of the American Bar Association, he will disregard party labels when he names a successor to Justice Sherman Minton. The A. B. A., at its recent convention in Dallas, unanimously urged the President to nominate to judicial office "only the best-qualified lawyers or judges available, without regard to their political affiliations." The association made its argument on a high moral level: the American system demands that the judiciary be as independent of the political parties as it is of the legislative and executive branches.

There is a practical argument to reinforce the A. B. A.'s moral one. The careers of several Justices indicate that party affiliation and political philosophy do not always offer reliable clues to their behavior on the bench. Minton is a classic example. As an official of Governor Paul V. McNutt's administration in Indiana, he became the nemesis of the utility interests. When he sat in the Senate, he was a fervent New Dealer who infuriated the Republicans by his support of President Roosevelt's plan to pack — or unpack — the Supreme Court. When he himself became a Justice, however, Minton made common cause with Justices Harold Burton and Stanley Reed, the most conservative members of the present Court. These three can be expected to turn up regularly on the conservative side of almost every controversy, with the notable exception of the school-segregation cases.

The importance of the President's selection of a replacement for Minton cannot be exaggerated. To begin with, it would be a disaster of major proportions if the new Justice were to shatter the united front the Warren Court has shown on segregation. In addition, there are several categories of cases in which the Court is so evenly divided that the vote of Minton's successor will be decisive. A Justice not as cavalier

as Minton in approving summary deportations of aliens, for example, would join Warren, Black, Douglas and Frankfurter to give the Court a liberal majority in this area, where the situation until now has been dismal. If the new Justice is more diligent than Minton in helping to preserve the constitutional guarantee of a fair trial, the Court will again have five members who are scrupulously observant of the right of representation by counsel and of trial by a representative jury and an impartial judge. In "loyalty" cases, a liberal appointee would give the Court a stronger majority than it now has against the catch-all federal-employees security program, irresponsible Congressional committees and state forays into red-hunting. In all these fields, Minton has been on the conservative side. The appointment of a progressive Justice would thus mean that the frequent 5-4 decisions on such issues would now go the other way.

The A. B. A. hopes for the choice of someone with broad judicial experience. This suggestion would appear to be a posthumous slap at President Roosevelt, who is accused of having appointed men interested in politics above all things. Even if taken at face value, however, the association's proposal is devoid of merit. Exhibit A in demonstrating how little lower-court experience benefits a Justice is Minton himself, who had more prior time on the bench than any of his colleagues. Minton may have learned to don the judicial robe with greater dexterity than his brethren, but any other results of his judicial experience are not readily visible to the naked eye. His Supreme Court record, in fact, is so undistinguished that the *New York Times*, which tries hard to speak only good of the dead and the retired, had to admit that Minton cannot claim "... standing as one of the great creative jurists of our history." The Justice himself ruefully acknowledged: "There will be more interest in who will succeed me than in my passing." The plain truth is that, in spite of Minton's background, he has not written one notable opinion or dissent.

The President has expressed the opinion that while technical proficiency in the law is not a requisite for the office of Chief Justice, Associate Justices should be selected from the lower federal courts. But he should not limit his quest to this or any other single category. The person he seeks is as likely to be found in a law school, in active practice, in the Senate, or in a governor's office, as on the federal bench. Nor should the President limit his choice to any particular social category — Jewish, Catholic or Protestant, white or Negro — or to any geographical region. The qualities he seeks are not necessarily the by-products of any particular background or experience. Today more than ever before these qualities relate to character and insight rather than to technical competence *per se*. Justice Minton's successor, for example, should be a person of broad social outlook, aware of the need for

social change and capable of examining any issue on the merits. Powerful pressure groups exist today to defend and advance almost every important interest; but there are too few individuals and organizations concerned with the rights of unpopular minorities or the need to safeguard the rights of the individual. Precisely because the weight and size of pressure groups — institutions, corporations, trade unions, government bureaus — are greater than ever before and likely to increase in magnitude, the Supreme Court has become the individual's last great shield in an age of power.

In spite of the Bar Association's stress on non-partisanship, there is little likelihood that the President will name a Democrat to take Justice Minton's place although President Truman did cross party lines when he selected Justice Burton. However, there is reason to hope that the President's selection will be meritor-

ious. His first Court appointee was Chief Justice Warren, who has been an able and distinguished presiding officer. Justice John Marshall Harlan has served only one full term — too short a time to justify a definite estimate — but the auguries are not unfavorable. His opinion condemning the Administration's extension of the loyalty program to employees in non-sensitive positions serves notice that he will at least not become as bleakly reactionary as three of Truman's appointees: Vinson, Burton and Minton. Indeed Mr. Truman's appointments tipped the balance of power to the conservatives in 1949. Now, however, Chief Justice Warren has replaced Vinson and, with Minton departing, the Court can only move to the liberal side if it is to move at all. It is ironic that a Republican President should be in a position to swing the balance back somewhat in favor of the liberals.

## Courage in Action: I

# PHILADELPHIA THEATRE

*In June, Gale Sondergaard was engaged to play the role of the Dowager Empress in Anastasia at the Playhouse in the Park in Philadelphia. Rehearsals were scheduled to begin on July 9 for a week of performances to commence July 16.*

*At 1 A.M. on June 26, Miss Sondergaard was awakened by a telephone call from a reporter of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin. He informed her that the American Legion and members of AWARE, INC. had protested her forthcoming appearance and were demanding the abrogation of her contract. Following is an account of subsequent developments told entirely through extracts of newspaper stories published in the Philadelphia press.*

*THE INQUIRER, June 26*

### Legion Requests Park Playhouse Ban on Actress

The American Legion asked the Fairmount Park Commission yesterday to cancel actress Gale Sondergaard's mid-July appearance at the city-owned Playhouse in the Park on the ground that she is a Communist.

It would be "insulting" to the public if the city "in any manner subsidizes subversives," said Martin R. Fountain,

judge advocate of the Legion's Philadelphia County Council, in a letter asking City Representative Frederic R. Mann to bring the matter to the attention of the Fairmount Park Commission's advisory committee.

... Mann said, "If we find she is the type of person who shouldn't be employed here we will be glad to say so. However, in the absence of such facts, we will operate under the American tradition of fair play."

*DAILY NEWS, June 26*

### Kelly, Mann Asked to Probe

A Germantown woman, active in independent Republican circles, has asked John B. Kelly, vice-chairman of the Fairmount Park Commission, to investigate the alleged use of "Communist sympathizers" at the Playhouse in the Park.

... Mrs. Meyers singled out four actors and a director in her charges. She said she is a member of AWARE, Inc., of New York. ...

*THE EVENING BULLETIN, June 26*

### Actress Says She'll Appear Here Despite Legion Threat

... "Obviously I will appear," [Miss Sondergaard] declared when reached by

telephone in Los Angeles. ... Miss Sondergaard said that she is a member of Actors' Equity in good standing.

"I have a contract to appear at the Playhouse and I am coming to act in the Playhouse and I am happy to do so. That is all."

Questioned about present affiliations, she declared that she had invoked the Fifth Amendment in 1951 ... and would stand on that now.

... Miss Sondergaard, wife of movie director Herbert Biberman, who served a jail term for refusing to answer questions about Communist affiliations in 1947, invoked the Fifth Amendment at a meeting of the House Committee in 1951.

*THE INQUIRER, June 27*

### Playhouse Investigates Actor Loyalty

The managing director [of the Playhouse in the Park], Samuel M. Handelsman, was instructed to see whether Actors' Equity had given its loyalty approval to Miss Sondergaard. ...

"I have great respect for the American Legion and pay full attention to any charges they make," [City Representative] Mann said late yesterday, "especially when city funds are involved. I can't take any other course than to pursue an investigation. I've contacted the federal agencies, I've con-



tacted the Civil Liberties Union and I've asked the intelligence unit of the Philadelphia police to look into the matter on a confidential basis.

"We want to do the right thing. . . . The birthplace of the Bill of Rights is no place for something like this to go on."

*DAILY NEWS*, June 27

### State Chief Cautions Legion In Actress Picket Threat

The state commander of the American Legion asked the Philadelphia County Council to be sure of its facts before it pickets the appearance of actress Gale Sondergaard at the Playhouse in the Park.

John F. Stay, of Philadelphia, the state commander, who attended last night's meeting as a member of the county council, said the state department would go along with the county, "but only after a complete and proper investigation." . . . But Earl Wilson, public relations director for the county council, said he was sure the executive committee would order the picket line thrown up if the actress appeared.

*THE EVENING BULLETIN*, June 28

### Solicitor Asked To Decide On Miss Sondergaard Role

City Solicitor David Berger began a study of the actress' loyalty background and of contractual obligations of the city connected with her planned appearance here in *Anastasia*. . . . One of the items which the solicitor will study is a clause in the Actors' Equity contract in which the Playhouse and Equity "both pledge themselves to prevent blacklisting in the [summer] stock field. . . ."

"Blacklisting" is here identified as the "submission by the manager directly or indirectly to individual or group pressures . . . for reasons having no direct relation to [an actor's] theatrical ability."

Samuel M. Handelsman, managing director of the Playhouse, said last night that when he hired Miss Sondergaard [her] . . . controversial background "had been erased from my memory." He said that if he had recalled her appearance before the House Committee, "I would very likely have inquired about it before hiring her . . . in order to avoid the controversy and trouble that has arisen."

As it was, he said, he only considered himself "very lucky" to get her for the part and only "remembered her well as an actress."

*DAILY NEWS*, June 29

### Gale Rumbles Reaching Hurricane Force in City

. . . The Philadelphia chapter of the Veterans of Foreign Wars spoke its piece through A. James Golota, county commander. He disagreed with the [American] Legion: "It should be up to the loyal patrons of the theatre to freely decide for themselves whether they want to see Miss Sondergaard perform." Still another salvo came during Steve Allison's show on Radio Station WPEN. In all, four guests debated the lively issue.

One was Henry W. Sawyer, 3d, city councilman-at-large. . . . Said Sawyer, "There should be no official action banning Miss Sondergaard. Her political beliefs have nothing to do with the job she has been hired to perform. If she has broken the law of the land let her be prosecuted by the proper authorities; if not let the show go on.

"If she is barred," he added, "the city henceforth will be in the position of having to guarantee the political purity not only of every actor at the Playhouse, but of every musician who plays at Robin Hood Dell and the artists whose pictures are hung in the Art Museum."

*DAILY NEWS*, June 29

### Walter Rebuffs Legion In Ban on Park Actress

It is up to the theatre-going public and not the American Legion if it wants to see Gale Sondergaard act at the Playhouse in the Park.

This is the opinion of Rep. Francis Walter (D-Pa.), chairman of the House Un-American Activities Committee.

He said he does not believe "any self-constituted judge or jury should set itself up to decide that a performer should not appear in a role for which he or she has contracted."

*THE INQUIRER*, June 29

### VFW Officials Split on Gale

"The same rule of ethics applying to the employment of other Fairmount Park employees must be applied to Gale Sondergaard," said John Capitola, member of the executive board of the Vet-

erans of Foreign Wars county council.

"She has been a repetitive Fifth Amendment pleader on subversive association," he said. "We don't need her here. We don't want her. We feel the theatre-going public in Philadelphia will feel the same way."

Capitola's statement was in contrast to that of A. James Golota, V.F.W. County Commander. . . .

*THE INQUIRER*, June 30

### Vets Warn Park Theatre Faces Pickets

*THE INQUIRER*, July 1

### Vets Plan All-Out Fight To Bar Gale at Playhouse

The United Veterans Council called for immediate cancellation of Miss Sondergaard's contract with the Playhouse in the Park.

Cyril M. Mahalik, chairman of the council, and county commander of Catholic War Veterans, urged that any performers hired by the managing director of the Playhouse for any future productions "should be carefully investigated to avoid such incidents as this."

*THE EVENING BULLETIN*, July 4

### Park Board Advised to Keep Gale Sondergaard Contract

City Solicitor David Berger ruled today that there is no legal justification for the Fairmount Park Commission to break its contract with actress Gale Sondergaard.

To do so, he held, in a formal opinion, would amount to "blacklisting" and subject the commission to "financial liability" and perhaps jeopardize the continued operation of Playhouse in the Park.

*DAILY NEWS*, July 5

### Legion, VFW to Vote on Playhouse Picket

Joseph A. Ruczynski, Legion county commander, told the Philadelphia *Daily News*, "I object to picketing, but I am in no way trying to lead the committee."

A. James Golota, V.F.W. commander, said he will "oppose such action."

A report, submitted to Ruczynski by Walter A. Alessandrini, chairman of the Legion council's advisory board, also ruled out picketing. The report says Legion members must realize the law

**THE WEATHER**  
U. S. Weather Bureau Forecast  
Philadelphia and vicinity:  
Mostly sunny with moderate  
temperatures and low humidity  
today. Tomorrow, fair with lit-  
tle change in temperature. High  
today 80, low tonight 65. North-  
easterly winds 10 to 15 miles per  
hour ending.  
**COMPLETE WEATHER DATA**  
ON PAGE 11

# The Philadelphia Inquirer

**FINAL**  
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Post Circulation: Daily, 612,000; Sunday, 1,344,000

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FIVE CENTS



GALE SONDERGAARD AS SHE APPEARED YESTERDAY TESTIFYING BEFORE HOUSE UN-AMERICAN ACTIVITIES COMMITTEE

sometimes permits what honor would  
forbid.

*THE INQUIRER*, July 5

## Legion Drops Plan To Picket Gale

*THE INQUIRER*, July 6

## Gale Faces 'Unofficial' Picketing

County officials of both the American Legion and the Veterans of Foreign Wars agreed last night there would be no "official" picketing of the Playhouse in the Park on July 16 to protest the appearance there of actress Gale Sondergaard.

The Legion and V.F.W. leaders issued statements to their members that "individual picketing is your prerogative."

*DAILY NEWS*, July 6

## Playhouse Chief's Ouster Urged

The Veterans of Foreign Wars will ask for the resignation of Samuel M. Handelsman, managing director of Playhouse in the Park.

Handelsman has been under fire from the V.F.W. and American Legion for negligence in the hiring of Gale Sondergaard to appear at the city-managed rent show.

*DAILY NEWS*, July 9

## Gale's 'Show To Go On' Here

"Let the show go on."

That was the comment of City Representative Frederic Mann in the Gale Sondergaard row.

Mann also rejected a V.F.W. resolution calling for the firing of Samuel M. Handelsman, Playhouse managing director. Handelsman hired Miss Sondergaard.

... The V.F.W.'s Department of Pennsylvania opens its thirty-seventh annual encampment here Thursday for three days. The Pennsylvania American Legion meets here July 19-21, the week of Miss Sondergaard's performances.

*DAILY NEWS*, July 9

## Let The Show Go On (Editorial)

It looks to us like the controversy over the Playhouse in the Park is headed toward a sensible solution.

The City Solicitor has ruled that a contract is a contract and that Gale Sondergaard, an actress accused of connection with pro-Communist groups, is legally entitled to appear in the play *Anastasia* beginning July 16.

The American Legion talks about picketing, as it has a right to do. The people have a right to attend—or not to attend.

## Gale Again Invokes 'Fifth' at Probe Here, Is Silent on Red Ties

By FRANK H. WEIR

Actress Gale Sondergaard again invoked the protection of the Fifth Amendment yesterday in refusing to tell a Congressional committee whether she was a member of the House

*THE INQUIRER*, July 9

## Walter to Call Show People in Probe Here into Blacklist

Several theatrical people appearing this summer at the city's Playhouse in the Park will be called to testify by the House Committee on Un-American Activities here next week. ... [Representative] Walter would not disclose the names of those to be called.

*THE EVENING BULLETIN*, July 9

## Actress Starts Rehearsals Here

Ignoring threats of picketing because of what the American Legion called her "subversive and conspiratorial activities" [Miss Sondergaard] took her place at the opening of rehearsals in an open pavilion adjacent to the play tent.

"I shall be glad," she said, "to talk about the play and about the theatre in general. But about nothing else."



## Gale Outlasts Storm

Academy Award winner Gale Sondergaard will make her first appearance in the Playhouse in the Park next Monday, as scheduled. . . . The storm that surrounded her has dwindled to an ineffectual breeze.

. . . The furor left her unruffled.

Threats of pickets didn't bother her either.

"If the American Legion—or any other group—wants to picket the theatre and the law says it can, let it do so. I shall be inside playing the role the best way I know how."

Miss Sondergaard was not bitter about her reception in the City of Brotherly Love.

"I commend the people of Philadelphia and the Park Commission for standing with me. It may be one of the ironies of history that in the Cradle of Liberty this should happen. By 'this' I mean the opposition by a small segment of the population and the determination of the majority to see a play."

THE EVENING BULLETIN, July 13

## Probers to Quiz Blacklist Victims

. . . "We want to ask them where and when they were blacklisted," said Representative Francis E. Walter (D. Pa.), chairman of the House Committee on Un-American Activities. "Subpoenas are out for some of them right now."

Walter said one of those to be questioned in Philadelphia is actress Gale Sondergaard.

THE INQUIRER, July 17

## Pickets Fail to Appear at Gale's Performance in Park

The curtain rose at the Playhouse in the Park production of *Anastasia* last night without any evidence of the disturbance which had been feared because of the appearance on stage of Gale Sondergaard, actress accused of Communist associations. . . . Sales were conducted so briskly that at opening hour only sixty tickets remained unsold. The capacity of the Fairmount Park-operated theatre is 1150. . . .

[Miss Sondergaard] was greeted by a round of applause comparable to that given other leading members of the cast but received a longer ovation just before the end of the act.

THE INQUIRER, July 17

## Crowd in Park For 'Anastasia'

. . . The second-act climax at the Playhouse last night, in which Signe Hasso, playing an alleged surviving daughter of Tzar Nicholas, confronts a skeptical Dowager Empress played by Gale Sondergaard, won the same sort of ovation received by Viveca Lindfors and Eugenie Leontovich when the play opened originally at the Walnut in 1954.

THE EVENING BULLETIN, July 17

## No Picketing at Playhouse In the Park

. . . The show started and continued as scheduled before what Playhouse assistant treasurer Nate Abrahams described as "the best Monday night of the year."

. . . When [Miss Sondergaard] made her dramatic exit just prior to the close of the second act, the audience applauded with vigor. The applause, according to stage observers, was accorded her on the basis of her performance in the highly-charged act.

THE EVENING BULLETIN, July 17

## Gale Sondergaard Invokes Fifth Amendment At Hearing

Actress Gale Sondergaard, who is appearing at the Playhouse in the Park, again invoked the Fifth Amendment when she was called before a House Un-American Activities Committee group here today.

. . . Miss Sondergaard's counsel at the hearing was Thomas D. McBride, widely known Philadelphia lawyer and chancellor of the Philadelphia Bar Association.

. . . After her testimony, which was given in firm, clear tones and without any hubbub, she issued the following statement:

"As an actress, I am in Philadelphia to create a role and earn my living. For the committee to recall me here at this specific time while I am deeply involved in a creative work which requires the greatest amount of concentration and freedom from distraction can only be construed as an act of harassment. My request for postponement to a later date was denied by the committee. . . .

"Since my appearance before the committee in 1951, I have not been employed by the motion-picture industry. To my mind this has not been acci-

dental. I think rather that it may be construed as blacklisting.

"I believe in the right of the artist to create his art, regardless of the political climate of the moment, and the right of the American people to participate in this creation if they so desire.

"I have a deep and abiding loyalty to and love of these United States where I was born."

THE INQUIRER, July 18

## Gale Again Invokes 'Fifth' At Probe Here, Is Silent on Red Ties

. . . Addressing her as "ma'am," [committee counsel] Arens asked [Miss Sondergaard] to give a thumbnail sketch of her childhood and her career.

. . . "I played one-night stands, joined a Shakespearean company, then a stock company in Detroit," she said. "Later I joined the Theatre Guild in New York and appeared in many Broadway productions.

"I had leading roles in about forty motion pictures and won an Academy Award for my role in *Anthony Adverse* and won a nomination for an award for another role."

Arens then referred to a controversial report on the blacklisting of figures in the entertainment world, published recently by the Fund for the Republic. He read:

"Gale Sondergaard, wife of Herbert Biberman of the Hollywood Ten, found herself suddenly unemployable after her husband refused to testify."

"On the basis of this report, is it a fact," he asked, "that following your husband's appearance before the committee your theatrical activities were minimized?"

"I would say that was very definitely correct, so far as motion pictures was concerned," she replied.

"Because your husband refused to testify?" Arens asked.

"It would be my opinion that was the reason I was not employed."

After 1951, she said, she felt she had been blacklisted because of her own refusal. . . .

When, however, she was questioned about membership in such groups as the Motion Picture Artists Committee or the League of Women Shoppers, she took refuge in the Fifth Amendment.

"Do you honestly believe that you would incriminate yourself if you answered that question?"

"I once saw a book with a long list of organizations called subversive by the Attorney General," she answered. "I believe I must protect myself."

"May I point out," Miss Sondergaard said, "that all these questions and all this information you already have in your records. I do not understand why I have been called here today, when I am in the middle of creative work, one of the first I have had in five years. I have stated publicly before that my position is unchanged and you could save a great deal of your time. . . ."

THE EVENING BULLETIN, July 18

## Gale Declines Chance To Speak to Legion

The Pennsylvania American Legion today invited Gale Sondergaard to address its annual convention, but the actress declined on the ground of overwork. . . .

The invitation to address any session of the three-day Legion meeting at Convention Hall came from John F. Stay of Philadelphia, state commander. He said it was in line with "the American tradition of fair play."

Miss Sondergaard said in a statement through managing director Samuel M. Handelsman of the Playhouse that she had been working "much too hard," was playing a "very arduous role" and "therefore must respectfully decline" Stay's invitation.

VARIETY (New York, July 24)

## Unpicketed 'Anastasia' Gets Fast 14G, Philly; Sondergaard Gets Salvo

*Anastasia*, turned into a controversial

piece because of the agitation over Gale Sondergaard, one of its stars, grossed a fine \$14,000 last week, best biz of this season at the Playhouse in the Park. The week's engagement passed without a sign of demonstration against the actress.

Although both the American Legion and the Veterans of Foreign Wars had, previous to the play's opening, decided against any formal picketing, which they had at first threatened, there was some expectation of heckling or disturbances on the part of individuals, especially as there was a state convention of Legionnaires in town half the week. Instead, from opening night on, Miss Sondergaard was greeted by strong applause at her initial entrance. She also shared with co-star Signe Hasso what amounted to ovations at the end of the show.

## Courage in Action: II

# A FARM IN GEORGIA

*[In 1942 a group of devout Christians established a utopian farming community in Georgia, about a hundred miles south of Atlanta, which they called Koinonia (after the Greek word meaning "a community" or "fellowship"). The community sought to recapture the spirit and life of the early Christians: all property is held in common and the income from farm products—chiefly eggs—is shared according to members' needs. Though situated in the heart of the deep South, Koinonia is interracial. It has sought, through good-neighborliness, various philanthropic activities and a complete devotion to Christian ethics to establish itself as a spiritual center of the region—with results which are recounted in the following communication, signed by "all of us at Koinonia," which reached the office of The Nation.—Editors.]*

*Koinonia Farm, Georgia*  
FOR FOURTEEN years Koinonia has sought to maintain a witness to Christian brotherhood in a powder-keg situation. There have been many ups and downs and difficult situations, but sooner or later things eased off. About four months ago Clarence Jordan of Koinonia was asked to

sign applications of two Negro students for enrolling in the Georgia Business College (white). (The applications required the signatures of two alumni of the university system, and Clarence is an alumnus of the University of Georgia.) Accompanied by Harry Atkinson from Koinonia, Clarence went to Atlanta to interview the students and to talk with professors at Morehouse College and other interested persons. He found that the students were not seeking to make a test case, but actually wanted the training which they could not get anywhere else in Atlanta. Clarence and Harry then suggested to the students that instead of getting in line, as they had planned, with the white students and seeking to register, they should first talk the matter over with the president of the college and see if he could make some suggestions as to how they might get the same or equal courses. To this they agreed, so Clarence made an appointment with President Sparks for the next morning. Dr. Sam Williams, professor of Philosophy at Morehouse, and the Reverend James Waldon, pastor of Oak Grove Methodist Church in Atlanta, and also an alumnus of

the University of Georgia, went with Clarence and the students to talk with the president.

The group was received very graciously and found the president sympathetic. He called in the registrar to see if something could be done about enrolling the students, but the registrar said that the applications must be signed by two alumni of the college, not merely of the university. (Up to this point, Clarence had not signed the applications and because he now was disqualified, he never did sign them, though the newspapers reported his doing so.) President Sparks seemed to sense that the signature requirement was a technical dodge, and suggested that we pursue the matter further by taking it up with the executive secretary of the Board of Regents. He then called the secretary and made an immediate appointment for us.

Here again we were very kindly received. But the secretary told us it was a big problem, and asked that we give him a few days to think it over. This was agreed upon, and he thanked us very profusely for the Christian spirit in which we had come. He was well aware that he



could have had a situation on his hands similar to that when Miss Lucy sought enrollment at the University of Alabama.

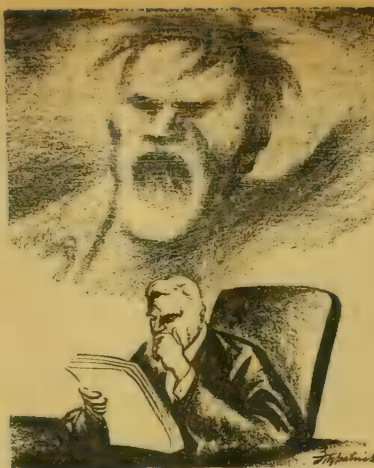
Harry and Clarence then returned to Americus, to find that Governor Griffin had already called up the sheriff down here to find out about "this Jordan fellow" and what he was up to. The *Americus Times-Recorder* had headlines to the effect that an Americus man, resident of Koinonia Farm, had signed applications of Negroes to Georgia Business College. This got everybody a little bit excited. Clarence began receiving threatening anonymous phone calls.

A few days later, the first insurance cancellation came through. Later all insurance was cancelled. Retail merchants, who had been handling our eggs for years, began dropping us. Practically all of our attractive, hand-made highway signs, advertising our Roadside Market, were pulled up and broken. We fixed them and put them back up. They were pulled down again. We put them back up. This continued until last week when they not only took them up but hauled them off. So temporarily, they've won.

Pistol shots were fired into the Roadside Market, located on U. S. 19, about four miles from the main farm. Shots were also fired into the community. No one has been hit.

FOR A number of years Koinonia has conducted each summer a Vacation Bible School which was attended largely by Negro children. Last year it was decided to try something more intensive, so a summer camp for children eight to twelve years old was held. Though the facilities were quite inadequate, the camp was very successful, with about thirty children of both races attending.

This year we spent several thousand dollars expanding and improving the facilities. The camp was booked to capacity with an enrollment of thirty-six. Then on June 9, a few days before camp was to open, we were served with a court injunction restraining us from having the camp. The injunction was brought by the county health department on "health and sanitation" grounds. A hearing was set for July 2.



St. Louis Post-Dispatch

### *Which Kind of Supremacy?*

Meanwhile the county health engineer made a complete inspection of both the camp and the farm. He did not find such violations as the injunction charged, and made only minor recommendations, which we immediately carried out.

At the July 2 hearing there were obviously no grounds for the continuation of the injunction, but the county attorney asked that the hearing be postponed until July 19 because he "had not had time to prepare the case." In the meantime, the camp had been transferred to the Highlander Folk School at Montecagle, Tennessee.

Before the July 19 hearing, we were served with another petition signed by four citizens who asked the court that they be allowed to join the county in prosecuting the case because the camp would be "a detriment to the morals of the children." These citizens employed a powerful Americus law firm to represent them.

On July 19 we appeared in court with no lawyer (we had been unable to secure local counsel). The court room was packed. The judge looked over the situation and decided that it would be a "wrangle between the Gospel and the law" (his words). He therefore ordered another postponement and told both sides to argue their case by "brief and affidavit." The date set for getting this material to him was September 20. By then the summer would be over and the purpose of the injunction accomplished, no matter who wins.

We would be quite willing to drop it there, but the county attorney says he thinks the injunction applies to Koinonia's open-door policy of having anyone visit us at any time. Because this involves a deep principle—the right of free citizens to have guests in their homes—we have decided to employ a lawyer to help us fight this through. A well-known, courageous Atlanta attorney has agreed to come to our aid. We are confident the case can be won.

On July 23 our Roadside Market was dynamited, about which we have already written.

An airplane company recently refused to dust our cotton for boll-weevil when they discovered that it was on "that farm."

A local fertilizer company informed us that they would not sell to us.

The auto dealer, with whom we've done business over the years and who did practically all our repair work, said he wanted our business no longer.

Several days ago the State Farm Insurance Company cancelled all of our auto insurance (six policies covering liability, collision, fire, theft, etc.). Meanwhile, an Atlanta insurance firm is seeking to keep our property covered and will help us get auto insurance.

A number of local ministers and leading laymen have come to us "by night" and assured us of their loving concern. In one church, after a Sunday School lesson on the persecution of early Christians, a motion was made to take up an offering to help Koinonia repair its dynamited market. This too, caused an explosion.

MANY local ministers and people have gone out of their way to be friendly and to let us know that though they may not be able to agree with us, neither can they agree with the methods being used against us. The local newspaper has been surprisingly neutral and impartial. The situation is by no means all darkness. The Gospel is lying heavily upon the hearts of many people in this county. We believe that in time they will respond and join with a mighty "Thus said the LORD." Victory may be closer than we think.

# BRITISH LABOR'S HOPES

## Gaitskell's Management . . by R. T. McKENZIE

*London*  
PREPARING for its annual conference next month, the British Labor Party is showing signs of renewed health and vitality for the first time since the party went into opposition in 1951. As late as the general election of May, 1955, it was clear that Labor was still very sick; it fought feebly and lost a number of seats to the Conservatives. The latter, after consulting the history books, proclaimed themselves, accurately enough, to be the first party since 1841 to enhance their parliamentary strength in three successive elections and the first government in ninety years to increase its majority at the end of its term in office.

It must be remembered that the Conservatives won their vote of confidence from an electorate 65 to 70 per cent of whom are, by any objective definition, members of the working class. In view of the social composition of this electorate, the mystery of British politics is not that a party calling itself "Labor" managed once in its fifty-year history (in 1945) to win a working parliamentary majority; it is that the Labor Party has never yet (not even in 1945) won half the votes cast at a general election. The record, compared with that of similar Socialist parties in Scandinavia, is dismal.

Whatever the long-run explanation of Labor's comparative failure as a political force, there could be little doubt of the immediate cause of the party's *malaise* during the years 1951-1955. The over-riding factor was the success of the Conservative government which held office in those years. In defiance of Socialist predictions made during the election of 1951, the Tories maintained both the welfare state and full employment; simultaneously they dismantled some of the more

irksome forms of physical controls, of which from the electoral point of view the abolition of food rationing was the most important. Inequality between the social classes no doubt increased slightly under the Conservatives; but against the background of a modestly rising standard of living in which they shared, the working classes were undisturbed. At least a third of them (and probably as large a proportion as 50 per cent of working-class wives) voted Conservative in 1955.

In addition to this "external" factor, Labor suffered from acute "internal" difficulties. It had become clear after 1951 that Clement Attlee's remarkable span of leadership must soon come to an end (he had led Labor longer than anyone has led a

British party since Gladstone); consequently a bitter struggle for the succession ensued.

This became entwined with another acute domestic problem: Labor had returned to the opposition in 1951 physically and intellectually exhausted. Most of its leaders had held office continuously since 1940. They had had neither the time, nor, it sometimes seemed, the inclination to re-examine and to refurbish their Socialist doctrines. As a result Labor's social program in the election of 1951 looked thin and barren; this was not in itself a discreditable state of affairs since it arose largely from the party's own success in implementing its program.

The main rivals for the succession to Attlee were Hugh Gaitskell (the



Gaitskell as seen by Vicky of The New Statesman (London).

R. T. McKENZIE, noted British political commentator, is the author of *British Political Parties*.

September 22, 1956



protégé of the unions and in a sense of Attlee himself), and the militant left-winger Aneurin Bevan. Mainly through the initiative of the latter, who espoused a vague but vehement brand of Socialist fundamentalism, the struggle for the leadership took the form of a bitter Left versus Right argument.

This issue was still unresolved when Labor entered the campaign of May, 1955. Thus Labor presented the spectacle of a party rent by fratricidal conflict and apparently ill-prepared to form a government. In addition, the party's electoral machinery was in a sad state of disrepair. It had not been seriously overhauled in the thirty-seven years since Labor adopted its modern constitution in 1918. Merely as a vote-gathering organization, the party was no match for its Conservative rivals, who had entrusted the task of rebuilding their own machine (after their great defeat in 1945) to Lord Woolton, probably the ablest party manager in the history of British politics. Traditionally, Labor had attempted to match Tory professional skill with the aid of an army of enthusiastic amateurs. But in the election of 1955 (and probably in that of 1951) the Tories had, in most constituencies, both a superior professional machine and a larger force of voluntary party workers. With the political temperature low (just as it is in the United States in the autumn of 1956) the Conservative vote fell by 500,000; but that of the Labor Party fell by 1,500,000.

IN THE humiliation of defeat, Labor turned at last, in the summer of 1955, to deal with its three basic problems: leadership, policy and organization. Striking headway has been made in dealing with each and the party's political prospects have greatly improved.

Hugh Dalton, a member of Labor's old guard who had served on the party's front bench for thirty years, deserves credit for a bold effort to break the log-jam over leadership. Although not yet seventy, he announced that he would not stand for re-election to the executive of the parliamentary party. This was a blow at the principle of gerontocracy

which across the years had won subtle acceptance within the Labor Party. Others in the same age bracket were stimulated or shamed by Dalton's example into following him onto the back benches; they were succeeded by an able group of younger men, many of whom had become discouraged by the ever-lengthening prospect of "apprenticeship."

Attlee, who shared Dalton's view on the need for new blood, attempted soon after the election of 1955 to resign the party leadership. But his supporters urged him to continue; the loudest voices were of those who were determined to block Gaitskell, the alleged right-wing menace, at all costs. They hoped that, given time, Aneurin Bevan might still overcome his arch-rival. But Attlee became impatient when he realized that internecine party conflict was being renewed as furiously as before. With characteristic abruptness, he quit the party leadership last December.

Forced at last to make up its mind, the Parliamentary Labor Party chose Hugh Gaitskell over Aneurin Bevan and Herbert Morrison by the largest majority ever accorded a newly elected Labor leader. Gaitskell has had only seven months in office and it is obviously too early to assess his merits. His critics insist that he has already shown faulty political judgment in his choice of issues on which to fight the government; they argue, too, that his rather prim, didactic manner will never inspire either the party or the country. But the credit side of the balance sheet is considerably more impressive. Gaitskell has reorganized the work of the parliamentary party and it is now probably a more efficient parliamentary force than it has ever been before in opposition.

Gaitskell has also tried hard to heal the gaping "Bevanite" wound which has so weakened the party in the five years since the resignation of Aneurin Bevan and two other ministers in April, 1951. Harold Wilson and R. H. S. Crossman, probably Bevan's ablest supporters, have been brought high into the councils of the party; Bevan himself has been made "shadow" Colonial Secretary

and thus given an opportunity to understudy a role he has long insisted he would like to play in a future Labor Government. Bevan has not tried to hide the fact that he is also continuing to understudy the role of party leader. But Gaitskell has wisely refused to join personally in current right-wing efforts to frustrate Bevan's campaign to win election at the party's conference next month to the office of party treasurer.

Gaitskell has also taken a far more active part than Attlee ever did in the task of revising party policy. It was decided at last year's conference to produce, in the course of the next three years, a series of ten policy documents restating Labor's position on the main domestic and foreign issues facing the country. Three statements, dealing respectively with personal freedom, housing and "equality" have so far appeared and Gaitskell has personally published a pamphlet (through the Fabian Society) giving his own views on the relationship of nationalization to socialism.

GAITSKELL is trying to win the party away from the goal (to which it is still formally committed by its constitution) of "common ownership of the means of production, distribution and exchange." He insists that Labor's aims are, in his own words: (1) "Social equality, which to us is substantially the same as social justice"; (2) "Economic security or full employment"; (3) "Industrial democracy, by which is meant a change of atmosphere and relationships in industry which will give to the workers a better status, more power, more responsibility and a true sense of participation." [For a more extended analysis of the Labor Party policy pamphlets, see David Thomson's article which follows.]

The new leader's main concern is that Labor should launch a frontal attack on the British class system, which still provides rigid barriers against full social mobility. He proposes major changes in the nation's educational system (to be elaborated in a forthcoming policy statement) and drastic revisions in taxation

policy designed to break up the huge concentrations of private wealth.

Bevan and others on the Left argue that this represents an evasion of the main issue, which remains for them the ownership of the means of production. But Gaitskell replies, in a much quoted phrase, that "Socialism is about equality." It seems likely that Gaitskell will carry the day, so far as the battle within the party is concerned, although it is far less certain that Labor's new egalitarian program will prove electorally attractive.

Gaitskell has also teamed up with the ex-Bevanite Harold Wilson in a campaign for a wholesale reorganization of Labor's electoral machinery. Last summer a four-man committee on party organization was

set up under Wilson. In a forceful report it revealed that, at the constituency level, Labor was an aging, dispirited and inefficient party and they made sweeping recommendations designed to improve the situation. Gaitskell has given the Wilson committee full backing and many of its recommendations have now been adopted; he has also obtained promises from the unions that they will contribute on a considerably larger scale to the party's coffers.

In several recent by-elections, Labor's share of the votes cast has shown a sizable increase. This is no doubt due in part to the party's success in presenting a more coherent front to the electorate and to the improvement in the party's electoral machinery. But it is probably due

in even larger measure to what may prove to be only a temporary unpopularity of the Eden government. The present Tory leaders are an able and enlightened crew. If they can conquer the twin problems of inflation and the balance of payments, if they can make appreciable headway toward their declared goal of "doubling the British standard of living in twenty-five years," if they can do all this without dismantling the welfare state or drastically increasing the economic gulf between the classes, then they will be no easy party to unseat in the elections of 1959 or 1960. Labor will have to fight hard for its next election victory. And it is no doubt preferable for all concerned that it should have to do so.

## Socialism in Evolution.. by DAVID THOMSON

London

HUGH GAITSKELL'S pamphlet, *Socialism and Nationalization*, was mostly written three years ago, but its publication now is all the more significant. The leader of the British Labor Party here expresses, discreetly but unmistakably, disillusionment with the results of nationalization:

There have been genuine drawbacks and difficulties in nationalization which must be recognized. . . . It may be regrettable, but it seems to be a fact that people's enthusiasm about almost any groups to which they belong is enhanced by competition. . . . Nationalization should try to harness and not to ignore or suppress these natural characteristics. . . . The case for nationalization is weakest where there are a very large number of small firms competing with each other, where there is a strong speculative element in the business, where personal contacts and knowledge count for a lot and where there are no very obvious advantages of large-scale production.

Gaitskell's major political conclusion is that "the British electorate will not be impressed with proposals

to extend nationalization into new and unknown fields unless there is a simple and clear-cut case for them." It is not that he rules out further possible nationalization, though he remains vague about which industries he regards as most eligible for it:

Such industries will include those where monopoly flourishes, and those where competition clearly involves serious waste, and a grouping together will bring with it economies in production or marketing.

Of the official statements from Transport House, one on Labor's colonial policy called *The Plural Society* is but the first of several on

colonial affairs. Much more likely to influence the electorate as a whole is the statement of housing policy called *Homes of the Future*. It postulates that "private landlordism has failed to provide the majority of our people with the houses of the standard they deserve," and goes into considerable detail about how it is proposed that "private ownership of rent-controlled tenanted houses should be replaced by public ownership." The aim is to make the provision of houses and flats "a social service as in the case of education, health and welfare." Here is a bolder and more far-reaching conception than mere extension of nationalization. And there is more than an echo of traditional Fabian Society principles in the proposal that this new social service should be provided mainly by local authorities. It would mean the taking over, with "fair compensation" to the owners, of six million rent-controlled houses and apartments; their systematic renovation and repair; and their replacement, where renovation is impossible, by new locally owned properties to meet the needs of the population. At the same time "owner-occupation" would be encouraged in every way, and here too, local authorities would be empowered to



DAVID THOMSON, lecturer in history at Cambridge University, is the author of *World History: 1914-1950 and other books*.

September 22, 1956



offer mortgages of 100 per cent of the value of the property. Since the Conservatives took office in 1951, there have been fairly steady increases in the rates of interest from the Public Works Loan Board up to last March; and the present "credit squeeze," which has encouraged building societies to raise the rates of interest payable on mortgages, has made it increasingly difficult for people to buy homes.

Housing in Britain, as in many European countries, has remained bad since the war. The 1951 census showed that seven million households had no fixed bath, three million were forced to share (or were without) a water closet. Nearly one million houses have been scheduled as unfit for habitation, and at least 750,000 households share when they would prefer and should have separate accommodations. The existing powers of local authorities as regards housing are extensive, and some cities, such as Birmingham, have already led the way in repairing condemned houses for temporary inhabitation, in slum-clearance and in the erection of council houses. The Socialist program for housing has the qualities of urgency, realism and adaptation to existing practice which should make it a powerful plank in the party's next electoral platform.

WHAT IS so strange about the present phase of theorizing is that the thoughtful outline of colonial policy and this highly realistic housing program are accompanied by two pamphlets which embark upon somewhat abstract political matters. They are entitled *Personal Freedom* and *Towards Equality*. Despite a few telling concrete applications of these abstract ideals to immediate social problems, there is a remarkable hiatus between Gaitskell's cautious empiricism or the traditional Fabianism of the housing program, and these much more doctrinaire pronouncements. Here, it seems, there blows into the committee rooms of Transport House a strong breeze from the direction of the Socialist Union and the free-lance intellectuals. "Rights mean duties. No one who benefits from the Welfare State, from full employment or from better educa-

tion, can contract out of the social obligations which must support these reforms" (shades of Locke and T. H. Green). "The right to property always carries with it the responsibility to use and develop it in the interests of the community" (echoes of R. H. Tawney and the Fabians). "Our Socialist view is that freedom and equality are inseparable. If freedom with gross inequalities is hardly worth having, 'equality' without freedom is worthless" (somebody has been reading Rousseau). "We take it as self-evident that our society will be happier and healthier without social classes than it is with them." If only the problems of political thinking were as simple as this, and lent themselves so easily to such dogmatic statements, how straightforward the tasks of government would be: send everyone to the



London School of Economics, and the job would do itself.

In fairness to these two pamphlets, it must be added that each tries to relate its aphoristic title to concrete problems of modern Britain: to the problems of delegated legislation and control of bureaucratic power, to civil liberties and protection of the citizen, to overhaul of the educational and fiscal systems. But these exercises in political science show a circumspect tenderness in approaching the power and activities of trade unions. The inhibitions imposed on Socialist theory in Britain by the alliance between the Trades Union Congress and the Parliamentary Labor Party become a little too apparent to carry conviction. How do these principles of personal freedom and equality affect the ethics of strikes in the Welfare State?

Is the closed shop legitimate? Is it proper to "send a man to Coventry" if he works harder than his fellow unionists, or defies the union boss? These very relevant issues are too discreetly side-stepped.

THE members of the Labor Party who constitute the Socialist Union, and who also publish the monthly journal *Socialist Commentary*, have now produced a different kind of collective effort in re-thinking. It takes the form of a Penguin Special book on *Twentieth Century Socialism*, and raises the debate to its third deck. Its authors describe it as "a study in applied ethics—Socialist ethics applied to the sphere of economic organization." Its chief writers have been two academics, Allan Flanders and Dr. Rita Hinden of Oxford. They deplore the straightjacket into which Socialist thinking has allowed itself to be confined by concentrating on the material questions of "how much is produced?" and "how is it distributed?" They write:

Once the straightjacket is discarded, two further questions immediately call for reply—"what is produced?" and "how is it produced?" These are the neglected questions of our time. Their neglect accounts for the topsyturvydom of our production priorities, which puts washing-machines and refrigerators before houses, cars before roads, and commercial television before schools.

Here is more fundamental re-thinking than Transport House has dared to venture upon. And when Hugh Gaitskell, in his own Fabian tract, asks what "equality of opportunity" is for, his answer is "for the pursuit of happiness, however people decide they can best achieve this." In the less inhibited thinking of the academics there is a strong infusion of that nineteenth-century working-class radicalism which produced Labor churches and the ethical societies and the Independent Labor Party. It is significant that *Twentieth Century Socialism* begins and ends with quotations from Keir Hardie, and the last sums up the point:

If anything is to be really done in this world it must be done by visionaries, by men who see the future, and make the future because they see it.

# GRAFT IN ILLINOIS

## Scandal Goes to Waste... by ELMER GERTZ

*Chicago*

MOST qualified observers believe that the Democrats here, in the home state of Adlai E. Stevenson, have handed the governorship (and perhaps the Presidency) to the Republicans. Of course, there is a chance that they are wrong. Those who believe that Illinois and the nation deserve better, fervently hope so.

Some weeks ago one of the greatest financial scandals in Illinois history burst upon the Republicans when it was found that Orville E. Hodge, Auditor of Public Accounts, had embezzled over a million dollars in state funds. He was forced out of office and ousted as a candidate for re-election and as a delegate to the national convention. This threatened to submerge Governor William G. (Billy the Kid) Stratton and the entire state Republican ticket, theretofore cocky in expectation of victory. For they had more than the ample Eisenhower coat-tails upon which to ride.

When John Knight's *Chicago Daily News*, with superb journalistic zeal, exposed Hodge, the Granite City glad-hander, Democrats generally were amazingly slow in their response to this heaven-sent opportunity to blast the Republicans out of office in one of the nation's key states. Perhaps because he felt himself vulnerable, Herbert C. Paschen, Democratic candidate for governor, reacted with all the vigor of a child's popgun. Even when the most partisan Republicans were admitting that Hodge's game was up, Paschen was still asking that judgment be reserved "until all the facts were in." Adlai Stevenson reacted with more vigor:

I trust that the latest reported developments in the shocking Hodge case, which tend to put all the blame

on one man, will not obscure the need for a top-to-bottom investigation of the Stratton Administration. It is hard to believe that no more than one man is involved. A full-scale investigation of the Stratton Administration would seem to be called for in order to restore the people's confidence. It would also be interesting to know the source of the funds with which Mr. Hodge sponsored statewide broadcasts urging a heavy vote for President Eisenhower in the primary this spring and for which President Eisenhower publicly expressed his gratitude.

But there was little follow-up on this by Stevenson's Democratic cohorts other than by Michael Howlett, Jr., the candidate for state auditor, and Senator Paul H. Douglas, still smarting from Hodge's description of him in the 1954 campaign as a "saboteur" and "Socialist." Douglas has initiated an investigation by a Senatorial committee which will probably come up with important banking reforms. I wrote to Paschen telling him of an article that I was doing on the Hodge case and asking for an interview. I was no more successful than others in getting him to talk. Mike Howlett was more communicative. I pressed him for an explanation of the dull-witted reaction of the Democrats and suggested that perhaps there were Democrats involved in the picture. He assured me that the only reason Democrats were laying off was because they were convinced the Republicans were doing the spadework for them in digging up pay-dirt.

In record time—indeed, in almost unseemly haste—Hodge and his two principal associates were indicted on over a hundred counts in state and federal courts, pleaded guilty and began serving their relatively mild sentences. Normally, the cases would not have been called for hearing until long past the election. Obviously, matters were being push-

ed through and out of the way before all of the necessary questions could even be asked, let alone answered. A reading of the transcript of the interrogation of Hodge by the Sangamon county state's attorney, George P. Coutrakon, reveals the easy-going and superficial nature of the interrogations. Later Coutrakon remarked: "The jail wouldn't hold all the people if I indicted everyone who is mixed up in this conspiracy. But I am just after the big brass." One wondered at the time why Paschen and his slate mates did not pounce upon this statement and insist upon action being taken against "all the people" mixed up in the "conspiracy."

ONE complicating circumstance was the divided party affiliations of the prosecuting agencies. In Springfield and in the U. S. Courthouse in Chicago, the chief law-enforcing officials are Republicans, while the state's attorney of Cook county, former Judge John Gutknecht, is a devoted Democrat who has a real fight on his hands for re-election. All nurse ambitions that have occasionally been thwarted. The impending elections make them more nervous than they will probably admit. The atmosphere is thus both good and bad from the public viewpoint.

Meanwhile, a possible reason for Paschen's extraordinary discretion finally came to light. Marshall Field's *Sun-Times* decided that it was not going to be outdone by the *News*. It proceeded to blast away at Paschen because of the so-called Welfare Fund in his office as county treasurer, to which bankers contributed small sums in gratitude for the deposit of tax funds. A similar fund had been maintained by Paschen's Republican predecessors, and no one had ever complained about it. It was admitted, even by the *Sun-Times*, that the situation in his office

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was like a flyspeck in comparison with the monumental Hodge scandals. But within days Paschen was forced to resign as the Democratic nominee for governor. Now everybody felt sorry for him, a handsome, inoffensive lawyer and banker of good reputation, who was really out of his element in big-time politics.

Now it was felt that the Democrats could retrieve their earlier blunder in slating a weak man for the gubernatorial race. There were six days for the Democratic central committee to meet in Springfield and make the choice. Col. Jacob M. Arvey, the shrewdest man in the party, was in Israel and more or less out of touch with the situation. Yet it is to be doubted that he could have done anything had he remained at home, for Mayor Richard J. Daley is now the undisputed local boss of the party. And Daley does not always consult with men who were once regarded as power-

houses in the party. The Mayor is achieving an outstanding record in office but like Ed Kelly before him, he loves the power and glory that comes with making and breaking public officials.

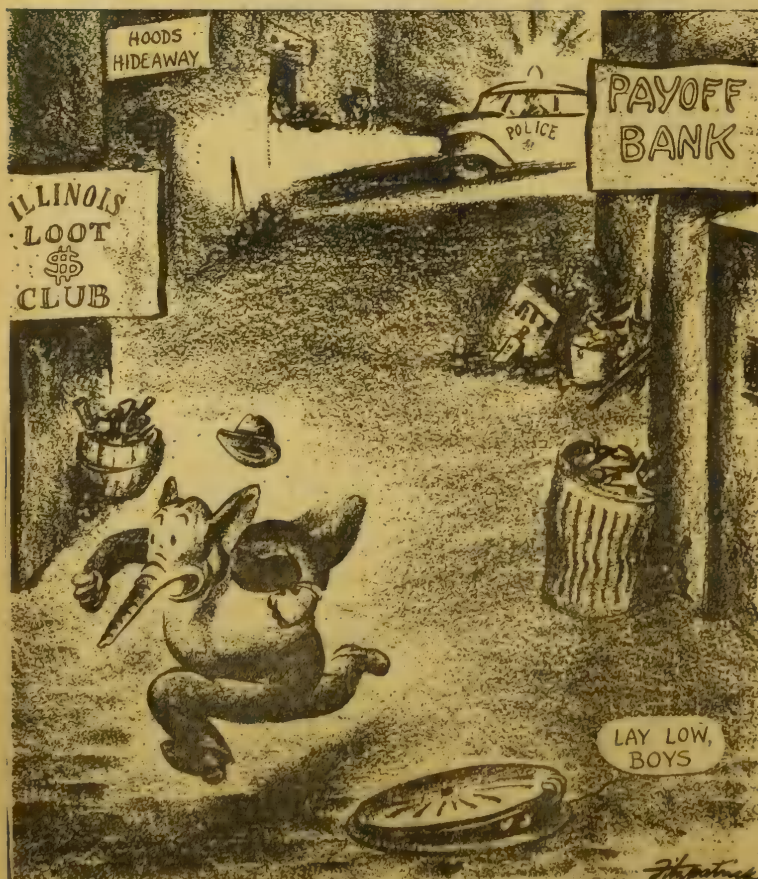
This time Mayor Daley was presumably in touch with Adlai Stevenson, the titular head of the ticket. There were brave sounds to the effect that top-flight Democrats were being considered for the nomination—men like Supreme Court Justice Walter V. Schaefer, who had remade the highest court of Illinois; Stephen A. Mitchell, who had been Stevenson's man as chairman of the Democratic national committee in the 1952 campaign; Joseph Lohman, by all odds the best sheriff that Cook County had ever seen, and a man of vigor, brains and fighting liberalism; County Judge Otto Kerner, and others. It was understood that if Stevenson did not select the man, he would at least exercise ■

veto over the choice. That impression was deliberately cultivated until the last moment. Then there were reports that the first to be knocked out of consideration would be the ones favored by Stevenson—that he was the head of the Democratic party nationally, but a nobody locally. Suddenly, the tremendous labors were over—and the nomination was given to Superior Court Judge Richard B. Austin, who, in the judgment of many, can no more beat Stratton than could Paschen.

Why was this great opportunity so perversely ignored? Are the Democrats committed to falling down on the governorship here?

IT SHOULD be understood at once that Richard Austin is a very high-grade man, an adornment to the bench, and, before that, a top-flight prosecutor. And he is a superb orator, of good family, a suburbanite and Episcopalian. No one would think of questioning his integrity or his ability as a lawyer or judge. In such capacity, he would be near the top of any poll of the Chicago Bar Association. But if anyone downstate had ever met or heard of him, before his nomination, it would be surprising, indeed. And what is he going to do about blasting his own former law associate, Governor Dwight Green, whose unsavory record led to Stevenson's tremendous victory against him at the polls in 1948? Orville Hodge had practically kidnapped a bank for Green; a former state treasurer, Congressman Elmer Hoffman, had deposited a mere million dollars of state funds in his fellow Republican's bank. What could Austin say of these things?

Not only the cynical will recall that Mayor Daley achieved remarkable results in Springfield when he went there shortly after his election as Mayor. He got all of the legislative and financial aid he wanted—thanks to Republican Governor Stratton. Some may ask, what was the *quid pro quo*? It was noticed later that on such occasions as the dedication of the Congress Street super-highway, Governor Stratton praised Daley with a fervor that was well beyond official politeness. Many



St. Louis Post-Dispatch

"Lemme outa here quick!"



observers feel that the pay-off for Stratton's kind cooperation was the slating of Paschen as his opponent, because, clearly, Paschen couldn't lick him. Now they feel that a second pay-off is the slating of Judge Austin. No one thinks that either Paschen or Austin could be directly a party to such a deal, if deal there was. But the realities of the situation speak for themselves.

Why should the Democrats, allegedly eager to win the Presidency for one of their own, as well as other political plums, act as if they don't really care after all?

Certain basic facts should be made clear. A Chicago mayor has much to gain if he is permitted a free hand locally. It is no great sacrifice to give up the state house, which is likely to be Republican anyway. Besides, the Democrats here don't really love Stevenson. They were uncomfortable when he was in Springfield and they like him no more

now, however much they may shout his praises publicly. He is not one of them. They think of him as a cold fish who doesn't play their kind of politics, as indeed he doesn't. When former President Truman spoke out against Stevenson at the convention, he was voicing some of the resentments of the Illinois people. Stevenson did less well with the Illinois delegates than Harriman with the New York ones. There were twice as many anti-Stevenson votes as there were anti-Harriman votes in the respective delegations, despite the fact that Illinois has half as many delegates as New York.

Whatever does or does not happen before Election Day, one may be sure that much will be proposed when the state legislature reconvenes early next year. Efforts will be made to enact new corrupt practices laws, long overdue, to eliminate so-called welfare funds, employee assessments, payroll and expense padding and

some other obvious abuses. It is clear that the offices of the State Auditor and State Treasurer must be so constituted as to provide adequate checks on dishonesty. New responsibilities must be passed on to the governor, who can now alibi, as does Governor Stratton, that he has no power over other independent offices, although he is top man of his party. This will mean that Illinois will have relatively clean politics until the not distant day when the resourceful politicians think of new ways and means of mulcting the public.

In the meantime, pro-Stevenson supporters—and there are many of them in Illinois—rest their hopes in a fighting campaign on both national and state level. They have high faith in Stevenson; and as for Austin, they are just hoping that this relative unknown will surprise both Governor Stratton and Mayor Daley with his skill and vigor as a campaigner.

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## Rumbles in Spain . . . by J. ALVAREZ DEL VAYO

*French-Spanish Border*  
I HAVE MET many Americans who toured Spain this summer. When I tell them that there are leading Spaniards who are convinced that Franco's days are numbered, they react with shocked disbelief. "Impossible!" they tell me. "Wherever Franco goes, he is met with great acclaim—banners and cheers and parades. Why, just last August 20 he attended the bull fights at San Sebastian, and you should have heard the roar that greeted him when he entered his box! It was very impressive!"

San Sebastian is only twenty miles from where I write this. I have been told, privately, what happened there. Franco clagues, composed mostly of old-line Falangists and police in civilian clothes, were scattered in great numbers through the arena. They started the cheering and everyone else in the audience, thinking that the man next to him might be a policeman, joined in. And what happened at San Sebastian has been happening everywhere in Spain since the student demonstrations shocked

Franco with the knowledge that, left to themselves, the people of Spain are no longer in a mood to cheer. The *Caudillo's* propagandists have become singularly adept at planning "spontaneity." Wherever he goes now, truckloads of equipment roll in before him—banners, decorations, an "arch of triumph," loudspeakers, trusted groups of demonstrators whose job it is to start the acclaim.

One can hardly blame the Americans for having been misled. Franco may not be able to feed his own people, but he treats his tourists very well. And, after all, great cheers for Peron resounded through Argentina right up to the very minute the dictator was overthrown there. (Peron's fall was a blow to Franco from which he has not yet recovered; the Falange press carries on an unceasing and insidious warfare against the present Argentine government, holding it up as the evil result of evil revolution.)

In this border community where I write, I speak to many Spaniards who cross over to spend a day at

Hendaye, Biarritz or St. Jean de Luz. Even the Franco supporters seem uneasy about the future of their idol, while the anti-Francoists vow that next month, October, will be the "month of decision" for Franco and for Spain. The latter pin their faith on the army, whose monarchist-minded generals are reported to be thoroughly disenchanted with the *Caudillo's* earlier promises to "normalize" his regime and to prepare for his successor. The disenchantment came with Franco's speech on July 18, marking the twentieth anniversary of the Spanish Civil War. "I am the state," Franco said in effect, and he made clear his firm determination never, of his own free will, to relinquish the reins of power. "If that is his will," an army man told me, "then we will have to assert our own."

Many stories have appeared in the European and American press during the last six months indicating the increasing restlessness of Spain's military leaders. As early as last winter, the late Camille Cienfuegos of the *New York Times* was



writing of the activities of the officers' *juntas*, the groups which traditionally spring to life with the first sign of any coming political change. In the spring, the special correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian* writes that "practically all outstanding Spaniards, whether prelates, high officials in the civil service, business men and great industrialists, are turning their thoughts to the army." General Carrasco Verde, director of military instruction in Franco's army, gave the first indication that unrest was reaching into the top echelons. Speaking in the *Atenea* of Madrid—the place where the 1930 coup against the Spanish monarchy was prepared—the general said: "If by politics is understood the preservation of the historical continuity of the country, then the army is political." Of course, "historical continuity" is identical with monarchy on the lips of a Spanish officer.

FROM WHAT I learn, Verde speaks no longer for an isolated minority in the highest army echelons, but for a majority of the commanding generals who are unwilling to leave the anti-Franco initiative to the younger officers. But is this majority really ready for action? In all fairness, I must report that many Spanish Republican émigrés doubt it; this is not the first time that a "month of decision" has been foreseen.

In connection with the talk of October action, recent developments—particularly in the field of labor—are worth reporting. Giron, Franco's new minister of labor, is an ambitious demagogue who, like Peron, sought the support of the *descamisados*—the "shirtless ones." He also wanted to ward off strikes. So he gave Spanish workers a 25 per cent increase in pay. Unhappily, the speed of the inflationary current in Spain has rendered the increase useless to the workers. Now the workers want a minimum daily wage of fifty pesetas—about \$1.25—and there is no evidence that Giron could give that to them even if he wanted to.

A second development in the labor field is the dissolution of Franco's hand-picked cadres among the labor leadership. These "loyal" leaders were supposed to keep the rank-

and-file in line. But in the April strikes in Pamplona, for instance, the workers were led by men of their own choosing; the "official" leaders were nowhere to be seen. It was a remarkably well-directed strike, the more remarkable in that it occurred in a region with a clerical-reactionary tradition and which had long been dominated by Franco's own labor people. My informant is one of a growing number of professing Catholics who feel not only that Franco must go, but the monarchy, too. They prefer the founding of a "moderate Republic," dominated perhaps

by a strong Christian Democratic party along the lines of De Gasperi's former Italian regime. Still, the most important anti-Franco leaders in the hierarchy remain staunch monarchists, such as Cardinal Segura, who hates the *Caudillo* on the peculiar grounds that the regime is "soft" on Protestantism. Other Catholic prelates have a better reason for their antipathy. The Bishop of Malaga is now in "voluntary" retirement in a monastery because he has sharply criticized the regime for its lack of social policy and the continued hunger of the Spanish masses.

## The New Emigration

*On reading a French  
report of the 1956  
clandestine crossings  
from Spain.*

They cross the frontier as their names cross your pages,  
Quick-eyed, slender-throated, with tongues that have run  
As mercury runs to the fever of sun. They come  
Without passport or visa or money to ring, traps shut, guitars muted,  
Too young for the bleak masks of hunger they wear; coats tight in the arm-pit  
and short in the sleeve.  
(But hope can be cloak, can be shoes on the feet, can be lash  
Out of bull-hide, still tough in the dust when the trumpets are done.)

The joke of it is they are not in the news. Not Koreans pursuing torrent and stone  
From northward to southward; not Germans who flux from the east toward the west,  
These thin-lipped, these young, who are musical-tongued, have blood that is lava,  
Pulse hot in the vein from lover to lover, Spaniard to Spaniard, dead man to son.

Out of the province of Samora,  
out of Asturia, Seville, they come,  
Bearing in flight their country,  
bearing Spain,  
Leaving the soft-vowelled names  
behind to genuflection;  
Not to bend elbow or knee again,  
but to cross before the altars  
of wild olive trees  
Upright, like men. They are a season  
of new almond leaves  
That France receives in tenderness  
like spring.

Does history prove that all men seek the classical  
Grave face of liberty, leave interchangeable footprints as they run,  
Communicate identical dreams from man to son,  
Whatever the continent or century? Men  
Are as different as their climates are. The zest of some  
Is spiced by the passing of firearms from palm to palm,  
War after war, along an iron Rhine; in some  
The honey-comb of faith has hardened like an artery. But not in these  
Whose presence states a frontier is that undetermined place  
One comes upon alone at night, in life, and crosses,  
Even if afraid.

KAY BOYLE

# BOOKS and the ARTS

## The Literary Underground

By William Bittner

THE LITERARY scene, as viewed by many diligent critical undertakers, is so sad as almost to be lugubrious. The Novel is dead, they cry; Criticism is out on a limb with a saw; Poetry is a dry skeleton rattled by the professors. Conformity rules the roost, and instead of heretics there are placid chickens lined up on a series of nests labelled *Partisan Review*, *Sewanee*, *Kenyon*.

That is what comes of viewing current writing through current criticism; but any student of literary history knows that criticism has always followed creativity, and when creativity and heresy combine forces, criticism has often been a generation behind. You can catch foxes in the hen house, but you have to be quick about it. The trouble is that heresy has the characteristic of being heretical and the present searchers for heresy are looking for an orthodox kind. The "silent generation," living in a world dominated by the weary veterans of the lost generation and the disillusioned revolutionists of the thirties, are not silent but sly; not complacent but cynical. Their writers are neither Walt Whitmans nor Mark Twains; they are crafty Thoreaus, operating in an underground movement dedicated to dropping sand in the gears of the big machine.

The old methods for rebelling against conformity are no longer effective; satire and indignation will win no arguments against an IBM brain. Many of our young novelists, in the years following World War II, tried one or the other; but neither laughter nor anger impeded the growth of conformity because hardly anyone had any illusions to be blasted. The perfect answer to

Marxism—giving the workers something to lose besides their chains, plus a carefully measured dose of anxiety in the form of installments to meet, mortgages to pay and just enough security to worry about—made novels of protest so ineffective that *Life* could call them merely "negative" and let it go at that.

From the exposés and burlesques of conformity in education, government, journalism and business, and the warnings sounded in the war novels and the indignant books from Europe, a new development in the novel has gradually evolved. Europeans were surprised that their great post-war novels—*The Twenty-Fifth Hour*, *The Watch*, *Kaputt*, *The Skin*, and such—made so little stir in this country. But our writers read them, and the result is a new application of *Walden* and *The Good Soldier*, *Schweik*.

GENERAL CUMMINGS, the embodiment of intelligent authoritarianism in Norman Mailer's *The Naked and the Dead*, told the liberal he had piquantly selected as aide, "You can consider the Army, Robert, as a preview of the future." Fear that the general was right motivated our most serious war novelists. A few good writers like Vance Bourjaily used the war to write on a Hemingway-Dos Passos-Cummings theme; Irwin Shaw, Stefan Heym and some others worked over the fight-against-fascism of the thirties; but James Jones, Herman Wouk and, most pointedly, Norman Mailer, found in the war the essence of the post-war.

The main theme of current American fiction is the quest for personal identity. Indeed, some of the most interesting English novels are concerned with a slightly different ramification of the same problem: in America, Madison Avenue is the most obvious symbol of conformity, while in Britain it is the Welfare State. Nigel Dennis' *Cards of Identity* and the two novels by Kingsley

Amis, *Lucky Jim* and *That Uncertain Feeling*, like the works of the Americans, have conformity as their chief target. In this country the campaign is more complex, but the expression "the spiv revolution" might be applied here as well.

A spiv is one who lives by pitting his wits against organized society. In the old sense, he was a flashy dresser whose actions, although not necessarily criminal, were always shady. The picaresque hero of many recent American novels is a spiv with a growing inner integrity who responds to the conventional "Make something of yourself" by making a self from the thing he is. The most recent and most interesting of these books is Nelson Algren's *A Walk on the Wild Side*. The genre, of course, goes back a great deal farther. William Fain's *The Lizard's Tail*, Chandler Brossard's *The Bold Saboteurs*, Richard Wright's *The Outsider*, are all about spivs; and Bernard Wolfe's *The Late Risers* mingles an assortment of all varieties of spivs of both sexes. Like the more respectable Holden Caulfield of J. D. Salinger's *The Catcher in the Rye*, Natalie Waite in Shirley Jackson's *Hangsamen* and Carl Jonas' *Riley McCullough*, however, the main characters are on a quest for wholeness in a sick world. Those well adjusted to a paranoid society find them immature or maladjusted; those who cling to a compromise reality find them not realistic.

We are, in other words, out of the old context of Left against Right, esthete against Babbitt. The decision has gone for the intellectuals against the anti-intellectuals, in spite of all the anachronistic gallus-snap-pers in Georgia. The stir over "U" (upper-class shibboleths) in England is related to the rise of the spiv; and America's equivalent to "U," reflected in the usages of psychology and social-science, is "Intellectual." But just as "U" splits between the Tories and the intellectual aristocrats, "I" splits between the steel-trap quantitative thinking of the

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practical sociologists and the qualitative judgments of the humanists and artists. "U" can be equated with rank to support an old status quo; and "I" can just as easily be the touchstone of a new conformity.

In spite of all the traditional class machinery, the English intellectual is finding that position, title and money have nothing to do with what he values. The spiv, as Edmund Wilson said of *Lucky Jim*, "Like Alice, on her eruption from Wonderland . . . finds at last that he is prepared to assert himself, to vindicate his own reality, against a pack of cards." The American post-war novelists have been groping toward that concept, not closing with it effectively because they have dealt too specifically with their protagonists and not enough with the background they must play a part in. Norman Mailer and Nelson Algren, however, have not limited themselves so severely, and although faults can be picked with *The Deer Park* and *A Walk on the Wild Side*, each of them is a substantial answer to intimations that the novel and heresy are at the beginning of a long, deep sleep.

IT IS a sign of health in the current novel that its two high points at any given moment should be as unlike but complementary as the works of Algren and Mailer. Both of them are concerned with what Emerson called the whole Man, Whitman "Walt Whitman, a kosmos," and Waldo Frank "the Person." They realize, in other words, that personality is not static but dynamic, and that it may be blasted by isolation as well as stunted or twisted by outside forces. "The state of society," said Emerson, "is one in which the members have suffered amputation from the trunk, and strut about so many walking monsters—a good finger, a neck, a stomach, an elbow, but never a man." Both are trying to rebuild an awareness of man, but Algren does it by extending outward, while Mailer delves deep within the person.

*The Deer Park* was originally intended to be one segment of an eight-part novel that had as prologue "The Man Who Studied Yoga," recently published in the Ballantine Book

*New Short Novels II*. Not only was the larger conception abandoned, but before publication there were objections to some sex details, and rather than censor the book, Mailer withdrew it. When it was finally accepted *in toto* by another publisher, he decided to rewrite it entirely, not to "clean it up," but to make the narrator, Sergius O'Shaughnessy, more active as a character. Ironically, the passage that produced the original trouble and delayed publication remained unchanged; indeed nothing was taken out, although a few scenes toward the end were added.\*

*The Deer Park* depicts sex without love as a natural result of the frantic scurry for success. Its microcosm, Hollywood on holiday, is a mass of people ruled by those who repudiate love in their daily lives, then try to buy off their impulses with an almost mechanical promiscuity. The narrator, a veteran who had been brought up in an orphanage and taught no trade but war, is obviously seeking the same dignity in life as Holden Caulfield or the other "lost ones." At Desert D'Or he associates with people obsessed by a Kinsey-load of sexual activities, both cause and symptom of the illness he is trying to avoid.

\*Through the courtesy of Norman Mailer and Charles Rembar I was able to ascertain the facts in this strange affair and compare the "old" *Deer Park* with the "new."

The society symbolized in Desert D'Or is evil, not because of its promiscuity, but because of the necessity and end of its promiscuity. In "The Man Who Studied Yoga," Mailer has Sam Slovoda think of the Deer Park of Louis XV, the pleasure park for which he stripped an empire. "That century men sought wealth so they might use its fruits; this epoch men lusted for power in order to amass more power, a compounding of power into pyramids of abstraction whose yield are cannon and wire enclosure, pillars of statistics to the men who are the kings of this century and do no more in power's leisure time than go to church, claim to love their wives, and eat vegetables." The better solution for Sergius O'Shaughnessy in *The Deer Park* is not being ruled by the desire to wield power, nor creating an imaginary world to retreat into: "try for that other world, the real world, where orphans burn orphans and nothing is more difficult to discover than a simple fact. And with the pride of the artist, you must blow against the walls of every power that exists, the small trumpet of your defiance."

PROBABLY the most promising recent literary awakening was the discovery that something like *A Walk on the Wild Side* could be produced by the author of *The Man with the*

## Movement in the Peach Orchard

In the green humidity of the unripe orchard,  
In the unthinned, heavy-branched humidity  
Of the green peaches, to move is to be green,  
To be going under the green light  
And shade, a figure of unreadiness,  
Is not movement but conceiving slow  
In the leaf-stopped wind, stifled.

This is promise.

Figure the stone peach forcing  
Outward greenness through greenness,  
Until from under the last layer of leaves,  
And the last stretch of skin  
It issues, being golden,  
At the edge of the orchard, and all  
That green tempest (withheld)  
Breaks, leaved and golden, downward: to move now  
Is to fall.

LEONARD NATHAN

*The Nation*

**Golden Arm.** Algren's earlier work was a straight development from the Dreiser-Farrell school, a sharper focusing of the concept that man is formed by his environment. Dreiser was interested in the titans who made themselves as brutal as the social forces they struggled with; Farrell portrayed the tragedy of man overwhelmed by his environment; and Algren created an epic in which the victims were themselves the instruments of ruthless social forces. Read in conjunction with the factual *The Execution of Private Slovik*, *The Man with the Golden Arm* becomes an Odyssey whose characters believe themselves at the mercy of powers (Eddie Slovik's "they") as capricious as themselves.

*A Walk on the Wild Side* is entirely new, however. First of all, it is written in a melodic prose reminiscent of Dylan Thomas'. The latter portion of the book, it is true, becomes overwhelmed by Algren's naturalistic detailing of life in the lower depths; but it remains true to the main theme. As Algren puts it, "The book asks why lost people sometimes develop into greater human beings than those who have never been lost in their whole lives." The mythology and symbols that are commingled in this story of a bare-

foot, illiterate spiv, last of a line of white trash who "play the whore to no man," extends its meaning far beyond that of the two symbolic picaresque pieces it most resembles, Saul Bellow's *The Adventures of Augie March* and Tennessee Williams' play of a few seasons back, *Camino Real*. Dove Linkhorn, the main character, is a clear indicator that the classifications of David Riesman are not applicable to the ambiguities of present day society, at least as our underground movement of novelists see it. Dove wields his own inner-outer-other directed adaptation of the most effective underground technique, the Negro's "Uncle Tom" façade of simplicity.

Here the underground movement against conformity and regimentation of the mind has created a new esthetic. The "Wild Side" is not merely the result of our social order; it is that social order growing wild. Algren sweeps up all the old orthodoxies and dumps them in the garbage can, symbolizing the myth of success as the climb of a decapitated turtle to the top of the heap of its fellows for a moment of arrogant flipper waving before death. Blessed are the spivs, for they shall inherit the earth—after their heresies drive the automatic calculator mad.

ination" and "convertibility" is still fashionable. Yet international differences in wealth, income and technical knowhow are far more intense than in domestic relations, and of a cumulative and not of a self-correcting character. The British Conservatives learned what convertibility would have meant for relative and absolute British living standards when they tried to implement it. They gave up the attempt very quickly indeed.

For Mr. Gardner these problems do not exist. He has, perhaps not unwillingly, forgotten all the modern welfare economics he has been taught. He rewrites history to accord with an impeccable conservative democratic platform. Secretaries Hull and Morgenthau present the great liberal challenge to Britain. Only nasty, inefficient and therefore cartel-minded British industrialists, and even nastier intellectuals such as Professors Carr, Cole and Laski, who were all tainted by the writings of Marx and Lenin (sic) oppose the attempt, together with "left-winger" (sic) G. M. Stokes. In fact, Professor Cole as a Guild Socialist is an extreme opponent of collectivism; Professor Carr wrote a monumental and critical history of the Russian revolution; Professor Laski would also be astonished to hear of these associations; Mr. Stokes is a Roman Catholic on the extreme right of the Labor Party. That the critics were right, and Secretaries Hull and Morgenthau (shades of the pastoralization plans for Germany) grievously

## The New Laissez-Faire

**STERLING-DOLLAR DIPLOMACY.** Anglo-American Collaboration in the Reconstruction of Multilateral Trade. By Richard N. Gardner. Oxford University Press. \$6.75.

By T. Balogh

MR. GARDNER picked a fascinating topic for his thesis. The extraordinary attempt, in the name of liberty and anti-fascism, to force the world back towards a nineteenth-century type of international trading only restricted by tariffs is much more than of historical interest. It still is one of the most hotly contested international political issues, on the outcome of which the coherence and prosperity of the non-Soviet orbit will to a large extent depend. Only if the "free" world

can offer solid proof that it is firmly determined to eliminate the growing inequality in wealth and income will it be able to meet the Soviet challenge. Otherwise we shall go down as we have been going down in the Middle and Far East, in each for different (if not dissimilar) reasons. Yet there can be no doubt that inequality is still on the increase in the non-Soviet world.

Now no one in his senses would advocate a return to *laissez-faire* in domestic politics. If anyone did, he would be eliminated at the next election, and President Eisenhower and Sir Winston Churchill clearly showed that they recognized this by accepting most of the policies of their predecessors. In international economic relations the advocacy of a return to "multilateralism," "non-discrim-



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wrong is—apparently—just pure coincidence. Fortunately, there were people who were prepared to court unpopularity at the critical juncture in 1947—such, for example, as Professors Galbraith or Bissell—and they succeeded in abruptly changing American policy. They saved the “free” world through the Marshall Plan. There have been many more since.

It is sad that Mr. Gardner has not learnt from them. It is also a sad comment on the American intellectual scene that he should employ McCarthyesque tricks to discredit those with whom he disagrees. He certainly did not learn that at Balliol. At any rate he ought to reflect that it is a stupid thing for a Democrat to do, even a very respectable and conservative Democrat.

*T. BALOGH, noted British economist, is a Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford University, and has been active in Labor politics.*

## Loyalty Trap

REPORT OF THE SPECIAL COMMITTEE ON THE FEDERAL LOYALTY-SECURITY PROGRAM of the Association of the Bar of the City of New York. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$5.00.

By H. H. Wilson

THE Special Committee of the Federal Loyalty-Security Program of the New York Bar has rendered meritorious service with its recent report. Its review and recommendations for changes in the personnel-security system underscore most of the changes others have urged since 1947, when President Truman instituted the loyalty program. Though careful to avoid any criticism of “those who were called upon to devise and implement the initial ‘crash’ program,” the revisions suggested by this distinguished group of conservative lawyers constitute a devastating commentary on the injustice inherent in procedures which stigmatize individuals for what they may do at some future time.

In summary, the committee’s rec-

ommendations include: a reduction in the number of employees subjected to clearance from 6,000,000 to 1,500,000; complete abolition of the Port Security and International Organizations Employee Programs; provision for equitable treatment of employees under charges, including pay to continue during suspension or transfer to a non-sensitive position, reimbursement for attorney’s fee if employee is cleared, some check on the use of informers; the abolition or “improvement” of the Attorney General’s list of subversive organizations; an improvement in the caliber and training of security personnel; at least one member on hearing board to come from outside government service.

But despite good intentions and a year of research, financed by a grant of \$100,000 from the Fund for the Republic, the report is basically disappointing. Once one accepts the premises of the loyalty-security approach, the retention of due process

becomes impossible. Certainly the bar committee has been unable to do so. A federal employee can still be denied the right to cross-examine adverse witnesses or to confront informants, for these elements of due process must be “consistent with the interests of national security” as defined by hearing boards, department heads and the FBI. As Thurman Arnold testified, “You can try a man for what he has done but you cannot try a man for what he is likely to do.” It is regrettable that this vital issue was not definitely analyzed by these eminent legal authorities. Had they done so they might have urged the scrapping of the entire loyalty-security concept and a return to the Lloyd-LaFollette Act which protected the government without permanent injury to individual employees.

*H. H. WILSON, a contributing editor of The Nation, is professor of political science at Princeton University.*

## LETTER FROM GERMANY

By William Weaver

*Bayreuth-Munich*

THE FESTSPIELHAUS, Wagner’s model opera theatre, perches on top of The Green Hill, or as it is more simply known in Bayreuth, the Hill. On good days—and this year the weather was fairly clear, despite a tradition of rain during the festivals—the lucky ticket-holders, in varying degrees of evening dress, start strolling towards the theatre from the Marktplatz at around three in the afternoon. They walk along the Karl-Marxstrasse until it becomes Niebelungenstrasse. Then, starting at the foot of the Hill, they climb Siegfried-Wagnerallee until they reach their goal. The operas, most of them, begin at four, but it is the custom to arrive early and promenade on the paved terrace which commands a view of the town.

Most of the streets on the Hill are named after Wagnerian heroes or else members of the Master’s family. There is a bus stop called Haus Wahnfried. In a religious-goods shop,

I saw a garishly colored chromo of the Master casually displayed among the usual pictures of The Sacred Heart and of St. Thérèse, the Little Flower of Jesus. Candy stores sell marzipan models of the theatre and of Lohengrin’s swan; there is a local wine called Rhinegold. And the villagers discuss the Wagner descendants with the same curiosity and awe with which subjects of a tiny dukedom might talk about the reigning house.

There is a deliberate ritual quality about the Festival. Fifteen minutes before the performance is scheduled to begin (and they always begin on schedule), members of the brass section appear on the balcony of the theatre and blow a fanfare (a theme from that night’s opera); five minutes later the fanfare is repeated twice, and then again at five minutes before curtain-time, three times. Inside the theatre, the famous “Bayreuth hush” still more or less obtains (an occasional program is

dropped and, with the splendid acoustics, the thud is phenomenal); there is no applause until the end of the act and no curtain call until the end of the opera. To the outsider, especially to the non-lover of opera, all this cult might seem foolish; but experienced *there*, it is always moving and, at times, impressive. Surely there are few operatic thrills comparable to the beginning of an opera in the *Festpielhaus*: the theatre dark, only a mysterious glow coming from the concealed orchestra, sounding the first chords, while the high grey velvet curtain billows slightly, as if blown by some Wagnerian storm gathering backstage.

And though the performances themselves may not always be perfect, they have something almost as good as perfection: they have a coherence, a feeling of great event, which sweeps the spectators along willy-nilly, even past the dull spots in the Ring, past some of the excesses of Wieland Wagner's schematic *mis-en-scene* with their insistent darkness and their annoying circular platform-stage. One even forgives the Master for not designing more comfortable seats with a place to rest the elbows.

THE cohesion extends to the audience, too; a common life binds all together. Even for first-timers, in Bayreuth a routine is quickly established. Mornings are generally spent studying the libretti and often, in the case of English-speaking visitors, reading Ernest Newman's invaluable classic *Wagner Nights*, with its careful enumeration of the motives and its inimitable deadpan style ("From Sieglinde comes a look of warm understanding, accompanied by a tender breathing of No. 52b in the orchestra. . ."); afternoons at the theatre are followed by late dinners and discreet drinking of German beer or delicious Franconian wine, probably at the *Eule*, a restaurant lined with photographs of singers and Wagners, frequented by singers and by those festival-goers who can afford a slightly more expensive dinner.

Bayreuth, which opened its *Festspielhaus's* doors eighty years ago, was the first of Europe's music fes-

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Surely there has never been another commander-in-chief who, during his years of service, spun, wove, set type, grew and cooked his own food, wrote poetry, and lectured not only to his troops on military strategy and tactics, but also to women's classes on how to preserve vegetables!

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One of General Stilwell's last private acts in China, in October 1944, was to send Chu Teh his lined jacket. Eighteen months later, Stilwell wrote, ". . . It makes me itch to get over there and shoulder a rifle with Chu Teh."

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tivals, and it remains the most singular. But the ever-increasing number and variety of its emulators is now creating a new kind of tourist: the festival-trotter. Conversations overheard between acts on the Hill turn mostly around references to Edinburgh's *Magic Flute* compared to Glyndebourne's, or Aix's *Don Giovanni* to Salzburg's. Travel agents are learning to get customers from Provence to Bavaria, from Venice to Scotland by the most direct routes.

FROM Bayreuth to Munich is a morning's journey. After the quiet baroque charm of Bayreuth, however, Munich, half-ruined, half-rebuilt in glassy modern, comes as a shock, and not a pleasant one. But the Munich Festival, half as old as Bayreuth's, has its own traditions and attraction; and the high standard of most performances in the *Prinzregententheater* soon puts the festival visitor in a happy frame of mind.

For the American, Munich's program this year (which included Wagner, as well as Mozart and Handel) was interesting for the number of rarely-heard Richard Strauss operas that it offered. They performed eight Strauss works in the course of their two-month festival, comprising all six of the operas he composed to Hofmannsthal texts plus

*Salome* and *Capriccio*. This is very rich fare indeed for opera-goers who, in New York, are asked to consider *Don Pasquale* a novelty.

*Capriccio*, Strauss's last opera, is a wonderful game, a master toying with a form he has long handled and loved. Lisa della Casa sang the leading role—the Countess torn between two lovers—with great charm and a perfect understanding of the spirit of the piece, light-hearted but not coy. The staging, too, was perfectly under-played; the sets were correctly rococo, but in cool greys and off-whites.

*Die Aegyptische Helena* is not one of Hofmannsthal's best texts, and it is not successful musically either. But for much of the time, and especially in the second act, it offers some of the composer's most lush and rapturous music, thrillingly sung by a young soprano named Leonie Rysanek, who will be singing at the Met during the coming season. She should be a sensation there: her voice is rich, steady and warm; she is an excellent, tasteful musician, and she has an attractive stage personality. It was electrifying to hear her velvet voice soaring over the passionate music of the orchestra; she never seemed to be singing really loud, yet the voice filled the hall and commanded the stage, as Strauss intended it should.

Rysanek also sang the role of the Empress in the Strauss-Hofmannsthal *Die Frau ohne Schatten*, which I heard on my last night in Munich. This opera, almost never performed because of its length and its demanding leading roles, has long been spoken of among *cognoscenti* as a neglected masterpiece; and this Munich performance was enough to convince many in the audience that this view is correct. The opera has recently been recorded on five LP's, but I'm sure that a recording can give only a pallid notion of the impact and the fascination of which the piece is capable when seen in the theatre.


For it is eminently theatrical. *The Magic Flute* was one of Hofmannsthal's favorite libretti, and *Die Frau ohne Schatten* is his attempt to create the same kind of self-contained legend, a story in which everything is magical. The story is complex and sometimes obscure (though less so than the *Flute*), but it is magic to see: ghostly choruses sing; people and houses appear and disappear; supernatural messengers interrupt the action; golden fountains play; birds with soprano voices warn and advise. And in all this, Strauss rose gloriously to the occasion with some of his most powerful music, as well as some of his most tender and moving melodies.

AT THE end of the opera, the excitement was like that at a new discovery; I forgot to count the curtain calls somewhere after the tenth. All around me in the audience there were familiar faces: strangers I had seen every night for a week in Bayreuth and Munich. In our common enthusiasm, we all exchanged nods and smiles of approval, while we went on applauding. It was a supremely joyful event. But it was inevitably sad, too, because one couldn't help wondering when and where one would ever hear *Die Frau ohne Schatten* again. Perhaps another year, perhaps we will hear it in Edinburgh or Aix or Salzburg, or in any one of the hundred musical watering-places, which rise like springs, fresh every year for those who have the energy and patience and money to reach them.

## Song of A Denatured Man

Ignorant of the names of flowers or of birds,  
Of butterflies, of stones, and even trees—  
Like a man at a foreign play to whom the words  
Are worse than meaningless, distracting when they would please;  
Or like a dull child in a museum, awed yet bored  
By all those platters and placards in the glass cases,  
Charmed not by bone of whale or Etruscan sword—  
Nature to me means discomfort in outdoor places.  
Great God, I'd rather be a pagan suckled in a creed outworn  
Than waste my hours abroad 'mid the Wordsworthian corn!

M. RIDDLE



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# TELEVISION

Anne W. Langman

THIS is the promotion season for the fall TV lineup. Press releases yield a fine autumn harvest of new adjectives, now that the summer of weeding and cultivating the contract garden is over. "KILL-to be announced" say the schedule revisions; "ADD..." Add the old shows, sufficiently blessed by ratings to have made another season, and new shows that hope to rate. Add zeros to the money you can win, super to the spectaculars you can see, frontiers to the worlds you can explore. Add new stars and reconditioned stars, shows in compatible (or incompatible) color, science, religion, drama old and new, politics and news. Add anything you can think of and you'll see it on TV. You'll also see plenty that you didn't think of.

I have been trying to decide whether the shows that get most attention from the network press departments are those which are so good that the fellows want to shout the news from the rafters every day, or so bad that desperate compassion keeps typewriters flashing. Mountains of prose anticipate the "upcoming season" with liberally hyphenated non-stop sentences. Take Cole Porter's "You're The Top" for example—"this star-packed musical, launching the second season of CBS Television's pace-setting, hour-and-one-half 'Ford Star Jubilee' color series (Oct. 6)." There's an S trend in what follows; Dorothy Dandridge, one of the stars, is "a shapely songstress . . . a singing success . . . (was) sweet and sultry in a swank night spot . . ." Shirley Jones, "the musical entertainment world's newest Cinderella . . . now joins the ranks of songstress stars to be spotlighted via the saucy and sentimental hit tunes of Cole Porter." And so it goes for some thirty pages of sweet and sultry adjectives, saucy as can be.

Another series which gets the lavish treatment is NBC's "Producer's Showcase" which "will feature origi-

nal musical extravaganzas," also star-packed and in the fashionable new 90-minute length. Inspiration for plots varies from a short story in Esquire ("The Lord Don't Play Favorites") to "the famous fairy tale—Jack and the Beanstalk." This series is one of several new spectaculars at NBC. "We believe these new program changes," they say in a fine sentence, "will strongly enhance NBC's already well-established three-some of Spectacular series . . ." Now that super-specs are becoming commonplace, they need another word. Perhaps something like "good"?

ALL is not quite so extravagant in the non-spec division. Drama, true to life or not, is announced in one or two terse releases, with a note of somber sobriety reminding us that life is real and earnest. Justice is flavored with a dash of internationalism and a pinch of history in NBC's *On Trial* series: "historical court trials that commanded worldwide attention based on official documents from different parts of the world and various periods of legal history." History is flavored with justice in ABC's *Broken Arrow* which digs down dangerously near the bottom of the barrel for "the colorful history of the Apache Indian wars in the Southwest during the 1870s." Just to break up the trend, ABC's "Dupont Cavalcade Theatre" "will depart from its previous format featuring historical dramas to present documentary dramas of contemporary interest and also outstanding fictional dramas." They're not going to be classified as anything. "Playhouse 90" opens its season ominously on CBS with *Forbidden Area* an adaptation of a Pat Frank novel detailing a planned atomic attack on the United States, proceeds on the gloom-doom kick with *Rendezvous in Blank*, "Cornell Woolrich's suspense-packed novel . . . a starkly written account of a man who becomes a psychopathic killer when his



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9-22-66



fiancée is killed by a bottle wantonly thrown from a chartered plane." They break up the despondent mood by wantonly throwing in an adaptation of Kay Thompson's *Eloise*. "Studio 1," which staunchly saved the summer season from desolation continues with what appears, from the stark account, to be an interesting dramatic series.



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This is going to be a big year for exploring. Edward R. Murrow continues to explore people and their houses in *Person to Person*. CBS gives us answers to what they say are frequently asked questions; "Q: What are guests who are public figures really like? A: Since the program emphasizes the human being, they are pretty much as they are on *Person to Person*. Q: Is the program really unrehearsed? A: Yes . . ." *Wide Wide World* will, by the time this reaches you, have started off its 56-57 season with an attempted live pick-up from London on a show inexplicably entitled "Song of America", and Disneyland, an old-timer in the exploring department, will have chilled off the last of summer with its documentary on the Antarctic. Its theme song might well be "Disney Rules the Waves" as Walt seems officially inextricable from the U. S. Navy: "... a documentary of South Polar exploration leading to and including the current U. S. inquiry into the frozen wasteland, officially known as Navy Task Force 43. A group of Navy photographers are seen arriving at the Walt Disney Studios for a course of study preparing them for jobs as official cameramen of the Antarctic expedition." Not to be outdone, CBS is partners with the U. S. Air

Force in a twenty-six part series, *Airpower*, on the "development of flight and its impact on 20th century man." And one of my favorite shows, *Medical Horizons*, which is produced by ABC in cooperation with the American Medical Association, has a sponsor who comments: "... the greatly expanded coverage and continuity of the new series will inspire increased confidence in the American medical profession." Who would say that TV does not think big?

"THE internationally syndicated columnist, one-time vaudeville hoof-er and discoverer of top entertainment talent . . .," Walter Winchell, will have his own variety show. It is touted in a triumphant announcement from NBC: "Mr. Winchell's unique usage of the printed English language, known as 'Winchellisms' is his journalistic trade mark. In the spring of 1919, Winchell began writing a neatly typed page of personal items about the cast of the show he was in; he titled the sheet 'NEW-SENSE'—his first word-wedding." Well, even newsense won't make much sense in the face of the non-sense of the upcoming season. Illusion and anticipation mourn the killing of that imaginative word-wedding, "To be announced." I wish they had let it live.

## RECORDS

**B. H. Haggin**

A YEAR AGO RCA Victor assigned Richard Gardner to work with Toscanini on the processing of recordings from the material of his broadcasts. Gardner not only is one of the most competent of engineers but has an excellent ear for musical sound; in addition he is said to have disapproved of the "enhancement" of Toscanini's recordings, and in fact announced in an article that henceforth the records would reproduce the sound that Toscanini had heard in Studio 8H or Carnegie Hall. This led one to hope the damage to previously issued recordings also would be undone; and as it happened the first piece of work by Gardner that Victor issued was the new versions

of the Toscanini recordings of Beethoven's symphonies in LM-6901.

These, it turns out, undo not all of the damage to previous versions, but most of it. What remains is a little false gloss on Nos. 2 (except the first movement), 3, 4 and 5, to make their dry, lustreless or strident sound more agreeable; and except for No. 4, which is made dull by reduction of treble-range, they are now sufficiently clear and bright; but the original deficiency of bass in No. 5 continues to produce a lack of solidity in the first movement and to make the plucked bass-notes inaudible at the beginning of the second. These are the poor and defective recordings of the series; why

the gloss was put on the beautiful sound of No. 6 is beyond my comprehension. The other good recordings, Nos. 1, 7, 8 and 9, are free of it; but I must report that No. 1 has a slight sharpness, and No. 8 an unpleasant sharpness, which require reduction of treble, and that the first two movements of No. 7 lack the solidity down below which the last two have (my guess is that somebody threw a wrong switch in the transfer from tape to master).

Next came LM-1973, with the previously issued Respighi *Feste Romane* and a new recording of Kodaly's *Hary Janos* processed from the NBC acetates of the broadcast of November 29, 1947. This was the time when a new engineer for the broadcasts began to experiment with changes in the microphone placement which the previous engineer had found to be optimum for Studio 8H—the result being not improvement but worsening of the broadcast sound. And since the Victor recording can't be better than its source, it is no surprise that the sound of the *Hary Janos* performance is thin and shallow, without body and solidity. What is a shock is its nasty quality, and the fact that this appears to be the result of extreme peaking of treble. One can hear, however, that the piece is played superbly—which is the only reason for listening to it.

After this, LM-2001 offered a recording of Mozart's Symphony K.543 processed from NBC acetates of the broadcast of March 6, 1948, and a reissue of the Mozart Divertimento K.287 formerly on LM-13. The sound of the symphony has body and solidity, but the ear-piercing violins are evidence of excessive peaking of the treble again. Turning the treble down drastically makes them sound normal and agreeable; but the gritty distortion and stridency in the third and fourth movements I am able to eliminate only with an 8,000-cycle sharp cut-off. As for the performance, Toscanini once spoke of the difficulty of playing Mozart—of knowing, that is, what to do between the *p* here and the *f* eight bars later; and his own knowledge of what to do is evident in the exquisite inflection of phrase

in the two Allegros and the Andante. But he also complained often that the term Andante usually was taken to mean slow; this led him not merely to play an Andante movement Andante in terms of its substance, but to make the performance a demonstration of Andante being played Andante in terms of the time-signature; and in the second movement of the Symphony K.543 the Andante in terms of the two beats in each measure is much too fast for the proper flow and articulation of the substance. The obsession about everything being "too slow" caused him also to play the Adagio introduction of the first movement a little too fast for it to have the majesty it should have. And the obsession extended even to Allegretto—the result being a Minuet that is too fast for the music to have proper grace.

WHEN the performance of the Divertimento K.287 was first issued I said it was the one I would choose to demonstrate Toscanini's powers as a musician to listeners fifty years from now; and hearing the performance again—the inflection of the Allegros, the Andante grazioso and the Minuet; the powerful shaping of the Adagio as a grand vocal declamation; the perfect tempos, including those of the Andante and Minuet—I feel the same way about it. But for the demonstration I would use LM-13, which was a literal dubbing of the original excellent 78-rpm recording, not the new LM-2001, which produces a sound that has been slicked up and altered—the violins glossy, the bass heavy and like a deep, soft cushion.

Next, LM-1951 offered the performance of Berlioz's *Harold in Italy* broadcast on November 29, 1953, which may be one of those that Victor recorded directly from Carnegie Hall that year. Again the treble has been stepped up; when it is reduced the sound is natural, spacious and solid, except for a momentary shallowness in the first measure of the finale (probably the Victor engineer fussing with the controls). The work is a marvel; Toscanini's performance of it was incomparable; and the record therefore is one of the great events of the year.

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## LETTERS

### "Part" of the Law?

*Dear Sirs:* While pointing out the shortcomings of the Republican civil-rights plank, Mr. R. T. McKenzie made this comment in your September 1 issue: "There is no clever loophole such as that provided for themselves by the Democrats, who described the decisions of the Court as 'part of the law of the land,' with the clear implication that other 'parts' include the state laws designed to prevent desegregation."

I see no such clear implication in the wording. Supreme Court decisions can be called "the law of the land" only with the meaning of "part of the law." The remainder is not to be found in state laws protecting segregation, but in Article VI of the United States Constitution: "This Constitution, and the laws of the United States which shall be made in pursuance thereof; and all treaties made or which shall be made, under the authority of the United States, shall be the supreme Law of the Land; and the judges in every State shall be bound thereby, anything in the Constitution or laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding."

The decisions of the Supreme Court are part of the law of the land because they define and apply the Constitution and laws of the United States. That makes them a part of the *supreme law*, by which the judges in every state are bound, the law that is superior to state laws and constitutions.

If there was any "clever loophole" in calling the Court decision *part* of the law of the land, it was to enable unhappy segregationists to excuse their acceptance of the plank by offering an

interpretation which they know to be fallacious. I don't think it is because McKenzie is a visitor from England, relatively unfamiliar with our Constitution, that he fell into this error. Most Americans probably know much less about it than he does. But the great majority of them, regardless of party affiliation, will uphold the Supreme Court's decision either because they believe it to be right, or because American history furnishes a steady stream of evidence that it is in fact a supreme part of the supreme law. The impact of that historical truth is felt even by those who know nothing about its development. It helps to make the expediency of party platform-drafters—Democratic or Republican—a trivial drag upon the course of events.

IRVING BRANT

Washington, D. C.

### Immuring the Muralists

*Dear Sirs:* Both *The Nation* and Mr. Grosser are to be commended on the latter's provocative article in the September 1 issue on the state of mural painting in the United States today. . . .

In developing his . . . thesis, however, Mr. Grosser makes several value judgments which I feel demand some re-examination. If Mr. Grosser truly believes that "the principal difficulty . . . is one of subject matter," then let us take a second look at his estimate of WPA mural art and the Mexican mural movement. . . . Without wishing to go into a long defense of WPA art (which it seems current fashion to denigrate) let us remember that it was not subject matter, but a frenetic Congress which killed the WPA—theatre and music as well as its murals. . . . In the context of a program which, in its entirety, lasted less than a decade I believe American artists made noteworthy steps in the ex-

ploration of significant thematic material. . . .

Mr. Grosser then goes on to say "there has also been a great deal of mural painting of this order in Mexico during the last three decades. But these pictures can scarcely be called real painting." Now what, precisely, are Mr. Grosser's own criteria for "real painting"? Fortunately he elaborates upon this term twice in the latter portion of his article. First he says, "Real painting, to have any sort of integrity must be painted about things which interest the artist himself." Then later, "Real painting has two characteristics which these [abstract-expressionists] do not possess—it exploits a third dimension and it communicates ideas."

I submit that on the basis of Mr. Grosser's own statements he can hardly say that Mexican mural art can "scarcely be called real painting." I am of the opinion that Orozco, Rivera and Sequeros, to mention only those Mexican muralists whom the American public knows best, were very profoundly interested in the subjects that they painted and that the Mexican people in turn expressed deep allegiance to both the painters and their works. . . .

I feel more sanguine than does Mr. Grosser about the future of mural (and other) art in our country. If our generation of artists and intellectuals has been called the "silent" and the "conforming" generation, then certainly abstract-expressionist art is a more perfect concomitant of both these qualities. But I feel increasingly confident that this period in our lives is coming to a certain close and that a new hope and affirmation will make for more than one "story worth painting."

Let us, however, have more of Mr. Grosser's critical articles.

EDWARD BIBERMAN

Hollywood, Calif.

*Dear Sirs:* Maurice Grosser's article on abstract painting is as brilliant and enlightening an example of critical writing as it has been my pleasure to read in many a year. And the long-needed surgery is so deftly done, you do not know he has used the scalpel until the operation is over. . . .

I suddenly find myself able to indulge in unrestrained enjoyment of the work of the better abstract painters free of the strong feeling of resentment, anger, incomprehension and frustration that frequently would seize me. And why? For the simple and (now) most obvious reason that I can regard and respond to them purely as decoration—the work of brilliant and talented artisan-painters. . . .

ELIAS M. SCHWARZBART

Brooklyn, N. Y.

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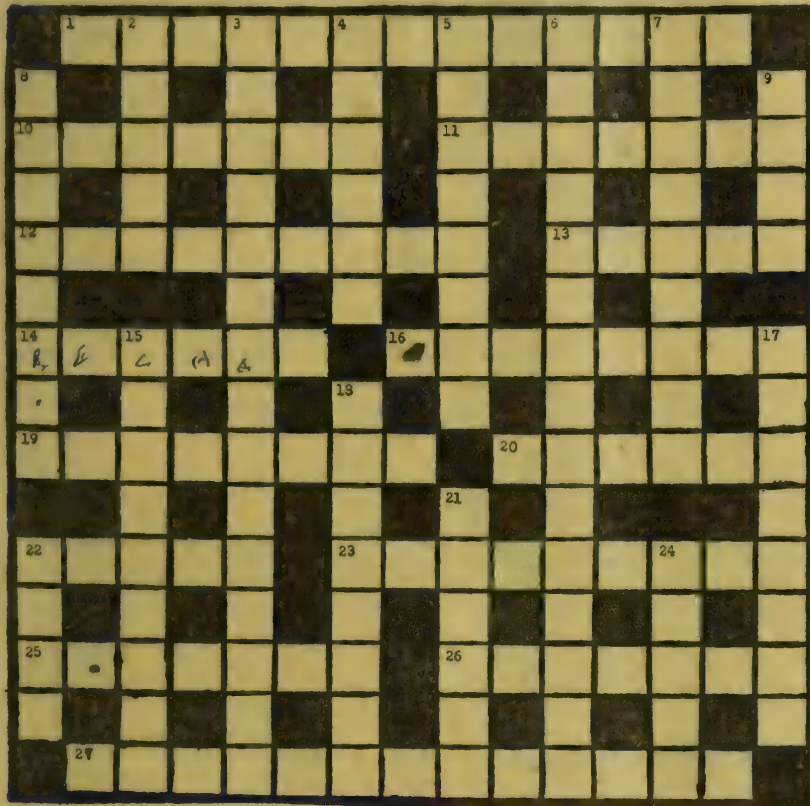
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# Crossword Puzzle No. 690

By FRANK W. LEWIS



## ACROSS:

- 1 You may have seen this crane fly, but we usually think of a harvestman by this name. (5, 8)
- 10 Did Clarence's murderer make this the butt of a grisly joke? (7)
- 11 Directed away from the axis. (7)
- 12 Lawyers might take them in the train. (9)
- 13 Might be the first of 6, or just a joint. (5)
- 14 If you do it to a battery now, it might not imply a second Balacava. (6)
- 16 Content of thinking. (8)
- 19 Pertaining to the navy town in New York, in the original finish. (8)
- 20 Not indicative of employment, certainly. (6)
- 22 Tactlessly hasty. (5)
- 23 Strictly speaking, the way Leicas act. (9)
- 25 Protection for the sewer. (7)
- 26 Windy? (7)
- 27 Scattering among things when iron is present. (13)

## DOWN:

- 2 Give a share to all. (5)
- 3 There must be a difference with such things. (15)
- 4 This might be a song to people, but

- probably not in order. (6)
- 5 What will a horse do when you don't mount so? Raise Ned! (4, 4)
- 6 Officially dissolved April 18, 1946. (6, 2, 7)
- 7 The present association with block tackle is more common than their culinary implications. (9)
- 8 and 9 Don't expect a fast break to be thrown in this way. (8, 4)
- 15 Would only Democrats give it unto Adlai? (9)
- 17 Is a mountaineer attracted to such a calling? (8)
- 18 Talks about something a friend states. (8)
- 21 A fight is only part of the predicament. (6)
- 22 They catch insects and flies off them at times. (4)
- 24 Place where company might hold the tune. (5)

## SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 689:

ACROSS: 1 REHABILITATION; 9 SILENCE; 10 IMPROVE; 11 DOTAGE; 12 MISCHIEF; 14 PEAFOWL; 15 INNER; 17 SHEET; 19 TITHING; 21 GLOAMING; 23 AMENDS; 26 NATTIER; 27 KNICKERBOCKERS. DOWN: 1 RESIDENTS; 2 HILLTOP; 3 BENIGNANT; 4 LIED; 5 TRIVIALITY; 6 TOPIC; 7 OXONIAN; 8 AND 25 ACROSS LEIF ERICSON; 13 CONTINENCE; 15 IDIOMATIC; 16 REASSURES; 18 EROSION; 20 GENUINE; 21 GREW; 22 MUSIC; 24 SNUB.

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**Case of the Missing Motive**

*by Fred J. Cook*

**Battle for Congress**

**Lining Up the "Hot" Races**

*by Edgar Kemler*



# LETTERS

## Safety in Speed

*Dear Sirs:* Mr. Cort's article in the September 1 issue, *The Killer and the "Savior,"* was an interesting exercise in interpreting statistics. It may have been quite enlightening to anyone naive enough to believe that the National Safety Council contributes substantially to motoring safety. Furthering the idea that "speed kills," however, is a distinct disservice to the public since it obscures the primary danger. If "driving too fast to safely control a vehicle under existing conditions" is what Mr. Cort had in mind, he should have said so. Anyone who has tried to maintain a safe distance behind the auto in front of him only to have some idiot swerve into that interval from an adjoining lane will realize that I am not belaboring a word. It is not at all unusual to see from four-to-twelve-car bumper-to-bumper crashes on the Bayshore Freeway or the San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge and usually these multiple car collisions occur during rush hours when it is often impossible to even approach the posted speed limits. It is obvious that sixty-five miles per hour can be much safer than thirty-five miles per hour under some conditions.

L. C. DALTON

*Palo Alto, Calif.*

## The Crises Were Real

*Dear Sirs:* Mr. Paul Crosser, in his August 25 article in *The Nation*, indulged in gobbledygook himself. He writes that the crises "of the Truman regime were to a great extent manufactured, or at least magnified in Washington. A policy

geared to overcoming fear is quite different from one geared to creating fear."

Most of us remember the Greek crisis of 1947; the Truman Doctrine may have been an imperfect answer to it, but it was a crisis nonetheless. We remember the European crisis that brought on the Marshall Plan; we do not know that the Marshall Plan helped much but there was a crisis. We remember the crisis in 1948 which brought on the Berlin airlift; the Russians provoked it; our riposte was gentle. We remember the crisis of the Korean War; for his courage in committing American soldiers to it, President Truman has received the bitter obloquy of extreme right and extreme left. Indeed, in their reactions to all these crises, the extremes promiscuously united.

Mr. Crosser, had he read David Hume carefully, would know that Hume tried to tear off the veil of myth and dogma which overlays the mind and hinders it from seeing the empirical world of reality. In Mr. Crosser's case the veil is unturned.

ALBERT FRIED

*Brooklyn, N. Y.*

## Articles on TV

*Dear Sirs:* I read with a great deal of interest the articles of Anne Langman on the TV industry. Needless to say, this is a very complex industry with many facets and many diverse interests. That an outsider such as Miss Langman could dig into the facts and come up with such an accurate understanding is really quite remarkable.

MILTON A. GORDON,

President, Television Programs of America, Inc.

*New York, N. Y.*

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## Fresh Atmosphere

*Dear Sirs:* Your publication is to be complimented for using its columns to such good advantage. First the provocative letter from George Benjamin in the July 28 issue, followed by Starobin's in the issue of August 25. It has been a long time since this situation has been aired in any kind of fresh atmosphere.

ARTHUR J. RUBEL

*Chicago, Ill.*

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## Editorials

### The Word is Peace

President Eisenhower's radio-and-television address of September 19, with its massive emphasis on peace, measures the magnitude of the task that confronts Mr. Stevenson. In some respects his handicaps are even greater than they were in 1952. Four years ago the President and he were both contenders; now the President enjoys the special advantages that accrue to the incumbent. Moreover the President's manner is ideally suited for his present role—the confident office-holder, standing on his record, well above the battle. He has a made-to-order explanation in his illnesses for avoiding large mass meetings and rallies and relying on carefully staged solo radio-and-television appearances which provide an appropriate setting for dignified but informal talks in the manner of his September 19 address. In addition, Mr. Eisenhower has acquired political skills that he lacked in 1952.

Despite the fact that it was a bit too pat, the President's first official post-convention campaign speech was a bold and effective attempt to appropriate the major issue of the campaign. The word, he said, was peace. And so it is.

### The Task Ahead for Adlai

What sort of campaign must Stevenson wage to assure him the best chance of victory in November? He is not likely to defeat President Eisenhower on political points, as by picking away at weak spots in the Republican record or by upping the Republican Party's bid for the support of various interest groups. Besides, Mr. Stevenson is least convincing when he is talking "straight" politics. In his Harrisburg speech, for example, he was visibly uncomfortable and the audience sensed his uneasiness. The grass-roots political approach may be effective in the Congressional campaigns, as Edgar Kemler points out in an article elsewhere in this issue (p. 262); but it is not likely to jar the President from the imposing pedestal on which he now stands. Nor is Mr. Stevenson likely to out-charm the genial

Ike. His challenge, therefore, must be one of ideas. But the ideas cannot be petty or partisan or sectional; they must be bold enough and big enough to capture the popular imagination which is now dominated by the President's image.

Mr. Stevenson's problem is not that he aims too high; pitted against the President his only chance is to aim high. But his aim should be better. For example, instead of countering the President's emphasis on peace by saying that war *and* peace, not peace alone, are the main issues, he should propose to end the cold war here and now. He should take a bolder and more affirmative approach toward the momentous developments of the post-Stalin period. He might, by way of illustration, say that if elected he will call an international conference on ways and means of driving "hunger from history." In short, he should project some ideas into the campaign that will offset the soothing Republican lyrics about peace and prosperity and "the best four years of our lives." The way to combat complacency is not to exhort the complacent or waste time trying to convince them that they are not in fact well-fed, but to inspire them.

In this realm, fortunately, lies Stevenson's great talent; he is at his best when he is discussing ideas. Some words of Keir Hardie's quoted in a recent *Nation* article might well guide his thinking about the campaign: "If anything is to be really done in this world, it must be done by visionaries, by men who see the future, and make the future because they see it."

### Senator Ellender Abroad

The Senate Internal Security subcommittee, chaired by Senator James Eastland, D. of Mississippi, will want to have a session with Senator Allen J. Ellender, D. of Louisiana, when the latter returns from a trip abroad that took him to the USSR and then to Korea and Formosa. Senator Ellender had praise for the Soviet Union after a visit there last summer, but this year, after an interview with Khrushchev that lasted two and a half hours, he was positively ecstatic. Russia, he announced—with the force of revelation—is not going to "crack"; smoke is billowing from Soviet factory chimneys and "houses, apartments and factories are



going up everywhere." The arms race, he believes, might be moderated if the West were to clarify its aims and objectives. By his account, he was free in Russia to go wherever he wished and to see what he wanted to see.

But it was in Seoul that the broadening effects of the Senator's travels found their fullest, least inhibited expression. For it was there, in the sight and hearing of President Rhee, that he characterized the regimes in South Korea, Formosa and South Vietnam as "bottomless pits" into which we should not continue to pour economic aid. Instantly President Rhee's well-trained, well-paid clique of professional demonstrators took to the streets with placards denouncing the Senator and urging him to move on. Move on he did, and subsequently tried to make amends, particularly as regards the South Korean regime. But by then it was too late. And from the safe sanctuary of Brisbane in Australia, Senator Ellender acknowledged that he may have become fair game for the subcommittee chaired by Senator Eastland. Last year, he said, he was accused of being pro-Communist; but "this time, they'll say straight out that I'm a Red."

The trouble with traveling is that it's so broadening.

## Men of Clay

The lockout of Negro students in the public schools of Clay and Sturgis, Kentucky, points up the importance of maintaining the momentum in the struggle for integration. There had been just enough relaxation of local and national pressure to enable the local school boards to regain the initiative. Each reversal of this kind encourages other communities to resist the Supreme Court's mandate and delays the process of integration. But for Mayor Herman Zamora Clark, and

the other segregationists of Clay, Kentucky, the lockout may prove to be a Pyrrhic victory, for the eyes of world opinion are now riveted on this little backyard of reaction and, sooner or later, the glare will prove embarrassing.

Appearances to the contrary, social forces in the South today are in a highly fluid state. From a long-range point of view, there can be little doubt as to the direction in which these forces are tending. Many segregationists will concede, off the record, that their obstructionist tactics are aimed at delaying a process which cannot be reversed. The great weight of national opinion is against the segregationists; the pace of social change in the South is rapidly undermining their position; and there are within the South and within each community in the region, new sources of support for integrated schools.

In the absence of strong national leadership and timely support, it is unreasonable to expect that isolated individuals, as in the case of the courageous Mrs. Louise Gordon, mother of the two children locked out of the Clay schools, can indefinitely withstand intolerable local pressures. The parents of the eight children locked out of Sturgis High School are fighting back by boycotting, in turn, the all-Negro school, twelve miles away, which they had previously attended. Yet obviously the solution does not lie in this direction.

The ground lost in the retreat at Clay and Sturgis will be regained, but only at the price of added bitterness and cruel delay. But Mrs. Gordon, and others like her, can take some cold comfort in the fact that while they may have lost a battle, the war is being won on other and larger fronts. Once the battle for integration has been won in the larger centers of population, as it has in Louisville, the rural pockets of segregation cannot long prevail.

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## The Canal Crisis: I

# SUEZ AND THE U.N. . . . by HAROLD GREER

*Washington*  
IT IS NOW generally known that the Suez Canal "Users' Association," which Sir Anthony Eden unveiled in such disturbing terms to a stunned Parliament on September 12, originated here with Secretary of State Dulles. What is not so well known

is that Mr. Dulles came up with the idea as an alternative to a British proposal to take the Suez dispute forthwith to the United Nations, and that Sir Anthony agreed to give it a try only a few hours before he rose to make his speech.

The failure of the Menzies mission to get anywhere at all with President Nasser in Cairo left a vacuum which somehow had to be filled. The British government had

been understandably reluctant to use the U. N., in view of its unhappy experience there over Iranian nationalization of the Abadan oil companies, but there appeared to be nothing else to do. Certainly the Labor opposition and most of the country expected such an announcement when the emergency session of Parliament convened.

Actually, the British cabinet did decide the preceding week-end to

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go to the U. N. It left unresolved, however, the procedural question of how this should be done: whether Egypt should be charged with threatening international peace under Chapter Seven of the U. N. Charter or whether Britain should simply complain that Egyptian nationalization of the canal created a situation within the meaning of Chapter Six, which provides for the pacific settlement of disputes "the continuance of which is likely to endanger the maintenance of international peace and security."

This dilemma was a real one. The failure of the

Dulles heard of it, however, he apparently jumped to the conclusion—naturally enough, in view of the earlier British mood—that Britain was seeking a U. N. mandate for the subsequent use of force. He protested strongly that this was a bad move because Russia would only veto it and the whole issue would get lost in procedural wrangles. He recalled that economic sanctions had worked against Iran and had got rid of Mossadegh, and he suggested the same thing could be tried on Nasser.

Nasser was well aware that 98 per cent of the canal tonnage was controlled by the five big powers—Britain, U. S., France, Italy. If Nasser refused to allow these users could ruin the canal.

With Hervé Alphand, French Ambassador, and Dulles selling him the idea, Nasser came from both Washington and London. Sir Anthony asked Nasser and received Dulles' approval. American financial assistance would come to the worst case to the United States. Nasser agreed to abandon the canal for the time being.

The extraordinary description of the "Nasser" given in Westminster by the British Prime Minister and here a day later by the Secretary of State. Sir Anthony naturally assumed the United States had finally come around to a strong anti-Nasser line, since the proposal only makes sense if it is intended to provoke Nasser into breaching the 1888 guarantee of unrestricted navigation, something he has been careful to avoid thus far. (It can be argued that Egypt's denial of Israeli shipping is authorized under Article Ten of the convention.)

Conceivably, economic sanctions might ruin Nasser, but they would ruin a good many other countries as well. India, for example, receives about 70 per cent of her imports and ships 60 per cent of her exports via Suez.

Eventually, Britain will have to take Suez to the U. N.—if it is not taken there by someone else first. At this writing, the organizational meeting of the "Users' Association"



Drawing by Berger

Secretary Dulles

in London is proving one of the diplomatic duds of the century. Norway, Italy and the other powers present were not consulted beforehand and they are somewhat upset and apprehensive over the whole deal, especially Mr. Dulles' idea that one of them should be the guinea pig in trying to get through the canal.

It can be argued that the U. N. would only confound the Suez confusion. The legal issues are by no means clear-cut: is the Egypt of today, for example, bound by what His Highness the Khedive, and his superior, the Emperor of the Ottomans, did one hundred years ago? And neither side has clean hands in the matter. The British closed the canal to all but friendly shipping when they were running it during both world wars. Undoubtedly, any reference of the dispute to the international court by the U. N. would be of dubious value.

Nevertheless, the U. N. was set up for just such situations as this. The international character of Suez has certainly been established by practice and it is inconceivable that a majority of countries could not be found to support the principle that some international agreement is necessary which will preserve freedom of navigation and the impartial administration of tolls and traffic control. Nasser himself has agreed to negotiate such an agreement, and specifically under U. N. auspices. All that is required, really, is the proper international mandate and setting that only the U. N. can provide.



New Statesman and Nation

Sir Anthony Eden



## The Canal Crisis: II

# PANAMA AND SUEZ . . by MERRILL RIPPY

### *Balboa, Canal Zone*

THE nationalization of the Suez Canal by Egypt has aroused considerable enthusiasm in Panama. This country certainly knows as much as the next about international waterways and the foreign influences on domestic affairs which accompany them. Boos for Dulles and cheers for Nasser in the Panamanian movie houses were more, however, than mere expressions of sentiment for what appeared to be an underdog; they undoubtedly reflected some generally suppressed feelings about foreign-controlled canals crossing national territory but manned and guarded by foreigners.

The nationalization of Suez, moreover, occurred at a moment when relations between Panama and the United States were deteriorating in another direction. Under a new treaty—the Eisenhower-Remon agreement—between the two countries which is to go into effect January 1, Panamanian workers in the Canal Zone are going to lose their traditional privilege of buying food and clothing in the Panama Canal Company commissaries, which are run on a non-profit basis and are permitted to import goods without duty. And the 17,000 workers affected will get no increase in pay to offset this important economic loss.

So long as the commissaries are open to them, these workers can overlook the fact that their wages are a good deal lower than those of their American co-workers; the scale is still very high compared to that paid in Panama outside the Zone. But the new provision will destroy this mollifying element and will mean a 25 per cent drop in real

wages for the employees involved.

It was not the United States, but the Panama government itself which requested that the new treaty ban the commissaries to workers of Panamanian nationality. The sight of Panamanians spending some \$12,000,000 annually in the Zone without any commercial benefit accruing to Panamanian business men was too much for this country's ruling business oligarchy to bear. The Panama government apparently hoped that inclusion in the treaty of a clause providing for equal pay for equal work in the Zone would result in an offsetting wage increase for the Panamanian workers. The hope proved short-lived; spokesmen for the United States have recently announced here that the treaty, according to Washington's interpretation, means no such thing.

Indeed, there was ample evidence that the Panama Canal Company had no intention of equalizing wages. The Eisenhower-Remon agreement was signed on January 25, 1955, yet in all this time the company had made no move toward equalizing either pay or opportunity for advancement which, in Panama's view, the treaty called for. When the recent statement by an American spokesman made company policy clear in this respect, labor leaders here expressed "surprise and bitterness."

The workers affected are mostly English-speaking Negroes of West Indian descent. From the time of the canal's construction days and the so-called "gold and silver"—i.e., black and white—payrolls, some discrimination has existed against non-United States (that is, non-white) employees of the company. This discrimination has come up repeatedly as a bone of contention between Panama and Washington in the negotiation of treaties affecting canal personnel. Instead of proposing the abolition of the commissaries,

the present Panamanian government would have done better to insist on the implementation of the non-discrimination clause. But the truth is that Panama's ruling oligarchy itself tends to discriminate against the country's colored citizens. As late as 1941 the country's constitution divided citizens into "desirable" and "undesirable" elements, the "desirable" category comprising every Panamanian whose mother tongue was Spanish. While a new and more liberal constitution was instituted in 1946, the intervening years have not entirely abolished the tendency to ignore the rights of the "undesirables," among whom most Negroes were included. The fact that the Panamanian government is composed of a tight oligarchy made up of an astonishingly small number of families (the Ariases, De La Guardias, Espinosas, Arosemenas) which works closely with a commercial and shipping plutocracy made it all the easier for officials to overlook the effects of the Eisenhower-Remon agreement on a large section of the population.

THE ANNOUNCEMENT that the United States had no intention of raising wage rates was bad enough. Secretary Dulles further affronted Panama public opinion when he revealed in a Washington press conference that he was totally unaware of the entire issue. Asked about his interpretation of the treaty and the clause dealing with the status of Panamanian workers for the canal company, Dulles replied that the Panama Canal was a national waterway of the United States which exercised sovereignty over it and the Zone through which it was cut. Dulles plainly was preoccupied with Suez and its implications, but Panamanians were outraged, first that the Secretary should have been ignorant of the specific problem involved, and second that he should have declared the canal a national water-

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way of the United States (like the Mississippi River). Panama has never regarded the United States as sovereign in the Zone; she has never conceded that the canal is U. S. property which could be internationalized, for example, without Panamanian consent. Every Panamanian newspaper declared that Panama had been insulted.

THE WHOLE situation forced a formal diplomatic protest on the Dulles incident to be sent to Washington—a gesture designed to placate Panamanian public opinion as much as to force the United States to cast a glance at Panama's position in the Suez crisis. Even so, a government fundamentally dependent on and hence friendly to the United States nearly toppled. In all such situations, the Panama government finds itself boxed in. It cannot afford to ignore public pressure, and responds generally in a way which tends to support the *de facto* power of the United States in the Canal Zone, while seeking at the same time to assert its own *de jure* sovereignty.

The result of Washington's rather cavalier treatment of this small country could have been foreseen: Panama is the only American nation which has joined the Communist and Bandung blocs in supporting Nasser's action in Suez.

When President Eisenhower visited Panama in July to attend the meeting of the American Presidents commemorating the first Pan-American Congress called by Simon Bolivar in 1826, he was easily the most popular figure. No other of the nineteen Presidents received such acclaim. In fact, for such as Castillo Armas of Guatemala and Hector Trujillo of the Dominican Republic there were hostile demonstrations in the narrow streets of Panama as they drove by in tightly closed, air-conditioned cars. Sirens of the escorting police had to be run full blast to drown out catcalls. Eisenhower's physical condition generated sympathetic interest that was almost universal. But in a few weeks' time that rather amazing "reservoir of good will" for the United States has been drained considerably by a Panamanian sense of betrayal and a

## A Panamanian View



To a prostrate Panama, impaled by a spike representing the canal and tied hand and feet to a "mercantile oligarchy," "lack of education" etc., Secretary Dulles says "Better get used to it. The spike is in for good." (El Dio of Panama.)

nostalgia for the days of the Good Neighbor policy.

The Panamanian cartoon which pictured the canal as a spike driven through the body of a prostrate Panama, the limbs of which were pinned down by a maritime-commercial oligarchy guarded by a malevolent John Foster Dulles-Uncle Sam, represents a conception that cannot safely be ignored. No one, least of all Panamanians, seriously ex-

pects that Panama plans to demand the nationalization of the canal, but the example of Nasser is heady and is admired not only in the Arab world. "Our canal," Panamanians call it, and defiantly half believe it. Nasser has reminded Panamanians that, given the right circumstances, small and weak countries can sometimes defy great nations. Mexico did it in 1938, Egypt in 1956 seems to be doing it. And in 1974?



# BATTLE FOR CONGRESS

## Lining Up the "Hot" Races... by EDGAR KEMLER

*Washington*

LITTLE WONDER that Adlai Stevenson is getting so much mileage (real or apparent) out of his new grass-roots technique. For by this means he comes face to face with that mysterious discontent that somehow escapes the prosperity indices. It was with the same technique that the Democrats in Congress quietly increased their percentage of the popular vote from about 50 per cent in the 1952 debacle to 53.5 per cent in 1954. This meant a net gain to them of about eighteen House seats and one new Senate seat—enough, of course, for them to organize the Eighty-fourth Congress. To judge by the Maine returns, it seems safe enough to project this trend forward into November. If the Stevenson-Kefauver ticket can inherit most of that anticipated Democratic popular majority for Congress (let's put the figure at 55 per cent) in as few as twenty states, then the ticket will quietly steal the election.

So far, clear sailing for the Democratic Congressional aspirants. The trouble is that this is a Presidential year, and any weaknesses in the national ticket are likely to affect adversely the Congressional candidates. And the Democratic national ticket has weaknesses. The first and most important of them is the party's civil-rights plank, which has touched off a revolt of hitherto loyal Negro voters. That there is now in progress a revolt of precinct captains in such Negro communities as Chicago, Detroit, Philadelphia, St. Louis and New York is admitted by top leaders of both sides. But whether the upshot will be mass defections from Democratic ranks, or a "plague-on-both-your-houses" neutrality, nobody yet knows.

Republican raids on Negro voters in 1948 cut heavily into Democratic

majorities in Philadelphia and elsewhere. (The GOP lost these gains in 1952.) Even if the Republicans repeat their 1948 gains, they can't hope to capture the dozen Congressional districts in which the big Negro communities are centered. But in some forty or fifty adjacent districts, and in the respective state races (which are everywhere regarded as close), such gains could be decisive.

No doubt the Stevenson camp took factors like these into consideration in framing the Democratic civil-rights plank. The strategy seems to be to solidify the 167 electoral votes of the South and the border states and to take pot-luck among the big industrial states for the other ninety-nine votes needed for election. However, Mayor Wagner of New York, Democratic senatorial nominee for that state, who will have an uphill fight to recover the 800,000 New York Democratic votes lost to Eisenhower in 1952, cannot afford to take pot-luck with 180,000 shifting Negro votes. On the civil-rights issue, at least, he must be considerably less moderate than Stevenson.

THE second weakness of the Democratic national ticket is Stevenson's failure to come to grips with the peace issue which, traditionally, has been the key to the farm vote in the Middle West and elsewhere. (Not many farmers agree with the Iowan who recently said: "If it takes a war to make us prosperous, let's have it.") Stevenson is trying indirectly—witness his ill-timed proposal to end the draft—to assure the country of his own peace-making ability compared to Truman's. On the other hand, the Republicans are also aware of this Democratic weakness; indeed, now that the Communist-in-government charges no longer pack a wallop, it offers what is perhaps their best line of attack. To judge by the 1954 pattern, they are counting on

a "Save-Your-Boy's-Life: Vote-Republican" last-minute campaign to cut 5 to 10 per cent off the gains that Stevenson has made by his grass-roots approach.

Here is how some of the more significant House and Senate races shape up throughout the country.

### The Senate

For the Senate races, this leaves the Democratic candidates weakest where they should be strongest—that is, against the real war party, the GOP "isolationists" and McCarthymen of the Middle and Far West. Four Stevenson-type "amateurs" are now challenging four stalwarts of this group—Capehart of Indiana, Dirksen of Illinois, Hickenlooper of Iowa and Welker of Idaho. For the Democratic future (if nothing more) victory over any one of these is worth the replacement of a half-dozen moderate Republicans by moderate Democrats, which is what is involved in Connecticut, Pennsylvania and several other states. (In Maryland, the McCarthyite Butler is being hard-pressed by the Democratic blatherskite millionaire, George Mohoney.)

That Eisenhower is merely a captive of the Nixon-led Old Guard is only a popular Democratic half-truth. The President finds them useful to steam up the air at election time and, on occasions between elections, to vote for foreign-aid measures. As a matter of fact, their Democratic opponents' bill of particulars against them is confined largely to (a) their vote against confirming Paul Hoffman as U.N. delegate; (b) their vote against Charles Bohlen as Ambassador to Russia, and (c) their vote against condemnation of McCarthy. The Democratic candidates are somewhat in a quandary. They insist that, if elected, they would prove more loyal to Ike (if elected), than their Old Guard opponents. That may be true, but obviously Eisenhower doesn't want to be

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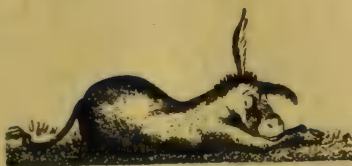
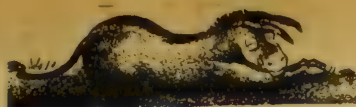
"rescued" by Democrats. So real issues evaporate in what amounts to a tussle for the coat-tails of the President—a fact which may in large measure account for the apathy of this election.

#### ILLINOIS

Richard Stengel, a forty-one-year-old veteran of the state legislature, is trying to oust the Republican incumbent, Everett Dirksen. By shaking 2,000,000 hands, he could conceivably win over the 1,700,000 voters (concentrated in Chicago and the depressed areas of Southern Illinois) who re-elected Douglas in 1954. On the other hand, he has failed in his attempts to "expose" Dirksen, whose interest in Chicago's Negroes and depressed-area legislation has been so sporadic as compared with his work for Texas oil men. Repeatedly, Stengel has taunted "the revolving-door candidate" "to stand or fall on his record." "No amount of honeyed oratory can gloss it over," Stengel says. But Dirksen won't answer—and because the GOP candidate has Ike's support, he doesn't have to. To focus the evil, Stengel may try to provoke Dirksen's friend, Joe McCarthy, to enter the state in Dirksen's behalf. But so far Stengel has alluded to McCarthy simply as "an Administration enemy." Meanwhile, too, he has been trying to get what mileage he can out of Orville Hodge, the state auditor who has been jailed for a \$1,500,000 embezzlement.

#### IDAHO

In Idaho, there is no need to bring Joe McCarthy into the state. For Herman Welker, the Republican incumbent who keeps a large Red-hunting staff on his payroll, is known here as "McCarthy with his brains kicked out." But for Ike's appeal for loyalty, many Republicans would desert him, as the Republican editor of a Pocatello weekly has urged them to do. Whether this defection materializes or not may be the key to Welker's defeat next November by his thirty-two-year-old Democratic opponent, Frank Church. Church, a fine orator, is the scion of a pioneer Idaho family; he has powerful Republican connections and an acceptable anti-Communist



Fitzpatrick in St. Louis Post-Dispatch  
*He's Waking Up for Some Reason or Other.*

record as former president of the Crusade for Freedom in Idaho. He will underplay all the specifically Democratic issues, including Hells Canyon. That issue, which is the mainstay of Congresswoman Gracie Pfof in northern Idaho, is anathema to the Republican potato farmers in southern Idaho; illogically, they fear a government dam would interfere with their water rights, whereas the Idaho Power Company Dam would not. An easier approach to the farm vote has been suggested to Church; namely, to revive the Democrats' potato diversification program as an answer to the present glut in the potato market. But in reaching for 42,000 liberal Republicans, young Church may lose 27,000 New Deal Democrats, mostly over sixty-five, who supported former Senator Glen Taylor in the primary. The present squabble about Church's 200-vote primary margin over Taylor can more easily be settled, some observers think, than the split in the two men's thinking.

#### IOWA

This is not meant to underrate the potency of the Democratic high-parity farm plank, which has recently cost Iowa Republicans about 5 to 10 per cent of their normal majorities. On the other hand, if the Democrats are to carry Iowa this

year, they must rely more on their personal magnetism. With hog prices now rising to prosperous 1952 levels, and with thirty to forty million dollars (20 per cent of the entire soil-bank fund has been allotted by the Administration to Iowa) available for ploughing under drought-stricken crops, the plank has lost some of its former magic. Last winter former GOP Governor Dan Turner led the revolt of some 47,000 Iowa farmers from the pro-Benson Farm Bureau Federation to the anti-Benson National Farmers Organization. Whether this bloc still exists or not, and if so whether Turner can deliver it to "Spike" Evans, the Democratic candidate against Republican Senator Bourke Hickenlooper—these are Iowa's two biggest questions. Evans, soft-spoken one-time member of the Federal Reserve Board, has been getting a surprisingly good press by exposing Benson in his own scholarly fashion. Six of the eight Republican Congressional candidates are also courting the rebel bloc. While the sixty-year-old Hickenlooper stubbornly defends Benson, he does not want the secretary to come into Iowa to defend him. Thus it is possible, if not probable, that Hickenlooper, who anticipated McCarthy in linking former TVA Chairman David Lilienthal with Reds, will fall this year because of his weak economic underpinning.

#### OREGON

By comparison with the moderation of most other races, Wayne Morse's campaign for re-election in Oregon looks somewhat anachronistic—like an echo from the depression era. Nor is it surprising that he has been inclined to ditch the volatile public-power issue for bread-and-butter appeals to the potato farmers and others. For there is much more excitement in Washington, D. C., about Oregon's power problems than in Oregon's grass-roots. This is because the long-foreseen power shortage will not hit Oregon generally until after 1958, and because in the limited areas where the shortage has already hit, public-power advocates have joined private-power companies in building dams on the GOP "partnership"



basis. Nonetheless, by the use of this issue (plus the related giveaway of natural resources) against the Administration's giveaway king, former Secretary of the Interior Douglas McKay, Morse has at least dispelled apathy. Moreover, he has so successfully pinned the giveaway label on his adversary that McKay is piteously crying that he is being persecuted by a left-wing agitator. Morse is attempting to shake off that label in a strenuous round of barbecue picnics.

### The House

In the contests for House seats, the inhibitions of Stevenson moderation are somewhat less apparent than in the Senate races. For Congressmen are local worthies, concerned with local problems, and they have more latitude in picking the issues. In 1953 and 1954, Democratic candidates advanced deep into traditionally Republican territory, i.e., into suburban and rural districts (though the Republicans, for their part, made gains in the suburban South, traditionally Democratic). This year the opportunities for a Democratic advance look even brighter. For, of the ninety-five districts in the country which in 1954 were swung by a popular vote of 55 percent or less, sixty-three are held by Republicans and only thirty-two by Democrats. The Democrats have good prospects spreading from Maryland's Eastern Shore (Republican since 1946) to the Seattle, Washington district (Republican since 1952). The contests now in progress in this disputed ground are especially revealing insofar as the Democratic candidates have come up with some novel approaches to the expected Democratic trend.

### NEW YORK

New York State is fairly unique in the intensity with which both Senatorial candidates, the Democratic Mayor Wagner and the Republican Attorney General Javits, are driving for the independent vote. In New York's seventeenth district, comprising much of central and part of lower Manhattan, the percentage of such voters is extremely high. And the No. 1 issue here will be

at least the No. 2 issue in the state campaign: the "pell-mell-day-to-day improvising" of the Dulles foreign policy in general and the pro-Arab flirtations of the Middle East policy in particular. Tony Akers, the forty-one-year-old lawyer and PT-boat hero of the 1942 MacArthur evacuation, who is the Democratic candidate, is expected to win the labor vote (about 10 per cent of the total) plus the Jewish vote (about 30 per cent). He concedes to his Republican opponent, Frederick R. Coudert, Jr., a veteran of five terms, a solid phalanx of Fifth Avenue die-hards that may run as high as 45 per cent of the total district vote. This leaves an uncertain middle group (about 15 per cent) of junior executives, professional people, importers, etc. In 1952, this bloc voted so solidly for Coudert that the future of the district as a Republican island in Democratic Manhattan seemed assured. In 1954, when Akers first tried out his "grass-root in Manhattan" technique, holding discussion meetings in apartment houses and homes, he lost by only 314 votes in a 100,000 total. If he is correct in his estimate that he will now have two-thirds of the 15 per cent swing vote, he will be a shoo-in. No doubt the reactionary Coudert was looking ahead to this danger when he proposed "reforming" our whole election system by "downgrading the influence of ethnic, religious and economic groups in metropolitan centers."

### PENNSYLVANIA

On the national level, Republicans this year will try to hold the 30 per cent of the labor vote (mostly wives') which they garnered in 1952. This is not entirely quixotic. In Pennsylvania's Willkes-Barre district, the worst depressed area in the nation with 20,000 anthracite miners out of work, the voters change their minds every other year. In 1954 they returned the veteran Daniel J. Flood to Congress by a handful of votes after having dropped him in 1952 by the same margin. Flood will win this year, he says, only if the miners think that he has done more for them than his Republican opponent, Enoch Thomas, Jr., could do. Had the distressed-areas bill passed at

the last session of Congress (Flood co-sponsored it with Senator Douglas), there would now be little question about this. Meanwhile, sitting as a vice-president of the local Chamber of Commerce, he has helped bring new industry into the district, which is one of the bill's objectives. Furthermore, as chairman of a House Appropriations subcommittee, he has diverted thirty million dollars worth of appropriations into his district—a figure which few other Congressmen can match. The Republican shifts are explained, in part, by the miners' deep-seated anti-communism—they are almost all Catholics of Slavic backgrounds. On this point, however, Flood, an Irish Catholic and a famous Air Force enthusiast, has some advantage over his Republican opponent, who is a Protestant business man. In sum, election in the coal fields requires a skilful juggling of extreme positions, in which game Flood is one of the country's greatest masters.

### MICHIGAN

Republicans doubt the (anticipated) Democratic trend will include small business to any great extent. But Martha Griffiths, a former Michigan legislator, used small business as the springboard for winning Detroit's last remaining Republican seat two years ago. The economic background of her current campaign for re-election does not differ much from what it was before; 130,000 lay-offs in the auto plants are crippling about an equal number of small business men who serve them. Unable to hire a hall in the non-descript Wayne county suburb which comprises most of her district, she sits in a yellow and green trailer and discusses the outlook with housewives brought to her by roving assistants. In Congress, as a member of the House Banking and Currency Committee, she made herself an expert on problems of credit for small business. So now she can relate the spectre of Republican big-business to each woman's future, whether her husband is a druggist or runs a small tool-and-die factory, whether he is a physician temporarily employed in a General Motors clinic,



or a wholesale grocer threatened by mergers in the retail field. Meanwhile, Mrs. Griffiths' Republican opponent, George Smith, who is a banker new to politics, is calling her a stooge of the powerful United Auto Workers. (This is true only to the extent that her voting record is acceptable to them, and that she has their endorsement.) But if Smith can revive the class consciousness that Mrs. Griffiths has broken down in this suburb, her flimsy 52.3 per cent majority may vanish.

#### WISCONSIN

A somewhat similar problem faces forty-five-year-old Gerald Flynn in his bid to take the Wisconsin First District away from Lawrence H. Smith, a Republican isolationist. Smith has held the seat since 1941. Kenosha and Racine, the two cities in this mixed urban-rural district, have been depressed for two years: 3,000 workers have been laid off in Racine by the Case farm implement company and 10,000 by American Motors in Kenosha. In the 1954 contest, however, the small business people in those cities refused to join

labor and Smith won with a 54.4 per cent majority. Unless these people have changed their minds now, there is no hope for Flynn. The farmers in the Western counties have never felt the cost-price squeeze (they sell fluid milk in the Chicago milkshed), hence have never flirted with the Democratic farm revolt. As for labor in the two cities, it has been organized by the U. A. W.

Flynn's optimism about a small-business switch this year is based, oddly enough, on a growing concern for foreign aid on the part of Protestant ministers, manufacturers and others, and the declining interest in the American Legion, in which his rival is a big wheel.

#### MISSOURI

In Dewey Short's Republican district in Southwest Missouri, the farm revolt is dying, not only because of Benson's soil-bank payments, but also because of the weather. During the drought of 1954, when farmers were putting molasses on trees to keep the cattle from dying, Short very narrowly missed defeat by an unknown Democratic

storekeeper. But now the drought is ended. Nevertheless, Short is being mercilessly badgered this year by Charles H. Brown, a forty-year-old radio producer of Springfield, Missouri, otherwise known as the "Boy Orator of the Ozarks." Back in 1928, when Short first came to Washington, he too was known by that label. During the late thirties, he became nationally famous as a leading "America Firster" and became secure in his district because of his bipartisan concern for local needs. While today he is still a power in Washington (he is ranking Republican on the Armed Services Committee), his record of absenteeism and partisan votes indicates he may have lost his touch. On public-power matters, which are popular in this remote district, his votes have been negative save for a last-minute switch on the giant Table Rock Dam project. By simply reeling off this record in hillbilly style, Brown hopes and expects to write its final chapter.

THIS IS the battlefield as it looks to some of the Democratic candidates in some of the most hotly contested areas. What is truly remarkable about this Democratic optimism is that it persists despite a stupendous disproportion of campaign funds available. The GOP will spend seven times as much as the Democrats on the House races and about four times as much for Senate seats. Representative Flood, for example, will spend about \$10,000 in his Willkes-Barre district as against an estimated \$75,000 for his Republican opponent. Senator Morse is talking of \$250,000 as against an estimated \$1,000,000 for his opponent, McKay. In both parties, the Congressional exchequer is what can be spared from the national ticket. But while the Republican high command will peel off \$3,000,000 (the legal limit) for their House candidates and perhaps double that for the Senatorial, the Democrats at most will spend \$250,000 for the House races and \$400,000 for the Senate. If the AFL-CIO's political arm raises its promised \$6,000,000, this imbalance will be leveled out somewhat.



Fitzpatrick in St. Louis Post-Dispatch

"Now Let's Check Your Load."



# THE RIESEL MYSTERY

## Case of the Missing Motive . . by FRED J. COOK

THE USUAL criminal mystery becomes less mysterious with the arrests that are supposed to mark its solution, but the sensational acid-blinding of Hearst labor columnist Victor Riesel flouts this rule. The more that is known about it, the more mysterious it grows.

Reduced to its baldest essentials now, a month after the FBI arrested seven alleged principals in the plot, the prosecution's case—or as much of it as has been made public—is a study in bewildering paradoxes. It rests basically upon these contentions: that the acid-throwing was ordered by a man whom the victim hadn't assailed personally in print in nearly two years; and that the motive was to silence an important witness before a federal grand jury—although in fact the method chosen wouldn't silence and the witness wasn't a witness.

If this seems a bit complicated, it is. And here is how it got that way:

When tragedy overtook him, Victor Riesel (pronounced re-zell) was, at forty-one, a bouncy, cocky ban-tam of a man whose syndicated labor column appeared in the *New York Daily Mirror*, a morning tabloid, and 191 other papers throughout the country. Gifted with great personal charm, an entertaining raconteur, he possessed a writing style notable for sweeping denunciation. He had begun his career on the right-wing Socialist weekly, the *New Leader*, exposing Communists. When he switched to the labor field, he attacked crime and rackets with fiery verve. He peppered his column with well-known racket names and sinister phrases like "crime syndicate," "manicured mobsters" and "muscle men of the underworld."

Last April 5, Riesel substituted

for Barry Gray on the latter's midnight to 2 a.m. radio show on a New York station, then went to Lindy's Restaurant for a snack. There, near the corner of 51st Street and Broadway, as Riesel and his assistant, Miss Betty Nevins, prepared to get into their car, a dark-haired young hoodlum stepped out of the shadows and flung a vial of concentrated sulphuric acid full into the columnist's face and eyes. Total blindness resulted.

THE ATROCITY shocked New York. But from the first it was more than just a singularly vicious attack upon a prominent man. Its timing gave it overtones of social significance—and martyrdom.

A month earlier, U. S. Attorney Paul W. Williams had launched a sweeping probe of New York rackets. On March 13, he had announced: "Racketeers are trying to invade and indeed have invaded New York City business to a greater extent than in the days when Tom Dewey was probing industrial rackets." There was, Williams had said, a colossal mess in the pickle industry. Two days later, the prosecutor declared that many potential witnesses had gone into hiding, fearful of mob retribution if they testified.

So on April 5, when Riesel was attacked, Williams instantly saw the event as a "dastardly" attempt by the underworld to flout the authority of his office. "I am God-damned mad about this, and you can quote me whatever way you like, because this attack is directly attributable to articles written by Riesel and to very important information which he had given me in my investigation of labor rackets," he fumed, scant hours after the attack.

Weeks of frantic investigation followed. FBI agents were called into the case by Williams on the theory that the acid-throwing had been designed to thwart his probe. Ace detectives of the New York Police

Department and District Attorney Frank S. Hogan's office conducted their own investigation. But clues were scarce; the case appeared dead.

Then, on Aug. 17, the FBI struck. It named Gondolfo Miranti, an East Side bookie and thug, as the man who had "fingered" Riesel. It said the acid had been hurled by another small-time East Side hood, Abraham Telvi, who had been murdered on July 28 in a typical gangland ride case not yet solved.

The arrests caught prosecuting officials in various states of unpreparedness. District Attorney Hogan was the most stunned. He had been given no inkling of what the FBI was up to, and his office, while it had identified other suspected principals in the case, was startled by the pinpointing of Telvi, an entirely new figure to them, as the actual acid-thrower. U. S. Attorney Williams was even farther, physically, from the heart of the action. He was in Tokyo, honeymooning.

Despite distance and love, Williams recovered faster than Hogan. By trans-Pacific radio-telephone he told the *New York Journal-American*: "We will prove that the Riesel attack, atrocious though it may be, was only an incident in a nationwide drive by the underworld to control big business." And he added that "some of the known plans of Communists to overthrow the U. S. actually pale to insignificance compared to what we've found out."

Williams flew back from Tokyo, announcing that the higher-ups were known and that further arrests would follow. Soon thereafter the FBI nabbed John (Johnny Dio) Dioguardi, a once-convicted labor extortionist, as the mastermind of the acid-flinging plot. The motive? "I think," said Williams, "it was to silence Riesel from testifying before a federal grand jury and also from continuing his very brave campaign against racketeering in business and labor."

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FRED J. COOK, police reporter on a *New York Metropolitan newspaper*, is co-author with Senator Robert C. Hendrickson of *Youth in Danger*.

But this explanation conflicted sharply with facts uncovered by New York newspapers. The *Herald-Tribune* pointed out that not only had Riesel never been called before the federal racket grand jury, but that he had announced—this was after he recovered from the acid attack—that he did not intend to testify because he did not consider it the duty of a newspaperman to do so. The *World-Telegram and Sun*, after studying Riesel's columns in *The Daily Mirror* for the fifteen months prior to the attack, found that Dio's name had not been mentioned once in that period.

The *Daily Mirror* itself claimed only that Riesel had exposed Dio in a column which appeared in 1953. In this column the past of the convicted extortionist was exposed; Riesel referred to Dio as "a tough little fellow" who was trying to organize New York's hackies. In May, 1954, Riesel had attacked "the tough mob" in the United Auto Workers Union, apparently a veiled reference to Dio (not to be confused with Reuther's United Auto Workers), but there was no mention of Dio's name. In more recent columns, Riesel had been lashing out at racketeering in the garment and trucking industries in New York, in which Dio was supposed to be involved, but again the columnist had not named or attacked Dio personally.

TO SOME New York newspapermen, these references seemed pale stuff—certainly no motive for crime—compared to some of the more direct and damning newspaper exposés of the past. Many recalled the violence with which Westbrook Pegler had flayed the hide off Willie Bioff in exposing the latter's colossal movie-industry shakedown and sending him to prison. Of more recent vintage was *The World-Telegram and Sun's* 1953 attack on William C. DeKoning, Sr., and his labor stooges for extorting \$345,000 annually from raceway workers—a charge that ultimately sent De Koning to prison. Recalling these and other direct and explicit exposés, newsmen came away from their research of Riesel's columns as

baffled in their hunt for a plausible motive for the acid-throwing as the expert investigators who had covered the same trail before them.

Riesel himself offered no enlightenment. Interviewed on a television program shortly after Dio's arrest, he disclaimed any personal knowledge of Dio and said he supposed the attack must have been motivated by something he had written. But he couldn't say just what.

THE mystery of motivation dovetailed with a second intriguing mystery—method. The flaw in the idea that the acid attack was designed to silence Riesel lies in the obvious fact that acid does not assure silence. There are far more effective methods and the experience of years has shown that the underworld knows them all. Telvi, for example, was silenced after, according to Williams, he made "a nuisance" of himself by demanding more money. A bullet was fired through his brain, and he was dumped in a gutter. No such attempt was made upon Riesel.

The columnist himself was asked about this in a press interview shortly after the first arrests. Why, he was asked, was acid thrown in his face if the motive was to silence him? Couldn't there have been a more personal reason for the attack? Riesel whipped off his dark glasses, shocking his interviewers by exposing his sightless eyes, and exclaimed: "Don't you think after four months that sort of nonsense should be forgotten?"

It was a dramatic and emotional gesture, but hardly an answer to logic.

Logic, however, has finally begun to assert itself in the Riesel case. Its weight was first observable in Williams' apparent retreat from his front-line Riesel position to previously-prepared entrenchments. This maneuver became clear in the indictment returned by the federal grand jury in the Riesel case on September 7. The document contained two major surprises: First, Johnny Dio's brother, Tommy, who had been arrested with him and had been branded by Williams as an equally important mastermind of the acid attack, escaped indict-

ment and was freed; second, while Williams had been talking to the press in terms of an indictment which would charge, among other things, a conspiracy to intimidate a witness, the document itself uses the plural form—witnesses. This significant change was interpreted by lawyers to mean that the government will try to show that the intent was not only to silence Riesel, but to commit an act so outrageous that other witnesses would also be terrified and thus kept from testifying.

One difficulty with this revised position is that Williams himself had proclaimed three weeks before the acid attack that witnesses had already been driven into hiding by fear of underworld retribution. Why, then, the need of such an atrocity to scare the scared? And how, lawyers ask, can Williams possibly prove in court—as he must do through the direct testimony of the supposedly scared witnesses—that it was the Riesel acid attack that kept them from testifying?

IF THIS main prop of the government's case should crumble, it would leave only one other major charge contained in the indictment: conspiracy to protect a fugitive from justice. This is based upon the flight of the alleged acid-thrower, Abraham Telvi, to Youngstown, Ohio, where he hid out for some weeks after the Riesel attack. Presumably—for it is apparent that the government's case is built on squeals from inside the mob—this charge is more susceptible to proof than the first. It is, however, a far lesser charge than the public has been led to expect from the fanfare that has greeted the Riesel case. It wanders far from the heart of the issue and fails to answer the vital questions: Who blinded Victor Riesel? And why? Who murdered Abraham Telvi? And why?

Answers to these questions might be found if the really serious charges, maiming and murder, can be brought to trial in New York County. District Attorney Hogan now has been apprised of the nature of the FBI evidence, the content of the federal case. The public's assumption has been that a case has been handed



Hogan on a silver platter; that all he has to do is prosecute. But it isn't that simple.

New York State has a corroboration statute. This stipulates that a criminal prosecution for conspiracy cannot be sustained on the word of a co-conspirator alone; it must be corroborated by independent, disinterested witnesses. The intent of the law is to keep an innocent man from being framed by an associate seeking to curry favor for himself by telling authorities what he thinks they want to know.

In the Riesel case, it is conceivable that the law of corroboration could prove a serious stumbling block to prosecution in state courts. Federal authorities may rest content with the words of co-conspirators; but local prosecutors, who must try the vital issues, simply cannot. For this reason, it is of more than academic importance that, even after the arrests that supposedly solved the case, motive remains a baffling and intriguing mystery—all the more baffling because the *ascribed* motives do not stand up under scrutiny.

So strongly does the perplexing Riesel case hint at something still hidden, that many of Riesel's best friends and close co-workers are still asking: "What do you think is *really* behind it?" It is a question that should be answered; for, with the mystery of motive satisfactorily resolved, other pieces in the puzzle might fall into place and local authorities might more easily obtain the corroborating testimony they must have to try the real issues—the cruel blinding of one man; the murder of another.

## Campus Press Speaks Up . . . by ROGER KEITH

IN 1938, an author noted in a book devoted to the American college campus: "A glance at the editorial pages of college papers reveals a surprising lack of spontaneity or originality of the type that might be expected of young and vigorous minds." He accompanied his statement with a long list of keep-off-the-grass, clean-up-the-dining-hall, we-need-school-spirit editorials from college papers all over the country.

It would be too much to say that the college press has changed radically and uniformly since that time. Yet there are signs that many student editors *have* changed their approach to their jobs. Their world is no longer bound by the frontiers of their campus—or the local football stadium. Sydney J. Harris, columnist on a metropolitan daily, recently pointed out:

Amidst all this talk of "juvenile delinquency," we tend to forget that young college people today—at least the articulate leaders—are doing more serious thinking of, talking about and examining our basic problems than any other segment of adult society.

These college editorials, which are coolly and clearly written, deal with such subjects as the primary purpose of education, the danger of conformity to mass opinion, the wave of anti-

intellectualism in the country and matters which all too rarely appear in grown-up journals.

An outstanding example of non-conformity to mass opinion has been the surprising pro-integration policy of many Southern college papers.

As far back as 1953, the University of Georgia's *Red and Black* went on record:

With communism knocking at the Negro's back door, we cannot afford to let educational segregation barriers stand. It is plain as the red flag in Russia that continued segregation and suppression can and will cause the death of democracy by the hands of its own leaders.

The university's regents were shocked. One of them, himself a newspaper publisher, wrote editorially: "I tried to explain to [the *Red and Black* editors] that in their juvenile damn foolery they were hurting the university and the cause of education in the state. I frankly told them that the money for the operation of the *Red and Black* would be discontinued unless they could do a better job."

According to the regent, "these little squirts" then went back to Athens and put out another editorial in which they said he was attempting to squelch freedom of the press.

"Now there's no question of freedom of the press involved," the regent wrote. "The question is whether or not the board of regents will be dictated to by a little handful of

sissy, misguided squirts who have just enough knowledge to think they know it all. Every time I see one of the little sissy boys hanging around some college, the more I think everyone of them ought to be made to play football. . . ."

Since then many other Southern "sissies" have come out in favor of something the Southern professional press has dared not favor.

Last year the *Hullabaloo* at Tulane University, New Orleans, conducted "a vigorous campaign" for prompt integration, although the editor reports that "most faculty members seem afraid to discuss the subject in class." Even the *Mississippian* at the University of Mississippi, although not favoring desegregation, bucked university officials who deemed it "inadvisable" for an Episcopal minister to speak on campus because he had promised to give the NAACP part of his prize money from the \$64,000 television quiz show. "University students are old enough to think for themselves and need no coddling and protecting. . . ." the paper said.

Northern college editors, too, have frequently commented on happenings behind the "magnolia curtain." When Georgia Governor Marvin Griffin asked a ban on all games by Georgia college teams against opponents having Negro players, the *University of Minnesota Daily* wrote:

It would seem that education should prepare an individual to learn about others and thus overcome

ROGER KEITH, editor-in-chief of the *University of Maryland Diamondback*, won the annual national collegiate editorial contest sponsored by Pi Delta Epsilon.

prejudices through lack of knowledge. It would seem, also, that education and sports teach the person to live with others by working as a team. Evidently, this is not Griffin's or the regents' conception of either education or competitive sports.

The riots at the University of Alabama protesting the admittance of Negro coed Autherine Lucy caused college editors all over the country to sit down at their typewriters.

From the University of West Virginia's *Daily Athenaeum*:

It's often been said that those who wrestle with qualms of inferiority are the ones who feel they must fight to prove their supremacy. As far as we're concerned, the Alabama students only demonstrated their immaturity, indecency, inhumanity and perhaps inferiority. If the white race were superior (and it is not) it would not have to fight to insure its position.

Alabama's own *Crimson-White* supported segregation, but warned against lawlessness:

By their violence, [the rioters] were forcing their action and their beliefs on the rest of us just as assuredly as another group of people—the nation—is attempting to force the races and their beliefs upon the South.

College papers have also warned of conformity to mass opinion in regard to communism.

Following an American Legion attack on the University of Minnesota for inviting a self-acknowledged Communist to speak at a convocation last year, the *Daily* defended the school for giving students a chance to observe communism firsthand: "Some persons show themselves for what they are just by the act of opening their mouths and Communists are not immune in this respect." At the University of Wisconsin, after a speech by the editor of the *Daily Worker*, the student newspaper pointed out:

Those who attended learned something. The questions asked the speaker showed intelligence, and a realization of the Communist threat. The results of the student questioning brought out the faulty logic used by the speaker almost immediately ... The appearance of [the Communist editor] or any of his party

shows forcibly that free discussion, and not suppression, is the more effective answer to communism.

While the college press has sought freedom of discussion for speakers on the campus, it has fought even harder for its own right to discuss freely. Biggest battle last year was between the *Daily Texan* and the University of Texas' Board of Regents [see *The Nation*, March 24]. The *Daily Texan* was one of the few papers in the Lone Star State to stand firmly against the Harris-Fulbright natural-gas bill. The regents asserted that the college paper should not discuss controversial state and national topics. One said: "We feel the *Daily Texan* has gone out of bounds in discussing the bill when 66 per cent of Texas money comes from oil and gas."

"In other words," the student editor replied, "The *Daily Texan* has erred because it has committed the unforgivable crime of going against the economic grain. The issue is not how the Texan feels on the Harris-Fulbright bill. . . . The issue is, should not a newspaper have the right to criticize the majority? Cannot a newspaper sometimes be the underdog?"

But *Editor and Publisher*, mouthpiece of the professional press, didn't see the Texas controversy in the same light:

The regents are publishers of the paper, and they—like any publisher—can prevent an editor from publishing a given editorial. With publishing activity so interlocked with the journalism school, the ultimate responsibility for publication therefore rests with the university, which in turn is responsible to the people of the state supporting it.

Newspaperdom's journal had little to say about the educational and ethical values of a free college press, except to remark that these points had been "overemphasized!"

As to the question of the publishers' prerogatives, the students themselves are the publishers of most college papers in the sense that they finance them. The regents, including those at Texas, usually furnish no more than office space in a university building; student-activities fees and advertising pay for all other expenses of publication. In fact, some

of the larger college dailies are student corporations, printed off campus and subject to no control whatever by the university.

But while the students may be the publishers, most school administrations consider newspapers student activities just like football, singing and dramatics. As such, the publication has a faculty adviser and comes under the ultimate authority of the regents. Administrators realize, however, that unlike sports and other activities, the college newspaper deals with thoughts and ideas, and that its primary value is its right to reflect student viewpoints. For this reason most college papers today have a faculty adviser who advises only. But in other cases the advisers have assumed the role of censor in varying degrees. Some of this type are to be found at state universities, which are almost always acutely conscious of public opinion and the need for good relations with the state legislature.

Other "censors" flourish at denominational schools. As the *Notre Dame Scholastic* put it:

Notre Dame is not a "state" or secular institution; it is a private Catholic school. This simply means that, galling as it may be to all of us, anything "of, for and by" Notre Dame will be construed by outsiders as being, not merely collegiate, but Notre Dame, which in turn will be termed Catholic. In such a situation one would be guilty of a lack of prudence if he did not try to put his best foot forward at all times.

COLLEGE editors are not trying to force opinions down anybody's throat; we're glad to have people disagree with us. As we see it, we have only one job: to keep ourselves and the rest of America's college students thinking. And if we "overemphasize" this job, it's because we've heard of student newspapers like *Komsomolskaya Pravda*, the Moscow youth journal with an impressive 1,200,000 circulation. When a delegation of American college editors touring Russia in 1953 went in to meet *Komsomolskaya Pravda's* "student" editor, they shook hands with a middle-aged, bald-headed member of the Communist Party.



# BOOKS and the ARTS

## Gallipoli: The End of a World

GALLIPOLI. By Alan Moorehead. Harper and Brothers. \$4.50.

By Raymond Postgate

GALLIPOLI, the name given to the Dardanelles campaign of 1915, cannot be a word which means much to Americans; there must be few who have an automatic desire to read about an ineffectual campaign that was over a year before they entered the First World War. There are not many Englishmen, either, who want to read about it; for forty-one years it has been a hateful memory and Moorehead's book is the first really satisfactory history of it to be published. Nearly a decade afterwards the thought of it was still bitter enough to drive Churchill out of Parliament; the electors of Dundee called out "What about the Dardanelles?" to him in 1923 and gave his seat to an unctuous prohibitionist named Scrymgeour. There must be many who, like myself, have read this book unwillingly with an atavistic dislike of disturbing memories which were best at rest. The unwillingness is unreasonable; the story is excellent and excellently told, and the campaign itself has those rarest of qualities in history, a beginning and an end. It is a complete drama within a closed space of time, a Greek tragedy; but it is one without hope.

The bare story is brief: in 1915 it was clear that Tsarist Russia was in difficulties and that the battle in the West had for the moment settled down to a grinding and immobile trench warfare. Certain British generals and politicians, of whom the most forceful was Churchill, decided upon an attempt to force a way through the Dardanelles straits and seize Constantinople, thereby

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taking Germany and Austria in the rear and also opening a way by which to bring help to Russia. A first reconnaissance by the navy was not pushed home, and served only to alert the Turks. Later, a combined attack was made by land and sea; the army, in which for the first time in history were great contingents from the Dominions, landed on several beaches, but despite fierce and bloody fighting never controlled the heights. After months of slaughter the attempt was abandoned, the troops were silently taken off on certain winter nights and the navy sailed away.

The poignancy of the story has a double origin. The first is that it is a story of unnecessary frustration: again and again victory was in the Allies' hands and was lost by mistakes that were so easily rectifiable: "in a curious way," as Moorehead writes, "one feels that the battle might still lie before us in the future—that there is still time to make other plans and bring it to a different ending." The second is that it marks the end of a period of civilization. I once heard Sir Ian Hamilton, the general in command, speak about the disastrous results of the failure, and I commented that what he really meant was that if he had got through there would have been no Russian revolution. He wrote to me (not, I think, ironically) thanking me for interpreting his thoughts so correctly. There would, in fact, have been no Russian revolution; or, rather, not one at that time and of that kind. The pre-revolution Europe might to some extent have survived. But the world that Hamilton regretted had disappeared in another sense, it had actually been killed in Gallipoli. "It's too wonderful for belief," Moorehead quotes Rupert Brooke as writing when he set out for the Dardanelles, "Will Hero's Tower crumble under the 15-inch guns? Will the sea be poly-

phloisboic and winedark and unvintageable? Oh God! I've never been quite so happy in my life." The exuberance, the romanticism and the beauty of the young poet was symbolic, as Moorehead says, of tens of thousands of youths who died as he did; and never again afterwards would there be, our side of the Atlantic, a society where a line like his "*Blow out, you bugles, over the rich Dead!*" could be written without a sneer.

MOOREHEAD is a brilliant portraitist: here are the young Churchill; Sir Ian Hamilton, the poet general who would write 5,000 words of reflection in his diary instead of going ashore; Sir Frederick Stopford, the perfect Victorian "dugout" who would lose a victory by mere slowness and routine; Talaat Bey, a bazaar crook; Mustapha Kemal, almost mad, and many others. He has a sharp pictorial eye as well: here are a few sentences about one of those hideously mismanaged landings in a bay under Turkish fire:

Air Commodore Samson came flying over Sedd-el-Bahr at this moment, and looking down saw that the calm blue sea was "absolutely red with blood" for a distance of fifty yards from the sea, "a horrible sight to see." Red ripples washed up on the beach, and everywhere the calm surface of the water was whipped up into a ghastly discoloured foam by thousands of falling bullets. The sun was shining brightly.

The disasters were not caused by aristocratic officers lolling in idleness and comfort while the common soldiers suffered and died; their leaders exposed themselves recklessly and anxiously shared their sufferings and dangers:

[The Staff] had put up their tents on a particularly dreary stretch of coast where there was no shade, and the fine biscuit-coloured sand blew into their faces all day. There existed close by a perfectly good site on level ground among figs and olive trees, but this was deliberately ignored,

partly because...it was felt that the Staff should know something of the hardships and miseries of the men at the front. Almost uneatable food was provided to strengthen this illusion. It does not seem to have occurred to the general or any of his senior officers that efficiency mattered more than appearances, and that a man suffering from dysentery—from the flies, the bad food and the heat—was not likely to give his best attention to his work.

Moorehead ends his book on a more peaceful note. He describes the cemeteries which he has visited; they are sited where the actual fighting took place, and so some have only a few graves and some have thousands; each is surrounded by a bank of pines and the graves themselves are not marked by crosses but by

marble plaques set in the ground.

For nearly forty years the cemeteries have been tended with great devotion by a Major Millington, an old Australian soldier; he goes over the peninsula month by month and year by year to supervise his staff of local stonemasons and gardeners... the Turkish gardeners work well; no wall around the French and British cemeteries is allowed to crumble, no weed is anywhere allowed to grow and now in the nineteen-fifties the gardens are more beautiful than ever. Yet hardly anyone ever visits them. Except for occasional organized tours not more than half a dozen visitors arrive from one year's end to the other. Often for months at a time nothing of any consequence happens, lizards scuttle about the tombstones in the silence and time goes by in an endless dream.

cent stories give a more poignant picture of the sordid demoralization of those intellectuals of the modern world who have taken the world ill into their hearts and bowels without being able to digest it. Like most of Dazai's writing, it has an ominous autobiographical ring. And well it might. After a life of maximum disorder, he committed suicide in 1948. *The Setting Sun* is again the story of the world ill, the collapse of values, loss of inner direction and outer valid interpersonal relations, the loss of the ability to love, which is now as common in Japan as it is in Paris or New York.

This time the central figure is a woman of ruined aristocratic family of the type made familiar to Western readers in the novels of Kikou Yamata. Her life is not just meaningless. She is immobilized in a stasis of moral decay. Nothing is possible. There is only slowly growing death, slowly mounting horror, the will-less entrapment and hysteria we first came to know in Chekov's plays. In desperation she "abandons herself," as they say, to a depraved and wrecked writer, called Uehara here, but the same character that appeared in *Villon's Wife*, Dazai himself. They spend only one pitiable, dishevelled night together. Out of that night comes a child, and the hope that, in this "first engagement" as she calls it, the smothering evil has been pushed back a little, and that later, with the help of the child "a second and a third engagement will be possible." "Somewhere, somehow, some kind of revolution must be taking place." In some way this act of sentimental hysterical defiance, and its resulting creation, must be part of it. I don't know if this is strictly true, but it is a conclusion which touches our mercy, in spite of its sentimentality. With the exasperating eclecticism typical of the intellectuals of contemporary non-Western cultures, Dazai echoes not only Céline, but Artzybashev. Today we have outgrown Artzybashev, we know he is sentimental. Perhaps Céline is too. Perhaps what we are witnessing all over the world is simply the inability of a commercial, acquisitive culture to provide satisfactory goals, and not really a

## World Ills in the Far East

**ZONE OF EMPTINESS.** By Hiroshi Noma. The World Publishing Company. \$3.95.

**THE SETTING SUN.** By Ozamu Dazai. New Directions. \$3.

**THE FRONTIERS OF LOVE.** By Diana Chang. Random House. \$3.50.

**THE HEIKE STORY.** By Eiji Yoshikawa. Alfred A. Knopf. \$5.95.

**THREE GEISHAS.** Kikou Yamata John Day Co. \$3.50.

### By Kenneth Rexroth

MOST of the novels, in all languages, dealing with the Second World War, have followed in the footsteps of Ford Madox Ford and e.e. cummings, rather than Barbusse, Roland, or Hemingway. They have dealt, not with the horror and pathos of war as catastrophe and death, but with its assault on the personality, and owe their drama to the varying degrees of resistance or collapse of their characters before this onslaught. Contemporary military novels could be arranged in a series shading imperceptibly into those dealing with prisons and concentration camps in one direction, and totalitarianized civilian life in

the other. It would seem that the average serious novelist today realizes that war is only a hypertrophy of what we have come to accept as normal life.

Hiroshi Noma, one of Japan's leading young realists, in *Zone of Emptiness* concentrates almost exclusively on this problem. Like *The Enormous Room* it has no battle scenes. It is a story of life in an army prison and in barracks in Japan, of the immense zone of emptiness, the gulf of alienation, which grows and envelops a young Japanese soldier. Although we think, and no doubt justly, of the Japanese war machine as a far more obliterative mechanism than the American, it is surprising that, at the end, one feels that more has survived of Private Kitani, than, for instance, survived of Norman Mailer's characters. Perhaps it is because Private Kitani is a simpler person, and was conditioned to expect even worse than he got. This is not one of the greatest war novels ever written, but it is a moving story, and a curious picture of the naiveté and random discipline of what we think of as a personally irresistible military machine.

NO ONE who read Ozamu Dazai's "Villon's Wife" in *New Direction* 15 is likely to forget it soon. Few re-

KENNETH REXROTH will bring out this year translations of Japanese, Chinese, Greek and French poems.

September 29, 1956



journey beyond the end of night at all—however awful may be the torments of the sensibilities our civilization destroys.

IT WOULD be very difficult to think of a more isolated, peripheral, epiphenomenal, alienated group of people than the set of wealthy Eurasians in Shanghai during the last weeks of the war. Great classics of isolated drama, like *The Nigger of the Narcissus*, or standard variants of the typical British country house detective story—or *Grand Hotel*—are positively Dickensian by comparison. Diana Chang has written of a miniature society entrapped and suspended, a social Mohammed's coffin, a space platform lost beyond the moon. Yet, of all the novels of the Far East published this season, her book, at least for me, has most reality. Partly it is because her people are more like you and me, more typically part of the world-wide community of a sick Western society than Japanese fishermen or wastrel poets, and so more accessible; partly it is because Chinese civilization, which after all is still their strong foundation, is, in spite of all its current vicissitudes, a deeper and richer thing than Japanese; partly it is a matter of style. Miss Chang's style may not be faultless, but it is certainly personal, and it is more alive, more gripping, than even the best translation. Then, too, all the world can be reflected in a mirror on a space station, however lost, and so she has managed to embody much, if not all, of the forces acting on human beings caught in the maelstrom of total transvaluation which is the twentieth-century Far East. Like the situation, her characters are dramatically "pure," almost like Ben Jonson's humors—imperialists; international gadabouts; aging liberal Chinese incapable of decision; a youth from the countryside, spontaneously, organically revolutionary, who is crushed by the blind melodrama of organized "revolution"; and the women, all of them seeking love, all of them losing it, and one of them, a rather autobiographical-sounding heroine, at least finding a kind of personal integrity in tragedy and betrayal. Once again,

it is the same message as in so many of these novels, "Out of this nettle, alienation, we pluck this flower, integrity." Not very many first novels are written with as much skill and insight. One chapter, in which the heroine's Communist lover tries to pump her for information which she doesn't possess by simultaneously making love to her and belaboring her for false principles, which she doesn't possess either, is a masterpiece of quiet, mature irony. Whatever we may think of the merits of the Japanese novelists I have been reviewing, Diana Chang is one of ours. She should be around in American literature for some time to come.

IN THE opening years of the twelfth century the old courtly culture of Japan, then dominated by the Fujiwara family, began to break up into a kind of military feudalism. The next decades were a troubled time of struggle between the Minamoto (Genji in Sino-Japanese pronunciation) and Taira (Heike) clans. Like the Three Kingdoms period which succeeded Han Chinese civilization, this epoch constitutes a sort of Heroic Age in Japanese history, and produced, like the other's *Romance of Three Kingdoms*, a rather incoherent, episodic prose epic, *The Heike Monogatari*. Again, just as the Three Kingdoms romance has provided the Chinese theatre with innumerable spectacular blood and thunder plays, so the *Heike Mono-*

*gata* has been a main source for the large class of Japanese thriller movies, the so-called "samurai pictures" which, over there, compete with our Westerns. Eiji Yoshikawa's novel is the first installment of a retelling of the *Heike Monogatari*, the story of the rise of the Heike under Kiyomori, the first struggles with the Genji, and at the end the impending vengeance of the next generation. Although Yoshikawa persistently echoes *The Tale of Genji* and other romances, diaries and poems of classical Japan, he has written essentially a stock modern historical romance, a long, brightly-costumed action story. He has filled in the skeleton of the old romance with novelistic detail, color, conversations, even motivations of a sort, but this is by no means a modern *Tale of Genji*. I suppose the latter is the most profound work of prose fiction in any language. *The Heike Story* belongs in the class of Ernest Haycox and Gordon Young. As such it is very entertaining and filled with always interesting historical detail and background, and so an absorbing introduction to medieval Japanese life. A word of warning—this is very far from being contemporary Japan—a point that once seems to have escaped even so trained an observer as Ruth Benedict. *The Tale of Genji*, *The Heike Monogatari*, *The Forty-Seven Ronin*, do not really cast much light on the psychology of modern Japan.

### In the Light of Autumn

As far as the shore the leaves are falling,  
Some into the falling waves and beyond  
The sea, through the emptying length  
Of the warm light, again falling. One thinks  
Of horses moving heavily and in complete  
Silence, with that muted amber  
Shining on their flanks, across huge spaces.  
This is the time it seems we are most alone with,  
Yet still find beautiful. This most  
Resembles a silence in ourselves, come to  
Reluctantly, but with relief found at last.  
Summer is gone, that brilliant stranger.  
We walk, without words, in the stilled spaces,  
In the light's latter clearness, as though  
In company with some ancient unspoken  
Understanding. We are by ourselves  
With the deepening quiet, the long shadows, with the fall,  
With what the year has become, and what we are.

W. S. MERWIN

The NATION

KIKOU YAMATA is what publishers call a valuable property. She is of Japanese and French parentage, married to a Swiss artist, writes in French, and in Europe is perhaps the most popular interpreter of Japan to the West. Last year John Day published a novel, *Lady of Beauty*, a rather somnambulist story of a lost, aristocratic hysterical woman, struggling to keep emotionally alive while Japan itself collapsed in war. It wasn't too well translated, but it was readable. The prose of this translation is so bad it reads like a practical joke.

*Three Geishas* is a journalistic account of three women, one the concubine of the first American Consul, the others sentimental heroines of

this century. Memoirs of ladies like this are popular in the Japanese newspapers, and this book echoes the vulgarity and misinformation of such stories. If you want information about the lives of three quite typical geishas, grit your teeth and go ahead. But be careful. For instance, Zen Buddhism (which everybody knows about now, and which is rapidly replacing marihuana as the latest thing south of Fourteenth Street) is certainly not a school of deductive logic! The book is full of such howlers, reflections of the modern, westernized Japanese incomprehension of a great cultural heritage. Better "source material" can be found in *Geisha of Pontocho*, written by P. D. Perkins two years ago.

## Lewis on the Run

WITH LOVE FROM GRACIE.

Sinclair Lewis: 1912-1925. By Grace Hegger Lewis. Harcourt, Brace and Co. \$5.75.

### Josephine Herbst

IN ALL his novels Sinclair Lewis never created a character as complex as himself. Elmer Gantry and Babbitt seem clumsy compared to the watch-works of the demon worker, the mercurial friend, the compulsive conversationalist, the effervescent mimic, the restless doomed traveler who was Lewis.

Whatever else he may have tried to be, he was first and last the born writer. The role of family man never came easily. In *With Love from Gracie*, his first wife sets down her remembrance of things past, beginning with their meeting. It was an awkward encounter; her bag was knocked from her hand; his hat blew off. He was "Charlie Chaplin, himself."

Lewis was a poorly paid reader for a New York publisher; Grace Hegger was on the editorial staff of *Vogue*. In contrast to his upbringing in grim Sauk Center her English background must have seemed glamorous. Her "tall, elegant" father had

owned a gallery on Fifth Avenue and had sailed in a dahabeah on the Nile.

When their son was born Grace hoped to make a real home, but Lewis was more than ever goaded to "travel, to learn, to see." From then on they were on the move; Carmel, Wisconsin, Sauk Center, Washington, New York, Paris.

Lewis was ready for anything except to be still. When Grace played the piano he wanted to learn. She loved to dance but he had "no twinkle in his toes." But he could write. At every stop his first remark was "Where do I write?" From his old valise would come boxes of paper, his pencils, his erasers, his green eye-shade. Grace Lewis really makes you see the dedicated dynamo at work. But he could never learn to take pleasure in growing things, in a flower, a tree, or a child. He was barely acquainted with his son, the lonely child who was always parked somewhere else.

An authentic character who looks and acts like Lewis begins to take the spotlight, emerging brashly, shyly amidst details indirectly related to him. Marriage changed neither of them; Grace was a strong character too. He might like to dine in an elegant spot but he was more interested in the life of the waiter than the food. Her addiction to

gentility is reflected in her comments: we get only the seamy side of Greenwich Village; Emma Goldman at a rowdy Webster Hall ball cuts bread like a housewife; the Gurdjieff crowd at Fontainebleau embarrass her; the left bank of Paris seems chiefly cluttered with "no-goods" at a period when she might have seen Ezra Pound, Ford Madox Ford, Hemingway and even James Joyce at a Montparnasse cafe.

Lewis dedicated *Main Street* to James Branch Cabell and Joseph Hergeshimer. Why? In one of her shrewder shots Hergeshimer appears as a petulant snob who considered

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JOSEPHINE HERBST is the author of *Rope of Gold*, *Somewhere the Tempest Fell*, and other novels.

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only Joseph Conrad and Gosse competent to give an opinion of his work. Cabell is eclipsed by a description of the hotel where the Lewises stopped on their visit to him. Names, names, names; they are all fascinating and many of them the greatest of their day. But they seem only way-stations on the Lewis journey. We know what they had for dinner at the Harold Laskis; what John Maynard Keynes served and what his wife wore. Virginia Woolf was there; Osbert Sitwell was there. They had dinner with Galsworthy; with William Dean Howells. With few exceptions these people remain gray blurs drowned in menus, descriptions of rooms, Grace's costumes.

Before all his traveling, there was Sauk Center and out of Dr. Lewis, Sinclair's father, Grace makes considerably more than a gray blur. The gruff, bleak, honorable man whose narrow code in a narrow environment led his son straight to *Main Street* is given form and content.

This account has its rewards, perhaps in ways the author didn't intend. But an account by Mark Schorer of Lewis' last home in the *Villa La Costa* at Florence will give you more insight into the desperado, the lonely genius who, like Lawrence, was always a tumbleweed.

## Race in Unions

### EQUALITY OF OPPORTUNITY.

A Union Approach to Fair Employment. By John Hope II. Public Affairs Press. \$3.25.

By Harvey O'Connor

THE BEST job done by any union in the anti-discrimination field is described by John Hope II, director of Fisk University's industrial relations division, in *Equality of Opportunity*. Like many unions, the Packinghouse

Workers passed splendid resolutions in convention; unlike most, it then decided to enforce them. In common with many unions, Packinghouse devised an elaborate education campaign and then found out that "education" is best achieved through specific action in local unions on the myriad types of discrimination. Mr. Hope describes such job actions and the attitudes of membership. How stubborn are prejudices is revealed in his polls of white union members

in New Orleans and Fort Worth; the vast majority are still for "separate but equal" facilities for Negroes outside the plants. Obviously Packinghouse's job has just begun, but the union deserves "A" for both effort and achievement, particularly in the South.

HARVEY O'CONNOR, author of *The Empire of Oil*, was publicity director, Oil Workers International Union—CIO, 1945-48.

## THEATRE

### Harold Clurman

ABOUT EVERY revival of a famous and familiar play two questions should be asked: what creative quality does the new production possess, independently of any preconceived notion we may have, and second, in so far as the production purports to be a rendering of what the dramatist meant, to what degree does it succeed?

To my (partial) astonishment, I find that most discussions of Shakespeare or Shaw revivals center on our taste for this or that particular actor, for this or that particular stage arrangement—quite apart from any unified meaning the producers hoped to give their presentation. The text itself is taken for granted, as if, to begin with, we all unquestionably knew what *Hamlet* or *King Lear* or *Saint Joan* are truly about.


FOR a production to have any artistic value, the play must be created afresh each time we enter the theatre. We must behave as much as possible as if we have never seen it before—which, in fact, is the truth—because Olivier's *Hamlet* is not the same play as Redgrave's or

Guinness'—even though the texts are identical.

Generally speaking, I do not approve of those "revolutionary" productions which attempt to transvaluate all of a play's values: for example, the notorious 1932 Vachangov Theatre production in Moscow in which *Hamlet* was turned into an indolent dilettante, *Ophelia* into a bawd and *Claudius*' court into a burlesque hotbed of decadence. Yet such productions have at least this merit: they emphasize the challenge which each production presents to the company that undertakes it to make a new, living and meaningful whole of the staged play.

What I got from the Cambridge Drama Festival's production of Shaw's *Saint Joan* (Phoenix Theatre) is that it was a vehicle for Siobhan McKenna. This may not have been the company's intention but it is what came over. The reason for this is that each actor performs his part, but none of them embodies the dramatic conflict of the play.

Shaw's *Saint Joan* dramatizes the different ways in which people confront life. Joan faces life by a headlong assault on its chief burden—in this case, the forced presence of a foreigner on her homeland. She is inspired by moral passion. The Dauphin wants to do no more than his poor means permit: he is therefore weak and comic. Dunois is a practical soldier who wants to go



The DEVIL IN THE BOOK

BY DALTON TRUMBO

Facts concerning the controversial Smith Act Trials, by the author of *Johnny Got His Gun*, *Remarkable Andrew*, and screenplays *Kitty Foyle*, *Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo*, and *A Guy Named Joe*.

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only as far as the common facts of military reality extend: that is why he is cautious. The Archbishop wishes to control reality through dependence on traditional authority—hence, though he is moved by Joan, he will not support her when he sees she recognizes no authority beyond her own conscience. Warwick manages reality for the sake of power—this limits his vision. Cauchon hates heresy, which he identifies with all forces outside the church.

The Chaplain wants to take revenge on every disturber of the peace which he simply equates with the order of custom. For all these reasons, Joan is alone and she must be destroyed—even though no one actually hates her. She is innocent: she knows no truth outside THE TRUTH. This makes her headstrong, unswerving as an arrow, in a word, a saint—who like her creator, G. B. S., is paradoxical, unalterable (from the outside world's point of view), conceited and finally triumphant in purpose if not in person.

THE conflict begins as a joke—the first three scenes are almost farcical—and moves on to something close to heroic tragedy with an epilogue which is, on the whole, wistfully ironic. It is a conflict which never diverts from its course, and is most notably exposed in the Cathedral scene. But what we get on the Phoenix stage, because the actors, though capable, have not thoroughly understood the dramatic motif of the play, is a series of set

speeches, would-be clever readings, timid characterizations—nearly always irrelevant to the point of the play.

Siobhan McKenna is an ideal instrument for her role. She has a square, sturdy figure and face, large gleaming eyes, great energy, a powerful voice, a sort of insistent obstinacy, unmistakable sincerity. She is winning in the early scenes through a certain rugged sweetness and candor. But the Joan of this text is not the real "Joan"; it is *Shaw's* Joan, and must convey something more than the expected Joan-like traits. Even religious exaltation is not enough here, for the simplicity of Shaw's Joan is not simple-mindedness, her fervor is not irrational ecstasy but active conviction and fiery purposefulness, her arguments are not merely common sense but driving intelligence.

Because Miss McKenna's characterization is not integrated into an over-all comprehension of the play, she intones to the point of monotony many of her speeches as if they were intended for her own uses of private worship instead of being weapons used to overwhelm her ideological adversaries. (After all, Joan employs close reasoning as well as messianic exhortation.) Miss McKenna frequently spells out the author's thought, so that while the words and sentences are made utterly clear, the scenes as links in the progression of the play's dramatic conflict become vague and ultimately unimpressive. The production is a creative nonentity.

## RECORDS

### B. H. Haggin

OF THE Mozart records that continue to be issued this anniversary year one of the best is Epic LC-3233, with two of the later and greater symphonies—K.504 (*Prague*) and 425 (*Linz*)—that are heard less frequently than the others, and with superb performances in which van Otterloo not only paces, shapes and articulates the musical progressions effectively but gets the Vienna Symphony to . . . with beauty and re-

finement of tone and execution.

On Epic LC-3229 Karl Boehm, conducting the Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra, surprises one with a performance of Mozart's Symphony K.551 (the so-called *Jupiter*) that has a continuity of flow not usually heard in his performances. The Minuet is a little, but not excessively, slow. The record also offers the early Symphony K.184, which is more like an over-

ture with its three connected movements—the opening Allegro mostly proclamatory gestures, the Andante lovely, the final Allegro fair. And the Symphony K.318, which resembles an overture even more, since the charming second subject of the opening Allegro recurs after the lyrical Andante in the brief closing Allegro. Even with their engaging pages these are minor pieces which I don't think should be put on a record with a work of such stature as K.551.

MOZART'S Violin Concerto K.207, on Epic LC-3230, which I don't recall having heard before, turns out to be smaller in scale and less impressive in substance than the well-known K.216, 218 and 219; but it has an engagingly high-spirited first movement and a lovely Adagio in which the solo violin's first entrance is breath-taking as played by Grumiaux in a fine performance with the Vienna Symphony under Paumgartner. The Concerto K.271a on the reverse side is an uninteresting

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piece whose authenticity is in doubt—two reasons for not putting it on this record.

The *Haffner* Serenade K.250 (which is not the work from which the four movements of the great *Haffner* Symphony K.385 were taken) is on Vanguard 483, with a few changes from the version that has been performed until now: it is introduced by the March K.249 that

introduced it originally, and incorporates a tympani part for some of the movements and a revised scoring for the trio of the fifth movement that have been found in a later manuscript. The notes on the envelope make much of the large symphonic style that is heard in this work; however the best writing is not in the "symphonic" first and last movements but in the engaging Minuets and Rondo, the lovely, if diffuse, Andantes, that are characteristic of the serenade. I can imagine more effective performances than the one Woeldike produces with the Vienna State Opera Orchestra and an undistinguished violin soloist, Philipp Mattheis.

As it happens, the Divertimento K.251 is played more effectively by Münchinger and his Stuttgart Chamber Orchestra on London LL-1393. This is a smaller work, of which I like the first, third and fifth movements more than the others. Also on the record are the sixteen-year-old Schubert's Five Minuets and Five German Dances, which include occasional fine passages but are not the equal of his later pieces in this genre.

Three unfamiliar Rossini overtures—*The Siege of Corinth*, *Tancredi* and *The Journey to Rheims*—are played by Rossi and the Vienna State Opera Orchestra on Vanguard 456, in addition to the well-known *L'Italiana in Algeri*, *Il Turco in Italia*, *La Cenerentola* and *Semiramide*. And the first two are played also by young Pierino Gamba and the London Symphony on London LL-1366, with the familiar *Il Signor Bruschino*, *La Cenerentola* and *William Tell*. *Tancredi* and *The Journey to Rheims* follow the usual Rossini pattern enjoyably; but *The Siege of Corinth* is highly unusual and interesting in the variety and the extensive, symphonic development of its thematic substance. Gamba's performances offer beautiful phrasing, articulating and shaping of the music and precise, fine-sounding playing by the orchestra; Rossi's do not; and while Rossi whips up tempos excitingly in *The Siege of Corinth*, his performances of *L'Italiana*, *La Cenerentola* and *Semiramide* lack energy and tension.

In addition their recorded sound lacks solidity and impact.

IT WAS one of Mengelberg's "principles," as he called them, that "in Tchaikovsky everyting *exagguéré*"; but how effective Tchaikovsky's music is when played without the traditional exaggeration is demonstrated by Ataulfo Argenta's superb performance of the Symphony No. 4 with L'Orchestre de la Suisse romande on London LL-1275. This is the first performance by Argenta that I have heard; and it makes me look forward with interest to the next.

Tchaikovsky's *Mozartiana*, his skillful orchestration of several piano pieces by Mozart, including the extraordinary Gigue K.574 and the fine Variations K.455 on *Unser dummer Poebel meint*, is played poorly by van Kempen with the Lamoureux Concerts Orchestra on Epic LC-3213. The record also offers Tchaikovsky's Serenade Op. 48 for strings, of which the Allegro of the first movement is rushed but the rest is played acceptably.

Fournier's usually beautiful cello tone is dry and whining in his performance of the Dvorak Concerto with the Vienna Philharmonic under Kubelik on London LL-1106.

## A Repeater

I have seen, and would see again,  
On the breast of that woman  
The images of the forest  
And of the waterfall and glen,  
The difficult harmonies of the ocean,  
The poisons of the wicked,  
The flowers of the artistic.

And I have seen nothing at all there  
But myself, herself, her prosaic flesh  
Become monotonous and carefree  
And casually comfortable, have seen  
Tattoos there and newspaper ads from  
The classified, and napkins and toilet  
Tissues, the commonest things you can  
name.

I have seen, and would see again,  
The secrets there my youth did not  
know  
Existed so soft and round in the ripe  
world,  
The fruits of the garden before the worm,  
The ocean at noon, the west at sunset,  
The belief-in-being that woman is real.

JOHN PORTER HEYMANN

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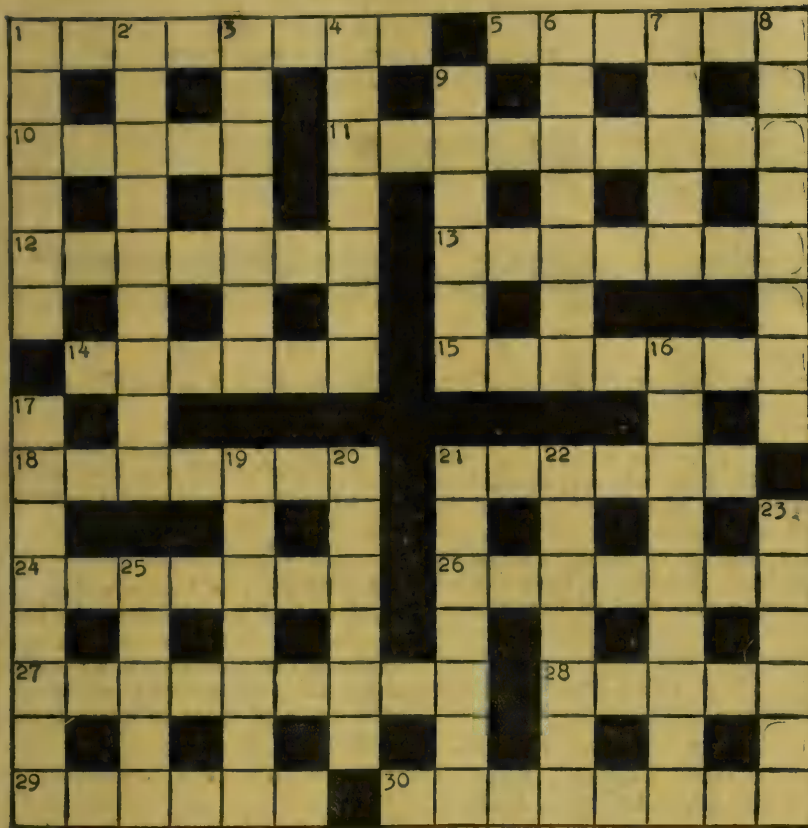
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# Crossword Puzzle No. 691

By FRANK W. LEWIS



## ACROSS:

- 1 Need just this to be recklessly put together? (8)
- 5 An awkward step is taken, and is disposed to irritate. (6)
- 10 A finer mixture, as one might surmise. (5)
- 11 This might help keep things 13, on the level! (9)
- 12 A token that insures the listener getting home. (7)
- 13 See 17 down
- 14 Might be safe for a hacker, by the sound of it. (6)
- 15 One of those who gather in left field? (7)
- 18 This could settle his hash if he has wild ideas! (7)
- 21 Harry. (6)
- 24 Perhaps draw, conceivably drug. (7)
- 26 More like Boy Blue? (7)
- 27 A person to act on the mark might need plenty of pluck. (9)
- 28 Grows together, but might be offensive in return. (5)
- 29 They might hang like a bone in a broken nose. (6)
- 30 Constantly recurs. (8)

## DOWN:

- 1 It comes in when you do to some of the laundry. (6)
- 2 Like the villain in a ruse of uncertainty. (9)

- 3 Reflexively royal. (7)
- 4 It might replace a match of much less than heavyweights. (7)
- 6 Father's no fool, by the way! (7)
- 7 See 22 down
- 8 Their work is bound to be refined. (8)
- 9 Being wrong about throwing away a fish-head? (6)
- 16 Unique neckwear and other small articles of adornment. (9)
- 17 and 18 across Were they responsible for meat, bread, and light containers? (5, 3, 2, 1, 4)
- 19 This is to love a man. (7)
- 20 While this musical comedy girl displays a bonnet ribbon. (6)
- 21 A body of persons having common interests or corporate functions. (7)
- 22, 7 down, and 25 down Evidently one can't take such a step alone. (2, 5, 3, 2, 5)
- 23 Dickens said one of these was good for the lips, along with prunes. (6)

## SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 690:

ACROSS: 1 DADDY LONGLEGS; 10 MALMSEY; 11 ABAXIAL; 12 RETAINERS; 13 UNION; 14 CHARGE; 16 IDEOLOGY; 19 NATIPICAL; 20 UNUSED; 22 BRASH; 23 ASCETICAL; 25 THIMBLE; 26 ABO-LIAN; 27 INTERSPERSON; DOWN: 2 ALLOT; 3 DISTINGUISHABLE; 4 LAY-MEN; 5 NEAR SIDE; 6 LEAGUE OF NATIONS; 7 GRIDIRON; 8 AND OF AMERICAN PLAN; 15 ADULATION; 17 YODELING; 18 PALAVERS; 21 SCRAPE; 22 BATS; 24 CAIRO.

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• • •

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# CONQUEST OF CANADA

The Great \$\$ Invasion

*by Mark Gayn*

## Trading-Stamp Stampede

A Hard Look at Premium Giveaways

*by Harvey L. Vredenburg*



# A COMMUNICATION

After holding public hearings, the Virginia legislature recently passed a bill denying state funds to school boards which permit integration. Among those testifying was Howard H. Carwile, native Virginian and Richmond lawyer long noted locally for his independent views. He was once arrested for insisting on sitting in the Jim Crow section at a church revival meeting. He has been denouncing segregation and attacking reaction in a ten-minute weekly Richmond radio program.

The following is the text of Mr. Carwile's remarks before a state legislative committee.

PRACTICALLY everybody in this body has been saying he is for segregation and against integration. Oh, yes — it is just a question of who can segregate the most effectively, and survive the longest. You have been saying that you are against even a little bit of integration. You couldn't even endure a six-year-old colored child in a white kindergarten. You have been talking about your courage and your principle. Well, I have a little courage and principle, too. I am against segregation — even a little bit of segregation. It is wrong, unconstitutional and indefensible. I am against everything in this fight except peaceful, consistent conformance to the supreme law of the land.

The deeply entrenched enemies of the public-school system have seized upon this highly emotional issue as a weapon for making war against public education in Virginia. Jack Kilpatrick, editor of the *Richmond News Leader*, is not fighting integration as such; he is fighting the public-school system. Senator Harry Byrd and Governor Thomas B. Stanley are fighting the public-school system for a good reason. If our public schools survive, and the people of Virginia ever get the right kind of education, Byrd and Stanley know that the Byrd machine will be voted out of power. The enemies of public education — the proponents of the Governor's plan — fervently tell us how even token integration will destroy the public-school system, but never find time to tell us how perpetual subjection to fiscal strangulation will preserve it.

A state cannot coerce one of its subdivisions into violating the supreme law of the land without itself becoming a principal in the first degree to flagrant violation. In addition, under this monstrous Byrd-Stanley-Kilpatrick plan, every school board in Virginia would

be compelled to become a co-defendant in a conspiracy against the United States Government in order to qualify for state school funds.

The Governor's plan is, in simple language, a brazen submission to these school boards of a choice between going to jail and going out of business. They cannot operate in perpetual defiance of supreme law without going to jail; they cannot operate in a perpetual state of financial strangulation without going out of business. Federal court orders eventually will embrace every school board in Virginia; consequently, the strangulating treatment of Stanley will be administered to every school board in Virginia until the public-school system has been consumed in the flames of diabolical defiance.

The theory that Jack Kilpatrick, the Defenders of State Sovereignty and the Stanley administration are peddling to us is this: The admission of even one colored child to one white school anywhere in Virginia would dynamite a hole in the dyke of defiance and unleash the flood tides of integration all over this Commonwealth, and culminate in the calamity of closing down all public schools in Virginia. That is why they say it has boiled down to a choice between total integration and total defiance.

There are many fallacies and reckless assumptions in this theory. There is not one scintilla of proof that a little integration, or some integration, inevitably will bring forth mass integration in all parts of the state. There is not one iota of proof that a little integration, some integration or much integration will force the closing down of public schools in Virginia. If the press and politicians of Virginia dedicated the same zeal and fervor to bringing about a peaceful conformance to the supreme law as they have to sowing the seeds of disruption and destruction, and inflaming the passions of ignorance and intolerance, there would be no crisis in the public-school system of Virginia.

Governor Stanley tells the people of Virginia over and over that his administration will use every honorable, legal and constitutional means to prevent any racial integration in any public schools of this Commonwealth. I concede that there are honorable, legal and constitutional methods for attempting to modify or repeal laws; but the Governor of Virginia is bringing strange news when he inundates this Commonwealth with a cheap brand of chauvinistic claptrap

about spurning and defying supreme law in an honorable, legal and constitutional manner.

There is not one iota of proof that destroying the public-school system of Virginia on the theory of saving it from an imaginary destruction makes any sense.

—HOWARD H. CARWILE

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## Editorials

### Gunboats Are Obsolete

In the Suez controversy, Sir Anthony Eden has discovered—the hard way—that the ultimatum backed up by the threat of military force is nowadays obsolete as a weapon in diplomacy. Neither domestic opinion nor world opinion will sanction “gunboat” tactics in situations where the danger of provoking a general war is implicit. Less obvious, perhaps, is a related conclusion: that economic sanctions are also obsolete since there is a rival power bloc today from which the boycotted nation can obtain, often at a premium, the supplies and materials it needs to survive. Only sanctions imposed by all major powers, East and West, through the United Nations are likely to prove effective in the present setting.

Sooner or later the British will realize that their use of force in Cyprus is also certain to fail, but for a different reason—and one that reflects some credit, however dubious, upon them. They cannot bring themselves to be sufficiently ruthless to crush the revolt as in Kenya. The manner in which they are carrying out individual executions in Cyprus is calculated to ensure a hundred years’ resistance; the British seem, in fact, to have forgotten entirely the folly of their black-and-tan terror in Ireland. With Nigeria, India, Pakistan and Ceylon—not to mention these United States—as lasting memorials, Sir Anthony and his colleagues should not permit dreams of ancient imperial glories to blind them to the fact that Britain’s ability to recognize new international realities is the key to survival in a rapidly changing world.

### The Improvisations of Mr. Dulles

The Dulles policy on Suez becomes increasingly hard to comprehend the more closely certain minor details are examined. On the one hand, the Secretary states it to be his emphatic “thought” that American ship captains arriving at the canal would “hesitate a long time before taking a Soviet pilot aboard.” But the

State Department hesitated not a second in granting Captain Walter A. Equils, veteran U. S. shipping captain, a passport so that he might accept a position with the Egyptian government as a canal pilot. As a matter of fact, seven American pilots have received passports to go to Egypt to take similar jobs. If the purpose of the users’ association is not to reroute traffic around Capetown, then why the loud talk about “drying up the ditch”? By approving passports for American pilots, the State Department has put itself in the position of being regarded as a “strike-breaking” agency by our British and French allies, who have just succeeded in inducing their nationals to withdraw as pilots by dangling the bait of handsome severance payments before their eyes.

As to the fear of Soviet pilots, Mr. Dulles seems to be suggesting that the decision to accept or reject them should be left to the judgment of individual American steamship captains, many of whom doubtless have pleasant enough recollections of the Russian pilots they took aboard American ships at Archangel and Murmansk during World War II. The more one thinks about such details, the more apparent it becomes that the users’ association is not a policy but another of Mr. Dulles’ nifty improvisations—this one designed to forestall any decision on Suez until after November 6.

### Putting the President to Work

Dick Nixon, star of the Republican road company, has been in touch with the White House managers, and President Eisenhower is going to have to get out there and hump himself. The notion that the President should protect his uncertain health by confining his campaign to six television appearances prevailed just as long as the public-opinion experts thought the GOP could win in a breeze. Now Nixon has run into some pockets of resistance and has ordered an old-fashioned swing around the country.

The President says he is obliging his friends, and Mr. Hagerty does not think that a heart condition and a recent major operation need put any restrictions on the amount of electioneering the Presi-



dent can now do. Plans are announced for Mr. Eisenhower to appear in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Kentucky and probably Missouri—states in which the Republican bandwagon seems to be losing momentum—and a number of other areas are bidding for the President's person. Plans are well advanced for lunches, photographic sessions with local wheelhorses, motorcades through streets crowded with cheering supporters. At each stop the President will speak: what he will say, however, has not yet been decided. As Messrs. Nixon and Hagerty would probably be the first to agree, what he will say is not very important. The way to get a crowd steamed up is to stage a personal appearance.

## Homage To Orwell

No sooner do we get rid of one nightmare about the future than another besets us. It was somewhat reassuring to learn recently from Mr. Anthony West, with the tentative concurrence of Mr. Kingsley Amis, that Airstrip One, the setting of *Nineteen Eighty-Four*, is actually a paranoiac version of George Orwell's preparatory school and not a projection of certain trends in modern society. Even with this explanation, the nightmare remains; but it is humanized, domesticated, made less terrifying. Unfortunately, scientists are less prone than novelists to project private fantasies as to society's future shape and pattern. What, then, is one to make of Automex, the new think-machine devised by the Westinghouse Research Laboratories? Automex has a "built-in intelligence," a remarkable capacity for "dispassionate judgment in distinguishing between success and failure" as well as the ability to distinguish between right and wrong. According to Dr. Morris Ostrovsky, the built-in intelligence of Automex is like that of the man climbing a mountain in total darkness. The climber can see neither the peak nor the ground nor his feet. Yet he is able to detect whether he has gone up or down after he has taken a step. But the best of mountain climbers have been known to break their necks and, besides, what will the theologians at Union and Woodstock and Princeton have to do now that a machine has come along that can process problems of right and wrong? From Big Brother to Automex is quite a step; already Orwell seems a bit old-fashioned. But the real difference, of course, is that Automex is not a fantasy.

## Communion On China

The eighty-one-nation conference at the United Nations, called to establish an atoms-for-peace agency, opened with the usual effort by the Soviet Union, India and a group of Arab-Asian nations to seat Communist China. But this time there was no pushing or shoving on either side; the usual reflexes were curiously retarded. No formal vote was recorded; no one asked

for a show of hands. Even more interesting was the silence which greeted the familiar arguments for China's admission advanced by spokesmen for the Communist and uncommitted countries; with the exception of South Korea, South Vietnam and two Latin-American nations, no one joined Dr. T. F. Tsiang in defense of Nationalist China. But if the United States was not pushing to keep China out, the USSR was not pushing to get her in. "Distinctly perfunctory" is the way correspondents characterized Russia's efforts on behalf of Peking. As we have noted before (see: U. S.-China Deadlock by Harold Greer, *The Nation*, February 4), Russia is hardly more anxious to forfeit its role as spokesman for China (a role it would lose, of course, were Peking admitted) than this country is to see Nationalist China ousted.

But despite the equivocal attitude of the two great powers, sentiment for the admission of China is at flood tide at the U. N. At this conference the talk in the corridors is that it will not be long after November 6 before the issue of representation is raised; nor is much doubt expressed concerning the outcome. It might be a good idea, therefore, if spokesmen for both major parties, without waiting for the election returns and despite their almost identical platforms on this issue, were to stop kidding the rest of us and acknowledge that Nationalist China's days at the U. N. are numbered. There is no secret about the fact; it's just that the politicians don't seem to realize that the people are privy to it.

## Crude Performance

The House subcommittee chaired by Representative James C. Davis (D. of Georgia), which is investigating the public schools of the District of Columbia, is proving almost exactly the opposite of what it set out to prove. The subcommittee wants to show that Negro students have a lower achievement level than white students. But to the extent that this point has been established—the questioning has been crude and frequently biased—it merely confirms that Negro students recently enrolled in integrated schools are still handicapped by their prior training in inferior segregated schools. And even if the point were granted, it would not necessarily follow that integration should be retarded or abandoned. But apart from this, the interpretation of so-called "achievement tests" is a difficult matter best left in the hands of experienced educators (see: *The Nation*, February 11, p. 102). Hence the most emphatic caveat should be entered to the conclusions being drawn, on the basis of faulty data, by a subcommittee the most active members of which are three signers of the Dixiecrat Manifesto, aided by a counsel who is his own chief witness most of the time.

It should be clear by now that the subcommittee is really not concerned with the District's schools. Its

purpose is to encourage Southern communities to resist the Supreme Court's decision and to broadcast some propaganda in their behalf. The Republicans, of course, are delighted with the way things are going; if the subcommittee's purpose were to create dissatisfaction among Negro voters with the Democratic Party, it could not have planned more effective hearings. (With his usual sharp timing, Vice President Nixon in Kansas City managed, while all this was going on, to call attention to his honorary membership in the NAACP.)

Troublesome as the hearings can be in stimulating resistance to integration, there is no reason to believe that they can arrest the process of integration in the District.

## The Absolutely Last Hurrah



The shaded portions of the map, above, are not congealed Rorschach ink blots nor do they represent a deformed tarantula. They delineate the Seventh Congressional District of Massachusetts after the master minds of the state's Republican Party had molded and fashioned it to their heart's desire. Over the years the district had been so heavily Democratic that in 1941 the Republicans, who then controlled the state government, decided to detach any enclaves of possible Republican sentiment and attach them to adjoining districts. The remaining portions were consigned to eternal Democratic domination, much as one might establish a line of credit for an alcoholic at a bar on the assumption that since he was beyond reform, he might as well be made happy for the balance of his days.

That the gerrymandering succeeded beyond the Re-

publicans' wildest expectations is shown by the fact that the district is almost certain to return to Washington a Congressman—Thomas J. Lane—who has just finished serving a jail term for evading payment of \$38,542 in income taxes. Thirteen days after his release from jail, Mr. Lane won the Democratic primary and is, of course, assured of election in November. So firmly is the district now in the Democratic column that Mr. Lane's opponents in the primary were reluctant to call attention to his difficulties with internal revenue; even for rival Democrats to call attention to such matters would be regarded as bad form in the homogenized Seventh. While Congressman Lane found it necessary to waive his salary during the four months he spent in jail, his staff carried on the duties of his office and, judging by the 25,812 votes he received in the primary, managed a highly successful campaign in his behalf.

As with most greedy gerrymandering schemes, the trouble with this one is not that it succeeded, but that it succeeded too well—in reverse.

## Executive Discontent

The corporate paternalism of the 1920s and earlier was often used by management to allay discontent that, it was feared, might be tapped by trade-union organizers. But the new paternalism is more concerned with the executive than the worker and the major objective seems to be to create an illusion of success and therefore of happiness. The main problem which is keeping management's psychiatrists busy at the moment is that of the middle-aged executive who hasn't gotten to the top and has come to feel that he is a failure. The cult of success, of course, makes the life of such an executive unbearable. The magnitude of the problem may be suggested by *Business Week's* observation (September 16) that "the bulk of middle management men never are going to rise much above their present levels. The reason: there just isn't enough room for all of them at the top." *Fortune* (September) cites "no future" as the major cause of executive discontent. The question, as *Fortune* sees it, is whether or not executive discontent is an inevitable by-product of a competitive economy. The psychiatrists think not, but concede that it is often difficult to bring goals into focus with attainable realities. The younger executive, aware of the problem, often feels that he can "beat the rap" by retreating to the suburbs, concentrating on golf and do-it-yourself projects, but sooner or later he is drawn into the fierce currents of competition. "The rat race," *Fortune* concludes, "will continue." The fact that it will lends emphasis to Adlai Stevenson's remark, in his Columbus, Ohio, speech, that "In a healthy economic society there must be other ambitions, other goals, for young men than sometime to be officers in a vast corporate hierarchy."



# CONQUEST OF CANADA

## The Great \$\$ Invasion . . by MARK GAYN

Montreal

THE FIRST impression a traveller gathers driving across Canada is the nation's vastness. The second, inevitably, is that this is one of the world's last great frontiers—thinly peopled and barely explored. One drives for a thousand miles and sees little else but forests, or lakes, or muskeg. Or, as I did a few weeks ago, one can journey for days and see only small, dusty, ramshackle towns, where the water sometimes is unpotable, the stores sell guns and tents and Geiger counters, and the taverns are filled with rough-hewn men speaking with the accents of French Quebec, or Finland, or the Ukraine. One gets to a town like Hearst or Cochrane and discovers that to the north, for hundreds of miles, there spreads a no-man's land, with no highways, few hamlets and only a handful of men building radar-warning lines, or hunting, or prospecting for the immense riches thought hidden in the soil.

There is one more impression. As one drives across the land and watches the occasional huge mines or mills or oil fields, one comes to realize that they usually belong to great American concerns, from Standard of New Jersey to the sharp-trading lone-wolf entrepreneurs of Texas. The continent's last frontier is barely scratched, but of what scratching there is, a very great deal is being done by the Americans.

The impressions of a cross-country trip help one to understand the nature of the Great Debate now coming to dominate Canadian domestic politics. "Who Really Owns Canada?" asks a national magazine, and proceeds to show that in their eagerness to push back their frontier the

Canadians had surrendered control of much of their economy to American Big Business. The Canadian man-in-the-street does not yet worry. A Gallup Poll (itself conducted by a Canadian subsidiary of the American organization) showed a few weeks ago that two out of three Canadians think the United States' investments in this country have been a good thing for Canada, and only one in six thinks they are not. But the reaction is far less favorable, and certainly more violent, when one meets intellectuals, politicians or even business men. Here one finds a more even division of opinion, with some insisting that American investments had advanced Canada's economic development by a decade; and others insisting fiercely that this development has been lopsided, and that what one is witnessing today is Canada's conquest by the American investor. Among those who make policy and mold opinion the debate is sharp, and there is no doubt that it will dominate the next federal election.

THE OFFICIAL statistics certainly provide food for argument. Since World War II, Canada's economy has been expanding at a rate as fast as that of any country, East or West. Today, with a total population just twice that of New York City, Canada is the world's sixth largest industrial and fourth largest trading nation. Yet official figures now show that the Americans control roughly half of Canada's manu-

facturing—and much more than half in key industries. They show that the control has been growing rapidly in the past six or seven years, and that it is being exercised through a relatively few huge American subsidiaries. They show finally that American money has been pouring across the border since the war at an average rate of about half a billion each year (a billion last year), and that the total U. S. investments in Canada now exceed ten billion dollars—or more than the total U. S. investment in all of Latin America.

Here are the latest official figures on who controlled key Canadian industries in 1953 (in percentages):

	Canada	U.S.
petroleum .....	30	68
other mining .....	45	53
pulp and paper .....	45	42
chemicals .....	28	54
electrical apparatus ....	28	62
rubber .....	8	90
automobiles and parts	5	95

But even these figures are obsolete. Since 1953, the flood of American dollars has been coming in still greater torrents. As a result, American capital today controls close to 95 per cent of the Canadian petroleum industry, 75 per cent of mining and 57 per cent of Canada's manufacturing. This is economic domination on a scale that has led some critics this summer to liken Canada to the oil-and-banana republics to the south.

THE FIRST rumbling of Canadian concern could be heard in 1954-55. This country was going through a minor depression (some half a million people were out of jobs) and many here blamed it on the effects of the much sharper decline across the border. At the same time, Ottawa was beginning to worry about the scale and nature of American investments. One product of this uneasiness was the setting up of the Royal Commission on Canada's Economic Prospects, headed by

MARK GAYN, American author and journalist now resident in Canada, has just completed a 6,000-mile journey from Quebec to British Columbia.



Walter Gordon, a Toronto management consultant.

When Parliament reconvened last January, the Opposition parties began to attack the Liberal government for "selling Canada down the river." Arguments up to then buried in briefs presented to the Gordon Commission suddenly became the subject of public debate. In late March, when Prime Minister Louis St. Laurent journeyed to White Sulphur Springs for a chat with President Eisenhower, he is known to have brought up the problem. It was not, however, until early April that the storm really broke out, and its cause curiously was a ninety-three-page booklet issued by the Dominion Department of Statistics under the forbidding title of *Canada's International Investment Position: 1926-54*. Few laymen are likely to have read it, but—digested and interpreted—it made front-page headlines from coast to coast. Its deductions were plain enough: the Canadians had lost control of key sectors of their economy to the Americans; if anything, the process was accelerating; and Canada's chances of ransoming its fortune were becoming slim indeed.

The public reaction was prompt and sharp. In and out of Parliament, Opposition speakers began to talk of "the economic invasion from the South" and of Canada becoming "the forty-ninth economic state." "Is Canada a U. S. Satellite?" asked a leading newspaper in the prairies. "Are Canadians Just Squatters in Canada?" demanded a subhead in a leading magazine. No one really advocated a halt to American investments, but a thousand voices

demanded that Ottawa force these investments into more useful channels.

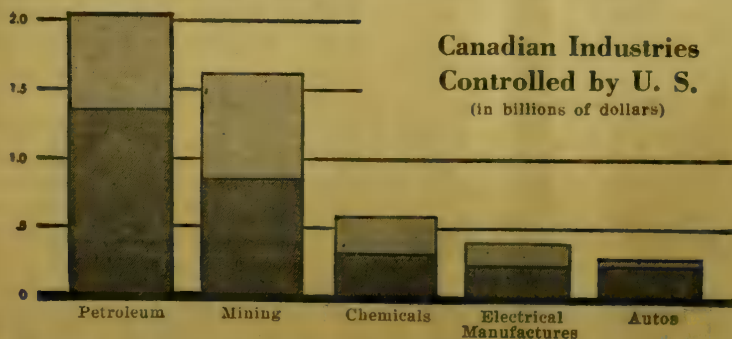
The controversy became crystallized in the so-called "pipeline debate" which kept Parliament in an uproar through much of the summer. In its later stages, the debate became envenomed by intra-party charges. But at its heart lay the question of American investments and the government's policy towards them. The project—construction of the world's longest pipeline (2,240 miles) to carry Alberta's natural gas to the industrial users as far East as Montreal—has been in the works since 1953 and possibly earlier. The Trans-Canada Pipelines, Ltd., was controlled by the Tennessee Gas Transmission Company, Gulf Oil and Continental Oil, with the Texas promoter, Clint W. Murchison, as the leading figure. The pipeline was to cost \$350,000,000, but the sponsors apparently felt the investment would be amply repaid if the company could sell Canadian gas in the American Midwest. The Federal Power Commission in Washington, however, denied permission to bring the pipeline in. Then the company proposed to lay the line entirely in Canada, provided someone financed the unprofitable and costly (\$175,000,000) section north of Lake Superior, where no markets for gas exist. When no private financing could be found, the Canadian government and the highly-industrialized Province of Ontario agreed to build this section, and then resell it to Murchison's company for cost plus 3½ per cent interest whenever the company could afford to buy it. It was at this



point that the sparks began to fly. The government thought the project highly beneficial to Canada and wanted the work started on it as soon as possible. The Opposition, on the other hand, with strong doubts about Murchison and the company, wanted to make the pipeline the pivot of a major debate on American investments. In the end, the Conservatives joined the Socialists in demanding State ownership of the pipeline. They were defeated by the huge Liberal majority—but not until some cruel hurts had been inflicted all around.

There is no doubt that the pipeline—like the joint U. S.-Canadian St. Lawrence Seaway—will prove to be a milestone in the nation's economic growth. But the debate has not resolved the underlying issues. Should the government itself have laid the pipeline? And did the government, in granting the lucrative contract to Trans-Canada, consider all the implications of American economic influence in Canada?

Are there grounds for alarm? Unhappily, the answers are not simple, for quite apart from any economic considerations, the issue has become coated with emotion. Ask a Canadian intellectual if he thinks the American investments are good for this country, and, as likely as not, he will tell you with passionate conviction that they have become a threat to national independence—as much as American TV, radio, books, the movies and Rock'n Roll. A few years back, a committee headed by the present Governor-General Vincent Massey, after a look at the state of Canadian culture, concluded that "we must not be blind to . . .



The dark shading represents U. S. ownership; lighter shading, Canadian.  
(Data from Business Week.)

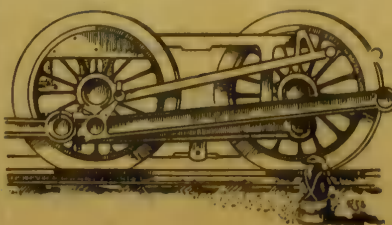


the very present danger of permanent dependence (on the United States)." How much more grave, the intellectual now argues, is the threat offered by the American domination of Canada's economic life!

BUT EVEN ON its non-emotional levels, the debate is heated. The vocal and articulate "pros" argue that without the American investments, Canada would not be where it is today for another decade; that American enterprise has extracted riches from the Canadian soil that might never have been found otherwise; that American companies here employ every fifth Canadian industrial worker. The Canadian, the "pros" say, saves a billion a year, but he would rather invest it in domestic bonds or in ventures abroad than risk it prospecting for oil or iron in the north. Canadian investments abroad today exceed seven billion dollars—in American breweries and Brazilian streetcars, in Mexican telephones, Italian smelters and old Jean Harlow movies. But when the promoters of the huge Iron Ore Company, a syndicate of six American steel companies formed with the help of George Humphrey before he became Secretary of the Treasury, tried to borrow money to develop the fabulous iron ore deposits found in Labrador, all they could get on this side of the border was \$2,000,000. The firm then went ahead to borrow seventy times that much from American insurance companies and to pour a total of a quarter-billion dollars into the preliminary work. The first shipload of 13,000 tons of ore travelled down the new 360-mile company railway to the St. Lawrence en route to Philadelphia only a little more than two years ago. When the company concluded its 1955 business year, its working profit was already estimated at some \$20,000,000. The new "Canadian Mesabi," the "pros" say, has pushed the northern frontier hundreds of miles away, opened vast new country to exploration, brought into being brand-new towns, has given jobs to thousands and met most of Canada's demand for iron ore which up to now it has been buying from the United States.

The "antis" also have some strong arguments. The most telling of them is expressed in the cry of the then leader of the Opposition, George Drew: "Canadians should declare their economic independence of the United States . . . We are not going to be hewers of wood, drawers of water, and diggers of holes for any other country, no matter how friendly." The "antis" say that American capital is rapidly seizing control of Canada's raw materials and converting this nation into a vast adjunct to American industry. *MacLean's Magazine* argues that "more than eighty per cent of our exports leave the country in raw (pulpwood, iron ore) or semi-processed (flour, aluminum ingots) form. Nearly the same proportion of our imports are semi-manufactured or finished goods." A single Sunday issue of *The New York Times* uses up some 24,000 Canadian trees. And when Canada exports raw materials, *MacLean's* estimates, it also exports two million industrial jobs. The "antis" insist that Canada should control foreign ownership of basic resources and that, as far as possible, the raw materials should be processed at home. If not, Canadian raw-materials economy would become inextricably tied to American heavy industry, and the slightest depression south of the border would play havoc north of it.

What incenses the Canadians, too, is the American insistence on the outright control of their subsidiaries here. Though American investors last year collected nearly \$300,000,000 in dividends from Canada, most American subsidiaries in this country would not sell stock to Canadians, would not employ Canadian directors, and often would not even hire Canadian managers. The story of the American Locomotive Company has by now become an almost classic illustration of how American man-



agement can ruffle Canadian feelings. American Locomotive controls the Montreal Locomotive Works, whose Board of Directors used to have two Canadians. Last year, when the American Locomotive needed extra capital, it declared a whopping \$9 dividend on the shares of its Canadian subsidiary, then valued at only \$14. To pay the dividend, the directors took some \$6,300,000 out of the company's working capital. The two Canadians resigned in protest, but it did no good—except to supply the "antis" with a telling argument they still employ.

Some effort to soothe Canadian feelings is now being made. The U. S.-Canadian tax treaty has just been revised to enable American concerns to sell more stock in this country. Also, many of the leading American concerns—Standard of New Jersey, Ford, DuPont, Good-year—now seek minority Canadian investments. Yet even at this point only one in ten American firms in this country has sold more than a quarter of its stock to Canadians. And here in Quebec, barely a month passes without a heavily publicized ceremony advertising the benefits of U. S. investments to Canadians.

THE BASIC problems, however, remain. Is it to Canada's benefit to become a green pasture for outside capital seeking raw materials, profits or simply refuge? (An Argentine politico has quietly acquired a huge cattle ranch in the West. The Suez Canal Company dabbles in Alberta oil. The French Bank of Indo-China takes a nibble at Winnipeg real estate and New Brunswick potato chips. The Singer Sewing Machines builds a huge pulp-and-paper plant in Quebec. And a Swiss firm which early this year opened its Montreal operations by buying the apartment house where I live now owns entire blocks of choice housing.) Is it to Canada's advantage to allow such an overwhelming foreign control of its basic resources? Should Canada allow the foreign investor to shape the nature of its economy? And would it not be better for Canada to finance its own development, even if at a slower pace?

As yet, Canada has no unified

policy on this vital problem. It is likely that the Gordon Commission report, to be published a few months hence, will lay the basis of a nationwide discussion and a new policy. There are, however, already signs of a rebellion against the American "encroachment." The most important of these involve the use of the Columbia and Yukon Rivers. Alcoa, the Aluminum Company of America, ran into a stone wall when it sought Canada's assent to the diversion of the Yukon headwaters through the Alaska Panhandle to power what was intended to be the world's largest aluminum plant. Canada has also taken a very strong stand on the damming of its section of the Columbia River. Since this would affect the great federal power plants on the American side of the frontier, the quarrel has produced some bitter arguments and will have to be settled in inter-government discussions. Canada's position, however, is that water and hydro-electric power are its great natural resources, and it

will not allow their sale for dollars.

The issue, thus, is bound to cloud the relations between the two nations for many years to come. Its dangers are now political as well as economic, and its solutions, too, must be political. J. Douglas Gibson, a Toronto banker and president of the Canadian Political Science Association, puts it this way: "The Canadian economy should be an economic reality and not merely a series of tributary areas whose orientation is largely toward adjoining parts of the United States. . . . [Political independence in any real sense needs] a material basis and would scarcely be practicable in a divided and dependent economy." On my cross-country journey, I discussed this issue with many leading political figures. Even the Socialists among them do not believe that the federal government has sold a particle of its independence to the American investor. What charges of corruption and undue political influence there are usually involve the National

Union government in Quebec (where the Iron Ore Company pays the province but \$100,000 a year in royalties on the vast Ungava iron ore mines) and the Social Credit governments of Alberta and British Columbia, whose enormous political slush funds are fed, according to their worried foes, by the American oil companies. The opponents of these three provincial governments, however, have been unable either to prove their charges, or to persuade the electorate to "turn the rascals out."

The flood of American capital has crossed the border so suddenly, and has enveloped the nation's key resources so quickly, that the Canadians are still too stunned to react. The reaction, however, is bound to come—and soon. For the American control of Canadian industry and vital resources must, sooner or later, affect the nation's life and destiny. However Canada reacts, the course of its history will bear the imprint of the decision.

# AFRICA'S MARGINAL MAN

## Pressure on the "Colored" . . by JULIUS LEWIN

*Johannesburg*

IN A secluded room in the center of this city three hard-faced Afrikaners stared at a Colored man. Two lawyers who were also present looked embarrassed when one of the Afrikaners asked the man to turn his profile the other way and then another asked him to put a comb through his hair.

The Race Appeal Board was applying its own tests, during the hearing of legal argument, to decide what race the Colored man belonged to. The board, consisting of three civil servants, was uncertain whether a fourth official had erred when he classified the man as "a Native," i.e. an African. The man claimed to

be Colored, i.e. of mixed white and black descent. His lawyer had called five witnesses to swear under oath that the man (whom we shall call Pietersen) lived among Colored people and was not generally regarded as an African.

An anthropologist from the university also gave evidence. "Looking at his profile," he said of the unhappy man, "his nose is not Negro; nor is the general shape of his skull that of an African Negro. He shows signs of eyebrow ridge, which is a European feature. His chin could be that of a European or Bantu. His lips are Bantu and so are his shell ears, his hair and his pigmentation. In physical make-up this man is a cross."

The man then admitted that he could speak Zulu, although at home he spoke only Afrikaans, the language of the ruling white race. After further questions, the board asked

the government's attorney whether he had any witnesses to call and the reply was no. The board thereupon announced its decision—that Pietersen had rightly been classified as an African.

There were good reasons for the tragic look on the man's face as he walked slowly away from the board room. As an African, he could no longer occupy a house in the Colored quarter. He could not continue as a member of any recognized labor union and his wage-rate would drop. He would always have to carry a pass to show any policeman who demanded to see it. He could no longer ride in a white bus. His children would have to move to an inferior school.

Pietersen's case is typical of many. The current campaign to classify the population according to race has already brought scores of marginal men before the tribunal. Few

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of them can produce birth certificates or other legal documents to prove that they had at least one white ancestor. Moreover, social or cultural tests are apt to be as inconclusive as the physical tests. The marginal men and women are trilingual and the color of their skin varies from deep black to clear white. The latest law has now tried to simplify the legal problem by compelling in future the application of only one test, namely the *appearance* of the person objecting to his official classification. The tedious procedure of listening to evidence about a "branded" man's life and personal associations is coming to an end. (The word "branded" was used by a magistrate.) The board can take just one good look at the marginal man and then decide on which side of the color line his life must fall.

DOWN IN Capetown an unknown number of Colored people have in the past managed to pass as white. In the Transvaal, however, this process is more difficult because, for one thing, the Colored community is small — scarcely 80,000 — compared with 1,300,000 in the Cape province. Here in the North the Colored man fights not for a higher white status but against a lower black one.

The Colored in both North and South have been the main target of the legislation introduced by the Nationalist Government. Their very existence is an awkward reminder that the white colonists of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries had no idea of the sacred importance of racial purity. Until the Afrikaner Nationalists came to power, public policy had, indeed, given God's stepchildren (as a novelist once called them) "the benefit of their white blood." (Incidentally, it is still widely held that the blood of white and non-white people literally must never be mixed. Official regulations governing the medical blood-transfusion service guard against this terrible danger.) Although Mr. Strauss, the leader of the parliamentary Opposition, has spoken of the Colored as "an appendix" (*sic*) of the Europeans, the government detests any-

thing that blurs the divine distinction between white and black. So a variety of laws have been passed designed to keep white apart from Colored and Colored apart from African.

A non-white person may not marry a European, or have sex relations with one outside marriage, on pain of imprisonment for at least four months and possibly two years. Yet enforcement of this so-called "Immorality Act" has shown that inter-racial sex relations are not as uncommon or as abhorrent as the purists would make believe. When the prize was ready for presentation to the attractive African winner of a recent beauty contest, she was located in prison serving her sentence for immoral relations with a European. Not long ago the magistrate at Stellenbosch, a cultural center occupied by the oldest Afrikaner university, said that for a town of its small size the number of cases under the "Immorality Act" was alarmingly high. Sixty of these cases tried throughout the country in the last year or two produced a strange result: the black woman was sent to prison but the white man involved was found not guilty of the crime that it undoubtedly takes two to commit. Public protest has failed to move the government to amend the law that allows this form of justice.

A new reason why people must be classified by their race is the Group Areas Act. Passed six years ago, this law is soon to be enforced in face of the tremendous practical difficulties it has already encountered. The law is designed to create and maintain a system of racial zoning in every city. Under its terms people of the four major groups — white, African, Colored and Indian — are allowed to live and trade only in the areas demarcated for them by boards consisting of men in sympathy with the government's policy. All the hearings of these boards have proved to be a grim farce. Brushing aside the eloquence of patient lawyers and the evidence of physical fact, the boards in the Transvaal, with the blessing of the government, have now ordered the Colored and the Indian communities to uproot

themselves in a dozen different towns and from old-established suburbs and commercial streets in cities and move to the bare veld twenty miles distant from the city. Houses built in some instances at a cost of \$20,000 and shops worth five times that amount must be evacuated within the coming year. In Johannesburg alone, Indian property valued at \$30,000,000 is affected by the plans. The conservative *Star* commented: "The government's decree will touch off a vast migration of people and an incalculable train of disrupted lives and human suffering. . . . Even in the name of white civilization we can see nothing to extenuate this act of mass callousness." When the Indian traders in one town protested, the board told them that they had no natural right to regard themselves as traders (which they have been for eighty years); they must accept their new status as unskilled manual laborers.

The white people will move into the areas from which the non-whites are driven. All except the Nationalists are agreed that the group areas indicated for the non-whites are, by any standard, grossly inadequate and wholly unsuitable for trade. To these areas a proper description was applied by an Anglican missionary: he called them ghettos.

IN CAPETOWN another board is busy with the task of zoning the whole Cape Peninsula. Its chairman is the notorious Dr. J. F. van Rensburg, former leader of a now defunct political body that rivalled the Nationalist Party at a time when both organizations thought highly of Hitler. (In an editorial review of a booklet written by Dr. van Rensburg in 1944, the *Cape Times* said: "It is a hodge-podge of malicious provocation on the well-tried Nazi model, adding to the capitalists, Communists and Jews [as enemies of the Afrikaner people] the South African ingredients of Natives, Cape Coloreds, and Asiatics. . . . The author is a Nazi.")

As the new ghettos are taking shape, the Colored and the Indian people are degraded to the status long held by Africans. For the Colored people especially the ex-

perience is something new. They have hitherto shared most of the white man's civil rights. During the last session of parliament they were deprived of the franchise that they had exercised since 1854; and they were also prohibited from remaining in labor unions with white workmen.

The Indians are preparing to resist the Group Areas Act with the

only means at their disposal — non-violent non-co-operation as first practiced by Mahatma Gandhi here in the old Transvaal forty-five years ago. Hitherto the respectable Colored people have kept aloof from radical political movements organized by Indians and Africans. In the second historic campaign of passive resistance four years ago, virtually no Colored men or women joined

the 8,000 who went joyfully to jail. Since then a new law has made passive resistance itself a serious crime punishable, if repeated after the first offense, by flogging as well as imprisonment. Whether a new campaign will be started, no one can tell. But if it is, one thing can safely be predicted: many Colored people will be ready to join the ranks of the resisters.

## Swindle Sheet . . a highly social study by WALTER GOODMAN

THE NEXT time you drop in for lunch at the Cub Room of the Stork Club, Louis and Armand's or Twenty-One, tear your eyes away from that six-dollar slab of imported smoked sturgeon and have a look at your fellow-diners. The chances are that half of them are not paying for their expensive meals. Their benefactor is neither Sherman Billingsley, Louis nor Armand. Forty-eight per cent of their check is being picked up by the firm which employs them or wants some business from them; the U. S. Treasury contributes the remainder in the form of uncollected corporate taxes.

The biggest spenders these days —according to a survey made last June by the Diners' Club, a six-year-old credit organization which enables corporation accountants to keep a penny-by-penny check on entertainments endured in the line of duty—are, in this order: TV professionals, public-relations practitioners, manufacturers' representatives, movie men, wholesalers' representatives, advertising executives, theatrical booking agents, brokers and literary agents.

Comments the Diners' Club: "The (television) industry is apparently learning in a hurry that much can be accomplished over a sirloin or a martini that cannot be accomplished in the client's booth of a television studio." That enlightenment should have come only recently to so pro-

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Robert Leydenfrost

gressive an industry may be explained by the fact that TV did not really hit its stride until the 30 per cent excess-profits tax was taken off the nation's books in December, 1953. While the tax was operative, the Expense Account established itself as an institution whose worth to the business community was barely surpassed by that of a sharp-witted accountant. In those good days a relatively modest \$20 luncheon party, digested in the line of business, would cost the host's firm \$3.60.

The abundance of post-war 18-cent dollars in corporation tills opened bright paths to the alert purveyor of luxury commodities like Peter Canlis, proprietor of a high-priced eating establishment in Seattle. The secret of his success: "I came to Seattle, saw that a lot of good expense money wasn't being spent because there was no place fancy enough to gobble it up—and I was happy to fill the gap."

In addition to expense accounts proper, salesmen and executives all

over the country found themselves deluged with the good things of life (in lieu of taxable wage rises): apartments and hotel rooms in various cities, membership in two or three country clubs, the use of private hunting cabins in the Sierras and beach cottages in Miami and airplanes to get them from one free accommodation to another. (Business men currently chalk up almost four million air hours each year in private planes—more than all America's scheduled airlines put together. They also use cars a lot: more than one-third of all the Cadillacs extant in Manhattan last year were registered in company names.) An entire town is presently being created in Florida which will be rented out to executives and their guests on a year-round basis for entertaining, convening and conferring. Duck-hunting clubs seem to be tops in fashion at this writing.

True, the excess-profits tax is gone now, and with it the 18-cent expense dollar. But the expense account remains a good thing even



with a 48-cent dollar. Economist Richard A. Girard reports the case of one vice president who has been granted \$20,000 to cover his entertainment requirements! "His contract specifies that he does not have to account for the money." With this system, even a pair of orchestra seats to *My Fair Lady* comes within the realm of the foreseeable. Indeed, a large part of the Broadway theatre is probably kept alive by people who do not have to pay for their pleasures out of their own pockets.

Despite annual admonitions by the Director of Internal Revenue that personal expense accounts (for which one need not account) must fall into the category of "ordinary and necessary costs" with a "reasonable expectation of return," revenue agents are hard put to figure out exactly how many martinis are necessary to clinch a given deal. A possibly apocryphal story has it that one firm winned a purchasing agent into chronic alcoholism and then applied for a \$500 deduction from taxes for his medical care. The effort failed, according to the story, but there is no penalty to speak of for a fair try at this sort of thing.

*Fortune* magazine has put the revenue agent's problem very simply:

... An executive's expense-account performance cannot be judged fairly on an arithmetical, per diem basis; what matters is results. A poor business-getter may be abusing his account when he spends a few hundred dollars a month, while a superlative business-getter may be a model of restraint in spending several thousand.

Occasionally, of course, even a good business-getter like Lucian W. Sprague, former chairman of the Minneapolis and St. Louis Railway, is pulled up by stockholders left breathless in the wake of an ever-ascending expense account. Before ousting Sprague in 1954, insurgents charged that their company had bought its chairman "Sprague Island," a \$124,000 North-woods retreat, boxes at racetracks, a luxury trip to Europe for himself and his wife, \$12,358 worth of Cadillacs and occasional batches of flowers and meat. But these acquisitions pale next to the five custom-built Daimlers that England's Sir Bernard

Docker, until last summer managing director of the Birmingham Small Arms Company, presented to *his* wife, or the couturier's bill for \$22,400 that he presented to his company's accountant. On ceasing to be chairman of B.S.A., Sir Bernard lamented that he would now have to modify his way of life.

Not many corporation employees are in the happy position formerly enjoyed by Sir Bernard or Mr. Sprague, but they do extraordinarily well considering that they are not able to sign their own checks. As one executive has put it: "Our men give their talent to the company and their genius to their expense accounts."

The unwholesome spirit conveyed in the appellation "swindle sheet" explains the uneasiness among the nation's more conservative corporation heads about how their forty-eight cents is being spent. In a survey of 183 companies made by the National Industrial Conference Board in 1954, 80 per cent of those approached agreed with this frowning opinion of a steel-products company president: "Executive expense accounts are difficult to control. We believe it is important to hold top officials in line . . . to set the pattern for the rest of the company." Most of the respondents were particularly dubious about those restaurants and hit musicals. "While we recognize that entertainment expenses are necessary these days, we do not approve of them. We merely condone . . . and do not encourage it."

THE Internal Revenue Service takes a similar view of expense accounts—a kind of suspicious resignation. Former Commissioner of Internal Revenue T. Coleman Andrews said in 1954:

Disallowing amounts claimed for such items (taxi fares, tips and the like) merely because there is no documentary evidence which will establish the precise amount beyond any reasonable doubt ignores commonly recognized business practice. . . . On the other hand, it is not Service policy to allow a percentage or other arbitrarily computed portion of deductions of this character merely for the purpose of settlement.

Firms which cannot afford even a bargain at Twenty-One's prices are

down on expense accounts for straightforward competitive reasons. An executive of an advertising agency that lost a profitable client to Batten, Barton, Durstine and Osborn recently has been quoted as saying: "All of a sudden they decided they were ashamed of us socially. They think they're big shots now—they want to be invited to Ben Duffy's place in Rye and they want to get a table up front at the Pavillion when they eat with an account supervisor, and all that stuff."

This rather unsportsmanlike reaction is a footnote to the reluctant corporation sigh, ". . . we recognize that entertainment expenses are necessary these days . . .," and explains why Mr. Andrews found the giving of large tips to be a "commonly recognized business practice." When the buyer of an article can discern little or no difference between one company's product and another's, his attention glides over to the fellow who is doing the selling. Where tensile strength is identical, the width of a smile attains enormous importance.

THE WIDTH of a smile, the dryness of a martini, the view from Row E—these are the weapons of the contemporary salesman. One account executive (account executives invariably pay for lunch; time-and-space-buyers in the same agency invariably get theirs free) told a trade magazine: "When we go out by ourselves we pick the place that's got the food we like. But when it's with a client, let's face it, most of us go where they call us by name."

In such a world, with its facade of leisurely transactions, even the payment of a dinner check assumes ritualistic significance. "An important tip-off to the adman's status," explains one student of Madison Avenue folkways, "is, of course, his manner of paying the check. Only the peasant (or anti-snob snob) pays cash. The most frequent form of payment is via the Diners' Club. However, the chic approach is maintaining a charge account in various midtown spots, and if the adman's really in, he may not even be presented with a check."

In his book, *The Power Elite*, C.

Wright Mills observes that the fringe benefits of the "riskless entrepreneurs" of our corporations constitute the initiation dues for membership in "a directly privileged class." Mills goes on:

The corporations from which their property and income derive are also the seats of the privileges and prerogatives. The great variety of these privileges substantially increases their standard of consumption, buttresses their financial position against the ups and downs of the economic system, lends shape to their whole style of living and lifts them into a security as great as that of the corporate economy itself.

Dollar-and-cents security, perhaps—though the descent from grandeur involved in losing an expense-account job might nourish a special kind of insecurity. But how is one to measure the psychic costs to the account executive or the manufacturer's representative of having to live his life by social standards which demand that he teeter constantly on the verge of an effusive and toothsome, "Hi there! Grand to see you!"?

Our expense-account operator's obligation to smile and be smiled at does not end at 5:30 p.m. The wattage of his smile must not decrease perceptibly so long as the

cocktail party, the dinner party, the floor show continues. He must remain radiant not just during the week, but at the country club Saturday nights, at the beach cottage on long weekends, up at the hunting lodge on vacations.

What does being a constant host or, for that matter, a constant guest, do for an individual? With what values does the softly-lit, carpeted world of over-priced food and drink and impeccable service equip him that he may relay to his son or contribute to his country? Can a man simulate joy for most of his waking life and then shed simulation in his moments alone? After devoting a long evening's energies to keeping a not improbably obnoxious out-of-town buyer in high spirits, will he have very much left for himself? Can the universally, unvaryingly agreeable attitudes and opinions which clothe him night and day, the techniques of affability which he cultivates so assiduously around a jolly dinner table, be set down like wooden shoes outside the door of his subsidized East Side apartment? The corporation controller is not equipped to measure such costs—and neither is anyone else.

An Australian economist, arguing

for a Royal Commission to investigate the phenomenon as it exists in his country, wrote a few weeks ago: "Drastic inroads on the expense account would be tantamount to a social revolution. No other measure . . . would do so much to level standards of living."

Economically, this is an exaggeration so far as the United States is concerned, but who can foresee the social and psychological disturbances which an assault on the Expense Account might wreak here at home? The economic frontiers that inspired our Vanderbilts and Carnegies and Fords have been civilized. The industrialists have bulldozed their way and established their empires and our generation must acknowledge a new aristocracy composed of the technician who oils the machines and the technician who oils the consumer. And in return for the luxuries of corporate paternalism, the salesman must smile more broadly and more frequently than ever; his collar must be cleaner, his breath fresher; he must more conscientiously shun the ambiguous or jarring thought.

It is rather refreshing in these times to open up the morning newspaper now and again and find that good old "Engine Charley" Wilson has uttered another public statement.

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## Trading-Stamp Stampede . . by H. L. VREDENBURG

IN 1951 a supermarket successfully used trading stamps for promoting sales. Since then, there has been a veritable stampede to stamps in the retail business across the country. Current surveys indicate:

1. More than forty million American consumers, whose interest in philately can be described as remote, are saving stamps. They represent twenty-nine million families—52 per cent of all families throughout the country.

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2. Ten per cent of the nation's retailers are spending \$75,000,000 on stamp plans to obtain about thirty-seven billion dollars in annual sales volume—roughly one-fifth of all retail sales. The retailers include 90,000 food shops, 7,000 druggists, 35,000 service stations and 38,000 assorted hardware and feed stores, dry cleaners, garages, etc.

The savings-stamp plan is a simple enough gimmick. Usually the customer is given a stamp for every ten cents she spends in purchases. Twelve-hundred stamps make a book, and the book (or books) of stamps, in turn, are redeemable for premiums of varying value. Thus, in purchasing a pound of steak, the housewife may be getting free

1/1,200th of a wallet for her husband or 1/2,400th of a movie projector for the family. Obviously, the lower the prices charged by the retailer, the fewer the stamps received by the customer. To some customers this poses an odd dilemma. [See cartoon on next page.]

Two questions arise as to this stupendous giveaway industry: First, why should it have gained such headway in a time of prosperity, when people seem to be buying anyway? Second, and even more important, who in the end really pays for the stamps—the retailer or the consumer?

Many business men think that giveaway schemes make sense for the retailer only in times of depres-



sion, but are irrational in times of high turnover and high prices. This theory ignores many factors. For one thing, the very fact that business activity is at a high level leads to higher costs of doing business and greater investment in inventory and facilities. There is also a corollary effect. In a time of prosperity, the combination of an expanding market, high profits, availability of capital for expansion and a high degree of confidence on the part of the business man leads to the establishment of so many new retail outlets that in several lines there are "too many" stores and therefore a higher degree of competition.

Such factors, of course, hit hardest at the "marginal" retailers who must increase sales or perish. But they also affect all retailers in varying degree. And since the "fixed" costs of most retail operations—rent, labor, public utilities etc.—are rising rapidly, the only way to maintain profits is by increasing sales.

Another element contributing to the growth of giveaway plans is the fact that most retailers—especially food stores and gasoline stations—have become more or less standardized in what they can offer their customers in goods and services. Prices tend to uniformity; national brands make up a large portion of every retail inventory; parking space (or windshield-wiping service, or delivery service) is available to the customer in most places. Under such circumstances, the extra service represented by a stamp plan can influence the patronage of a large number of shoppers.

ONCE A stamp plan has been introduced into a community, it tends to be self-generating. Competitors grab hold of the idea. The consumer, turned collector, becomes ever more avid for the bits of paper. This in turn puts more pressure on the retailer to make them available. So the cycle goes as more and more customers and retailers are drawn into the plan.

Sales gains realized by many stores through trading-stamp plans (and in some cases the gains have been phenomenal) tend to prove that consumers like it. Indeed, many



Courtesy Business Week

*"What's the man trying to do, cheat us out of our stamps?"*

merchants contend that their customers respond to giveaways better than they do to price-cutting.

Even while customers throng counters which give away trading stamps, the more thoughtful among them have an uneasy feeling that they are being taken for a ride. Isn't some subtle subterfuge being used by the retailer to conceal the cost of the stamps in his retail prices? In other words, isn't the consumer himself paying for the stamps? The retailers, of course, deny this emphatically; they say the customers pay absolutely nothing.

In any specific retail situation, empirical evidence may be found to support either position. The trading stamp is a device which retailers are using today primarily to promote sales. Their ability to break-even on the cost of the stamps is so completely dependent upon local conditions—the store location, the competitive picture, the store-merchandising program—that no generalizations are possible.

Most retailers rely on increased volume of business to defray their stamp cost. To do this, the retailer must regard this cost as "fixed" in relation to his sales volume before he starts operating the plan. If the profit from the increased sales volume which results from the plan can absorb the "fixed" cost, the retailer can break even without changing

his prices. Any increase in sales beyond the break-even point means increased profits (in itself an incentive for the retailer to try the plan). In supermarkets and service stations, a sales increase of from 15 to 25 per cent (depending on the level of fixed costs, the realized gross margin, stamp costs, the ability to reduce the ratio of expense to the increased volume, etc.) is usually required to reach the break-even point. Drug, hardware, furniture, appliance and department stores usually require smaller increases. A study I have made (*Trading Stamps*: Bureau of Business Research, Indiana University), indicates that many stores have realized sufficient increase in sales to cover their stamp costs.

Stores which do not realize a sufficient increase in volume must resort to other methods. Perhaps the most common is to discourage customer use of such costly services as credit, deliveries and 'phone orders by withholding stamps on sales made through these means. The savings resultant from cutting down credit is, of course, the most important; some retailers have found their savings in this area sufficient in themselves to offset stamp costs. Some observers argue that this method is a backhanded way of increasing prices by reducing services. Others, however, argue that the consumer



is merely being given a reward (through the trading stamp) for not using all of the services which have been included in the price of the merchandise. They insist that it is a fair method, since it leaves the consumer free to decide if he wants to purchase these services.

A second way of covering stamp costs through reducing expenses is to use the stamps to "stabilize" volume. The dealer may, for instance, offer special stamp deals during the hours or days when volume tends to diminish. This kind of stabilization makes possible a more efficient use of labor, equipment and inventory.

Retailers operating with low mark-ups, such as food and service stations, are frequently able to cover stamp costs from their increased sales on items carrying higher-than-average margins (examples: non-food items in supermarkets, accessories in service stations). The consumer does not pay a higher price for either these items or for the regular merchandise; the savings have resulted because the item has been sold through a store which can operate at a lower gross margin.

Some merchants regard stamp costs as part of their advertising or promotion budget; in such instances, expenditures on more traditional types of advertising (local newspaper space, throwaway leaflets, etc.) may be deliberately cut down to provide the savings needed. Or the retailer may find, after he has inaugurated the stamp plan, that he doesn't need as much traditional advertising as he had previously used.

"Specials," "leaders" and discount sales are also part of the merchandiser's usual promotion "package." Most dealers who have adopted the trading-stamp plan report decreased use of this kind of promotion. Only individual analyses of individual situations can uncover whether, in such instances, the consumer is paying a higher price. Does the value of the premiums equal or exceed the increased expenditures created by the abandonment of this special "price-cutting"? If it does, obviously the consumer has not lost anything. But when the value of premiums is less than the normal savings on promotional price-cutting, the consumer,

equally obviously, is paying higher prices for the privilege of getting stamps.

Some dealers meet stamp costs directly by upping prices. Once the stamp plan has created a "favorable climate" among his customers, he may inch his prices upward on a few or many of his items. The usual adjustment is to make a small increase on nearly all merchandise (stamp costs to the retailer average from 1.5 to 3 per cent of sales). When this plan is followed, the consumer is obviously paying for the stamps.

Some merchants solve the stamp-cost problem by operating their own plans. An examination of the profit potential of the large stamp houses shows what great savings can be made by a merchant who has the capital to go into the business for

himself. In the first place, the stamp company charges a mark-up on sales (corresponding to the retailer's gross profit); it may sell a pad of stamps for \$12.50 with a redemption ratio giving the consumer a retail value of \$10. The \$2.50, of course, is gross profit. Secondly, not all stamps are redeemed, and every unredeemed stamp represents a gross profit for the stamp company. Thirdly, the company makes a profit on the premiums, which are bought at wholesale and redeemed on the basis of their retail price. Fourthly, the stamp company receives payment for stamps sold long before it must make redemption; this cash reserve can be invested to earn interest in the interim. Finally, some stamp companies receive additional revenue from the sale of advertising space in stamp-saver books.

A stamp plan is primarily a competitive promotional tool. In *non-competitive* fields, the advantages of the plan increase for each retailer using it. But the advantages decrease with the increased use of other stamp plans by *competing* retailers. When a particular market has been saturated, the advantages to the retailer have largely disappeared—along with the ability to break even on stamp costs.

The influence of trading stamps on consumer patronage may be sufficient to encourage their use beyond the point where the cost can be economically justified. When this happens, retailers are likely to adjust prices to cover the costs—and the consumer is paying for the stamps. However, competitive conditions could also solve the problem by eliminating marginal retailers and enabling those that are left to cover costs by increasing sales.

So there is no single answer to the question: who pays the piper? The stamp costs may be borne by the retailer or by the consumer, or it may be eliminated from total costs by efficiencies gained from the advantages the stamp plan offers as a promotional device. The answer varies from store to store—and only the most price-conscious housewife, with the time and energy to do comparative shopping and to keep account of results, can find it.

### Didactic Poem

Lover of lettuce seed,  
Of sunflower and ragweed,  
A haloed goldfinch flew  
From its nest of thistle-down  
In spirals of laughing sound  
To lots where burdock grew.

No skeptic of the first  
Review, he essayed bursts  
Or burdock bloom, misstepped.  
Sharp, clinging spikes oppressed  
His sky-conditioned breast.  
Ah, how he bled and wept!

"Is this reality?"  
He murmured bitterly.  
"I'm all alone and hurt  
In a cosmos quite absurd.  
No goldfinch of the field  
Or Goldfinch of the sky  
Sends ladders as I die.  
This is reality."

With bloody beak and claw  
He soon arrested awe:  
He struck at pressing spikes,  
He fretted, swung, and poked  
Till, unpredictably,  
He broke his gold wings free,  
A resurrected bird!

Triumphantly he whirled  
Through yielding wind and space.  
"Once more I fly to trace  
Dream's eye and anvil heart,"  
He, flaming, said with art.  
"This, too, remarkably,  
Is red reality."

STEPHEN STEPANCHEV



# BOOKS and the ARTS

## American Literary Warfare

### *THE RAVEN AND THE WHALE.*

By Perry Miller. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$6.75.

*ISHMAEL.* By James Baird. The Johns Hopkins Press. \$5.50.

### By John Lydenberg

THESE books represent two extremes of contemporary literary studies: one of literary history, the other of literary criticism. Both are big and exhaustive, serious contributions to knowledge and understanding, and at times hard to get through. Neither is designed for the general public, and neither can be ignored by specialists.

Perry Miller's is the easier to describe. On one level it is a detailed account of the boisterous literary life of New York City in the 1830's and 1840's. As such, it immediately invites comparison with the literary histories of Van Wyck Brooks' famous series. Both authors seek to recreate the literary scene, to make the reader live with the authors and critics of the time rather than watch them from the outside or evaluate their writings. But while Mr. Brooks evokes the sense of the past with a delicate sensitivity, a grace and charm that sometimes verges on sentimentality, Mr. Miller emphasizes the turmoil created by the ambitious, arrogant, contentious writers of Gotham.

For on another level, Mr. Miller is concerned primarily with the war between different groups striving to prescribe the character of the literature of their new nation. Probably at no time in our history was the democratic ferment more strong and more pervasive than in these two decades. They were the days of the Aristobulus Braggs of Jacksonian democracy, of the rambunctious

"Young America" movement, of the democratic imperialist fervor of Manifest Destiny and the Mexican War. Twisting the lion's tail and boastfully glorifying our ring-tailed roarers were popular pastimes, to the distress of the genteel who wanted to conserve the manifest values of their English heritage. The great issues were not simply political or economic; they concerned the very nature of America's democratic culture. Writers thus felt that they had a particular responsibility: the true American literature should not only attest to the country's greatness, it should also formulate and propagate the values of this new society.

*The Raven and the Whale* recounts in full the long-forgotten details of these struggles. It brings back to life the spokesmen for Young America who sought a gloriously independent literature marked by a "grandeur of thought [and] wild barbaric splendor" that would make "the wilderness glow in the forge-light of high passions and thoughts." Then the world would hear "the whole wide land echo from side to side with the accents of a Majestic Literature—self-reared, self-sustained, self-vindicating." And it shows us the Whigs who rejected these barbaric yawps, by strident appeals for moderation, restraint, and respectful recognition of the "universal"—"the poetry of the heart and the affections" which has nothing to do with nationalism.

At first glance this furious debate seems touchingly innocent and dated. But for all its romantic vocabulary, it was only part of one long argument that has gone on throughout our literary history, and has most recently erupted in *Life* editorials deploring the lack of respect shown business men by our novelists. Positions have shifted as confusingly as the terms of discussion. Today the conservative is more likely to insist on a flag-waving

optimism as the mark of true "Americanism." But neither camp has been free of the impulse to seek conformity, and the attempt to apply criteria of Americanism to literature has almost always resulted in the substitution of political for esthetic standards. The chief difference between the debates of today and those one hundred years ago is that the earlier ones had a gusto and a rhetoric and invective that make our recent polemics sound effete. No one today would describe his opponents as a "brood of maggots, and buzzards, and carrion vultures . . . spreading their obscene chattering wings before the eyes of the people."

All this may seem to have little to do with ravens and whales. Indeed, Poe and Melville were almost secondary characters in these struggles, pawns in the battles of that day's bishops and knights who in this day are quite unknown. But even if the title is somewhat misleading, with its symbolic overtones, it does point up one moral implicit in Mr. Miller's story. The ravens and whales were created despite, not because of, the pronouncements of the swarming litterateurs. The genius of Poe and Melville may have been twisted or even stunted by the political furor, but it wasn't thwarted. In the end, the real artists wrote what they had to write, not what critics and politicians told them to.

IN *ISHMAEL*, Mr. Baird is concerned not at all with literary history, he says, but exclusively with criticism. "The subject of this book is the nature of modern primitivism. . . . The title . . . is the name of the symbol of modern authentic primitivism: Ishmael, the aggregate of the symbols representing this system." Authentic, or existential, primitivism he distinguishes carefully, sometimes almost belligerently, from a low, academic type.

Initially . . . it may then be understood that the symbolism of nostalgic reference to the primitive, the

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symbolistic presentation of *instances* of the archaic, or distant, or "remotely good" is a contrived or "assembled" and hence *academic* primitivism. The symbolism of the center, the restoration of sacred time through the *life symbol* of an archetypal reality, is to be isolated from this form, and so established as the form of primitivism admissible to the method and the analyses of this book. The *symbol of primitive feeling* repeats a feeling *ab origine*, at the center. Its significance lies not in the exoticist's reveries upon distant cultures but in the deeper artistic act of the true primitivist who shapes reality from the archetypes of primitive feeling. This life symbol . . . repeats archetypal reality as it abolishes profane time and participates in mythical time. (The italics are the author's.)

Anyone who finds the author's language somewhat intimidating here may be cowed by the book as a whole. For Mr. Baird does not trifle with "chowder wars" or Berkshire rambles as does Mr. Miller. Instead, with all the earnestness of the newest critics, he loads his pages with a solemn and heavy diction transmitting an unremitted religious burden. He sternly rejects the "dogma that art exists purely for the sake of pleasure," at least "for purposes of this study." (Indeed, one almost suspects that he would not even accept a "partly" in place of "purely.") Melville, and his fellow authentics like Gauguin, Loti, Verhaeren, Rimbaud, Leconte de Lisle, were not out for fun. They were engaged in an attempt to construct "symbols to compensate for a lost sacramentalism"; art, to them, had become religion.

The dedication page offers as text a sentence by the ur-father of the book, Carl Gustav Jung. "We have let the house that our fathers built fall to pieces, and now we try to break into Oriental palaces that our fathers never knew." The house our fathers built was the Western culture born of the Protestant reformation. Existential primitivists are the artists who feel this culture and its religious underpinnings to have decayed, and who find themselves starved and empty without the lost sacraments. So they wander eastward, to the fabled origin of life and religion, in an atavistic search for

the old symbols of natural, primitive religion; and there they uncover the archetypal symbols of all men's dreams.

As Mr. Miller piles high the dried fruits of his research into the polemical journals of the 1830's and '40's, so Mr. Baird fills to the brim his analysis of Melville's primitivism with examples of similar primitive symbols culled from a host of lesser wanderers. But if at times his erudition seems incongruously unprimitive, it in no way detracts from the book's two important contributions. One of these is his analysis of modern primitivism as a consequence of the decline of Protestant culture and the search for new religious roots, and the distinction he draws between authentic primitivism and exoticism or *chinoiserie*. To me, at least, this affords new and suggestive insights into modern thought and contemporary literature.

The other contribution is his interpretation of Melville, which makes up the core of the book. In his analysis of the relation between Melville's symbols and the Jungian archetypes, he fills out systematically some of the hints offered by Matthiessen, Arvin and others. Centering his discussion on *Moby Dick*, he shows how some of Melville's central and "obsessive" symbols can best be regarded not as Christian

but as primitive archetypes. Thus the various Ishmaels are the innocent youth-outcast; Melville's repeated male friendships derive from *tayo*, the uniquely Oriental bond of fraternal friendship; Queequeg is the patriarchal holy man or the archetypal sage; and *Moby Dick* is the primitive nature god.

In this way Mr. Baird rescues Melville from the Freudians without handing him over to those who would find orthodox Christianity at the base of his feelings. He is quite convincing. Melville was indeed searching for something to replace the Protestantism he hated, and what he found and symbolized in his art is close to archetypal primitive religion. But sometimes the smugness of Jungians can be as annoying as the arrogance of Freudians. And occasionally, especially in his repeated dismissals of "psychological" interpretations as impertinent irrelevancies, Mr. Baird almost annoys. Though he has helped us to a richer understanding of *Moby Dick*, he has not provided the interpretation to end all. A study which presents Ahab as simply insane and demoniacal, the diseased "egoist-absolutist of Christendom," does not leave us with the feeling that we have received the true and only word. We will still listen part-time to Dr. Henry Murray and his fellow Freudians.

## The Expensive Ally

U. S. ARMY IN WORLD WAR II. C.B.I. Theatre. STILWELL'S COMMAND PROBLEMS. By Charles F. Romanus and Riley Sunderland. Supt. of Documents. Gov't Printing Office. \$5.50.

By O. Edmund Clubb

WORLD WAR II resulted in the destruction of Japan's power position, tipping the political balance in East Asia in favor of the Soviet Union. The U. S. Government had hoped that China would function as a partner of the West, in the post-

O. EDMUND CLUBB spent twenty years in the Far East as a U. S. Foreign Service officer.

war period, to help maintain peace and stability in the Pacific region. On V-J Day, however, no strong Nationalist China stood ready to assume Japan's mantle of authority. Instead, in 1950, a Communist China allied itself to the U.S.S.R. and there thus came into being a combination of power, hostile to the West, unknown in Eurasia since the Mongol Empire of the thirteenth century.

In the present volume (the second of a series), Romanus and Sunderland depict with meticulous scholarship the logistical and military operations and political developments bearing on the China-Burma-India (CBI) Theatre for the year beginning October, 1943. This official war record shows why the original



American plans for China's role were destined to end in failure.

It is useful to recall the story's beginning. With Pearl Harbor, "Free China" and the United States became allied. The CBI Theatre was created, with Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek Supreme Commander in China and Field Marshal Archibald P. Wavell commanding in India and Burma. Lt. Gen. Joseph W. Stilwell was designated Chief of Staff to Chiang, Commander of U. S. forces in the CBI and the President's representative in Chungking for Lend-Lease.

A pattern had appeared even before Pearl Harbor. In March, 1941, China requested, as lend-lease aid, 1,000 aircraft, equipment for thirty divisions and the development of "efficient" communications with China via Burma. As the authors reported in their first volume (*Stilwell's Mission to China*):

The general concept of giving China lend-lease aid . . . was approved because at this time in Washington there was a myth and a hope about China. An ardent, articulate and adroit Sinophile faction claimed that the Chinese were courageously and competently resisting the Japanese and needed only arms to drive them into the sea. The services were too well informed to share that belief, but they hoped that if the Chinese were rearmed, reorganized and trained they might cause the Japanese such concern as to bar any adventures in the South Seas. So the myth and hope converged, and lend-lease aid to China found increased support in high places.

The myth, the hope, and the politicking, with embroidery, all became integral parts of the subsequent Sino-American alliance.

THE BURMA campaign of early 1942 confirmed that the Chinese army, although numbering 3,800,000 men, was unfit for modern warfare. Stilwell proposed the creation of sixty first-class Chinese divisions, and President Roosevelt even agreed at one point to our equipping a total of ninety. Chiang Kai-shek opposed any reform of his unsound command hierarchy or any military action against the Japanese which he deemed might weaken him vis-a-vis domestic foes. The War Department

recommended that Lend-Lease to China should be contingent upon prior Chinese military reforms and current military performance. The President rejected this approach.

So, although Stilwell was enabled to start training the first thirty divisions, he "lacked all bargaining power and could only use persuasion to interest the Chinese in army reform." Thus handicapped, he met a challenge from Brig. Gen. Claire L. Chennault, charged with creating a U. S. air task force in China. Chennault contended that with 105 fighters, thirty medium and twelve heavy bombers, he could defeat Japan; and that if the Japanese tried to interrupt his air offensive by a ground advance against the East China air bases, existing Chinese forces could halt that advance—Stilwell to the contrary notwithstanding.

"The Generalissimo accepted Chennault's views" and joined those who were urging them on Roosevelt. Mme. Chiang Kai-shek and Chiang's brothers-in-law, Foreign Minister T. V. Soong and Finance Minister H. H. Kung, all at various times lobbied to that end in Washington. In May, 1943, Roosevelt abandoned the concept of Chinese army reform in favor of the air-war thesis.

The Cairo conference of Chiang, Roosevelt and Churchill in November, 1943, marked a turning point. Commitments were there made for a North Burma operation in which the royal navy would undertake an amphibious landing from the Bay of Bengal. But strategic estimates were

changed when Stalin promised at Teheran to enter the war against Japan, and the British amphibious operation was cancelled.

Chiang, upon receipt of the notification of the change of plan, told Roosevelt that it would be impossible for China to hold on for another six months in the existing situation; the only solution would be "to assure the Chinese people and army of your sincere concern in the China theatre of war" by (1) a billion-dollar loan, (2) doubling by spring the number of aircraft already agreed upon, (3) increasing air transport into China to at least 20,000 tons per month by February. Thus, in the war for survival, the Chinese Generalissimo fixed a clear dollar price for China's participation.

CHIANG Kai-shek misjudged both the military situation and the American President. China's strategic importance to the Allies was diminishing as U. S. naval strength increased. And Roosevelt, far from meeting Chiang's demands, now began to demand China action in return for U. S. aid already received. Before this new American firmness, newly trained Nationalist forces in mid-May advanced into North Burma as agreed at Cairo—without the amphibious operation. By August, the Chinese, American and British forces had won back North Burma. The land blockade of China was ended; Stilwell had accomplished what many called impossible.

In China also, at the same time, Stilwell was being proved right—and Chennault wrong. In a drive begun in April, the Japanese had swept through Central China practically without resistance from the one hundred Chinese divisions that faced them. Nearly all of Chennault's airfields had been overrun.

On July 4, the Joint Chiefs of Staff, in view of the critical situation, had recommended that the President urge Chiang Kai-shek to give command of all Chinese armed forces to "the only . . . man who has been able to get the Chinese forces to fight against the Japanese in an effective way"—General Stilwell. Roosevelt had done so, and Chiang had nominally acquiesced—but had

## Upper Bay

the sun passes  
Liberty in the afternoon  
shadows grain  
the bronze bay waters  
where smoke slides  
from a tug funnel  
and blunt Manhattan  
southward plunges  
into the bay  
the mariner rides  
north to a river pier  
the tug smoke drives  
seaward down the Narrows  
the sun darkens in Jersey City  
and the gulls circle South Ferry

HAROLD DICKER

# TELEVISION

Anne W. Langman

ONE OF the few great men of television's first decade is Sylvester L. (Pat) Weaver who resigned last month as Chairman of the Board of NBC. In seven years at that network he invented bold program concepts which advanced the scope and importance of the industry by rapid strides. He believed that a good show needed time for preparation, time for presentation. He dared to break the pattern of radio and early TV by introducing irregular sixty- or ninety-minute feature programs—the Spectaculars, now accepted as routine—which account for many of the viewing high spots of the last few years. He demonstrated the value of the magazine-type show, where the network controls the content and the financial burden is divided among many advertisers, none of whom could afford to carry it alone. *Home, Today, Tonight*, and most recently *Wide Wide World* are Weaver-conceived staples on the NBC shelf. His "enlightenment through exposure" plan, which never really got started, was directed toward raising program standards.

Yet in a few short weeks, he has been officially washed out of NBC's hair, their only comment a three-sentence announcement of his resignation. Sarnoff pere and fils have created a new executive set-up and in the flurry of reorganizational panic there are only a few whispered reminiscences and off-the-record praise for Weaver's achievement. Press comments have dwindled to occasional rumors and speculative gossip about his future plans.

It would be out of character for Weaver to allow himself to be quietly forgotten, but his contract obligations supposedly prevent him from taking any other industry job for a time. In the interim, why doesn't he apply his talents to the impoverished area of educational TV? For years, millions of Ford Foundation dollars have been available to the Educational Radio and TV Center at Ann Arbor, Michigan which is

supposed to service twenty-two educational TV stations and many more radio stations. At present the center distributes films, kinescopes and recorded shows to these stations as a routine service. What educational TV stations need are fresh programs, created for them, to capture what everyone admits is a very large but still mostly potential audience. Weaver is equipped by temperament and training to do just that job and he could find nowhere a better opportunity to use his knowledge than in this undeveloped field.

THERE'S plenty of politicking on TV these days, and expensive politics at that. But as far as I can see, neither party has been able to win friends and influence people by its use of video time. Politicians are rarely performers, yet they are assigned to deliver the goods in a way which would alarm the most experienced professional. Stevenson, in his opening speech at Harrisburg, for example, gave the impression of being at a Forest Hills tennis match as he read from teleprompters at the right and left of the camera. The new "soft-sell" technique required President Eisenhower to read his 25-minute opening speech from a notebook under glaring lights which revealed his peace-in-good-health as extreme weariness. The camera mercilessly let us see his hands shake as he turned the pages and robbed him of any vigor or authority.

The only successful shows I've seen are the interviews such as *Meet the Press* and *Face the Nation* where professional competence in production and execution makes possible clear and well-defined statements of policy and point of view. The Madison Avenue geniuses who have taken over candidates and campaigns spend much time promoting the collection of funds for the purchase of more TV time, while pocketing a comfortable profit from these accounts. When are they go-

ing to devise a television technique related to the purposes and capacities of their public stars?

IN THE aridity of this season, Sunday, October 7, is a welcome oasis with two shows that promise to be worth watching. The Murrow-Friendly *See It Now* series returns to CBS for the fall season with an hour-long report on Suez. This will be their fifth visit to Africa and producer Friendly says that he will continue to bring news-in-depth reports on it to viewers as long as the continent continues to be the biggest story in the news. Cameramen on the spot until the very last minute before the show will add up-to-date developments to Murrow's interview with Nasser and leaders of the Western big three powers.

Leonard Bernstein, who opens the new *Omnibus* series on ABC tomorrow, is fascinated with TV. I believe that he will fascinate viewers in return as he explores the art form of musical comedy with some of Broadway's foremost artists illustrating his commentary. Last season he gave similar memorable treatments to jazz and to the symphony.

## Coming October 29 Fall Books

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# MUSIC

By B. H. Haggin

CONSIDERING Elliott Carter's String Quartet, which the Walden Quartet plays on Columbia ML-5104, I have thought again of the statement Edmund Wilson made once about a novelist: "What she wants other people to know she imparts to them by creating an object, the self-developing organism of a work of prose." Carter has created out of musical sound an object which for Desmond Shawe-Taylor of the London *New Statesman and Nation* was "continuously absorbing and impressive" and said something "urgent and very much his own," and which Virgil Thomson found "complex of texture, delicious in sound, richly expressive and in every way grand." And I am able to appreciate the impressiveness of Carter's enormously complex object, but not what he wanted to communicate by means of it; nor do I find it, simply as an object, enjoyable or interesting to listen to. The difficult work is played superbly; and Columbia should also record the Budapest Quartet's performances in whatever way produced the excellent sound of this one by the Walden Quartet.

The record with the Carter Quartet is one of Columbia's Modern American Music Series this year; and another, ML-5106, has Copland's *Twelve Poems of Emily Dickinson*, sung by Martha Lipton with the composer at the piano. I liked the songs when I heard them several years ago, and am surprised to find that I like them less this time: I hear not lyrical gift but contrivance, with too evident effort and only intermittent success. Except for a few notes that are too high for her,

Miss Lipton sings beautifully. On the reverse side is Hugo Weisgall's *The Stronger*, a dramatic monologue which is a competent use of present-day musical resources for the purposes of the text. It is sung well by Adelaide Bishop with a chamber orchestra under Alfredo Antonini.


BETTER music by Copland is on MGM E-3367: the previously issued *Music For the Theatre*, performed by Izler Solomon with a chamber orchestra, to which are now added *Music For Radio*, performed by Arthur Winograd with a symphony orchestra, and *Music For Movies*, performed by Winograd with a chamber orchestra. *Music For the Theatre* was the first piece by Copland I heard, in 1925; and the creative power that was unmistakable in it then is just as impressive now. Afterwards Copland produced increasingly unattractive and inaccessible works in a harshly dissonant modern idiom; but *Music For Radio*, composed for the Columbia Broadcasting System in 1937, is one of the pieces—mostly ballet and film scores—in which he began to write again in a simpler and more attractive idiom; and this idiom is very lovely in some of the excerpts from film scores that he made into the suite *Music For Movies*. I had always thought the idiom was new; but in *Music For the Theatre* this time I heard details similar to what I had just heard in the later pieces. The performances are good.

Another record in Columbia's Modern American Music Series, ML-5105, has Roger Sessions' Second String Quartet, an elaborately

constructed object which my ear finds ugly, and which communicates nothing to me. Superb playing by the New Music Quartet is reproduced beautifully. On the reverse side is Colin McPhee's Concerto for piano and wind octet, composed in 1928, which is agreeable to the ear but of little interest today. It is performed well by Grant Johannesen with wind instruments under Carlos Surinach.

John Verrall's Prelude and Allegro for strings, on MGM E-3371, is interesting in the way it transforms older materials with modern dissonance. And though after several hearings of Richard Donovan's *Soundings* for trumpet, bassoon and percussion I still can't hear the five-part structure and the thematic relations Donovan writes about, my interest is held by this curious piece in which the two wind instruments make fragmentary and unrelated statements that are commented on by the percussion—with the comment getting to be more important than what it comments on. But the Swedish composer Karl-Birger Blomdahl's Chamber Concerto for winds, percussion and piano is another unattractive object that communicates nothing to me. Good performances by various groups under Surinach.

WITH a performance of Roy Harris' Symphony No. 7 by Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra, Columbia ML-5095 offers the performance of the Symphony 1933 that Koussevitzky recorded with the Boston Symphony more than twenty years ago. The envelope quotes press comments on the distinctively American character of the earlier work, and similar comments on the recent one; and listening to the Symphony 1933 after many years I not only hear again hoarse incoherent ranting where others heard "music of the bleak and barren expanses of western Kansas, of the brooding prairie night, of the vast darkness of the American soul," but am struck by the European, the Italianate, the almost Puccini-like character of the quieter melodic sections. And listening to No. 7 I hear only a similar raucous pretention to portentous utterance.



The DEVIL IN THE BOOK

BY DALTON TRUMBO

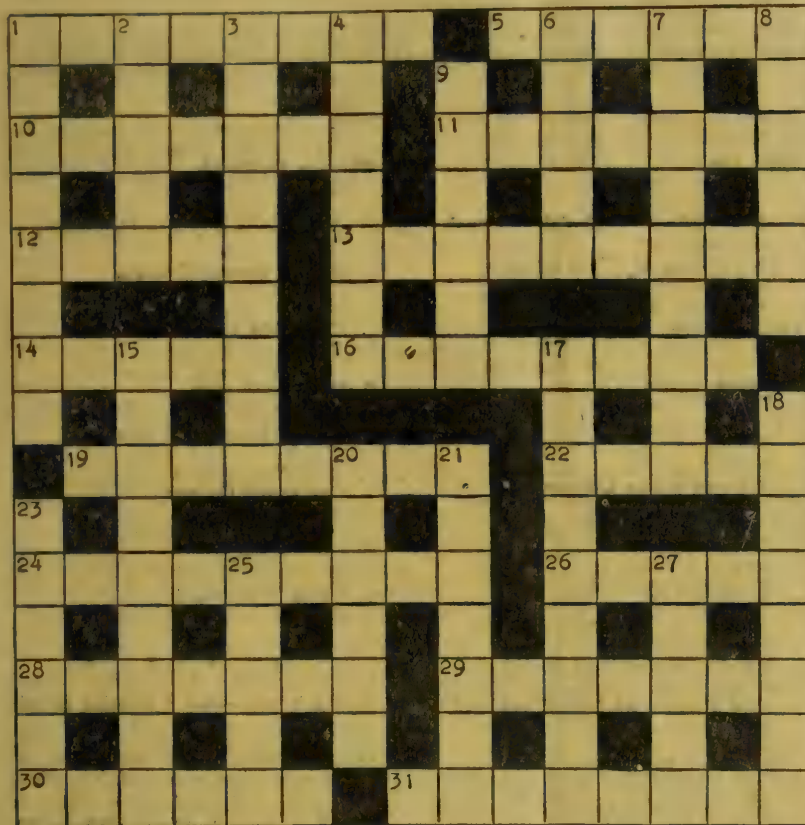
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# Crossword Puzzle No. 692

By FRANK W. LEWIS



## ACROSS:

- 1 The main error in bad golf is trying to make a birdie! (8)
- 5 Undermined like live wood might be. (6)
- 10 The drivers might be seen wavering, when full of gin. (7)
- 11 This is often trying to make a point the hard way. (7)
- 12 Judge his this in all respect. (5)
- 13 Not likely to be a settler. (9)
- 14 Certainly not a loss likely to be repeated. (5)
- 16 One who obtains game for the intellectual? (2-6)
- 19 Impropriety committed by Miss Cole? (8)
- 22 An important stream in Russia or Tartary. (5)
- 24 Frederic's Ruth was such a maid-of-all-work. (9)
- 26 Perhaps unfamiliar game of "Reel and Rod". (5)
- 28 I leave the storekeeper more pliant. (7)
- 29 How to defensively hold more than one of mine close to the body? (7)
- 30 Establishment of canvas on board, made by a rascally crew. (6)
- 31 Somewhat of an obstacle, when all is "said" and "done". (8)

## DOWN:

- 1 Certainly not a worn-out fellow in

- the first year. (8)
- 2 Gas could be responsible for a sort of painful sound. (5)
- 3 Sort of nice with 2, and sometimes blissful. (9)
- 4 Command given to David? (Certainly not "duck!") (7)
- 6 Fish in the corner, perhaps. (5)
- 7 Sounds as though one might listen for the detective, when he's 24. (9)
- 8 Figures to understand its combination in youth? (6)
- 9 To label a sticker inside might mean wrapping it up! (6)
- 15 This might make Cora happy, but not necessarily authoritative. (9)
- 17 What one does in an above-board swap with the grocer, perhaps. (9)
- 18 To sum up, the surrounding hands might be threatening to be single-minded believers. (8)
- 20 Becomes liable to this, in mean dogs. (6)
- 21 Better duck, when a small quantity comes up about everything! (7)
- 23 Resorts to writing in short jerks. (6)
- 25 There's little more than fifty put up around it in the garden. (5)
- 27 A little Liberal I make an excuse for. (5)

(See solution to last week's puzzle at right)

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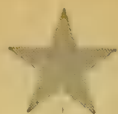
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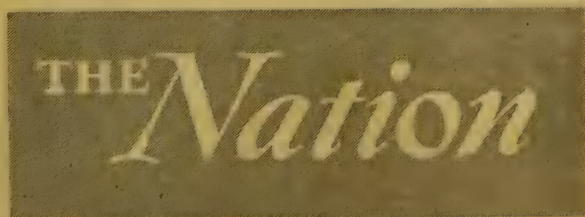
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MR. JUSTICE BRENNAN: Daniel Berman

**THE** *Nation*

OCTOBER 13, 1956

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# **APATHY AND THE ELECTIONS**

**Park Avenue to Main Street**

*by Dan Wakefield and Eric Josephson*

## **The Broadway Columnists**

**Sullivan, Winchell, Mortimer, Lyons, etc.**

*by David Cort*



# LETTERS

## Search for Peace

Dear Sirs: William H. Davis has certainly put in a global context his comments in your issue of September 15 on the American Friends Service Committee's pamphlet, *Speak Truth to Power*. In that respect at least he agrees with the authors of the statement that until those who seek disarmament and the settlement of international disputes by negotiation become conscious of a new and unprecedented step in the movement of world events, they cannot properly assess either the nature of our current disease or its treatment. Mr. Davis's conclusion that modern war cannot do other than intensify the world's conflicts is clear and extremely well stated. His thesis that this new step in world development is comparable to Stage 1, the creation of the world; Stage 2, the advent of Jesus Christ, and Stage 3, the arresting development of science in nuclear energy which has carried the acquisition of power completely beyond the scope of man and thus ushered in a new era—is an exciting conception. Certainly Mr. Davis is right in saying that only the development of the power to negotiate, to reason and to understand, has any validity in the settlement of disputes.

The article deserves careful reading, and I would only suggest that perhaps the one element not emphasized as much as seems to me essential, if reason is to replace violence and passion, is compassion and a new sense of the importance of sharing the good things of life. Mr. Davis has put your readers deeply in his debt for this most thoughtful statement.

CLARENCE E. PICKETT

Executive Secretary Emeritus

American Friends Service Committee  
Philadelphia, Pa.

## Campus Press

[The writer of the following is former editor of the Stanford Daily.]

Dear Sirs: Roger Keith's article on the campus press in your September 29 issue is the second piece appearing in *The Nation* within the last year which puts the spotlight on a common, but virtually unknown, problem in American colleges and universities today. Like an earlier *Nation* article [issue of March 24] by Willie Morris, which brilliantly presented the problem of faculty and administration censorship at the University of Texas, Keith's story tells something

of which the public-at-large is unaware and of which many student administrators, students and, unfortunately, student editors have an appalling ignorance.

I wish I could share Keith's optimism, as moderate as it may be. From my observations the campus press, with a few striking exceptions, is continuing in its "support-the-team" rut, perhaps becoming even more inane than ever. Almost every college newspaper would appear to even the most untrained outsider as nothing more than a bulletin board. In the past, there has always been the ever-present danger of faculty and administrative control to see that whatever goes into the campus newspaper "is in the best interests of the institution;" now, with false "peace and prosperity" and mass conformity and allied conservatism sweeping all our institutions, the danger of control is coming from still another corner—from the students themselves.

With newspaper costs increasing, outside backing for a college newspaper is now a virtual necessity, and it usually comes from the student-body organization. But with this financing comes control. Student body presidents and their assistants think of the newspaper as their organ, a publicity vehicle in which to advertise (without cost) the usual social fare of the collegian. The college papers do this in most cases. The student leaders cannot see beyond their own backyards—and neither can the student editors. In most cases it's common to include the student editor in the student government hierarchy, in many cases he is not a student journalist, merely a student politician. He edits his paper with this in mind and the result is the spineless, seemingly blind-to-the-outside-world college newspapers so prevalent today.

My own experiences as editor of the Stanford University daily paper are perhaps indicative of the state of the college press. When I took over my position I followed in the footsteps of editors who felt the paper not mature enough to comment on anything other than campus issues, and even when that comment was given it was on the official side, in agreement with what the student government leaders had decided under the heavy but very subtly placed hand of the university administration. My predecessors rarely ran editorials. In short, we were not a leader, merely a follower. I changed this, and needless to say, I was damned (and still am) for upsetting the status quo, for "daring" to comment on national and international affairs, and for taking pot shots at the student administration

(whom I should support—that being my job, they explained).

The problem will not be resolved by journalism departments. At least at Stanford the journalism instructors are concerned only with craftsmanship—they think only of the campus newspaper as a device for journalistic exercise—a plaything. And that's what most administrators, students and editors feel. That's the real problem, and one few recognize.

RICHARD MEISTER

Los Angeles, California

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## Editorials

### The Campaign at Midpoint

At the half-way mark here are a few random impressions of an odd Presidential campaign:

*Dullness.* The Presidential nominees have had sensible things to say on many important questions but since the record of the two parties is not clear-cut, the discussion of issues lacks bite and meaning.

*Triumph of the Trivial.* Every Presidential campaign is burdened with trivia but seldom has greater weight been given to more trivial matters than in this one. In view of the President's illnesses and his age it is not surprising, as Samuel Lubell reports, that the health issue may reduce his share of the vote by two per cent below the 55 per cent he received in 1952. But what is one to make of Mr. Lubell's finding that, at the grassroots, the circumstance that Mr. Stevenson is divorced—or is it that he has not remarried?—looms large as an issue? In Milwaukee, a clubwoman inquires with extravagant concern: "But who will be the hostess in the White House to take the place of our very gracious Mamie?" The lack of clear-cut issues, in the partisan sense, doubtless accounts for the excessive weight being given to personal considerations such as Mr. Stevenson's "Eastern" manner, the warmth of the President's smile, the relative campaign techniques of Vice President Nixon and Senator Kefauver and the attentiveness which the President shows to Mrs. Eisenhower in public appearances.

*Minor Causes: Well-Kept Secrets.* One senses that there are important factors in this year's election that do not find reflection in the polls, the editorials or the speeches. "People will be voting this fall," reports Doris Fleeson, "according to some wave of feeling of their own affected possibly by relatively minor causes, but triggered by a reason that is still their secret." Here is another consequence of the lack of clear-cut partisan presentations.

*Apathy.* With the sharp issues—civil rights is one—being avoided to a degree by both parties, it is not surprising that there should be a large measure of apathy in the campaign to date. The problem cuts deep; many complex and closely related factors are involved (see pp. 300-305 this issue). But apart from underlying causes, apathy is being furthered this year

by a number of special considerations. For one thing, many voters apparently feel that both parties came up with their best nominees for the Presidency and are less concerned with the outcome than they might be if the alternatives were less satisfying. Then, too, the candidates have been on their good behavior; the press has been cautious; and there has been little noise, controversy or defamation. Nowadays controversy is considered bad form. The nearest thing to a debate that television or radio will tolerate is the meet-the-press routine in which it is rare, indeed, to have two sharply conflicting points of view presented at the same time. For television both parties show a clear preference for "captive" live audiences and this, too, makes for dullness. Viewers naturally dislike undramatic "saturation" political telecasts that interfere with regularly scheduled programs.

*Shortening Odds.* At mid-point the odds in favor of President Eisenhower—not merely the betting odds but the calculated odds—have shortened perceptibly, a development which may stimulate more popular interest and a livelier campaign in the second, and concluding phase.

### An Egghead Triumphs

Dr. Eric Eustace Williams has carried his Peoples National Movement to a stunning electoral victory in Trinidad. The party has captured thirteen of twenty-four elective seats in the General Legislative Council and Dr. Williams has been asked to form a new government. As a measure of Dr. Williams' triumph, it should be noted that he got the new party rolling from scratch nine months ago.

Dr. Williams is a graduate of Queen's Royal College and Oxford and, for a time, was professor of history at Howard University. He is the author of a minor classic in the field of race relations — *Capitalism & Slavery* (1944) — which hammers home the thesis, "Slavery was not born of racism, racism was the consequence of slavery." He is a short and slender person, youthful in appearance (he is forty-six), extremely soft-spoken and partly deaf. His manner is very much that of an Oxford don. During the campaign he went about giving talks that were more in the nature of



formal lectures than stump speeches. In scholarly fashion — often reading his lectures — he gave his audiences a detailed exposition of Trinidad's history and present status, its place in the Caribbean regional economy and the region's role in the economy of the Western Hemisphere; in short he gave them a good summary course in the facts of political life. From the outset he drew capacity audiences.

Here, then, was an egghead of eggheads, speaking to voters who were even less familiar than those addressed by Mr. Stevenson with the words, references and allusions of intellectuals. Yet Dr. Williams succeeded brilliantly in communicating with Trinidad's voters. It's hard to believe that the level of political discussion here is as low as the comparison suggests. Apparently if the candidate is close enough to the people, if he senses their deepest aspirations, and if what he says makes sense in terms of their real needs, even a scholar's vocabulary and an Oxford manner are not serious handicaps in modern politics.

## The Sad Lot of the Extremists

Great unhappiness prevails in the camps of the extremists, Left and Right, over this year's Presidential campaign and the election generally. No hope is seen; no salvage is possible; no choice is available. The right-wing extremists are particularly wretched. Toward President Eisenhower they exhibit a much greater hostility than toward Adlai Stevenson; they scorn Mr. Stevenson, they despise the President. The groups that vainly sought to qualify Vivien Kellems in Connecticut's Senatorial race, that are now circulating MacArthur-for-Senator petitions in New York, and that have succeeded in setting up committees for the Presidential ticket of T. Coleman Andrews and Thomas H. Werdel in thirteen states, exhibit a spitting, snarling animosity toward the President that is as easy to understand as it is ugly to contemplate. Right-wing extremists are naturally furious at the prospect of

having to choose between Attorney General Jacob Javits and Mayor Robert F. Wagner in New York's Senatorial race. In Wisconsin, the same elements must find Senator Alexander Wiley even more objectionable than the Democratic nominee. On the Left, the Communist Party, while voicing a special dislike for Vice President Nixon as "a sinister figure" whose re-election might revive McCarthyism, has decided not to endorse a Presidential candidate. Here, too, the decision is understandable. The Communists could never bring themselves to endorse—but what fine mischief it would have provoked!—say, the nominee of the Socialist Party or the Socialist Workers Party or the Socialist Labor Party.

In both cases—Right and Left—the frustration stems from an apocalyptic view of politics. Extremists, of this variety, have no confidence in the future; only some desperate immediate action will stop the drift to socialism or fascism or some other ism. Those who feel that the citizen's duty is generally best served by making a selection rather than by registering a protest may feel unhappy over some of the options that confront them this year. But theirs is a happy lot indeed by comparison with the extremists who feel that this year's choice will determine whether the future belongs to them or their enemies.

### The Choice Before Us

In next week's *Nation*, four noted journalists tell how they are going to vote in November — and give their reasons:

PALMER HOYT, publisher of the *Denver Post*, will tell why he is going to vote for Eisenhower.

WILLIAM EVJUE, publisher of the *Madison Capital Times*, will tell why he is voting for Stevenson.

LEO HUBERMAN, editor of the *Monthly Review*, will explain why he is supporting a minority party candidate.

W. E. B. DU BOIS, distinguished Negro leader, will explain why he is staying away from the polls.

### Next Week in *The Nation*

## Mr. Justice Brennan . . . by Daniel Berman

THE FIRST reaction of many to President Eisenhower's appointment of William J. Brennan to the Supreme Court is relief that he has not inflicted John Foster Dulles, Herbert Brownell or Thomas E. Dewey on us for life. In nominating Mr. Justice Brennan for the New

Jersey Supreme Court, the President continues to put into practice his declared belief that Associate Justices should have judicial experience. The selection of Justice Brennan has won the enthusiastic approval of people as far apart as New Jersey Governor Robert Meyner, who is a Democrat and a liberal, and *New York Times* columnist Arthur Krock, who has not yet reconciled himself to the Supreme Court's school-segregation decision.

The unanimity attests to the paucity of knowledge about the new Justice. Even when a Supreme Court appointee has been in the public eye, it is hazardous to predict on the basis of his past record what he will do on the nation's highest bench. With Mr. Justice Brennan, the difficulties are compounded. Only his New Jersey court opinions offer any solid clues to his political philosophy.

During his almost five years on the state supreme court, Brennan

*DANIEL M. BERMAN, a student of Supreme Court affairs, is now at work on a full-length study of Justice Hugo Black's political philosophy.*

wrote about one thousand pages of opinions and dissents. Although few of these cases involved problems of constitutional law, some of them throw considerable light on the new Justice's ideas.

In a 1952 case, for example, Brennan had to deal with the privilege against self-incrimination. His opinion did not display unbridled enthusiasm for the Fifth Amendment; he expressed the belief that it serves to limit only the federal government. He seemed to have no sympathy with Justice Black's theory that the Fourteenth Amendment makes the entire Bill of Rights apply to the states.

The Justice did have words of praise for the self-incrimination privilege, but they were merely disarming introductions to rulings that cut the heart out of it: The privilege protects answers which might represent "any link in the chain which is necessary to convict," but "it will not do . . . to permit a witness to escape his obligations to provide his testimony for the state upon extremely remote and speculative possibilities of danger." We should interpret the privilege liberally "in light of its wholesome service to the cause of personal freedom," but not without regard to the public interest. In this opinion, Brennan sounds like no one so much as Julia, who, according to Lord Byron, "whispering 'I will ne'er consent,' consented."

AND Brennan consented to a great deal. He declared that, if a witness is immune from prosecution because the statute of limitations has run out, he cannot take advantage of New Jersey's self-incrimination privilege. And he denied that a judge must accept a witness' assurance that an answer might tend to incriminate him. Brennan said that the judge must decide for himself whether the privilege is properly invoked, but he did not make clear how the court can make this determination without eliciting the very information in question.

The case in which Brennan thus limited New Jersey's already narrow "little Fifth Amendment" involved public officials accused of

shielding gamblers. Whether the Justice will be equally harsh with the politically heterodox—for whose protection the self-incrimination concept was originally evolved—remains to be seen.

The several loyalty cases that have arisen in the New Jersey court do not give a comprehensive picture of Brennan's views. In one dispute he refused to void a provision of the 1954 Communist Control Act. But in the case of James Kutcher, the legless Trotskyite veteran, he refused to permit the eviction of Kutcher's family from a public-housing project simply because his father would not certify that no member of the household belonged to any organization on the Attorney General's "naughty, naughty" list of alleged subversives.

IN ADDITION to controversies involving political dissent, many cases reaching the U. S. Supreme Court concern charges that brutal police officers or overzealous prosecutors have deprived defendants in criminal trials of their constitutional rights. Brennan says that he considers the constitution's fair-trial guarantee a vital safeguard of democracy. "Once that barrier to state tyranny is breached," he has warned, "all individual liberties are at hazard."

Brennan's own court record in this area, however, is mixed. Although usually he does seem intent on rooting out instances of unscrupulous police work, he cast the

deciding vote a few years ago for an opinion that should have remained unwritten. At issue was the legality of a murder trial in which jurors were given a booklet of instructions ("Compliments of the Sheriff") containing, among other things, prejudicial definitions of concepts vital to the defendant. Brennan voted to sustain the conviction. A dissenting Justice pointed out that "a greater trespass upon the primary rights of prisoners is difficult to conceive."

BUT IT WAS Brennan's turn to dissent when the court deprived an accused murderer of the right to inspect his own "confession." The Justice's indignation was palpable as he described the circumstances of the "confession": "The accused was without counsel, denied even the comfort of the presence of a friendly face, in 'conversations' in the small hours of the morning with a sizeable group of police officers . . .," and the document was not even of his own composition. Brennan continued:

Under these circumstances the State could and did, at its leisure and without hindrance or interruption, since none was there in the interest of the accused, persist until there was drained from him everything necessary to support the charge against him . . . That the State prizes the result for that reason is manifest from the tenacity with which defense counsels' effort to see it is resisted.

Brennan was not on the state supreme court when the death-sentence convictions of the "Trenton Six" were thrown out. This 1949 action resulted in a new trial in which four of the six Negroes were acquitted.

However, when the cases of the remaining two came up for review in 1952, Brennan was on the court, and he subscribed to a unanimous opinion reversing the convictions on the ground that an unsigned transcript of a police interrogation had been admitted into evidence.

The new Justice is a Roman Catholic—the first to serve on the Court since Frank Murphy. On the New Jersey tribunal, he proved as rigorous as his co-religionist was in



Drawing by Berger

Mr. Justice Brennan



maintaining the constitutional barrier between church and state. He voted to prevent a public school from helping the Gideon Society to distribute its Bibles among children, and he would not interpret a "blue law" as providing for the punishment of people who worked on Sunday.

Brennan's father was an Irish immigrant who became a labor leader. But Brennan, Jr., worked for the "other side." Before becoming a judge, he was employed by Western Electric in Kearny as its legal expert in labor matters (his superior at Western Electric was James Mitchell, the present Secretary of Labor, who is known to have recommended Brennan's appointment to the President). In the army, one of his important assignments was to maintain good relations between unions and companies working on war contracts. As a judge, he has generally been lenient to workers claiming compensation for unemployment or injury, and in 1953 he denied that

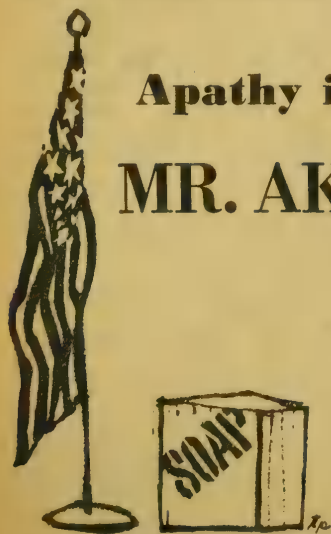
a state court could enjoin picketing in the face of Taft-Hartley's preemption of this field.

ONE interesting biographical fact: At Harvard Law School, Justice Brennan was a student of Professor Felix Frankfurter. The older Justice's *leitmotif* today is "judicial abstinence": the Court should not interfere with Congress even to protect civil liberties from repressions generated by the hysteria of the moment.

Justice Frankfurter often seems to exercise great influence on neophyte Justices who perhaps appreciate the ideological underpinning for their natural reluctance to assert their power too quickly. At a time when American liberalism stands to lose far more from legislative encroachment than from judicial self-assertion, the fact that Frankfurter may again try to establish a professor-student relationship with Brennan is somewhat disquieting.

But Governor Meyner has ex-

pressed the opinion that the new Justice's opinions "will not be quite as 'middle-of-the-road' as some Republicans seem to think." Brennan will take his Supreme Court seat on October 15 under an interim appointment. Should Adlai Stevenson win the Presidency, he would have no obligation to submit Brennan's name to the Senate. It is probable, however, that he would not choose to slight a Democrat—and such a universally respected one at that. Thus Mr. Justice Brennan, at fifty the youngest member of the Court, should have many years in which to make his influence felt on American law and life. He is the first state judge since Benjamin Cardozo to come to the Supreme Court. Not since Cardozo, also, has a Democrat been nominated by a Republican President. The record gives some reason to hope that, a few years from now, there may be other and more meaningful similarities between Mr. Justice Cardozo and Mr. Justice Brennan.



## Apathy in the Elections

# MR. AKERS VS. PARK AVE... Dan Wakefield

*gether so well that they are here presented as two facets of a single story. Mr. Josephson's article begins on page 303.*

ANTHONY B. AKERS, Democratic candidate for Congress in Manhattan's Seventeenth ("Silk Stocking") District, is presently engaged in mowing his way through a grass-roots campaign up and down the asphalt jungles stretching from Park and Madison Avenues to Greenwich Village. The area is naked of general stores where natives loll around cracker-barrels and exchange homespun philosophies concerning the weather and politics, nor does it offer any of the usual settings associated with "grass-roots" campaigning. In the face of hostile door-

men and hurrying apartment-dwellers, candidate Akers has had to create his own gimmick for getting to this particular public. He is stumping with cocktail parties.

Racing down Madison Avenue in a taxi with candidate Akers and his wife, Jane, and a visiting reporter, campaign manager Bill Vandenhueval checked the list of parties and meetings for the evening, folded the piece of paper back in his pocket and explained to the newcomer that with sixty cocktail parties behind them since striking out in July, they had just begun to fight.

"I imagine," he said, "We'll have at least sixty more cocktail parties before the election in November. And of course, other meetings and speeches."

The Nation assigned staff contributor Dan Wakefield to cover the Tony Akers Congressional campaign in New York City in order to find out how the grass-roots technique works in the asphalt jungle. Quite independently, we assigned staff contributor Eric Josephson to do an article on the political apathy which has marked the general election campaign so far. The results fitted to-

There once was a time, according to assorted reporters on the scene, including a foreign observer named Alexis de Tocqueville, when Americans would travel miles over muddy roads to hear political candidates air their views. It may be argued that this was a form of entertainment at a time when entertainment was where you found it, and is naturally not to be expected in a season when David Sarnoff tells us that the near future will not only bring life to us by a flick of the dial, but bring it to us in color. Eager voters may have ridden buckboard out of the prairie to hear Abe Lincoln, but that is the past, and a part of the present is Anthony Akers invading uniform-guarded apartment buildings with scotch and soda for any who will come.

But there is probably hope to be drawn from the fact that candidate Akers, all decked out in flesh and blood, drew enough votes in his face-to-face cocktail invasions of '54 to come near unseating an incumbent Republican whom no previous opponent had ever approached any closer than by 15,000 votes in this solidly Republican district. In a total vote cast of 100,000, Democrat Akers, a young (forty-one) liberal with a heroic World War II record, lost by only 314 votes to Representative Frederick R. Coudert, Jr., a solid member of the Republican Party's Neanderthal wing.

AKERS feels that a good part of his strength lies simply in the frighteningly backward voting record of his opponent. As he told one Liberal Party meeting, "It almost doesn't matter who I am, anyone would be better than Coudert."

The record speaks loudly for such an assertion, and shows that the current affection of Coudert for Eisenhower, advertised by a White House letter of endorsement and posters showing the President bestowing his magic smile on Coudert, is not altogether in keeping with the Congressman's voting record. He voted for the McCarran-Walter Immigration Act over a Presidential veto and has pursued a firmly isolationist stand on foreign policy — whenever he was there to take a

stand. As Akers emphasizes to all his potential voters, Coudert has one of the worst attendance records in Congress, having been absent 42 per cent of the time.

But Coudert is trying hard to match his face with Eisenhower during the campaign, no matter how far his politics have been from matching those of the President. As the drowning Republicans did in Maine, Coudert is clutching valiantly at Eisenhower's coattails, and the Akers camp is hoping that the Maine



results of September will be paralleled in Manhattan's Seventeenth District. Their uphill fight against a man who has been elected by the area five consecutive times is made much steeper than in '54 now that Coudert is a part of the Ike slate. But it is brightened a bit by the handwriting on the wall in Maine. The last time the district went Democratic was 1934 — the last year that the state of Maine went Democratic.

If much of Akers' strength lies plainly in his opponent's weakness, much of it lies also in his personal appearance appeals to the voters. As our taxi moved on through Manhattan, Akers explained that he had been out campaigning in the neighborhood streets that afternoon.

"I think it really helps," he said, "this walking around and shaking hands. Most of the people I talk to say they've never actually met a candidate for political office before. They really are pleased to meet a man who's running."

The people at the cocktail parties where Akers holds forth are pleased, too, but they are also uneasy. The man in the street who is met by the candidate can shake hands and go on his way. Brought face to face with a live politician in the same

room, the citizen is apt to feel responsible for asking a question or making a comment above and beyond martini talk. It is excellent to leave the remote control media of propaganda and get to the "grass roots." But once there, the silence is frightening.

Campaign manager Vandenhueval, a bright young man of the proper flannel, led us into an apartment on East 70th Street, where neighbors had gathered to meet the candidate. The guests were still arriving, and most of the assembled had formed a quiet knot in the dining room, where a formidable bar was in operation. Tony Akers, a large and earnest looking man of six feet four inches and 215 pounds, moved into conversation with one of his campaigners, and the visiting reporter took a seat on the couch to watch the proceedings. Anxious to learn about the grass-rooters, he turned to the young lady next to him and learned that she was a Barnard graduate who had taken up the Akers cause in her own Park Avenue neighborhood and was canvassing by appointment, since the doormen wouldn't let her in to ring the bells. "It's pretty hard, you know; you waste much time. One appointment may take up your whole evening, by the time you set it up and then go there at the proper time and explain what it is you're doing."

THE LADY, nevertheless, was undaunted, and explained that she had become interested in the Akers campaign through reading of the backward policies pursued by Congressman Coudert. She was thoroughly informed about the whole situation, and the joy of finding such an enlightened grass-rooter was only slightly dimmed by learning that she'd been in the country only three years, having come to Barnard from London.

The crowd in the apartment was growing all the time, but few of them made their way to Tony Akers.

"The center of attraction," observed the young lady from London, "seems to be the bar instead of the candidate."

At one point Mr. Akers sat down



beside a smiling, platinum lady who was all alone, and for a moment it looked as if the center of gravity might begin to shift as a woman with purple eyes perched on the arm of Mr. Akers' couch and began talking rapidly. But everyone else kept their distance and the purple-eyed lady flitted away as suddenly as she had come. Mr. Akers eventually excused himself from the lonely platinum and ambled slowly over—unapproached by the multitudes—to the couch where sat the reporter and the English girl. The English girl began to tell him how the canvassing was going, but campaign manager Vandenhueval was about to call the crowd to attention for a few words from the candidate.

The multitudes moved away from the bar and seated themselves in the dubonnet living room. For a few moments Vandenhueval huddled with Akers, and the only sound was the uneasy rattle of ice against glasses.

Vandenhueval made the introduction and Tony Akers stepped out and moved his lanky frame against the television set that bulked at the end of the room, partially blanking out its wide grey face. He briefly ran through the arguments that are stated in his campaign literature, emphasizing that *Time* magazine had reported his opponent "recklessly irresponsible" in calling for legislation that would have limited Defense Department powers during the Korean war. He explained the constitutional amendment proposed by Coudert in 1953 that would have changed the electoral rules to soften the power of minority groups and, according to an article introduced into the *Congressional Record* by Coudert, "insure the triumph of truly American tickets for many years to come."

The listeners heard it all respectfully, gave a nice hand, and Vandenhueval stepped out again to announce that the party could resume, and Tony Akers would be available for anyone who had a question. The group moved up from the floor and returned to the bar, and many, to their coats. A lady came beaming up to tell Akers he would get her vote, even though her husband would still be going Republican. A young man—who also, it turned out, happened

to be from England—asked the candidate what he thought about Nasser and the candidate thought that the Administration had given him too much rope. Out of the crowd of some fifty people, three others came up to offer some question or comment.

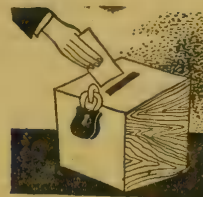
In the outer edges, a young man taunted a female Akers campaigner with "I Like Ike." Another fellow laughed rather nervously to a friend and said "My Lord, I feel ridiculous. I can't think of anything to ask."

There was only the rattle of ice against glass again. For all practical purposes the party had broken up with the announcement that Mr. Akers would be around for questions. Some ten minutes later he was off into the taxi and the night and the next event—a Democratic "slate" party of local candidates for state office. It would be a strictly Democratic gathering, which Akers accurately characterized as one of those affairs where you are talking to yourself because the attendants are already committed. But the cocktail party just ended was mainly made up of traditional Republicans, who, one might assume, would be eager to question the young Democratic challenger. The man was there before them and they wondered what to say.

PERHAPS it is too much to demand dialogue. But if there is none at these gatherings there will be none in the whole campaign, for the two opponents are not scheduled to meet each other in any discussion. Akers and his men say they've offered to sit at the table with Coudert and make with debate. They say they have accepted invitations for such an event from several organizations, only to be called back at a later date and informed that Coudert was unable to make it. The only time the opponents will appear together will be in mid-October before the Foreign Affairs Association. At that time each man will state his piece, but there will be no following debate. Coudert has told them that he only has a half an hour to spare for the occasion, which just leaves room for exposition. Each man will make his monologue, as is the growing custom,

and the old-fashioned habit of open debate will be left, here as elsewhere, to the safer realm of history books.

In this particular race the voters at least have a clearcut choice between a liberal internationalist and a reactionary isolationist. In the races beyond it, the lines are befogged in a way that would be



helpfully cleared by a real verbal give-and-take between the candidates. Who's to say about Javits and Wagner? The people in the Seventeenth District of Manhattan seem mostly to be resorting to party label, since that is the only distinguishing difference.

"I decided," said one at the cocktail party, "that since I couldn't really see much difference I'd vote for Wagner because he was a Democrat and I'm a Democrat."

And beyond the New York Senate race, what a thing it would be to see Stevenson and Eisenhower taking to the stump together or even appearing a single time in the manner of Lincoln and Douglas. But this is really asking for the moon. And yet, is it really too much for the voter to ask of the men who are seeking his vote for the most important office in the country?

The value of debate between men of such opposing poles as Akers and Coudert would be enormous, too, and the voters not only deserve it but need it. Tended too long by remote control, the grass roots are drying in the land, and their vitality requires more than personal appearance. We have come so far from Tocqueville's America that even the sight of Akers on the street is a revelation to the Manhattan voter. Political debate is even more remote, and the most sophisticated district in the nation, exposed to a grass-roots campaign for Congress, is haunted by the sound of ice cubes rattling against empty glasses at a cocktail party.



## Apathy in the Elections

# WHY VOTERS DON'T CARE...Eric Josephson

They try to make democracy almost a religion in the public schools and this hasn't worked out . . . This democracy business is not going over too well. (*From an interview with a nineteen-year-old girl.*)

THE CITIZENS of a democracy are expected to show interest in public affairs and exercise their sovereign right to participate in the decisions of government, but since the end of World War II the political apathy of Americans has become proverbial. Today, millions only exercise the right to say nothing and do nothing.

As the election draws near, what David Riesman called the "anti-apathy crusade" has been launched once again. Politicians, editorial writers, union officials and community leaders inveigh against public indifference and issue urgent appeals to citizens for "more participation" in the political process and greater interest in public issues. Philanthropic foundations and community organizations seek desperately for means to combat mass apathy. For example, the Ford Foundation is currently inviting magazine readers and radio listeners to "Express Your Opinion At a World Politics Group. . . . Examine national and world politics issues in lively rewarding discussions, based on provocative readings, and guided by expert leaders." This campaign against creeping political indifference, based on the premise that participation can be

"sold," is itself a striking commentary on the political state of the nation. Presumably, the Presidential election will generate some excitement, but not for long. Despite the earnest pleading of candidates, some thirty-five million potential voters will stay home on November 6.

What breeds mass apathy? There is no scarcity of issues. This is an age of world revolution, when empires are tottering and new balances of political and economic power are being formed. In many ways the nations of the world are bound more closely to each other than ever before, whether as friend or as foe, and in the process domestic politics have become increasingly "internationalized." Politically and economically, the earth is shrinking. But numerous public-opinion polls reveal monumental ignorance of and indifference to international affairs.

IF FOREIGN affairs arouse little interest, what about purely domestic issues? In America at the present time, because of the greater power of government at all levels, politics intrudes more and more upon individual lives: it can be ignored but not escaped. Yet, as C. Wright Mills has observed, "The most decisive comment that can be made about the state of U. S. politics concerns the facts of widespread public indifference, which today overshadow in significance both those of loyalty and those of insurgency," and he adds that many Americans "are strangers to politics. They are not radical, not liberal, not conservative, not reactionary; they are inactionary; they are out of it." Such a bald statement must be qualified. For example, in the struggle over desegregation in the South, the boycotts organized by Negroes and the violence of white mobs signify intense involvement in public affairs, unequalled since the labor struggles of the 1930s.

Apart from this epic battle, how-

ever, the political scene in America is remarkably calm. A survey conducted by Samuel Stouffer in the summer of 1954, when McCarthyism was rampant and the U. S. Army was fighting for its reputation against the junior Senator from Wisconsin, showed that neither the Communist menace nor the threat to civil liberties were matters of great concern to the overwhelming majority of our citizens. When asked, "What kind of things do you worry about most?" less than 1 per cent of the national cross-section voluntarily mentioned subversive activities or the loss of civil liberties (probing by interviewers ultimately raised this figure to about 6 per cent). The widespread indifference to the fate of individual liberties—which appear as abstractions to many Americans—is reflected in the fact that the defense of these liberties has been waged by no more than a tiny handful of citizens. The enemies of civil liberties have been more numerous, but even they have been unable to win the active support of great masses.

WITH few exceptions, therefore, the apathy of most of our citizens toward national and international issues has remained undisturbed. A number of "crusaders" against mass indifference have concluded that if men and women are to learn how to play effective roles in the political process, they must first cope with problems of immediate local concern. The experiences of a union in St. Louis, Local 688 of the AFL-CIO Teamsters, are illustrative. Several years ago leaders of the local started an educational program to increase the political consciousness of rank-and-file members by helping them to do something about the problems faced by St. Louis. It was the expectation of Local 688's leadership that union members would be more interested in and more likely to act upon issues that were close to them and that their interest in national issues, such



as labor legislation and the struggle for civil rights, would be aroused by successful experience in tackling more immediate problems. A poll of the membership showed that the local issue uppermost in their minds was the need to improve bus and streetcar service. Presumably, this was the issue on which they wanted to act. Shortly afterwards, a campaign was initiated on a city-wide scale to obtain improved bus and streetcar service; Local 688 organized a drive to collect signatures petitioning the city to establish a Metropolitan Transit Authority.

At the beginning, union members showed considerable enthusiasm for the project. But once the first objective was achieved—collecting the required number of signatures—rank-and-file interest dropped. In the end, the campaign was being waged almost entirely by the local's officials. The membership was now "out of it"; in the words of one union leader, the project had "fallen flat."

The case of Local 688 is particularly striking because the union's program of political education has been superior to most in the labor movement in recent years. If many individual citizens cannot sustain interest in the "reform" of streetcar service, how can they cope with far broader issues?

In large measure, mass apathy stems from the individual citizen's feeling of powerlessness. Two social psychologists, Ernst Kris and Nathan Leites, have observed: "Individuals in the mass societies of the twentieth century are to an ever increasing extent involved in public affairs; it becomes increasingly difficult to ignore them. But 'ordinary' individuals have ever less the feeling that they can *understand* or *influence* the very events upon which their life and happiness [are] known to depend." Many public issues are highly complex; to exercise citizenship intelligently, men and women must have an inkling of where their interests lie. If they find politics incomprehensible, they will be encouraged to depend on experts and leaders to interpret and decide for them.

Responsibility for political ignorance rests in part with a system of popular education which must strug-

gle so hard to preserve minimum standards of literacy that "education for citizenship" has become dangerously superficial. As a result, new generations enter maturity with few of the intellectual tools which they need in order to play a meaningful role in the political community. In addition, official obsession with "security" has virtually sealed off some of the most important areas of discussion—especially questions pertaining to nuclear weapons and the development of atomic energy—by denying citizens access to sources of information. Political illiteracy frustrates the effective exercise of citizenship; the secrecy which covers many operations of government can only increase this frustration.

THE PHYSICAL dimensions of our society represent another inducement to widespread apathy. Lord Bryce remarked that the sheer size of the nation and its electorate tends to give the individual citizen a feeling of powerlessness and encourage him to submit to the weight of mass opinion. "In the fatalism of the multitude," he wrote, "there is neither legal nor moral compulsion; there is merely a loss of resisting power, a diminished sense of personal responsibility and of the duty to battle for one's own opinions." More important than the size of the mass, however, is the perfection of techniques of persuading it, of controlling its tastes and opinions. To an increasing extent, C. Wright Mills has suggested, Americans are at the receiving end of the system of mass media, with little opportunity or means to answer back.

In political terms, the significance of the mass media is both tactical and strategic. Advertising agencies and pollsters now play key roles in party campaigns: Republican Party spokesmen rendered a distinct service to students of politics when they spoke frankly of "merchandising" the Eisenhower program. But the media have a habit of imposing standards of taste and intelligence upon those who use them. The popular arts communicated by film, television and radio promote immaturity, not attitudes of responsible citizenship. In politics, there is a

tendency to play down ideological differences—never very strong in the American two-party system—and play up the packaged "personalities" of candidates and leaders. Politics become more trivial in content, deteriorating into another form of "entertainment" which must compete with spectator sports, movies and quiz shows.

Perhaps most important among the causes of mass apathy is the evolving structure of political and economic power. America has been at or near war for a decade and a half, and in this period effective political power has passed more and more into the hands of military and corporate blocs. A partly militarized economy means a partly militarized society, and the "garrison state" requires political discipline and loyalty even at the price of widespread indifference. Non-conformist views must be everywhere suppressed—directly through the machinery of loyalty-security programs which exercise control over the political behavior of ten million Americans, or indirectly by means of well-organized campaigns against dissenters. Along with these negative sanctions are the enormous resources of the military bureaucracy and the corporations to mold opinion and influence behavior in desired directions. In this structure of power, the helplessness of the individual citizen is all too apparent.

Reviewing the evidence of citizen apathy—the failure of millions to vote, widespread ignorance of and indifference to important public issues—a number of social scientists have reached the conclusion that mass inertia has its virtues. "Political apathy in a democracy is a good thing," writes Morton Grodzins, who argues that the indifference of multitudes softens controversy among those who are interested in politics and thereby tends to stabilize our political system. The informed exercise of citizenship is highly desirable, Grodzins admits, but he claims that on a mass scale it is an ideal which can never be completely realized. According to this view, the apathy of our citizens is preferable to *coerced* participation on a wider scale, as under totalitarianism. Other

sociologists argue that a democratic system of government *requires* a certain degree of non-participation; they question whether our democracy could work if all the people were deeply involved in politics.

This view is open to serious question. In the first place, it is highly misleading to point to the dangers of *total* participation in America when most of the "participating" is being done by a mere handful of citizens and when the real problem for democracy may be how to increase the size of this active minority by one per cent. It is likewise misleading to suggest that mass participation under dictatorships indicates an absence of apathy. There is sufficient evidence that political life under dictatorial regimes suffers from apathy too, for the use of terror and the monopoly of political power by small groups of party leaders breed a fatalistic attitude on the part of multitudes, however great their loyalty to the regime.

But most important of all, the theory that apathy is desirable or even essential to the survival of democracy encourages a complacent attitude toward the actual working of our political system. In a democracy, citizens have the right *not* to participate in the political process, and millions of Americans certainly exercise that right. Other millions, however, have the *will* to participate, but lack the *ability*; while concerned about important public issues, they are unable to translate their concern into effective action because they lack the necessary competence and the means to make themselves heard and felt. The two kinds of apathy, voluntary and involuntary, should not be confused. But in any case, widespread indifference serves only those who do have the power to make decisions and know how to use that power for specific ends. Somewhere there is a danger point below which democracy can no longer survive mass apathy.

At another extreme in this debate, Walter Lippmann has taken the position that democratic societies suffer from *too much* interference by the masses. There has been a "functional derangement of the relationship between the mass of the people

and the government," he writes in a recent work. "The people have acquired power which they are incapable of exercising, and the governments they elect have lost powers which they must recover if they are to govern." Lippmann considers the domination of government by mass opinion responsible for the "precipitate and catastrophic decline of Western society." To preserve democracy as he conceives it, Lippmann would limit the area of popular consent.

It is true that the multitudes cannot themselves administer the government, but far from interfering too much in the affairs of state, the masses of citizens are rarely consulted. Last winter, the Standard Oil Company of Indiana financed a lobbying campaign for a bill to liberate natural gas from Federal controls; in many cases telegraphed support for the bill, allegedly from Senatorial constituents, was sent by the company's agents without the consent or even the knowledge of these citizens. Does this represent too much "intervention" by the mass of the people?

The crisis of democracy has never

stemmed from too much participation, but from too little. It is the height of irony to suggest that more power be taken away from the people in an age when political power is dominated by corporate and military blocs, when tastes and opinions are manipulated, and when the individual has become powerless in a mass society. Rather, ways must yet be found to restore power where it rightfully belongs, to provide citizens with the necessary skills to take part in the political processes, to liberate the means of communication and sources of information, to enlarge areas of debate—in short, we must ensure that the consent of the governed is reasoned and freely given, not ill-informed and apathetic. Appeals to a sense of duty and calls for "more participation" will not suffice.

"I know of no safe depository of the ultimate powers of the society but the people themselves," Jefferson wrote, "and if we think them not enlightened enough to exercise their control with a wholesome discretion, the remedy is not to take it from them, but to inform their discretion by education."





# THE GOSSIP COLUMNISTS

Sullivan, Winchell, Lyons, etc. . . by DAVID CORT

EVERY PERIOD wants intensely to know about its most interesting people, but all too often does not know who they are. Molière, for example, made the revolutionary discovery that in his time the ambitious bourgeoisie was far more interesting than the nobility; later and duller writers discovered the proletariat and peasantry; others have rediscovered miscellaneous aristocracies of wealth, power, sensibility or mere decadence. Fortunes are made and lost in the search for the people who are, simply, interesting.

The syndicated gossip columnists of the current American press have this same old problem. Their solutions are the matter of this survey.

It is only fair to point out that Molière and Proust were not bound by some of the limitations imposed on the gossip columnist. A daily column of gossip is impossible for one human being to produce; but it is easy to compose it from the mail. Thus the columnist, by and large, must accept a cast of characters given him by companies and restaurants who hire press agents. Because most columns originate in New York City, the restaurants will be New York restaurants (or Miami Beach or Las Vegas). Secondly, the characters named must be pre-sold or known at least by name to some fifty million people.

Who are these characters? Without wishing to put into this subject any more scholarship than it can safely stand, I have compiled categories of items for seven columnists, using three columns for each in the waning summer of 1956. If anyone is dissatisfied with the exhaustiveness of this monumental public service, I can only plead that it marks the absolute limit of my industry. The conclusions are presented on

DAVID CORT, a staff contributor, describes himself as a former expert on the night-club rounds.

this page in tabular form. This table will blaze the trail for later and more conscientious workers in this overgrown field.

The table holds bad news for the intellectually somnolent. It cannot be read in one fast glance; the revelations embedded are too ramified even for full exploration here. Off-hand, it would seem that movie, theatre and night-club characters are the most fascinating people in America today. If true, this is a sorry indictment.

Actually, the high scores for this group derive from the columnists who work primarily from the mail: Sullivan and Kilgallen. These two do not stay up late much any more. Because they draw their main income from TV-radio, they rarely refer to their airwave competitors except sneeringly. Sullivan as a "performer" needs both show-business people and the press; his scores reflect the need. What he expects of society must have some simple explanation.

Winchell and Lyons obviously show the best balance, the most subtle and professional grasp of news interest; Sullivan is the most cursory, imbalanced and generally amateurish. Winchell doesn't need anybody

now. He has an antique habit of helping obscure people in show business whenever he can.

Sylvester, Farrell and Lyons just get around. Sylvester seems to like the jive joints; Farrell is almost social in his wanderings; Lyons is almost literary, if one can count press agents and gag-writers in this profession (the former become the latter). These three represent a new type of columnist, indicating their editors' uncertainty about the old cast of gossip characters. They are essentially and ingratiatingly "guys on the make," minor characters in their own right. They tell true gossip, conceived as a small dramatic episode, joke or memoir, rather than a bare juxtaposition of a male and a female name.

From the best sources I have a list of the New York saloons currently frequented by these people. The information should interest anybody who wants to get mentioned; it should be priceless to anybody who doesn't.

Winchell: Lindy's (comedians, gag-writers); Reuben's (miscellaneous); El Morocco (society, models, wolves).

Mortimer: El Morocco.

	Walter Winchell	Lee Mortimer	Ed Sullivan	Leonard Lyons	Frank Farrell	Dorothy Kilgallen	Bob Sylvester	TOTAL#
Movie personages .....	12	5	33	11	10	15	9	95
Theatre and night clubs .....	15	14	12	14	12	14	8	89
TV-radio personages .....	15	3	5	9	6	4	5	45
Society (including royalty) .....	1	5	15	8	3	6	....	38
Monaco .....	3	1	....	....	1	1	....	6
The Press .....	12	2	10	2	....	1	1	28
Athletes .....	4	4	6	5	1	4	2	26
Homosexuals .....	....	2	....	....	....	2	....	4
Law-enforcers .....	5	1	3	....	....	1	....	10
Restaurant Plugs .....	8	8	....	1	1	4	13	35
Slams at Democrats and Republican Plugs .....	6	6	....	....	1	1	....	14
Records and ASCAP .....	7	1	9	2	4	5	7	35
Models .....	1	1	....	....	1	....	2	5
Writers .....	3	3	1	4	....	3	....	14
Unidentified and Unknown .....	1	5	2	....	1	1	3	13

**Sullivan:** Le Pavillon (the Windsor set).

**Lyons:** Toots Shor (journalists, athletes); Lindy's.

**Farrell:** Weylin Bar (café society); El Morocco.

**Kilgallen:** Stork Club (advertising).

**Sylvester:** Toots Shor, Fourth Estate (fourth estate).

Only one or two of the columnists overdrink; several can't drink liquor at all.

Before we proceed to the subjects of American gossip, let us finish off the columnists.

**Kilgallen.** Her frank malevolence was at its best in her reporting on the Monaco wedding when she drew attention to the line of Grace's thigh, Rainier's titter-making medals and Mrs. Kelly's "strutting" down the aisle of the Cathedral. Kilgallen resembles a silly girl practicing to turn into an old witch, a sort of fangless Louella Parsons. Enough.

**Sullivan.** His malevolence is almost buried from sight beneath an awesome dullness and ambition. His current series in *Collier's* opened with a panegyric to the modesty of "the truly great ones," among whom he numbered John Jacob Astor II, Winthrop Rockefeller, Jack Dempsey, and Eddie Arcaro. By great, Sullivan means useful to him.

On the other hand show business, which has a long memory, has not forgotten that Sullivan has not often helped struggling performers with a good word at the critical moment. On occasion, in his powerless days, he often did his best to destroy the powerless and vulnerable performer.

Sullivan has a sound political sense of how to prove out his power, corresponding to his knowledge of whom to fawn on. He also has a reliable trick of inventing a feud in his column with a performer whom he wants on disadvantageous terms on his TV show. He has carried on noteworthy feuds with Kate Smith, Joe E. Brown, Frank Sinatra, Joan Crawford and Gwen Verdon. Because the rest of the press fall for it, it usually works the way Sullivan planned it. The leverage he can apply to people in show business draws him magnetically as if he were

## *Little Old* **NEW YORK** By ED SULLIVAN

**New York—Day by Day**  
By Frank Farrell

**THE VOICE OF BROADWAY:**  
By DOROTHY KILGALLEN

**Walter Winchell**  
*Of New York*

**Lee Mortimer's NIGHTLIFE**

**The Lyons Den**

By Leonard Lyons

**Dream Street**  
By ROBERT SYLVESTER

saying aloud, "How long has this been going on?"

The Sullivan face, a coconut with expression, has probably been more frequently insulted than any other in New York. In the old days Pegler, Broun, Frank Sullivan and Jim Moriarty could not stand him; yet he boasts in his *Collier's* series that the friend of all these, Mike Romanoff, regularly sponged off him. I haven't the time or money to disprove this, but I don't believe it. In

the same paragraph, Sullivan puts Winthrop Rockefeller in El Morocco when the boy was at Loomis academy and Yale on a sharply limited allowance.

Sullivan's ignominious lust for power on the TV stage sets him apart from real show-business people, who when successful think themselves only lucky. As he levers and savagely defends his power, he is not above asking how he could just possibly parlay it, if things fell



just so, into being President or Pope. His toadies have strange tales to tell of his ambition.

Negatively, the ambition comes clear in the story of the little TV repairman in upstate New York who made so bold as to paint on his shop front the name "Ed Sullivan TV." The little man's name was Ed Sullivan. The "great" Ed S. promptly sued the little Ed S.

Positively, the Sullivan afflatus can be read in his very recent public rumination on whether he, Sullivan, should forgive Ingrid Bergman for a seven-year-old adultery since regularized by marriage. Because Sullivan is not a priest, one must imagine that the thought gave him a titillation which he wanted to prolong and exploit.

Ingrid had flatly refused to appear on his show even before he invited his listeners to vote on forgiving her so far as to let her.

In case Jesus Christ's comment had not sufficiently covered the situation, a Catholic priest said:

I have never heard anything quite like it. It was distasteful to make a public issue of something that actually is between a person and her God. It is not the prerogative of the public to absolve or condemn an individual's action. Is Sullivan the one to say there have been seven and a half years of penance? ... Miss Bergman's actions so shockingly exposed again by Sullivan are not public actions to be publicly chastised or condoned, or even forgiven in this mass whimsical fashion. ... Only God can judge, not a popularity contest in which a public will vote against sin or for sin or whatever way Sullivan wishes to approach the matter for the sake of the program. ... No matter what the vote of his audience might be, it cannot justify Sullivan throwing the first, nor the last stone. ...

This admirable statement was quoted in the New York *Journal-American* TV column of Jack O'Brian, who loathes Sullivan as only one Irishman can loathe another. It helped inspire the typical Sullivan weasel: "The public voted 50-50." Ingrid Bergman was an especially ill-chosen Sullivan victim because she was always a Hollywood phenomenon: a truly moral woman who actually believed in love.

*Winchell.* By contrast, there is Walter Winchell, who created the modern general gossip column (but certainly not gossip, or the invasion of the American citizen's privacy). His recent return to action, after a vacation filled in by Mortimer, showed again what a professional of honor can do. Part of his strength comes from the fact that over the years he has given the timely hurrah to thousands of struggling members of show business when they needed it badly. He is known for never asking for any return for such notices; he often does not remember the talented people he has helped. He has no designs on the beautiful females among them. These people, many now famous, remember.

Winchell's gossip frequently exhibits the mark of a gentleman and a magnanimous man. When Louella Parsons was crowing that Rita Hayworth had become pregnant before her marriage to the Aly Khan, Winchell commented: "Gents'-room unfortunately not noticed his decency in such matters.

Winchell's political sense, a sadder story, is bounded by his past admirations for the mob executive, Frank Costello, and Joe McCarthy, Sherman Billingsley and (the only one still in favor) J. Edgar Hoover. These smooth, tough gentlemen have impressed him the way Davy Crockett awes a small boy. He is of course on the Eisenhower bandwagon, but it should be remembered that he loved the elder Roosevelt and has never betrayed the great cripple.

He is about to take on a TV show. As usual, he is full of ideas, most of which NBC has turned down. But it will be a good show and might even put Sullivan off the air.

*Lee Mortimer.* Winchell's understudy is a limp and exhausted wraith seen only in a night-club haze, slumped over a table in an aristocratic droop. Despite his name, Lee is not a member of the great, extinct English house of Mortimer, whose name meant Sea Death. His own best gossip columns made the important discovery that a whole column about one trivial light woman might be more interesting than

twenty items about twenty light women. These pieces about people named Candy Rococo seemed to promise something. However, under Mortimer, they died.

As Winchell's replacement, he unconsciously tried to destroy Winchell's livelihood by parading his own weariness with it. Thus: "Not Much of This and Absolutely Nothing of That"; "Was that whosis with so-and-so? (Only asking, I don't care.)"; "Last Week's Hot Nothings This Week"; "Little of This, Much Less of That"; "Times Square Trivia (And is it trivial!)"; "Little of That, Less of Nothing"; "Today's (or maybe it was yesterday's) John Jacob Astor item"; "I don't believe this item either but it fills space."

He has not been himself since the death of Jack Lait (the late Lait Show) who collaborated with him on the "Confidential" books based on information assembled from such reliable sources as deteriorated whores and cashiered cops. When I meet so much slander and hate, I want to know what the authors defend and love. Jack Lait, in a column in the New York *Mirror* of June 21, 1952, defended what he and Mortimer loved:

Though he is a rascal, I get a twinge in my heart. ... For I knew him long and well, during his big days, when he was the boss of Atlantic City, the supreme monarch in a glamorous domain. They broke him, the only big shot who was sent to the penitentiary by the New Dealers. [This term is invective.] Of course he was a Republican. He lived like an emperor. ... He was a millionaire and spent like one. He gave to established charities as well as bums and hustlers, and he entertained in a fabulous three-story night club he had set up for a famous favorite. ... Johnson had a unique understanding with the gangsters of the nation. ... Guns were checked, feuds were suspended, murderous deals were made—but to be consummated elsewhere. ...

The love object is Enoch ("Nucky") Johnson of Atlantic City, whose money came mostly from houses of prostitution. He frequently, while sitting at the table with ladies, imperially micturated without moving from his place. He gloried in cruelty and scatology.

Of good old Nucky, Lait finishes: "And now he is broke and broken, and if he wanders beside the surf with the loyal woman who married him when he was in his declension, only a handful of the aging faithful raise their hats to this toppled ruler. . . ." Boo-hoo.

As late as August 29, 1956, Mortimer's column awoke an echo of the beloved old Philadelphia-Atlantic City midway with a salute to the night-club man who later married the "favorite," unnecessarily referred to by Lait, thus: "The most distinguished host on earth is Philly's 'Smiling' Jack Lynch. . . ." The title itself means nothing: Mortimer bestows it liberally on those douzopers of the night, Julie Podell of the Copacabana, Lou Walters of the Latin Quarter, etc., etc. The interest here is in where the bodies are buried and Mortimer's heart lies. Sea Death comes home appropriately to Atlantic City, so like the Norman coast where the name originated.

*Sylvester.* Bob Sylvester, along with Leonard Lyons and Frank Farrell, represents a new sort of columnist. Sylvester, the most interesting to me, is as refreshing as the New York Post's sportswriter, Jimmy Cannon. He is the New York News' hidden ace, along with the similar McHarry, in case of Sullivan's final desuetude.

*Lyons.* Leonard Lyons is clever and readable; I am sorry I do not like him better since he is at least a Democrat. His fellow-customers at Toots Shor's and Lindy's ought to be amusing; they are journalists, comedians and ballplayers. A recent column about a conversation among Hemingway, Jackie Gleason and somebody else was meant to make a hero of Hemingway and was only embarrassing. Apparently a column about saloon life can make heroes of ballplayers but not of writers. Lyons gives one the feeling of a bright New York high school boy amazing his English teacher. His fault is the opposite of Mortimer's. He is too sincere. Describing his world of hardened extroverts, he turns them all into introverts. They all prove to have souls and heavily oxidized ironies. The amorphous so-

ciety that Winchell evokes does not take shape in Lyons.

So much for the gossips; now what of their subjects?

The most dramatic subjects are handsome young women whose pictures are on file in every American newspaper office. Yet it should be noted that the girls and women of show business probably have less sex life than the normal woman of thirty-five. Since they tend to exaggerate the importance of their favors, they are more moral than office girls. Hence most of the supposed sex life in the columns is strictly imaginary. Very sad, but very true.

Linda Christian has given us a serial story of some interest: the nude statue of herself given to her husband; the divorce; the gift of jewels by a playboy who hadn't paid for them; the fine settlement out of court; and now a canvassing of the English talent. Bobo Rockefeller, by doing the mambo in the right places, moved in on, and out from, the most amiable member of a millionaire family. For men who can afford it, it must be a pleasant sport to make famous their taste in women. The Texan, Sheppard, made his name with an Egyptian belly-dancer.

Grateful as we must be for these little stories, they are too ephemeral

and lead to the question: "Whatever became of. . . ." What is wanted are stories in which the bride and groom are both somebody, preferably not too rich. The Miller-Monroe wedding and the Monaco wedding seem to me honorable examples of such stories.

The current fashion is to regard anyone with an astounding mammary development as of intense news interest. Russell, Dagmar, Lollobrigida, Diana Dor, Jayne Mansfield, etc. come and go, and some have talent. Jayne Mansfield is a natural. She has a bust and a wrestler and the public is terrified to think what would happen if they met. The wrestler was publicized as a coward; but the bust is not.

The beautiful girls lose some of their drama when they marry; they regain it at the divorce.

The useful men are mostly young actors or hopelessly neurotic middle-aged ones. Most genuinely famous men are too old, rich or well-married to be tampered with by gossip columnists. A fascinating man like Arthur Vining Davis can well defend himself. Apart from a few youths who inherited fame and wealth, the non-acting Romeos of the columns are generally faceless, identified as related to somebody else who is known. The ones with faces—Tommy Manville, John Jacob Astor, George Jessel, Billy Rose—are far from satisfactory either.

The great reliable geniuses at living like John Barrymore, Sr., Tallulah Bankhead, Marlene Dietrich, endow the press with a hundred million dollars worth of public interest. The press is bankrupted when a John Barrymore dies. If it made any collective sense, it would have subsidized Barrymore and propped him up for a few more years, a few more editions. America has fewer and fewer of these figures who have given great energy to engraving themselves indelibly on the public mind.

As the great and gaudy characters have faded from the American scene, the gossip columnists have had to find somebody else whom they could honestly regard as the most fascinating people in America. They now and then betray their newest discovery. It is themselves.

## The Wrong Is Mixed

Can cockcrow fix a landscape?  
Morning anywhere in the world.  
Country nostalgias. Here is  
Season of spiders, webs before wind.  
Blue air curved yellow with fruit,  
Green disintegrates: decomposition  
Is peaceful. Dove wings rising  
Clap an applause of peace.  
At early crow, light's a long level.

We hear that the world will end;  
What heart believes it? We hear of  
Beginningless and endless universe;  
What mind imagines it? And if  
We are unwebbed and the wind comes  
That blows the world away, betrayed  
From green for the last time—cockcrow  
Must cry up that tearing air like  
Memory of the morning of the world.

Here on water, one scarlet leaf for love.

WINFIELD TOWNLEY SCOTT



# BOOKS and the ARTS

## Russia Through the Looking Glass

*HOW THE SOVIET SYSTEM WORKS.* By Raymond A. Bauer, Alex Inkeles, and Clyde Kluckhohn. Harvard University Press. \$4.75.

By Frederick L. Schuman

SUPPOSE you were a social scientist from Mars. Suppose you wanted to know about the United States but, for reasons beyond your control, had never set foot in America and were unable so to do. Suppose you decided, as a second-best device, to interview Communists deported from America along with voluntary exiles, renegades, émigrés, heretics, and traitors. Suppose you then undertook to describe contemporary America. The result would probably resemble reality as little as the account in this volume, issued with much fanfare, resembles contemporary Soviet society.

This is a pity, all the more deplorable since the enterprise, in its time, made sense. The people engaged in it are among the best of American social scientists. Their honesty of purpose and keenness of judgment are beyond question. The sad fact remains that in 1956 the way to find out how the Soviet system works is to go and look at it. This procedure was not available to the researchers whose findings are summarized in these pages, for they labored in the era of "Cold Wars" and "Iron Curtains" when American scholars were barred from visiting the USSR by Moscow or Washington or both.

What we have here, following a score of other books (many of them highly informative) with more to

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come, is the academic offspring of U. S. Air Force Contract No. 33(038)-12909 with Maxwell Air Base, the Human Resources Research Institute, Harvard's Russian Research Center, and the "Harvard Project on the Soviet Social System." The data are derived from questionnaires and interviews with some 3,000 escapees and displaced persons, all of whom were outside the USSR after 1940, plus a few of post-1950 vintage.

The insights thus gained are illuminating and well worth reading as a commentary on some aspects of Soviet life, as remembered after a decade, by those who fled from, or refused to return to, Stalin's despotism. But to present the findings as an account of Soviet society today is a travesty. The authors, to be

sure, explain on every other page that what they are saying is based on the recollections of people who sought freedom abroad long ago. Yet their constant use of the present tense and the very title of the book convey the impression that they are depicting the USSR now.

It is simply untrue, in 1956, that "the Soviet system allows a man to know only enough to do his job" (jacket blurb); that "collegial rule in the USSR, assuming that it is really operating in fact and not in form" is illusory and transitory (p. 21); that "there is little official prestige attached to, or support for, any activity, including those which are scientific or scholarly, that is not actually or potentially instrumental to the requirements of the state" (p. 47); that "the material conditions of the Soviet population have not improved appreciably since the late '30's" (p. 103); that "the re-

## Love Among the Ruins

One time I was invited to see Croce.  
Scylla and Charybdis lay between. In Sicily  
The sky is blue over Taormina, flagrant  
And dependable as a Greek statue.

The old columns were still taking the air.  
It was a green, ethereal world, white Etna  
Increasing the ponderable, inevitable nature  
Of arcane spiritual adventure.

Over the sea Croce stared upon experience.  
Insinuated within the discourse of events  
A goddess appeared upon the stage declaiming.  
She had ravishment, and sorcery, and authority.

Love was then the old bedevilment  
Of soul and sense; of fictions and mountains; of  
Blue, green, and of imperious whiteness.  
Croce sat reading a book in Naples.

I swore to the gleaming gods of Hellas,  
To the gloomy gods of America, and to these  
Columnar shades above the turbulent waters  
That I would search the white face of Etna.

I took my ease where the meanings meander  
In crucial zones of mystery, where fire and ice  
Commingle and life and death are one  
And never went to see Croce in Italy.

RICHARD EBERHART

gime has created a system which runs counter to the basic propensities of the Russian character" (p. 141); that "Leites was right in insisting that genuine agreement with the West would be inconceivable to the Politburo" (p. 167); that present rulers "lack the human qualities which western people value" (p. 170); that the peasants were "most frustrated by Nazi failure to break up the collective farms" (p. 183); that "the collective farm system has been the least successful of Soviet

productive institutions" (p. 185); etc. *ad infinitum ad absurdum*.

All of this, and much else here, is nonsense, as any observant visitor to the USSR can readily perceive within the first few days of his sojourn. To forgive one's enemies or to love one's enemies is inadmissible in *Realpolitik*. But to be ignorant of one's enemies is disastrous. My advice to these conscientious researchers is: Go have a look. Alex Inkeles is now doing so. The next volume in these studies should be better.

## Hemlock and Piltdown

ANGLO-SAXON ATTITUDES. By Angus Wilson. The Viking Press. \$4.50.

By William Bittner

ANGUS WILSON has been compared to nearly every other modern British satirist; but even though his novels have a delightful bite and penetrate more deeply than anything since *Point Counter Point*, I find them more like the best work of that old sentimentalist, Charles Dickens. The variety of his characters, just close enough to being types that they can be given names suggesting their crochets, the aptness and charm of his exposition, the interlinked plots and sub-plots convoluted with evil deeds that come home to roost like pigeons, suggest *Great Expectations*. *Hemlock and After*, Wilson's first novel, lacks the Dickensian mystery; but *Anglo-Saxon Attitudes* has it and more. Although the mystery seems to be solved, it is really as obscured in the end as it was at the beginning.

As in every such comparison, Wilson's differences from Dickens exceed the resemblances. He is a critic of a different age. In place of sentimentality he has put cynicism; but both attitudes evade facing the problem outright. Dickens wished to reform by exposing social conditions, and he believed in the cleansing power of affection, kindness

and good humor. Wilson reveals the shoddiness behind what society considers virtues and the shams of the virtuous; his worst villains are the cozy, comfy people Dickens loved. The upshot is that for our age, at least, Dickens becomes a soporific, while Wilson gives us a jolt.

A former official of the British Museum, where he apparently paid as much attention to the people in the Reading Room as he did to the books, Angus Wilson wrote his first short story in 1946. His two collections, *Such Darling Dodos* and *The Wrong Set*, contain flawless, brilliant short stories. His first novel, *Hemlock and After*, leaves a bitter taste but became famous; in the British Council pamphlet "The Novel Today," Walter Allen says, "As an exposure of the kind of underworld and its inhabitants produced by the English legal attitude toward homosexuality it is brilliantly terrifying." He finds, however, that the book slides toward caricature rather than convincing symbolic representation of the actual.

The central figure is Bernard Sands, a novelist of Shavian celebrity who, it seems to me, represents the active intellectual of the between-the-wars era. Having lost faith in political action, he has wheedled state and university support for a colony of writers to be housed in a mansion rejected by the National Trust and governed by the writers themselves. Sands has become vulnerable, however, for yielding to his homosexual proclivities, and the last we hear of his project the civil servants have taken control and are de-

bilitating it with economy drives. The dedication ceremony was the turning point. Intended to be Sands' greatest triumph, it worked up instead to a hilarious but disastrous orgy, during which the polite visitors sipped tea and pretended not to notice.

A SIMILAR melee marks the climax of *Anglo-Saxon Attitudes*, a book in which the collapsing English class structure is poked at as the building inspector does a house riddled by termites. The middle class politely looks the other way while Teddy Boys cavort, highbrows bumble, scholars pursue their hobbies instead of their learning, and the spivs walk out with the family jewels. Only those whose intellectual honesty impels them past the distractions of sentiment emerge from the debacle—one character in each novel.

It should be evident by now to everyone who has read Paul Johnson's account\* of the spiv revolution against the genteel left that Wilson is an impartial observer of that conflict. He exposes the vulgarity and callowness of the young in relentless detail; and before the mature liberals have stopped laughing he has their blemishes on display. He gives the tory attitude all the respect a corpse deserves, and he pokes fun at the welfare state much as did the old *Punch* cartoon in which the coster's wife says, "when the Labour Government gits in, we're all to be equal, an' then I shall 'ave a servant to do me work for me." Puritanically he demonstrates in a variety of highly readable incidents that where weakness is, evil will enter like caries in a tooth.

The mystery that binds together the plots of *Anglo-Saxon Attitudes* makes it a much more amusing and effective novel than the earlier one. Gerald Middleton, an emeritus professor of early medieval history, has carried on his conscience for thirty-five years the drunken confidence of an irresponsible litterateur, Gilbert Stokesay, that he had faked his father's most famous archeological

\* "Britain's New Right: Search for the Upper 'U'" in *The Nation* of September 1, 1956.

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find by placing a fertility idol from another excavation in the tomb of an Anglo-Saxon bishop.

After a long investigation, hampered by the survivors' loyalty to Professor Stokesay, Middleton acquires documentary evidence that Stokesay had learned of the fraud and that the cleric's property on which the tomb was found had paid blackmail to his servants for years. The irony is screwed in another turn, however. Gilbert's purpose—to embarrass his father—and the servants'—to blackmail the canon—were served, whether they had actually planted the idol in the tomb or only pretended to do so. Thus even doubt is uncertain, and all our happy pretenses, our Anglo-Saxon attitudes (See *Through the Looking-Glass and Patience*) crumble like . . . well, like the English class system.

FOR all its unpleasant observations, *Anglo-Saxon Attitudes* is a book one can take fiendish great pleasure in reading. A good many of the characters resemble those in *Hemlock and After* in the same way that the rôles in one Alec Guinness film are like those in another, but every one of them is an articulate human being (even the old rascal of a coachman who has had a stroke and cannot talk), conniving and brazening through when found out. Wilson knows the quirks of scholars as a British Museum man naturally would, and he provides great fun for anyone with the slightest acquaintance in learned societies. I suppose it really is an adverse criticism to say that I recognized in every one of his academicians someone I know, not from London, but from the American university where I studied Anglo-Saxon; but adverse or not, it makes piquant reading.

Angus Wilson is apparently evolving from mastery of the short story to mastery of the novel. The shorter form lets him stop before his characters become caricatures and before he needs to involve sub-plots to fill out what would otherwise be a bare and implausible narrative. There is a great deal more hope that he will develop where Dickens did not, unless he makes the same mistake of carrying his faults to ex-

trêmes merely because they are applauded. Sentimentality was the escape of the nineteenth century, and cynicism is the method by which the twentieth avoids its responsibilities. Wit is without sympathy for motives and merely exposes the awful gap between aspiration and achievement; humor, for all that it deflates pretension and identifies folly, expresses affection for humanity. In itself, humor is a potent weapon against the evil that the intellectuals of the left (essentially humorless people) could not cope with in Britain. At present Angus Wilson exercises both humor and wit, and his new novel is more humorous than the preceding one.

## The Face of Labor

**WHEN LABOR VOTES: A STUDY OF AUTO WORKERS.** By Arthur Kornhauser, Harold L. Sheppard and Albert J. Mayer. University Books. \$5.00.

**NINE LIVES FOR LABOR.** By Richard Kelly. Frederick A. Praeger. \$3.00.

**LABOR'S UNTOLD STORY.** By Richard O. Boyer and Herbert M. Morais. Cameron Associates. \$4.75.

**AMERICAN LABOR STRUGGLES.** By Samuel Yellen. S. A. Russell. \$5.00.

**LABOR ON THE MARCH.** By Edward Levinson. University Books. \$3.50.

### By Harvey O'Connor

IN THIS election year, when Republican pollsters have so happily discovered that a majority of workers like Ike, a careful analysis of the Detroit auto workers' voting preferences in 1952 may prove distasteful to the Cadillac trade. The three Wayne University social scientists who conducted the study described in *When Labor Votes* under a grant from the United Auto Workers (AFL-CIO) did not confine themselves to asking union people how

they voted — something already known to anyone scanning a precinct-by-precinct tabulation of the Detroit returns. Instead they tried to find out why unionists voted as they did. The probe went even deeper—how do union members feel toward their union, toward business; what differences in political beliefs are there among high-, medium- and low-paid workers, between men and women, between active and passive unionists. Authoritarian attitudes, social alienation and race prejudices were also canvassed.

A CENTRAL conclusion of this survey is that, although auto workers are becoming more "middle-class" in economic position, allegiance to the UAW is unimpaired. Their unionism extends beyond the simple job concerns so beloved of some academic theorists; their distrust of "business" belies the much-preached doctrines of basic harmony between labor and management and "dual allegiance" to both union and boss. The most loyal unionists tend to be the more skilled workers, the better educated, the younger, the Negroes; Catholics rate high among those most active politically. The surveyors found a disturbingly high "authoritarian" attitude; distrust of their fellow-men (social alienation) was marked among non-voters and Eisenhower supporters.

Social and economic gains of auto workers do not warrant the assumption, Messrs. Kornhauser, Mayer and Sheppard find, that more money means more contentment and more conservatism. Instead a key question is the relation between economic position and what workers want and expect. The authors conclude that "... members of a vigorous, politically aroused and relatively democratic labor organization which they believe works in their interests, do not, even in a period of great prosperity, swing to a 'middle class' ideology." (The survey was completed before the present sharp recession in auto employment.)

Nevertheless auto workers do not "glow" with political fervor any more than other segments in our society. Even the advanced educational political program of UAW

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"fails to stir workers beyond rather passive and superficial acceptance of the immediate political job to be done." Labor's political aims seem largely negative, trying "to keep things from being worse (war, depression, weakening of unions, for example) but rarely do the responses reveal a positive spirit of pride or adventure or 'mission' in what labor is doing, rarely any sense of dedication to helping build a new world."

This survey, the most searching yet published on union members' attitudes, indicates why labor is now on dead center. "Our query," as the social scientists put it, "is whether there are reservoirs of potential crusading spirit and devotion to social justice and human rights that may give new life to labor's political role in the years ahead."

BACK in the 1930s, when CIO was being built, there were such reservoirs. Richard Kelly, in vignettes of nine organizers, pays touching tribute to the devotion and heroism of these Jimmy Higginses. None of his characters attained high acclaim, even in the world of labor, but it was through the unending zeal of such men and women that the Textile Workers Union (CIO) brought some measure

of democracy to the cotton and woolen mills. New England, Philadelphia and the Piedmont furnish the locale for these stories of struggle, so many of which ended in defeat. Sometimes punch-drunk, Kelly's unionists came back swinging time and again; none died in despair.

While it can hardly be said that U. S. labor history is an "untold story," nevertheless the authors of *Labor's Untold Story* have assembled vivid episodic sketches of leading labor conflicts since the Civil War. Unfortunately their doctrinaire approach to recent events adds nothing to an understanding of current trends in the union movement.

Re-publication of two classics in the labor library, Samuel Yellen's *American Labor Struggles* and Edward Levinson's *Labor on the March*, attests the continuing public interest in unionism. Yellen's book, first published in 1936, sketches decisive conflicts from the railroad strikes of 1877 through to the San Francisco longshoremen's strike of 1934. The writing is sharp and compelling. Levinson's is the best account yet written of the founding of the CIO in 1934-37. The new edition contains an introduction by UAW President Walter P. Reuther.

## ART

### A. L. Chanin

*Paris*

THE special array of spring-to-fall exhibitions with which Paris supplements the staggering treasures of its museums can give tourists with an eye for pictures a severe case of art indigestion. This year the following are on view: Italian primitives, assembled from French provincial museums; a gala selection of impressionist masterpieces from the temporarily closed Jeu de Paume Museum; a large and fine Pissarro exhibition; an international sculpture presentation; and memorial retrospectives honoring Henri Matisse and Fernand Leger. All these, and the Louvre, too!

The Matisse and Leger retrospectives are of outstanding importance

in evaluating the art of our time. And one fascinating aspect of the two exhibitions is the wide differences between them. Matisse's art stemmed from the closing phases of the last century, chiefly post-impressionism. Through Fauvism, he initiated the first of the twentieth century's successions of art revolutions. Leger, on the other hand, began from the cubist base, an art style belonging wholly to our time. Matisse's trail-blazing innovations—radiant, unorthodox color combinations, strikingly simplified drawing, a wealth of fresh compositional devices—made his name a synonym for master for half a century. Leger, however, was to many merely one of a number of cubist names. Not until the last dec-

ade did his originality and vitality receive wide recognition. His first major retrospective was held in France only in 1949, when the artist was 68, and America did not see a similar full scale exhibition until 1953.

A painting speaks first through color. Matisse's color is suave, gleaming, lustrous—as a colorist, he is without peer among his contemporaries. Leger's colors are deliberately almost harsh and flat and postery—lacking alluring strokes and delicate nuances. Matisse weaves elaborate, sinuous, exotic patterns, rhythms, and lines. Leger's forms are stolid, his line brusque and sharp. Matisse is flashing, sketchy, opulent; Leger ponderously calm, classically poised. The odalesques, still lifes, interiors and landscapes of Matisse give outward form to his inner creed of an art of serenity and balance. "The work of art should be," he wrote, "a cerebral sedative, rather like a comforting chair. . . ." Leger's subjects are also merely pretexts for the true subject of his art—yet his portrayals of modern objects and figures like the workers on girders, and mechanics, are more directly linked to his true theme: the inner rhythms and bold stir of the machine age; or, to use the title of his 1924 film, *A Ballet Mecanique*. "For me," he declared, "the human form . . .

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has no more importance than keys or bicycles. . . . These are for me objects of plastic value to be used as I wish. . . ." "But, I have used the machine as others have used the nude or the still life. . . . I was never interested in copying the machine. I invented images of machines. . . ."

Thus, Matisse's "cerebral sedative" requires his beguiling, ravishing harmonies; and Leger's love of precision and dynamism means units, forms and colors of austere clarity and self-effacing, poster-like smoothness—strong medicine for the eye seeking lush beauty. One painter offers the colors of the bouquet, the sparkle of light, and the appeal of oriental intensity; the other, the eye appeal of the poster, the bold bang of Jazz, the whirr of the machine. As Matisse may turn out to be the great traditional romantic, offering an antidote to a robust, steel age, Leger may epitomize the uncompromising interpreter—and equally a romantic—of a more authentic, characteristic image of our brave new world.

WITH its close to a hundred paintings, the Matisse exhibition is choice, but hardly definitive. It begins with an academic, sound copy of the Louvre's portrait of Balthazar Castiglione, by Raphael, painted when Matisse was 26, some ten years before he was to be accused by scandalized critics of drawing like a child. In the same year, Matisse began to evolve his personal style, shown in an adjoining still life. The exhibition then ranges through his finest periods and ends with a lyric gouache of 1954. (Incidentally, one of the most brilliant still lifes comes from Picasso's collection.) But only a token representation of his important sculpture is shown, and little of his flowing drawings. In any case, a conclusive summing up is impossible, because the great Matisse group at the Barnes Foundation, outside Philadelphia, cannot, presumably, ever be lent to exhibitors. This restriction, plus the absence of the exceptional collection from Moscow's Museum of Modern Art, would make any one Matisse exhibition incomplete.

The Leger presentation is quite

definitive—in fact, almost the only major example not included is the Museum of Modern Art's *Three Nudes* of 1921. Beginning with an impressionist landscape of 1905, the exhibition traces Leger's development with more than 150 paintings, and a number of fine drawings. His personal, cubist-derived style emerges about 1910; his vision of a machine esthetic reaches a climax just before the 20's; during the 30's appear his bold, curvilinear lyric compositions; and finally in the post-war decade he produced the large canvases of workers constructing, groups on picnics, and the last major group — dazzling ensembles

of forthright colors — panoramic paintings of circus themes.

What lingers in the mind after these two exhibitions? If one can judge with an aloof eye, Matisse is by far the more gifted painter. But something in Leger catches the image and mood of our time so bluntly that he looms larger and larger as a poet of his world. Studied from this point of view, Leger's seemingly cold compositions are consummate transcriptions, profound inventions, uncompromising in their adherence to a bold point of view. I would not be surprised if Leger continued to grow in esteem and to rank, eventually, closer to Matisse.

## THEATRE

### Harold Clurman

"MANY talented personalities dwellin' inside the walls of this city," an owlish character in Odets' play *Paradise Lost* sententiously proclaims. One might go further and say that our town is literally crawling with talent. It comes to New York from all over; but New York, like the rest of the country, hasn't the means—I don't mean money—to employ it all or to employ it properly. Both the obscure and the famous are somehow ill-used.

We see Colleen Dewhurst, an actress of great potential force, playing Shakespeare's Shrew in a free theatre on an East River barge, or appearing at the Cherry Lane Theatre as Marguerite Gautier in *The Lady of the Camellias*—which, its French author once remarked, some idiot had renamed *Camille*, a man's name in France.

Miss Dewhurst, though young, is not a conventional ingenue, nor is she yet ready or altogether right for such a role as that in *The Lady of the Camellias*, a play that must be produced superbly or not at all. Hence, while Miss Dewhurst is accorded a cordial press and her promise saluted, she awaits the hazard of our absurdly anarchic theatre world to make something sound of the quality which has presumably won her recognition.

More valuable is the reading of Sean O'Casey's autobiographical *Pictures in the Hallway* (at the Playhouse), adapted by Paul Shyre, another youngster in the theatre. In this case, we get the succulent substance of Sean O'Casey's prose. Even the skeptical acknowledge O'Casey to be something of a genius, but his plays are rarely given in circumstances that befit them.

The material is ruggedly melodious, as is all of O'Casey's work, and the adapter has reduced some of the excesses which sometimes mar it. What is most interesting in this section of the autobiographical series is the insight it gives us into the living sources from which O'Casey produced his first stirring plays, as well as the later *Red Roses for Me*.

It is a first-rate dramatic reading and everyone concerned in it—the director and his six actors—merit our applause. All are quite young, save the admirable Aline MacMahon whom we see too infrequently.

AS FOR the triumphant, adored and adorable Judy Garland (RKO Palace), she is in the grand line of those American singing-actresses—Helen Morgan, Fannie Brice to name but two—whose talent is so close to the great masses of their countrymen that they are at once hugely

successful and never developed to their fullest extent.

Everything about Judy Garland touches me. When she appeared here in 1951 I became somewhat irritated by little admixtures of salesmanship—her management must have called them showmanship—which tainted the essential purity of her performance. Her present program (subject to slight changes at every appearance) seems to me more direct in presentation. It contains fewer of the songs in which I believe she most excels: the heart-breaking ones.

Miss Garland's singing is technically consummate, but what she brings to it goes beyond skill. On the surface there is a kind of contented show girl geniality. When I saw Miss Garland while she was still a kid in a silly football movie, I was struck chiefly by the impassioned energy of her delivery. To this the years have added profoundly pathetic elements.

She is professionally bound to be "happy." The free and easy style which she mentions in song is more akin to frenzy. She is wholly feminine in a robust and at the same time melting sense, but to put herself over she feels constrained to behave a little boyishly. She has the freedom of spirit of the old time troupers (or troubadors), but to fit our up-to-date entertainment business she allows herself to be slightly "industrialized." (This does

not happen to Edith Piaf, because in an expensive Parisian night club she is permitted to remain the same tragic gamin that she had been on the public square.) Miss Garland escapes this "industrialization" with a humorous cuteness, but the marks of pain it has caused her are evident in her every glance.

Her songs are often slushily emotional—that is, empty of specific feeling—but she informs them with the anguished lyricism of a heavily-laden personal experience. She is at bottom a sort of early twentieth century country kid, but the marks of the big city wounds of our day are upon her. Her poetry is not only in the things she has survived, but in a violent need to pour them forth in vivid popular form, which makes her the very epitome of the theatrical personality. The tension between the unctuously bright slickness which is expected of her medium and environment and the fierceness of what her being wants to cry out produces something positively orgasmic in the final effect.

In Helen Morgan we beheld the body and soul of a true woman slowly expiring in a world too tough for her, in Fannie Brice that woman shrewdly foregoing her major gifts. In Judy we witness the inspiring bravery of a woman expressing her realest self though everything seems to conspire to seal her mouth with the commercial smile of show business.

## MUSIC

### B. H. Haggin

IN HIS FIRST season as director of the New York City Opera Company Erich Leinsdorf has put into effect carefully thought-out decisions about repertory and production. Some of the thinking is sensible, some of it questionable; and this is true also of the decisions. In determining the repertory he considered what it should include and what would interest the public: thus, it should include the classics of the operatic literature, and to the part of the public that is interested only in them he decided to offer *Rigoletto*, *La*

*Traviata*, *Mignon*, *Carmen* and *La Bohème*. It should also include contemporary achievement, and to the part of the public interested in this he decided to offer American premieres of Frank Martin's *The Tempest* and Carl Orff's *The Moon*, the latter in a double bill with Stravinsky's *L'Histoire du soldat*, and the New York premiere of an American work, Carlisle Floyd's *Susannah*. And concerning this the question is merely whether there is actually a large enough public interested in contemporary achievement, and whether

the works Leinsdorf selected deserve its attention: the performances and attendance figures will show whether he was right, as one hopes he was.

But stronger doubts are aroused by Leinsdorf's third category of works for production. The company, he decided, would not concern itself with "grand opera—either the works or the style—but rather theatre opera, comic opera, light opera"; and he selected Johann Strauss' *Die Fledermaus* and Offenbach's *Orpheus in the Underworld* as the light operas to produce for the part of the public interested in this genre. And I question both the thinking and the decision. By grand opera Leinsdorf means spectacular works like *Aida*, for which the company lacks the stage resources; by light opera he means operetta or what we more often call musical comedy; but what he means by comic opera—whether operatic comedy like Mozart's *Figaro* or Rossini's *Barber of Seville*, or French *opéra comique* like *Carmen*, or operetta or musical comedy like *Die Fledermaus* or *Show Boat*—is not clear; nor is it clear what he means by theatre opera as against the other types he mentions, all of which would seem to me to be theatre forms. The actual distinctions

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are between grand opera, in which—in *La Traviata* as in *Aida*—the entire text is set to music, and *opéra comique*, in which some of it is spoken; and between these two, which are the proper concern of an opera company, and operetta or musical comedy, which is not. In other words I don't think it is the business of an American opera company that produces *La Traviata* and *Carmen* to produce *Naughty Marietta* or *Show Boat* or *Girl Crazy* or *Guys and Dolls*; and it is even less its business to produce foreign examples of the genre like *Die Fledermaus* and *Orpheus in the Underworld*. I thought this when I read Leinsdorf's advance announcement of these two works; and the performance of *Orpheus* on the opening night confirmed me in my opinion.

One can understand the temptation to produce *Orpheus*: the musical score is delightful. And if the music were all, Leinsdorf's decision to produce it would be justified by his beautiful realization of the score: the lightness and grace he imparted to the music with his pacing and articulation of it; the fine-sounding playing he secured from the orchestra; the precise integration of this playing with the singing, some of which—by Sylvia Stahlman, Jon Crain, Beverly Bower—was excellent. But the music is not all: there are the happenings on the stage, concerned with the involvements of mortals and gods in marital infidelities and sexual promiscuities; and whatever their effect in the original French for a French audience, I doubt that any English version would prove less tedious than Eric Bentley's. It is true that the City Center audience found it highly amusing; but Virgil Thomson once commented on the low laughing point of the opera audience; and all this particular audience needed to make it laugh was any statement about a bed, any interpolated allusion to the present-day American scene, any American colloquialism (it was interesting to observe at one point that while the audience was laughing at a couple of lines which rhymed "pecadillo" with "Petrillo" not one of the musicians in the orchestra as much as smiled). Conceivably a cast of musi-

cal comedy stars might make the occasion entertaining with their powers of presence and style and projection in this genre, as in fact Paula Laurence did whenever she was on the stage; but except for Hiram Sherman, who was less successful in overcoming the handicaps of his part, the rest of the cast was opera singers. As opera singers go they were good actors, and they were directed intelligently by Leo Kerz on his handsome and effective permanent set; but all this was not enough.

A PERFORMANCE of *La Traviata* stands or falls by its Violetta; and the one in Angel 3545 falls by the singing of Antoinetta Stella, whose voice much of the time is thin, cold, sharp and tremulous. The other principals of the Milan Scala performance are di Stefano and Gobbi, with Serafin conducting.

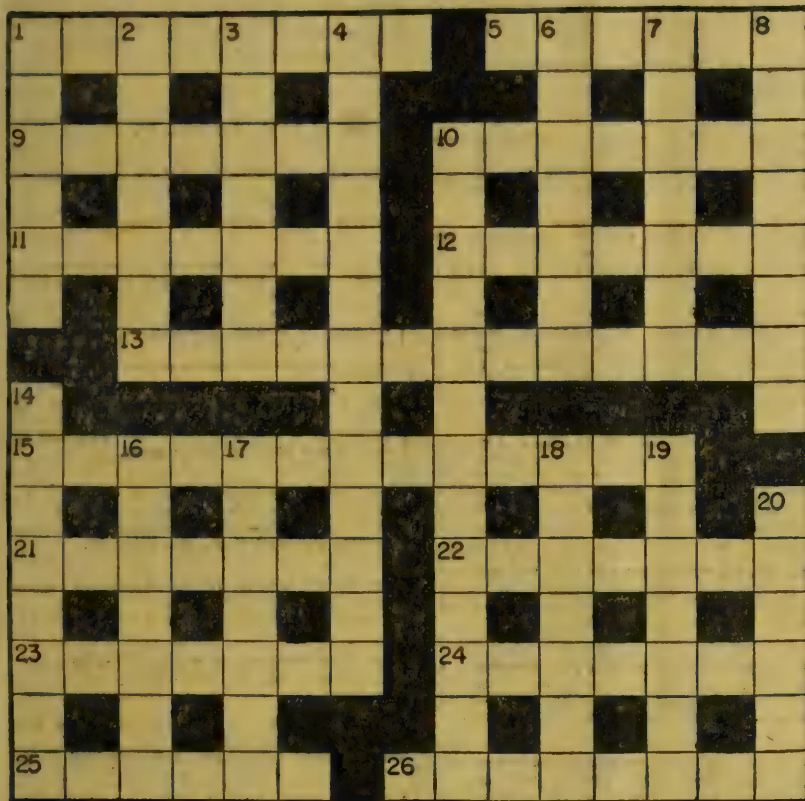
Angel 3549 offers the exquisitely wrought Piccola Scala performance of Cimarosa's *Il Matrimonio Segreto* conducted by Nino Sanzogno, with excellent singing by Graziella Sciutti, Eugenia Ratti, Ebe Stignani, Luigi Alva, Franco Calabrese and Carlo Badioli. The music charms one at first; but being unvarying in its charm it forfeits one's interest after a time. Angel also has put on one record, 35382, excerpts from the complete recording of *Lucia di Lammermoor* in which Callas does some of her impressive singing.

London LL-1354, a third operatic recital by Tebaldi, is made interesting by her performances of three pieces: the "*Porgi amor*" and "*Dove sono*" from *Figaro* and the remarkably beautiful "*Selva opaca*" from *William Tell*. One of the things that is interesting is the simple, direct, unaffected phrasing in the Mozart arias; another is the change in the singing—the increase not only in emotional warmth but in the beauty of the voice itself—in the Rossini aria in which Tebaldi evidently feels more at home than in Mozart. Interesting, too, is the fact revealed at the end of "*Dove sono*" (and revealed previously in the Jewel Song from *Faust* on the first recital record)—that Tebaldi cannot trill. The other pieces on the record are by Mascagni, Cilea, Catalani and Refice.



# Crossword Puzzle No. 693

By FRANK W. LEWIS



## ACROSS:

- 1 The property of panacea displayed by a churchman about four. (8)
- 5 Is such a type not found on the stage? (6)
- 9 Obligated to be done when confused with a bun? (7)
- 10 Burdened, and more than slightly disturbed! (7)
- 11 This 12 is bound to be less than half. (7)
- 12 Troop, in part. (7)
- 13 Usually not set off by the regular entrance. (7, 6)
- 15 Don't tip the porter? (Mercy, it isn't here!) (4, 2, 7)
- 21 These people keep one on each side of the Lares, in a way. (7)
- 22 You might find it a time to counterfeit. (7)
- 23 Musical combo allowed to make poetry. (7)
- 24 This race is sometimes on the ball. (7)
- 25 Is a prosecuting official able to get to the country? (6)
- 26 An agreeable answer in a number should be precious. (8)

## DOWN:

- 1 An artist, perhaps, is cut about twice! (6)
- 2 Disturbance at the plant? (7)
- 3 Walker, when young. (7)

- 4 What he holds certainly doesn't speak for itself. (13)
- 6 This reserve should be well noted. (7)
- 7 To get up feeling bad, and rise out of sorts about it, isn't the more sensible thing! (7)
- 8 Sits awkwardly when about to eat. (It might be the quality of certain sums.) (8)
- 10 All very upset, I make it supremely upset. (13)
- 14 Selfish. (8)
- 16 One side of the story. (7)
- 17 Want to get guided, or just teased? (7)
- 18 Gets confused when about to conquer pain. (7)
- 19 This town should have a very high rate of literacy! (7)
- 20 One way to get the rod this, is to fire it! (3, 3)

## SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 692

ACROSS: 1 FLAMINGO; 5 SAPPED; 10 ENGINES; 11 ARGUING; 12 HONOR; 13 ITINERANT; 14 AGAIN; 16 GO-GETTER; 19 SOLEICISM; 22 AORTA; 24 PIRATICAL; 26 ELAND; 28 SUPPLER; 29 ARMPITS; 30 SCAMPS; 31 ADENOIDS. DOWN: 1 FRESHMAN; 2 ARGON; 3 IGNORANCE; 4 GOSLING; 6 ANGLE; 7 PRIVATEER; 8 DIGITS; 9 TAPING; 15 APOCRYPHA; 17 TRADESMAN; 18 PADDISTS; 20 INCURS; 21 MALLARD; 23 SPASMS; 25 TULIP; 27 ALIBI.

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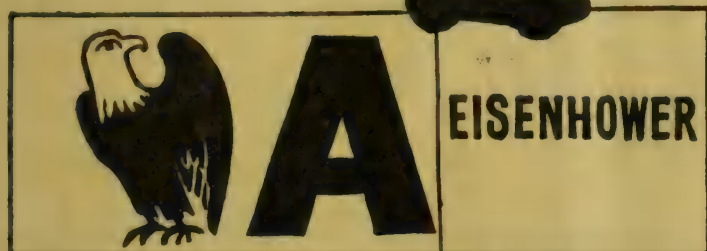
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# THE *Nation*

OCTOBER 20, 1956

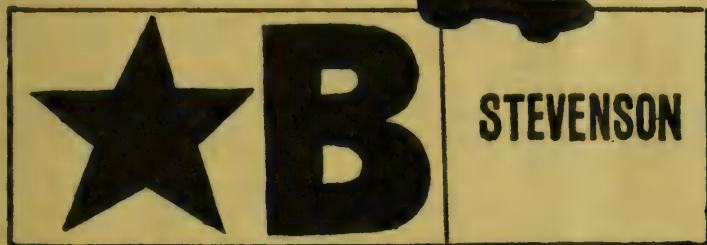
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EISENHOWER

I'll Vote for  
**EISENHOWER**

by PALMER HOYT



STEVENSON

I'll Vote for  
**STEVENSON**

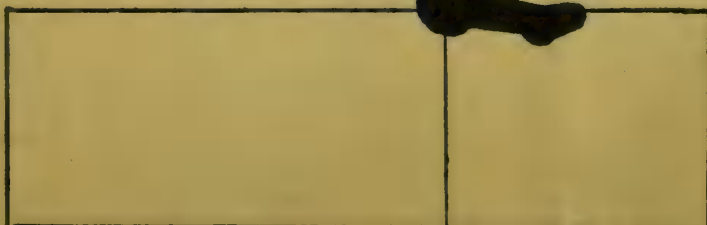
by WILLIAM T. EVJUE



A SOCIALIST

We'll Vote for  
**a SOCIALIST**

by LEO HUBERMAN  
and PAUL M. SWEEZY



I Won't Vote

by W. E. B. DU BOIS

*x. galladino*



# LETTERS

## Panama and Suez

Dear Sirs: In his article "Panama and Suez," in the September 29 issue, Professor Merrill Rippy refers to "the Panama Canal Company." He is on the spot, and he ought to know. But the Canal used to be run directly by the U. S. Government, and I was not aware that the Eisenhower Administration had given it away to Free Enterprise.

There are many radical differences between Suez and Panama, and I cannot imagine the Republic of Panama "nationalizing" the Big Ditch. If it did, we could stage a revolution in the Canal Zone, of the same kind as the one which, under the auspices of Bunau-Varilla and Theodore Roosevelt, gave birth to the present Panamanian nation. It would be amusing, however, if Panama were to "nationalize" the Panamanian shipping lines; and Liberia, another maritime giant, might follow suit. Even Mr. Dulles might find it difficult to defend companies whose sole purpose in choosing Panamanian registry was to evade American laws.

There is, however, a deep resemblance between Suez and Panama: both are indispensable to world commerce. The use of Suez as an international waterway is guaranteed (or rather asserted, for the guarantees were shadowy) by the Constantinople Convention of 1888; the same purpose, as concerns Panama, was affirmed in the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty. That treaty was purely between the United States and Great Britain; but it was intended to be of universal application. We consider it as binding; and Woodrow Wilson vetoed an act of Congress as contrary to its stipulations.

Now we could set a great example of constructive statesmanship if we were to propose setting up an International Authority, under the United Nations, for the purpose of watching over the application of the Constantinople Convention and of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty. The jurisdiction of such an Authority could be extended to the Turkish Straits: for over a hundred years, it has been admitted that they were of vital interest to other nations than Turkey, and particularly to Bulgaria, Romania and Russia. I believe Mr. Truman at one time suggested placing under international supervision (not control) all international waterways, natural or artificial: the Nile, the Niger, the Congo, the Rhine, the

Danube, the Amazons, the Mekong, would fall under that definition.

We have the choice between extending the rule of "liberty under law," in harmony with our own cherished doctrine: the freedom of the seas; or leaving unchecked the clash of nationalisms and imperialisms. It is plain which way reason lies. But I am afraid that in the present temper of America my proposal will seem starry-eyed and Utopian. A third World War is infinitely more realistic.

ALBERT GUERARD

Stanford, California

*[For reasons of space, several small cuts were made in Mr. Rippy's original manuscript, including a reference to the fact that the Panama Canal Company is a U. S. Government-owned corporation. Thus there is no disagreement between Mr. Guérard and Mr. Rippy on this score.—Ed.]*

## A Liberal Program

Dear Sirs: A strong liberal party is the only way to solve our domestic and foreign problems. It would be comforting to hear any of the Presidential candidates bring out the major problems and honestly attack them. The liberal program is simple and specific:

1. Integration of schools. No semantics can detract from the Christian concept that man is created equal and has equal rights. Those opposing segregation in schools should be prosecuted as violators of the law.

2. Let us realize that we have lost the cold war as far as the Asiatic and Oriental people are concerned. To continue not recognizing Red China poses a hopeless stalemate in world co-operation. To offer friendship at a price is childish diplomacy.

3. Let us make the U. N. strong by using it. How can the U. N. endure when it is consistently bypassed by the major powers on vital issues?

4. Let us realize that all countries have inherent in them religious and philosophic principles as important to them as ours are to us.

5. Finally, let us realize that man everywhere feels the unrest and anxieties of an age filled with war, great technical expansion and the atomic bomb. These anxieties grow and finally erupt in men all over the world. Understanding this psychological fact alone could alleviate much of the nationalistic tensions arising in the Arab nations.

I believe that many liberal Americans hold, in some way, these same opinions.

IAN BERNARD

Los Angeles, California

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## EDITORIALS

A Vote for  
The Future

THE FLATNESS OF this Presidential campaign is due not to the remarkably high level on which it has been conducted, but to the lack of sharp, clarifying debate. One explanation may be that both parties have named their best available candidates: the measure of their differences is not nearly as sharp, say, as the differences between Roosevelt and Hoover or Roosevelt and Landon. Moreover, the record of the two parties on a number of issues has been so confused that responsibility cannot be fixed on a clear partisan basis. And this aspect of the campaign has been complicated by the circumstance that the two Presidential candidates, as individuals, quite probably see eye to eye on a number of these issues, and in office would reach much the same decisions on them. Since both are fair-minded, they have naturally been reluctant to take positions which might yield some partisan advantage where each senses that he is in personal agreement with the other. Both men, for example, share much the same feelings and attitudes toward questions of racial discrimination—and neither has really taken issue with the other on this subject.

Another example: The polls show that foreign policy is regarded as a major issue by many voters. But foreign policy has not figured prominently as such in the campaign to date. The Republicans emphasize "peace" and "prosperity without war," but they have not raised specific problems. Nor has Mr. Stevenson. Thus far he has ventured only three concrete foreign-policy proposals — a willingness to consider an end to the draft, a proposed moratorium on further H-bomb tests and an unfortunate pot-shot at the role the President's brother played in influencing American policy toward Peron. None of these raises fundamental questions with the possible exception of the moratorium on bomb tests. Neither candidate has suggested that old-style international power politics cannot be reconciled with the conception of international relations embodied in the United Nations. Civil rights is another key issue on which neither candidate has had much to say that is relevant or adequate. Civil liberties, in the widest sense, constitutes still another major issue;

but here a tacit bipartisan concordat has decreed that silence shall prevail.

As an aid to independent, liberal voters we present, on pages 319-325, thoughtful, reasoned statements on the four possible alternatives. Of the four, *The Nation's* editors can reject only one out of hand. Despite Dr. Du Bois' understandable dissatisfaction, the failure to mark a Presidential ballot this year is the least effective way of registering a protest (assuming that it is a protest that the voter wants to register) and reflects a belief—in this instance it is stated explicitly—that democracy is dead for the time being. It is our impression that democracy is anything but moribund in these United States — witness the profoundly stirring developments in the South today — and this despite the fact that some of the choices confronting voters are by no means ideal. For those who believe that only a Socialist program can provide answers to this country's pressing problems, "the lesser evil" argument is irrelevant. Even apart from this consideration, it can be argued that a vote for one of the Socialist parties is an effective means of registering a protest over the inadequacy of the campaign and the failure of the two major parties to present clear-cut alternatives. But the protest would not be meaningful. There is, at the moment, no Socialist movement in the United States. The three Socialist parties represent not new growths or developments, but dying sects.

AS TO *The Nation's* choice, we respect and admire both the President and Mr. Stevenson. We feel genuine gratitude to the President for a number of reasons: for his Supreme Court appointments, for one thing; for the initiative he has shown in relaxing domestic and international tensions, and for the manner in which he has attempted to revive the Republican Party as a modern, viable, responsible political instrument. Doubtless the death of Stalin did set in motion a chain of consequences which made the relaxation of international tensions possible, but the President's great prestige, both at home and abroad, and the strength and confidence with which he voiced this country's desire for peace has been an important factor.

The President has proven less successful in his attempts to refashion the Republican Party. At best he has succeeded only in coercing it into a silent acceptance of certain phases of the New Deal welfare



program as the price of his leadership. The party still has little to offer the independent voter in terms of leadership, program or performance. The President, trying to reform the GOP, has called for new leadership. Appeals have been addressed to new voters, independent voters, eggheads and others; but the response has not been impressive. Moreover, the President's ability to influence the Republican Party will be drastically reduced should he be re-elected, since he cannot serve a third term.

In addition, as we have pointed out in an earlier issue, the President acquiesced in the renomination of Vice President Nixon knowing that this would confront many voters, Republicans, Democrats and independent liberals, with a false alternative. Voters should not be asked to determine their choice for the Presidency on the basis of how they calculate the survival odds of a man in his late sixties who has suffered two serious illnesses. Vice President Nixon does not measure up to the Presidency. If the Republicans win, the nation will be united in a constant prayer that Eisenhower survive his term of office and, of course, well beyond. By staying away from the polls, or by voting for one of the Socialist parties, the voter fails to register a protest against Mr. Nixon's nomination or to take effective action to prevent his succeeding to the Presidency.

BUT THERE are other reasons for our preference for Stevenson and Kefauver. While we are disappointed in Mr. Stevenson's performance in this campaign, we do not judge him solely on the basis of what he has been currently saying and not saying. We judge him on the basis of two campaigns: what he said in 1952 and what he is saying in 1956. Essentially what he said in 1952 is not inconsistent with what he now says; the emphasis is different, but the man has not changed. Moreover, the nomination of Senator Kefauver has greatly strengthened the Democratic ticket.

There is another aspect to our preference. The Democratic Party emerged from this year's convention with the elements we admire least in it — principally the cold warriors and Dixiecrats — relegated to relatively minor roles. A political revolution is under way in the South which has already weakened and will further weaken the position of the Dixiecrats. The South may still be solidly Democratic, but it is not solidly Dixiecratic. Senator Kefauver, after all, is a Southerner, and his courageous campaign in Tennessee in 1954 is the best indication, perhaps, that a new element is emerging in the Southern wing of the party. Then, too, there is an important group of "middle" or "moderate" Southern Democrats, represented by Senators Hill, Sparkman and Fulbright. Nor does the Texas leadership quite fit the old Dixiecrat pattern. Both in the Senate and the House, the Democratic Party can marshal an impressive liberal bloc which may eventually win undisputed control of the party.

In short, important changes are taking place inside the party. It would not be far-fetched to say that a new Democratic Party is emerging in California, based on the so-called "club movement" within the organization, which shows real vigor, independence and imagination. Somewhat similar developments may be noted in Michigan and Pennsylvania. If new style Democratic parties were finally to emerge in, say, five key states, the outlook for progressive politics nationally would be immensely improved.

As an instrumentality for effective political action, the Democratic Party has clear advantages over the GOP. Either it can itself ultimately become the instrument for effective political action or such an instrument will emerge from its ranks. The Democratic Party commands better talent, it has more vitality, its appeal is broader and the progressive elements within it have a much better chance of moving into positions of control than do the similar elements — there are a few such — in the Republican Party. The emerging of a real Democratic Party in Wisconsin, the movement of Non-Partisan League elements into the party in North Dakota, and recent developments in such states as Minnesota and Iowa hold promise of a new and stronger Democratic Party in the Middle West.

While our preference for Stevenson and Kefauver is not registered without some reservations — we continue to distrust the influence of cold warriors on the Democratic high command — it is made with the conviction that marking a ballot for them is the best choice to be made in this campaign.

## Up the Creek With Chiang

AN unpublicized bit of first-rate political intelligence is the fact that an important section of the West Coast shipping industry strongly favors trade with China and is sharply critical of other aspects of American policy. In an editorial of January 30, 1956, *Pacific Shipper*, long the voice of the shipping interests centering in San Francisco, referred to resumption of trade in non-strategic goods with China as "a virtual certainty" not only because the pressures to restore China to the family of trading nations are mounting, but because the State Department and Congress have continued to resist these pressures for "unworthy reasons." It is absurd, the editorial pointed out, that Senator Knowland should dedicate American foreign policy in the Far East to the welfare of one man, Chiang Kai-shek — "a totalitarian dictator formerly in cahoots with the Communists." Later, on March 20, the journal explained the "nonsense" of our policy toward China:

At bottom, the trouble is that the extremists have the Administration on the defensive, so that it has to lead

from timidity rather than strength. . . . The professional anti-Communists in politics and communications (what a shabby lot they are, after all!) would have us believe that the shipment of a few pounds of copper or a barrel of gasoline from some friendly nation in Europe through the Iron Curtain works to the critical advantage of the Reds. A little trickle of goods, comparable in world commerce to what is smuggled through a naval blockade, is made to appear as something of great consequence, impressive to the uninformed. . . . What is needed is to defy the sensation-mongers and demagogues, to discard the Great Wall or Maginot Line approach to the anti-communism struggle; it is fanatical and illogical.

On April 30, *Pacific Shipper* called attention to:

. . . The foolishness of allowing a discredited dictator (and a man of past Communist leanings, to boot) to formulate our Far Eastern or at least our Chinese policy, and to keep us, for his own selfish reasons that he has never failed to serve in his own behalf, from trading with the Red puppets. Chiang Kai-shek does not want an internal revolt in China and reconciliation with the United States; he wants, or rather says he wants, to overthrow the Red regime. Why, he could not hold Formosa if it were not our shield. . . .

Possibly America has gone too far up the creek with Chiang to cast him adrift now—although there should be a challenge of the methods by which this association, in its later stages, came about. . . .

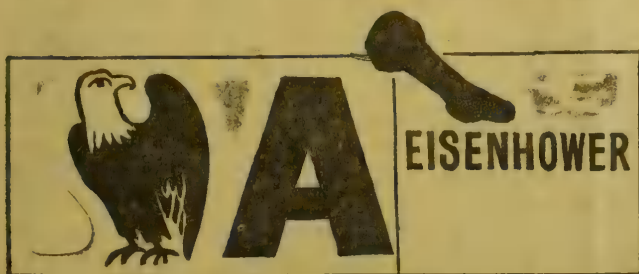
On October 1, the same editor, taking notice of the statement in *Eisenhower, The Inside Story*, by Robert J. Donovan, that the President personally favors trade with China or at worst, is neutral, added this comment:

. . . A great many persons in and out of office (possibly a majority of the informed electorate) actually want commerce with China restored, but they do not find it discreet to say so publicly. Many who are not as candid as we are cannot afford to be. Instead of talking up trade with China, they advocate improvement in trade with the "Far East." They call for "freer" trade without mention-

ing China, whose trade with America is shackled. It is in this atmosphere of restrained freedom of speech that characters like Alfred A. Kohlberg, self-styled leader of the China Lobby (actually the Chiang or Formosa Lobby) can conduct their devious activities. . . .

More recently, on September 10, in commenting on the unanimous resolution by Congress that Red China ought not to be recognized by this country or admitted to membership in the United Nations, the editor pointed out that the resolution was whipped through Congress "by a spurious representation of public opinion. . . . We are convinced that if there is not actually a majority of the electorate favoring trade relations with Peiping, there certainly is a large minority. . . . The weakness that the apparent unanimity cloaks would be utilized by the anti-Chinese bloc to freeze the policy forever . . . [but] forever is a long time."

Truth is always refreshing and never more so than when it deflates man-made fictions. Chiang's wondrous power to intimidate Washington rests on the delusion that any Administration that acknowledged it had been hoaxed by him would be punished by the people. Hence both parties rush unanimous resolutions through Congress to hide their bipartisan fear that the question of China might become an issue in the campaign. But the people have known for a long time that the emperor hasn't any clothes on; public acknowledgment of the fact would provoke only yawns and a chorus of "so-whats." The delusion that the people are deluded persists only because the press will not challenge it. Perhaps the hard sense voiced by *Pacific Shipper* will make the editors of our great dailies realize how far up the creek they have gone with Chiang. It's time they retreated — and our policy-makers with them — to the terra firma of fact and reality.



## I'll Vote for EISENHOWER

by PALMER HOYT

*Denver, Colorado*  
I FAVOR THE re-election of Dwight D. Eisenhower as President of the United States. The whole record of his first Administration can be summarized in two words: "Constructive moderation." After twenty years of bold and frequently admirable inno-

PALMER HOYT is editor and publisher of the *Denver Post*.

October 20, 1956

vation in public management, the country was ready for a calmer execution of accepted programs.

What are the really important aspects of national policy that should be given greatest weight in appraising what has happened since January, 1953? I suggest the following:

Item: *The physical security of the United States.* Just how well prepared we are against the eventuality

of war is probably beyond general public comprehension. Many of the facts are necessarily classified. But on balance, who would challenge the President's qualifications as Commander-in-Chief? Who would be his superior in making judgments on military matters?

I believe that Mr. Eisenhower has made good use of the National Security Council. With the help of



that body, he has steered a careful course between the awesome cost of modern defense and the reasonable capabilities of the country's economy. And meanwhile, he has also been a proven and convincing symbol to our potential enemies of American military firmness and competence. Furthermore, Mr. Eisenhower himself, in the Presidency, has been a not insignificant psychological weapon.

*Item: The economic and fiscal stability of the nation.* The President has laid a restraining hand on forces that would encumber the country with excessive government. I have not always agreed with that restraint, especially when it has appeared to have inhibited investments in the nation's internal development. But the President has reshuffled his thinking on that subject. At the same time, he has adhered to the soundest and the most courageous policies in protecting the value of the U. S. dollar, and in shaping tax and subsidy and spending policies to the grain of reason.

It is indisputable that the average American, whether individually or corporatively, has enjoyed substantial material benefits from this policy of "constructive moderation." The clear proof is found in figures on net take-home pay (after taxes and allowances for controlled inflation); in business income and in the confident expansion of American industry.

*Item: The health, education and welfare of the people.* President Eisenhower has not narrowed or shrunk the federal government's participation in social services. He has, on the other hand, enlarged it. But neither has he, by resort to threat or surrender to expediency, promised the pie-in-the-sky of compulsory federal-health insurance, extravagant minimum wages, panaceas in pensions, welfare, housing and education.

It may indeed be argued that the present Administration has not done all that it should have done to help wipe out slums or to relieve school congestion. But it may also be said that such a failure, if it be accepted as such, must be shared by local communities.

Americans are, by total number or on the average, the healthiest, best-housed and most widely schooled people in the world. The costs of catastrophic medical crises are being brought down by a phenomenal spread of privately financed prepaid medical-insurance programs. More people have enjoyed up-graded housing in the unparalleled home construction boom of recent years than in any previous four-year period of our history.

Those blessings are not attributable to the Eisenhower Administration alone, of course. But we believe that the President and those of his philosophical persuasion are adding to this evolutionary process with proper regard for the interrelated problems of cost and fair apportionment of responsibility under our free and federal system.

*Item: The special problem of agriculture.* Farming in the United States is undergoing great technological and scientific change. Accompanying that are new pressures of economic adjustment. Those pressures were relieved by the artificial circumstances of wartime demand. But those same pressures were not removed and were only intensified by ensuing peace, which arrived simultaneously with new peaks of productive capacity. Now Mr. Eisenhower is trying to help the free farmer make necessary adjustments without the entrapment of a costly and unworkable marriage with government bureaucracy.

The President is trying to untangle an economic snarl in agriculture which was partly a result of gross political cowardice in the past. And he is persisting in that awkward chore in the face of shameful demagoguery by some of his opponents.

*Item: Civil rights and the interrelationships of people—by economic groups and by race.* Mr. Eisenhower assumed office at a time when the American people were in an emotional storm over internal subversion. He rode out what was perilously close to a constitutional crisis over the force and effect of the Bill of Rights. The courts of the land have provided invaluable service in restoring perspectives of reason and fair play in the matter of individual rights. And if, at one time, loyalty

and security procedures within the Executive branch were somewhat short of inspiring, they, too, have been slowly warped more to the pattern of American tradition and constitutional practice.

Again by the employment of "constructive moderation," Mr. Eisenhower has applied firm influence toward the equalizing of minority and majority rights and opportunities among the races. And he has done it without flamboyant political techniques.

The President has tried to hold the police powers of the state aloof from needless and often mischievous involvement in labor-management relations. He has not, at the same time, been party to undermining the reasonable legal rights or organizational strength of union labor. There is no evidence that organized labor has lost ground under the Eisenhower Administration. There is overwhelming evidence, on the other hand, that crippling strikes and work-stoppages have been reduced far below those of earlier years; that labor and management have negotiated progressively liberal agreements on wages, hours and fringe benefits; that labor-union strength, in numbers and maturity of outlook, has continued to improve and that raw class bitterness—once deliberately inflamed—has been steadily reduced.

*Item: Foreign policy and international relations.* Mr. Eisenhower assumed the Presidency following his role as top officer in the most complex politico-military alliance in modern times—the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. His prestige reached beyond Western Europe and behind the Iron Curtain. With that background, speaking and acting now as the head of the United States, he has communicated well this country's interest in the peaceful accommodations of the world's conflicts. And however annoying the mercurial globe-trotting of Mr. Eisenhower's Secretary of State may be to some people, the helpful effects of U. S. mediation should not be summarily dismissed.

It is true that the Soviet Union has made a dangerous economic penetration into the Arab world,

riding the wave of resurgent nationalism from Gibraltar to the Persian Gulf. It is also true, however, that the avenue for that penetration was engineered long before Mr. Eisenhower became President; that the task of superimposing American leadership and solutions on that long-festering complex of British, French and Arab discord is one of incredible magnitude.

But no person well informed on the development of the Arab states and the extraordinary dilemma created by the presence of Israel among them, could soberly suggest a course of diplomatic or economic action for that theatre significantly different from that being pursued.

President Eisenhower, meanwhile, must deal realistically with the Congress and other reflections of U. S. public opinion in pressing programs

of foreign economic aid. That, it seems to me, he has done—notwithstanding that important segments of his own party have been less than helpful in that endeavor.

Mr. Eisenhower has not, as charged, bankrupted American influence abroad. Much of whatever deterioration has taken place in our relations with peoples overseas has come as an inevitable consequence of their dependence upon American financial help in the rehabilitation of their countries. To blame Mr. Eisenhower for that, at the same time advocating a still greater outpouring of American wealth in the face of growing hostility for it at home and abroad, is nonsense.

*Summary:* The foregoing is an obvious assessment of only those aspects of Mr. Eisenhower's first

term which I believe warrant his retention in the Presidency. His Administration has been marked by some bloopers, some miscalculations of public demand and need and not a few compromises arising from conflicts of purpose and philosophy within the President's party. That I acknowledge, and have said as much not a few times.

I believe the President is physically capable of carrying the burden without diluting the importance of the Presidency by arbitrarily transferring to others the constitutional functions that are his and his alone.

I believe that Richard Nixon has served well in his capacity as Vice President and that his campaign to date has shown a sober attempt on his part properly to interpret the accomplishments of the Administration.



## I'll Vote for STEVENSON

by WILLIAM T. EVJUE

*Madison, Wisconsin*  
WHEN Senator Estes Kefauver announced his withdrawal from contention for the Democratic Presidential nomination, *The Capital Times* immediately announced its support of a Stevenson-Kefauver ticket as the best means of rescuing the nation from the domination of General Motors.

The convention showed commendable wisdom in the nomination of Stevenson, but for an anxious time in the Vice-Presidential balloting it appeared to be about to demonstrate that the Democrats are constitution-

ally incapable of two wise decisions in succession.

If the convention had turned down Kefauver, it would have discarded its best opportunity to swing the Midwest farm states into the Democratic column—the states that made possible Harry Truman's election in 1948. For it is here in the Midwest that the baffling magic of the Kefauver appeal works its most remarkable wonders.

Exasperated Wisconsin Republicans will admit that Kefauver has an appeal to this state's farmers and Main Street business men that no other Democrat has. They don't know what it is, but it worries them. It is at Kefauver that the Wisconsin Republican politicians are aiming their fire in this campaign. They know that he attracts the serious and favorable attention of voters who are normally Republican.

In the Stevenson-Kefauver team the Democratic Party presents two names identified with the highest progressive principles in public life today. Here in Wisconsin we began to hear of Stevenson in the early days of his term as governor of our neighboring state of Illinois. It began to appear that there was "something unusual" in the state house at Springfield. There were reports of cleaning up and tightening up in a state administration which had undergone some sad experiences in corruption and general governmental slothfulness.

But it was not until the campaign of 1952 that the true gauge of this man could make itself known. Though he was required to carry the mistakes of the Democratic administrations of the past and to face one of the most popular war heroes of our history, Stevenson inspired

*WILLIAM T. EVJUE, militant publisher of the Madison, Wisconsin, Capital Times, was fighting Senator McCarthy on the latter's home grounds long before anti-McCarthyism became a popular national movement.*

October 20, 1956



millions by his eloquent discussions of the problems that pressed for solution abroad and at home. He stood his ground to "talk sense" to the American people at a time when hysteria was so rampant that the Republican Party was travelling under the banners of McCarthyism; when Eisenhower could turn his back on his friend and benefactor, General Marshall, to appease the demagogue who had called Marshall a traitor.

If the campaign of 1952 did not make Stevenson President, it did demonstrate to the world that a new and articulate spokesman for freedom and progress had come upon the American scene—one who could express in peacetime the ideals that Churchill expressed so well to rally the free world for its survival in the war. Twenty-seven million Americans heard that voice above the McCarthyites and the welcome to the military hero. It is now obvious that the nation is hearing better than it did four years ago.

We have had four years of big business in the White House and in Congress. Our offshore oil has been given away and the public domain pillaged. Profits of the big-food processors have hit all time highs, while the farmers are finding themselves in the same cost-price squeeze that hit them in the roaring '20s. Farm-mortgage debt stands almost where it was in 1923, when the farm economy went on one of its worst skids in history. The profits of big business boom. The banks and investment houses show new peak earnings while bankruptcies for small business are hitting new records.

Here in the Midwest there is more of a disposition to listen to someone who will "talk sense." The easy promises of Candidate Eisenhower at Kasson, Minnesota, in 1952 may have been forgotten by President Eisenhower, but they have not been forgotten by many of the farmers who have watched their prices slump to depression levels and

their costs rise to boom heights. And while these farmers may sometimes indicate that they don't understand the somewhat detached way Adlai Stevenson is discussing what happened to them, there is little doubt that they understand what Senator Kefauver is saying about it.

There is a growing feeling that this country is heading for the same kind of a crack-up that came at the end of the '20s. The same lackadaisical attitude is evident in the White House that was there in the days of Harding, Coolidge and Hoover. The farmers sense it particularly, especially the young farmers who have gone into debt to begin their operations.

Stevenson and Kefauver represent the best chance to avoid a repetition of those days. If the apprehension of the farmers is felt by the merchants in the farm-trading centers, the traditional stronghold of Republicanism, there is going to be a new administration in Washington next January.



## We'll Vote SOCIALIST

by LEO HUBERMAN AND  
PAUL M. SWEETZ

THE PROBLEM before us is not what it seems. It *appears* to be a choice between the Republicans with Ike or the Democrats with Stevenson. In reality, the problem is a different one. It is whether we stand for the preservation of capitalism in the United States or its replacement by socialism.

Since we are convinced believers in public ownership of the means of production with comprehensive planning for the benefit of the pro-

ducers, we shall vote Socialist. As Socialists, we hold the following to be elementary truths:

1. *There is no basic difference in attitude between the candidates of the major parties toward the system of private-property relations.*

2. *The choice of Republican X or Democrat Y is never a choice between a candidate on one side of the class war and a candidate on the other side.*

3. *To choose between Republican X and Democrat Y is merely to choose which particular representative of the capitalist class will help make the laws in the interest of that class.*

We have no quarrel with those

who are familiar with the arguments for socialism and remain unconvinced—and therefore vote for one of the capitalist candidates. Nor do we quarrel with the many who are uninformed about socialism and naturally fall into line behind either Eisenhower or Stevenson. But we do have a quarrel with convinced Socialists who, every four years, forget what they have learned and decide to vote for "the lesser evil."

As Socialists, committed to a philosophy which calls for a different system of private-property relations, they cannot in good conscience vote for a Democrat or a Republican. This is a principle which, it seems to us, they must firmly apply un-

LEO HUBERMAN and PAUL M. SWEETZ, editors of the *Monthly Review*, are among the foremost exponents of Socialist theory in America today.

less an extraordinary situation arises in which it can be conclusively demonstrated that one capitalist candidate spells disaster, the other spells hope. If that cannot be proven, then the "lesser evil" theory does not apply. Surely no one would argue that the 1956 election presents such an extraordinary situation?

On the key issue of foreign policy—how to live in peace and cooperation with the Socialist and economically underdeveloped worlds—neither party has taken an acceptable position. On the key domestic issue of equality for American citizens—the right of Negroes to attend unsegregated schools—both parties have straddled. It has become apparent even to the uninitiated in politics that there is little fundamental difference between the two parties. This is not an accident. Whatever differences may once have existed must fade away in the light of the problems that now face both Republicans and Democrats as representatives of the capitalist class. Their identical lines of action are forced on them by the historical situation.

Thus, the Democrats justly complain that, in regard to social welfare, the Republicans are stealing their stuff. Both Republicans and Democrats attempt to meet the farm problem through subsidies of one sort or another. To bolster up the economy the Republicans as well as the Democrats resort to government spending.

THE TRUTH is that whatever room for maneuver there once was has practically disappeared; both political parties must attempt to solve the long-term political problems that face our country in the same way—and both must fail in the end. They must fail because the problems of monopoly power and overproduction and imperialism are inherent in the capitalist system to which they cling. The long-term problems can be solved only through the introduction of those necessary changes in the social structure which spell socialism.

On this fundamental fact the three Socialist parties are in agreement. Each in its own way is against

a society based on greed and anarchy; each is for a new society based on cooperation and planning. Under present circumstances, these agreements are far more important than the differences that divide them. In our view, therefore, it doesn't much matter whether you vote for Darlington Hoopes, candidate of the Socialist Party; Eric Hass, candidate of the Socialist Labor Party, or Farrell Dobbs, candidate of the Socialist Workers Party. What does matter is that you vote for one of them, for socialism and against capitalism.

What does matter is that you do not waste your vote—by voting for candidates who, whatever their other qualities, are wedded to a system which all Socialists know is the source of the greatest evils in the world. What does matter, from the standpoint of your own mental health at least, is that you vote for what you believe. For, as Debs put it, "It is far better to vote for what you want and not get it, than to vote for what you don't want and get it!"

We are not persuaded by the argument that we should give evidence of our disdain for both capitalist parties by staying away from the polls. The right to vote is precious; we are convinced that some day it will be used to make a better America. In the meantime it should be exercised in the most constructive way possible.

There will not be a large Socialist vote this year. But that doesn't mean that size is of no importance. In politics, everything must be judged relatively—in relation, that is to say, to its own past and its potential future. If this year's total Socialist vote is bigger than 1952's, that in itself will be a victory.

We do not believe that any of the existing Socialist parties can provide an adequate framework for the American Socialist movement of the future, nor do we pretend to know what shape that movement will assume. This is a time of reassessment, of new beginnings. During such a time, the most important things are clear-headedness, imagination, hope—and life itself. Nothing would prove more clearly that American

socialism is still alive and able to grow than a total vote for the three Socialist candidates larger than even the most optimistic would dare to predict. We are certain that if all convinced Socialists voted for Socialist candidates, that proof would be forthcoming.

We are not impressed with the argument that since the Socialists can't win, we must be "practical" and vote for a candidate who has a chance. Today, when the Left is weak and crumbling, when only a fool thinks it can exert any significant influence on American politics, surely our only course is to do what we can do—to spread the gospel of socialism. What is more "practical" in an election campaign, or any other time, than giving to everyone we know the key to an understanding of our complex world?

HALF a century ago, in his short book *The Misery of Boots*, H. G. Wells answered the question still agitating Socialists today:

What are we to do? Obviously to give our best energies to making other people Socialists, to organizing ourselves with all other Socialists, irrespective of class or the minor details of creed, and to making ourselves audible, visible, effectual as Socialists, wherever and whenever we can.

We have to think about socialism, read about it, discuss it; so that we may be assured and clear and persuasive about it. We have to confess our faith openly and frequently. We must refuse to be called Liberal or Conservative, Republican or Democrat, or any of those ambiguous things. Everywhere we must make or join a Socialist organization, a club or association, or what not, so that we may "count." For us, as for the early Christians, preaching our gospel is the supreme duty. Until Socialists can be counted, and counted upon by the million, little will be done. When they are—a new world will be ours.

What Wells said in 1906 is even more true in the United States today. We must dedicate ourselves to the inspiring task of bringing about a genuine revival of Socialist thought and Socialist faith in a country that is fast losing the habit of thought, and is sadly in need of a faith.



# I WON'T VOTE

by W. E. B. Du BOIS

SINCE I was twenty-one in 1889, I have in theory followed the voting plan strongly advocated by Sidney Lens in *The Nation* of August 4, i.e., voting for a third party even when its chances were hopeless, if the main parties were unsatisfactory; or, in absence of a third choice, voting for the lesser of two evils. My action, however, had to be limited by the candidates' attitude toward Negroes. Of my adult life, I have spent twenty-three years living and teaching in the South, where my voting choice was not asked. I was disfranchised by law or administration. In the North I lived in all thirty-two years, covering eight Presidential elections. In 1912 I wanted to support Theodore Roosevelt, but his Bull Moose convention dodged the Negro problem and I tried to help elect Wilson as a liberal Southerner. Under Wilson came the worst attempt at Jim Crow legislation and discrimination in civil service that we had experienced since the Civil War. In 1916 I took Hughes as the lesser of two evils. He promised Negroes nothing and kept his word. In 1920, I supported Harding because of his promise to liberate Haiti. In 1924, I voted for La Follette, although I knew he could not be elected. In 1928, Negroes faced absolute dilemma. Neither Hoover nor Smith wanted the Negro vote and both publicly insulted us. I voted for Norman Thomas and the Socialists, although the Socialists had attempted to Jim Crow Negro members in the South. In 1932 I voted for Franklin Roosevelt, since Hoover was unthinkable and Roosevelt's at-

titude toward workers most realistic. I was again in the South from 1934 until 1944. Here again I did not vote. Technically I could vote, but the election in which I could vote was a farce. The real election was the White Primary.

Retired "for age" in 1944, I returned to the North and found a party to my liking. In 1948, I voted the Progressive ticket for Henry Wallace and in 1952 for Vincent Hallinan.

In 1956, I shall not go to the polls. I have not registered. I believe that democracy has so far disappeared in the United States that no "two evils" exist. There is but one evil party with two names, and it will be elected despite all I can do or say. There is no third party. On the Presidential ballot in a few states (seventeen in 1952), a "Socialist" Party will appear. Few will hear its appeal because it will have almost no opportunity to take part in the campaign and explain its platform. If a voter organizes or advocates a real third-party movement, he may be accused of seeking to overthrow this government by "force and violence." Anything he advocates by way of significant reform will be called "Communist" and will of necessity be Communist in the sense that it must advocate such things as government ownership of the means of production; government in business; the limitation of private profit; social medicine, government housing and federal aid to education; the total abolition of race bias; and the welfare state. These things are on every Communist program; these things are the aim of socialism. Any American who advocates them today, no matter how sincerely, stands in danger of losing his job, surrendering his social status and perhaps

landing in jail. The witnesses against him may be liars or insane or criminals. These witnesses need give no proof for their charges and may not even be known or appear in person. They may be in the pay of the United States Government. A.D.A.'s and "Liberals" are not third parties; they seek to act as tails to kites. But since the kites are self-propelled and radar-controlled, tails are quite superfluous and rather silly.

The present Administration is carrying on the greatest preparation for war in the history of mankind. Stevenson promises to maintain or increase this effort. The weight of our taxation is unbearable and rests mainly and deliberately on the poor. This Administration is dominated and directed by wealth and for the accumulation of wealth. It runs smoothly like a well-organized industry and *should* do so because industry runs it for the benefit of industry. Corporate wealth profits as never before in history. We turn over the national resources to private profit and have few funds left for education, health or housing. Our crime, especially juvenile crime, is increasing. Its increase is perfectly logical; for a generation we have been teaching our youth to kill, destroy, steal and rape in war; what can we expect in peace? We let men take wealth which is not theirs; if the seizure is "legal" we call it high profits and the profiteers help decide what is legal. If the theft is "illegal" the thief can fight it out in court, with excellent chances to win if he receives the accolade of the right newspapers. Gambling in home, church and on the stock market is increasing and all prices are rising. It costs three times his salary to elect a Senator and many millions to elect a President. This money comes from the very cor-

*W. E. B. DU BOIS, distinguished Negro educator, writer and lecturer, is the author of Color and Democracy, In Battle for Peace and many other books.*

porations which today are the government. This in a real democracy would be enough to turn the party responsible out of power. Yet this we cannot do.

The "other" party has surrendered all party differences in foreign affairs, and foreign affairs are our most important affairs today and take most of our taxes. Even in domestic affairs how does Stevenson differ from Eisenhower? He uses better English than Dulles, thank God! He has a sly humor, where Eisenhower has none. Beyond this Stevenson stands on the race question in the South not far from where his grandfather Adlai stood sixty-three years ago, which reconciles him to the South. He has no clear policy on war or preparation for war; on water and flood control; on reduction of taxation; on the welfare state. He wavers on civil rights and his party blocked civil rights in the Senate until Douglas of Illinois admitted that the Democratic Senate would and could stop even the right of Senators to vote. Douglas had a right to complain. Three million voters sent him to the Senate to speak for them. His voice was drowned and his vote nullified by Eastland, the chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee, who was elected by 151,000 voters. This is the democracy in the United States which we peddle abroad.

Negroes hope to muster 400,000 votes in 1956. Where will they cast them? What have the Republicans done to enforce the education decision of the Supreme Court? What they advertised as fair employment

was exactly nothing, and Nixon was just the man to explain it. What has the Administration done to rescue Negro workers, the most impoverished group in the nation, half of whom receive less than half the median wage of the nation, while the nation sends billions abroad to protect oil investments and help employ slave labor in the Union of South Africa and the Rhodesias? Very well, and will the party of Talmadge, Eastland and Ellender do better than the Republicans if the Negroes return them to office?

I have no advice for others in this election. Are you voting Democratic? Well and good; all I ask is why? Are you voting for Eisenhower and his smooth team of bright ghost writers? Again, why? Will your helpless vote either way support or restore democracy to America?

Is the refusal to vote in this phony election a counsel of despair? No, it is dogged hope. It is hope that if twenty-five million voters refrain from voting in 1956 of their own accord and not because of a sly wink from Khrushchev, this might make the American people ask how much longer this dumb farce can proceed without even a whimper of protest. Yet if we protest, off the nation goes to Russia and China. Fifty-five American ministers and philanthropists are asking the Soviet Union "to face manfully the doubts and promptings of their conscience." Can not these do-gooders face their own consciences? Can they not see that American culture is rotting away: our honesty; our human sympathy; our literature, save what we

import from abroad? Our only "review" of literature has wisely dropped "literature" from its name. Our manners are gone and the one thing we want is to be rich—to show off. Success is measured by income. University education is for income, not culture, and is partially supported by private industry. We are not training poets or musicians, but atomic engineers. Business is built on successful lying called advertising. We want money in vast amount, no matter how we get it. So we have it, and what then?

Is the answer the election of 1956? We can make a sick man President and set him to a job which would strain a man in robust health. So he dies, and what do we get to lead us? With Stevenson and Nixon, with Eisenhower and Eastland, we remain in the same mess. I will be no party to it and that will make little difference. You will take large part and bravely march to the polls, and that also will make no difference. Stop running Russia and giving Chinese advice when we cannot rule ourselves decently. Stop yelling about a democracy we do not have. Democracy is dead in the United States. Yet there is still nothing to replace real democracy. Drop the chains, then, that bind our brains. Drive the money-changers from the seats of the Cabinet and the halls of Congress. Call back some faint spirit of Jefferson and Lincoln, and when again we can hold a fair election on real issues, let's vote, and not till then. Is this impossible? Then democracy in America is impossible.

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## Dream of Empire . . . by ALEXANDER WERTH

*Rabat, Morocco*  
MOROCCO IS THE Far West of the Arab world. To come here from Tunisia is to realize at once that

ALEXANDER WERTH, The Nation's Paris correspondent and a frequent visitor to North Africa, is the author of *France: 1940-1955 and other books*.

it is rash and dangerous to generalize about this "Arab world." Naturally, the two countries have much in common; and yet they are extraordinarily different. The Tunisians are mild, gentle, "Southern" and "Mediterranean" in temperament, with a large Westernized élite; Morocco is a land of strong and hard men, with violent political

passions and with sharp hatreds—a land full of human dynamite. The Tunisian is subtle and reasonable; the Moroccan tends to be reckless, arrogant and to "talk big." As distinct from Tunisia, independence has gone to Morocco's head. If you mention this difference to a Moroccan, he will say that Tunisia is a weak and poor country, whereas Morocco



has all the makings of a Great Empire, that it's enormously rich, and that "the world will have to reckon with Morocco." There is more sympathy for Nasser in Morocco than in Tunisia, but, at the same time, the feeling that if, internationally, Egypt is important today, Morocco is potentially more important still.

The Arab press here is full of grandiose plans for a Greater Morocco. This does not only mean that the three zones of the country (French, Spanish and Tangier) are already practically reunited under His Majesty the Sultan Sidi Mohammed Ben Youssef, but that the whole of Mauretania and other vast territories (now ranking as French and Spanish colonies) to the south of the present Morocco, and stretching all the way to the Niger, must, before long, be included in the New Morocco.

On the quiet, needless to say, many Moroccans also believe that some sort of "federation" with Algeria (after the French have given up fighting there) will add still further to their country's greatness.

NOWHERE are the results of a foolish French colonial policy more apparent than here. By deposing the Sultan in 1953 and by being forced to bring him back two years later, the French have "lost face" here more than anywhere else in the Arab world. Their one hope today is that the Sultan will be "reasonable," and will not give way to the clamor of the Morocco nationalists in favor of scrapping "the last vestiges of the Protectorate" — by which are meant: (a) the presence of 90,000 French troops in Morocco (b) the presence of some 30,000 French officials and (c) the moth-eaten treaty of Algeiras of 1906 which, with its "open door" policy, makes it impossible for Morocco to have an industrial and foreign-trade policy of its own making.

It must be said that the French have done more for Morocco in forty years than they have done for Algeria in 125. Its industrial development is more advanced; its cities — like Casablanca and Rabat — are more impressive and spectacular (Casablanca alone has now

a population of nearly 800,000) and the country has an admirable network of roads, railways, etc. But schools, hospitals and irrigation are still insufficient.

Until only a few years ago, this country was the Eldorado of old-time capitalism; but the creation of a vast and underpaid urban proletariat marked the beginning of the undoing of French capitalism, all the more so as this proletariat formed part of the great nationalist upsurge in the country — an upsurge led by the Istiqlal party.

It is scarcely to be wondered at that the French diehards, who tried to put the clock back in 1952, should have started by trying to stamp out trade unionism in the Casablanca massacres of December 1952; by striking at trade unionism, the French were determined also to strike down the Istiqlal and, after that, the Sultan himself — the great symbol of Morocco's "nationhood." This crazy scheme, though carried out in 1952 and 1953, failed in the end, as it was bound to fail. The Sultan is back on the throne; and the Istiqlal and the trade unions (both duly restored) now claim to represent "all the live and vital forces of the nation."

No man here impressed me more than the Secretary-General of the U.M.T. (*Union Marocaine des Travailleurs*), the great Moroccan trade-union federation. Majhoub Ben Seddik, who was head of the railwaymen's trade union in 1952, spent years in French jails and was beaten and tortured; one of his hands is deformed today as a result. A man of about thirty-five, self-taught, sparkling with intelligence and a caustic sense of humor, he has naturally no love for the "colonialists." "Morocco," he said, "has all the makings of a Laborite state. In our trade-union federation we have now 600,000 members. The adaptability of the Moroccan people to the new conditions of independence is quite amazing; in the last few years their social consciousness has grown to quite an astonishing degree. Every Moroccan worker in this city of Casablanca, no matter how poor and downtrodden he may still be, knows exactly what's what, and we have,

in the last two years, made tremendous progress even in the Berber south, in places like Marrakesh, until recently strongholds of ignorance and feudalism. You just go to Marrakesh and look round: you wouldn't recognize the people."

I HAVEN'T had time to go to Marrakesh, but what I saw in Casablanca and Rabat was illuminating enough. Practically all the government offices at Rabat are now flying the Moroccan flag; the Moroccans are proud and rather arrogant, and the French officials are on the defensive and invariably apologetic about "the awful mistake" that was made in August, 1953. As a result of the deposition of the Sultan, Morocco has gained in three years a degree of independence which she could not otherwise hope to have gained in twenty years.

But to the Istiqlal and the Moroccan trade unions the present independence is not enough. Far too much is still spent by the Moroccan state on the army of 30,000 highly-paid French officials. "No, no," said Seddik, "We can't afford to keep these people in clover — two or three cars, villas, ten servants, colonial bonuses and even — if you please — insecurity bonuses, three months' holiday in France and what-not — why should we pay for all this?"

And he went on: "What is absolutely essential in Morocco today is a regime of austerity. We must cut down drastically on all administrative expenditure — which uses up 60 per cent of our budget — and concentrate on constructive investments. We must have an Economic Plan, a Land Reform, the confiscation of all feudal property — the property of the caids and pashas, who own thousands of acres of the best land, which they grabbed on false pretenses. We shall gladly employ French officials and technicians whom we really need, but even these will have to be paid at a lower Moroccan rate, and not at the high French 'colonial' rate. We must also make sure that foreign companies reinvest some of their profits in Morocco. The treaty of Algeiras, with its 'open door,' must go, because it's paralyzing the de-

velopment of Moroccan industries. Mind you, we are perfectly willing to see foreign industrialists stay in Morocco, provided they also contribute to our battle for a higher standard of living."

Above Seddik's desk was a framed picture of the Sultan. The Sultan is today accepted as Morocco's national hero by everybody and as the supreme arbiter, and even the trade-union leader spoke of His Majesty with a show of extraordinary warmth and reverence. The truth, of course, is that every faction in Morocco is trying to win the Sultan over to its side. The Istiqlal at its recent Congress (and fully supported by the trade unions and by the main Moroccan resistance organizations) are clamoring for a formation of a "homogeneous government" with a far-reaching economic and political program rather on the lines of Seddik's statement to me. And the Istiqlal threatened to

withdraw its ministers from the present government if the Sultan did not agree.

Since then, tortuous discussions have been going on at the Palace at Rabat. The "Independents" and the "Democratic Independence Party," who form part of the present government coalition, have been stridently protesting against the establishment of what they call an "Istiqlal dictatorship"; the Istiqlal, on the other hand, is denouncing these parties as so many supporters of the old feudal order and as so many "French stooges." The Sultan himself, though sympathetic in the past to the Istiqlal's nationalism and anti-French propaganda, appears somewhat scared of the revolutionary nature of the social reforms now advocated by the party and the trade unions; but, at the same time, he knows that Morocco cannot be governed any more *against* these two immense popular forces; and he

knows that if he opposes them too openly, he may lose his popularity among the bulk of the Moroccan people. Meantime, however, the enemies of the Istiqlal are trying to work up agitation among the more backward and "feudal" populations.

All the same, there is danger of a major clash developing between the Istiqlal and the trade unions on the one hand, and the conservative elements of the country on the other. The numbers, it is true, are on the side of the progressive forces—but the Sultan is faced with an extraordinarily hard choice; if he makes the wrong one, the result may be civil war and revolution. For the present, he is playing for time and preaching "national unity"; but the Istiqlal argues that the national revolution having been completed, the time is now ripe for a social and economic revolution. Will this revolution be peaceful or violent? That's the No. 1 problem in Morocco today.

# SPIT IN THE DEVIL'S EYE

## A Southern Heretic Speaks . . by SARAH PATTON BOYLE

*About the author of this article:*

One of the most ardent workers for desegregation in Charlottesville is a University of Virginia faculty wife named Sarah Patton Boyle. . . . The Yankee visitor was sitting in his hotel room when the telephone rang and a pleasant voice said: "This is Mrs. Boyle. I just thought you'd want to know, there was a big cross burning out in the yard here tonight. Son took some pictures of it..."

—*Dan Wakefield in The Nation, September 15.*

*Charlottesville, Va.*

I AM A WHITE Southerner who crusades for acceptance of colored citizens. Living in one of the five states sworn to resist integration at any cost, I'm roundly hated by some people, solidly disapproved of by many and supported by very few. I would have been a fool not to expect this when I resolved to brandish my banner — and I did. Beyond that, I was prepared for

almost nothing that happened to me.

In the light of the experience of others, I expected to receive many threats. My psychological factory probably could convert these into stimulation, I thought. Timidity being unpopular in my family, I was raised to feel that even looming danger isn't the least imminent, and I characteristically trip with gay stupidity to the dentist's chair — to meet each onslaught of his buzzer with incredulity. Therefore, I concluded, a deluge of threats probably would challenge rather than terrify me. I felt disgustingly secure.

But with superhuman cunning, evil refrained from attacking me in a form which I was qualified to use constructively. Unless one interprets as a threat (which I didn't) the six-foot cross which was burned a slipper's toss from my bedroom window, in half-a-dozen years of crusading I've only once been threaten-

ed with bodily harm — when a locally postmarked letter warned that if I didn't shut up, my house might be bombed. (I didn't shut up, and here sits the house.)

The deluge which actually descended was one for which I was not psychologically prepared. It consisted of contemptuous jeers and obscene insults. Raised in a country home, the daughter and granddaughter of Episcopal ministers, my gutter vocabulary has been so neglected that much that's said to me by letter and on the telephone I can grasp only through its context. To say I was aghast is to use insipid language.

Moreover, it hadn't occurred to me that my motivation might be misinterpreted. I expected to be called a sentimentalist, an impractical idealist and even a crackpot. But I wasn't prepared for accusations that I am a paid agent of Communists, that I am bribed by



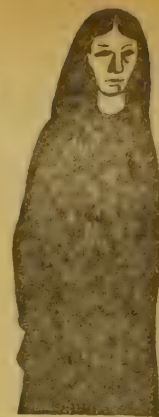
the NAACP to tell lies, that I oppose the status quo because of a perverted passion for publicity, and — hardly least — that I long for integration because of a psychopathic yearning for the special pornographic skills of black men. As I've firmly turned the corner of my first half century, the latter bit of biological warfare on me is the more amazing.

Once I fondly imagined that the long residence of my forebears in Virginia would move fellow Southerners to the admission that I had some right to speak in favor of changing customs. "Nobody on earth can call me a Yankee," I told myself smugly.

I was soon wishing that they could. Not only is it more comfortable to be resented as a meddling outsider than to be despised as a traitor, but also if segregationists can disqualify you merely by calling you a Yankee, they need go no further, and — their own estimation to the contrary — this is not universally regarded as a disgrace. But a dyed-in-the-wool Southerner can be disqualified only through defamation of character.

Another early illusion, soon to be dispelled, was that quarter would be given for maintaining a gentle, reasonable approach. I assumed (Jesus' own experience to the contrary) that when you turn the other cheek, nobody actually hauls off and slugs it. I have approximately two splintered jaw bones to show for this conviction.

I ENTERED the struggle with not one ray of malice toward, or contempt for, any one. I still have none. I understand well that the segregation pattern is taken firmly for granted by many white and some colored Southerners who sincerely believe that no good can come to any one through integration. I therefore seek to help them to understand the need for integration, rather than to attack them for opposing it. Yet they could not feel toward me much more bitterly if my public utterances were vindictive condemnations. Discovery of the explanation of this was one of the greatest of my many shocks.



Woodcut by David Shapiro

It's simply that so fixed is their conviction that integration can bring only degradation that they find it impossible to believe that any one who defends it is not either utterly ignorant of conditions or completely evil. The native Southerner is not adjudged to be ignorant. Looking into the eyes of staunch segregationists, I usually see not respectful hostility, but incredulous contempt. The names they call me are not merely empty insults, but are rather accurate descriptions of what they really think of me. Dressed for this contest in the highest principles I know, I wasn't prepared for eyes which could see me garbed only in filthy rags.

Nor did my surprises end with those outlined above.

A year and a half ago the *Saturday Evening Post* featured one of my articles on integration. It was an attempt to show through statistics and little publicized facts that Southerners are readier for integration than they think — a contention which I still maintain. Because the background of the article was Charlottesville, I expected a wide local reading. But I didn't expect that twenty-four hours after it appeared, nearly every retail dealer, delivery boy, store and postal clerk, taxi driver and shoe repair man I knew would regard me with hardened and disillusioned eyes. Overnight my little daily contacts became chill.

Did I have a similar experience in my own social group? Not at first. For two days I received a stream of telephone calls telling me

how true my statements were, and how much they needed stating. Acquaintances stopped me on the street with similar comments. Surrounded by this warmth, I could be philosophical about the few who looked straight through me — taking care that I should know their action was deliberate.

But the wave of approbation, I soon learned with a sickening thud, was individual reaction. It reflected merely how each person felt as he read the article in his own home. Group reaction, however, like mob psychology, is not merely the sum of individual reaction. As attacks on the article started in the newspapers, as enthusiastic supporters were wet-blanketed by those who claimed the facts I reported were half tommy-rot and half lies, the warm social pond in which I bathed suddenly froze. Some of the same people who had clapped loudly at first now let me know from behind stiffened faces that, after all, they did disagree with me sharply on some points.

SILENCE began to obtrude itself into all my social contacts except my closest friendships. The topic of integration was taboo if I was near. Though I was violently attacked almost daily in the press, no one referred to it. This was probably thought tactful, but I felt cut off. I never knew whether the person I was talking to agreed with me or with my attackers. The reticence was like a soundproof wall. Real communication ended. I began to

welcome unpleasant telephone calls — pleasant ones had ceased — as at least a genuine form of human contact.

Yet, curiously, it isn't heartache which brings you closest to internal defeat as Southern tensions heighten. It's fatigue. You feel as if you've run too hard and long to catch a bus, or that it's four o'clock on a day when you forgot to eat lunch. It's almost as though, without knowing it, you had been invisibly connected with other people, drawing from them nourishment, comfort and strength. Now the unseen connections are severed. And a puny thing you are when separated from the rest.

YOUR isolation is not so much the direct result of enemy action as of the fact that when you travel this road your experiences are shared by fewer and fewer people, until at last there's no one to whom you can make yourself understood. For words communicate only so far as they serve to remind friends of experiences and sensations of their own that resemble those which you recount. No more than you can share through description a sunset with a man blind from birth, can you share with another an experience which doesn't resemble any he has known.

And those who would like to give you moral support are quite helpless with no rules to guide them. If you lost a member of your family, anybody with a desire to help would know what he should do. Where his own experience failed, established custom would guide him. But books of etiquette lack rules for comforting those attacked for their principles.

Where can one learn that if a cross is burned for you, and it is "tactfully" ignored, you feel as if you have some unmentionable disease? Where can one learn that if you're publicly attacked and friends are silent, there builds up in your subconscious mind the conviction that you are utterly alone — even though you positively know better?

Because the Southern press blazes away in headlines and editorials which proclaim the successes and

opinions of segregationists, with only parenthetical or derisive mention of those who disagree; because your side is cautious and silent while the opposition is stridently vocal; because your attackers hammer away; for all these reasons, if your friends are silent, you hear only evil.

Something similar to Russian brain-washing of prisoners takes place inevitably in your consciousness. Day after day, week after week, month after month, you are told that you're a fool, a blackguard, a worker of evil. In the press, on the telephone, in your mail box, the same refrain beats on, like water dripping on the granite of your convictions: You're wrong, you're wrong, you're wrong, YOU'RE WRONG!

Friends tell you that they wanted to call you but knew you were busy and didn't like to interrupt; others that they meant to write but didn't get to it. But Mrs. Opposition didn't mind interrupting, and Mr. Opposition got to it. And the drip-drip-drip goes on and on. Slowly, like creeping paralysis, you find yourself losing confidence.

You find yourself developing a brand of schizophrenia. There is an ever-increasing cleavage between what you think and what you feel. You *know* that much progress has been made, yet you *feel* that there's just no use carrying the banner any more. You know that justice moves irresistibly to eventual triumph, yet you feel that only evil and ugliness have stout roots. You know you are right, yet building up in you is an enormous sense of guilt. This is your final, sickening surprise.

FROM BIRTH, good Americans are assured that if they are well-behaved, are kind, honest and industrious, they will inevitably be rewarded by social approval. Naturally, when you are publicly attacked, they — including you — are filled with the unformulated suspicion that you got what you somehow deserved.

Is a Southern crusader for the rights of man doomed to eventual breakdown? Many seem to think so, for the rate of retirement in this field of activity must approach the

record. Watching, Southern Negroes have grown cynical about the short-lived efforts of the white liberal — thus adding the minority's mistrust to his other pressures.

But I think I've rediscovered a way for you to keep your sanity and still crusade. It's simply meekly to accept "out-moded theology." With its able aid your psychological factory can convert pressure, pain and disillusionment into power to persist. Our modern view of the world, I now think, is the outgrowth of soft lives. In hand-to-hand combat with raw evil this sensible view seems less realistic.

When the smell, taste, sound and touch of evil are a nightmare against which you constantly struggle, the personification of evil is an intelligent device. In facing evil squarely and calling it the Devil, some of your horrid helplessness before its magnitude departs. Then, too, you find yourself more able to be dazzled into spontaneous worship by the glory of evil's opposite, the shining purity of love.

Years ago, on seeing the title of an article, "Humanitarianism Is Not Enough," I recall thinking, "How could that be?" I wouldn't ask myself that question now. When evils swarm you like a mob of maniacs you know that you must have both Something and Someone to worship, or perish.

Against a background of accusing enemies and silent friends, I hungrily reclaim the "morbid" doctrine that unearned suffering is redemptive, and that only the patient pain of the innocent can dissolve some human sins. It's the futility of pain which drains the heart, I find. Believe that pain has purpose, and new power stiffens your weary spine. The early Christians went singing to ugly deaths. The Southern crusader, too, has need of forgotten virile Christian truths.

So I shan't break down, and I shan't retire. For I shall refresh myself by looking at a sparkling, ethereal King, and I shall know an easier yoke and a lighter burden, and I shall learn to say, "Forgive them, Father," and — after taking practiced, careful aim — I shall spit in the Devil's eye.



# BOOKS and the ARTS

## The Neuroses of Conquest

**PROSPERO AND CALIBAN.** The Psychology of Colonization. By O. Mannoni. Frederick A. Praeger. \$4.25.

By Richard Wright

AS THE TIDE of white domination of Asia and Africa recedes, there lies exposed to view a procession of shattered cultures, disintegrated societies, and a writhing sweep of more aggressive religion than the world has known for centuries. And, as scientific research, free of the blight of colonial control, advances, we are witnessing the rise of a new genre of academic literature dealing with colonial and post-colonial facts from a wider angle of vision than was ever possible before. The personality distortions of hundreds of millions of black, brown, yellow and white people that are being revealed by this literature are confounding and will necessitate drastic alteration of our past evaluations of colonial rule.

O. Mannoni's *Prospero and Caliban* (first published in Paris in 1950 under the title: *Psychologie de la Colonisation*) is a prime model of this new literature which is destined to modify the attitude of white men toward themselves. (See also Hannah Arendt's *The Burden of Our Time*, and Gunnar Myrdal's *An International Economy*.) In Mannoni's terse, academic pages one enters a universe of menacing shadows where disparate images coalesce—white turning into black, the dead coming to life, the top becoming the bottom—until you think you are seeing Biblical beasts with seven heads and ten horns rising out of the sea. Imperialism turns out to have been much more morally foul than even Marx and Lenin imagined!

*RICHARD WRIGHT, novelist and journalist, now lives and works in Paris. His The Color Curtain, a report on the Bandung Conference, was published earlier this year.*

Employing psychoanalytic concepts and restricting his study to the last fifty years of French rule in Madagascar, Mannoni deliberately ignores economic and political factors in order to concentrate upon the fateful subjective emotional relationship of Frenchmen and Madagascar natives. He shows how the colonial and his victim emotionally complemented each other until—out of mutual frustration—political violence, nationalism and revolution resulted. Deep psychological compulsions drove the Europeans toward the native, and equally deep psychological compulsions prompted temporary native compliance.

WHAT IS the gist of Mannoni's concept? Well, let's imagine a flying saucer from Mars landing, say, in a Swiss peasant village and debouching swarms of fierce looking men whose skins are blue and whose red eyes flash lightning bolts that deal instant death. The inhabitants are all the more terrified because the arrival of these men has been predicted. (The Second Coming of Christ, the Last Judgment, etc.) Hence, they feel that all real opposition is useless. Yet these blue strangers are casually kind as long as they are obeyed and served.

Is this a fragment of paperback science fiction? No; it's more prosaic than that. The religious myths of

the Western world have conditioned us for just such an improbable event. Similarly, the legends and religions of Asia and Africa and the New World Indians had prepared hundreds of millions for the arrival of the white man. (Recall the Cortés-Montezuma drama, among others.)

But what of the attitude of the arriving stranger, be he blue or white? Why has he come? Does he want gold, women, power? It is here that Mannoni's volume can help us, for he contends that the neurotic, restless Europeans of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, sick of their thwarted instincts, were looking not only for spices and gold and slaves when they set out, but for a world peopled by shadow men that would permit free play for their repressed instincts. Stripped of tradition, these misfits, adventurers, indentured servants and convicts were the most advanced individualists of their time. Buttressed by the ideas of Hume and Descartes, they had become emotionally independent and could doff cloying ties of family. The Asian-African native, anchored in family-dependence systems of life, could not imagine why these men left their homelands.

Living in a waking dream, generations of emotionally impoverished colonial European whites wallowed in the quick gratification of greed, reveled in the cheap superiority of racial dominance, slaked their sensual thirst in illicit sexuality, drain-

### FALL BOOK ISSUE: November 10

**The Present Literary Warfare by Maxwell Geismar**

**The Poet and the Copywriter by Howard Nemerov**

**The American Short Story by Frank O'Connor**

**Gordon Craig and Robert Edmond Jones**

**by Francis Fergusson**

**Other essay and reviews by Kenneth Rexroth,**

**Walter Allen, Katherine Hoskins, Harold Clurman, Geoffrey Barraclough, Lawrence Lipton, Herbert Gold.**

ing off their dammed up and condemned libido. Asia and Africa thus became a neurotic habit that Europeans could forego only at the cost of a powerful psyche wound. Emotionally crippled Europe grew used to leaning upon this crutch of black, brown and yellow people.

BUT what of the impact of these neurotic white faces upon the personality of the native? Steeped in dependence and anchored in ancestor-worshiping religion, the native is disposed to identify the powerful white faces falling athwart his life with the potency of his dead father who had sustained him in the past. Accepting the invasion, he transfers his loyalties to those faces; but the whites, because of the psychological, racial and economic luxury derived from domination, keep aloof. An agony is induced in the native heart, trying to live under a white ruler that mocks it. The more Westernized that heart becomes, the more anti-Western it has to be, for it is now weighing and judging itself in terms of (white) Western values that make it feel degraded. Vainly

attempting to embrace the world of white faces that rejects it, it recoils and seeks refuge in the ruins of moldering tradition. But it's too late; it finds haven in neither. This is the psychological stance of the populations of present-day Asia and Africa; this is the revolution that the white man cast into the world and it is before this revolution (a large part of which the Communists have already successfully captured) that he stands paralyzed with fear. Mannoni ought to know; he is a former colonial administrator.

Mannoni's important book is biased, and that, perhaps, is as it had to be. Two-thirds of it, devoted to the personality of the Madagascar native, creates the impression that Mannoni is convinced that those natives are somehow the White Man's Burden. Well, maybe the other side of the coin will some day be described by black, brown and yellow men who are psychologically free enough to explain how the emotionally disturbing white faces roused them and sent them hurtling toward emotional horizons as yet distant and dim.

## Courage and Personality

**BEOWULF.** By Bryher. Pantheon Books. \$2.75.

**FIVE A. M.** By Jean Dutourd. Simon and Schuster. \$3.00.

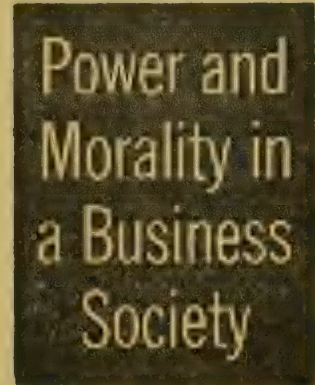
### By Dachine Rainer

THESE two books comprise a mid-twentieth century Everyman Compendium, Gallic and Anglo editions. Of the two, Bryher's *Beowulf*, set in London during the blitz, and deriving its title from a hideous plaster bulldog, a symbol-once-removed of the Ur Beowulf, is the better book, but Jean Dutourd's *Five A. M.*, a manuscript purportedly the work of a brooding insomniac, who between the hours of five and six A. M. recapitulates his mundane, neurotic

existence with an embarrassing lack of reserve, is the more ambitious.

*Beowulf* is meant to define the heroic character of the English people. My own rather depressing feeling is that courage, when accompanied by an absence of the imagination (and one need think only of the quality of the response by M. Dutourd's hero to the suspicion that his death is imminent) is no longer a heroic phenomenon, but something entirely different: foolhardiness? perhaps; lack of awareness? to some extent; an unconscious or deliberate blunting of one's sensitivity? very likely; and most certainly, an acceptance of fate. If one wants to define courage as an assertion of the life principle that sustains the ordinary individual in an extreme situation—in this case the group of people around a little London tea shoppe during the Blitz—I suppose one may; I prefer to reserve the word for extraordinary,

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unique behavior. Rushing into a burning house to save an old gentleman is heroic, but enduring bombings and fires is simply dogged. The bull dog survives the holocaust, thereby illustrating the durability of Britons, but after all *Beowulf* is made of plaster. Genuine courage consists in the ability to be overwhelmingly disconcerted by the possibility of one's own death, nevertheless willing to incur it if necessary. The sort of "courage" Bryher presents may define the durability of the species; it explains nothing at all of the individual.

*Five A. M.* finds the hero, a simple bank clerk, unrelievedly tearing his soul to tatters, examining with a minuteness, a morbidity, and a total lack of restraint his affairs from sex

*DACHINE RAINER, novelist and poet, is the author of "A Room at the Inn," the first published section of a long work. She appears in W. H. Auden's forthcoming Criterion Book of Modern American Verse.*



to economics. Actually, the range is not very wide, the repetitions suggest that great tour de force by Dostoevski: *Notes From Underground*, whose hero is also a simple public servant, poor, overburdened by anxieties, impossibly neurotic about women, and — although neither author concedes it — an intellectual. For the French writer, as it was earlier for the Russian, the common man is like himself: a paralyzed Hamlet and, above all, an individual. Bryher sees the common man as a collectivity. It is this cultural distinction that helps interpret the doggedly embattled Britons, and the dismayed, terrified and scattering individuals of the French army in the Second World War.

Dutoird's self-examination, however deviating from sensible reflection, is astute and scrupulous in a way in which the "ordinary" man seldom is. (Certainly, one cannot imagine Bryher's characters indul-

ging in it, although it has become stereotyped for the lay existentialist.) M. Dutoird, without being another Dostoevski, has chosen to try something as ambitious — this in itself represents a certain heroism. He is unsuccessful for the very reason that his Frenchman is authentic: where the Russian moves along with a manic energy that stimulates the reader almost beyond endurance, the Frenchman, suffering from the overly familiar contemporary paralysis, does nothing at all for 173 pages. Inevitably, since his reflections are infrequently humorous, good humored, or preoccupied with cultural or cosmic events, but only with the petty, frustrated man, incapable of love on either a private or public scale, it becomes boring. Who cares? we daringly ask, unwilling to see that the bank clerk is *ourselves*, or — can we perhaps palm him off? — more like certain of our friends.

acter, but it is padded out with lurid and explicit detail. As a result it aroused vigorous controversy and became the top bestseller.

The book's notoriety spread still further when it was adopted for the screen; the picture seems to have started a fad for movies about sexy teen-agers. Young Ishihara is now a popular hero — to the point that the so-called Shintaro hair-cut has become the style for a large part of the nation's youth.

ISHIHARA'S second novel, *Shokei no Heya* (The Room of Execution), has also been filmed, by Masaichi Nagata of the Daiei Company. It is at least as demoralizing as its predecessor, its theme being sex, orgy, violence and gangsterism on a university campus. A boy drugs a co-ed and rapes her while she lies unconscious — and while the camera looks fixedly on. Parent-teacher associations and mothers' associa-

## LETTER FROM TOKYO

### Akira Iwasaki

MORAL standards in Japan have been confused and fluctuating since the surrender and the occupation. This state of affairs may revive the prewar official censorship, because it is reflected in the most apparent and candid expression of morality — art in general, and fiction and the movies in particular.

The current literary scene is marked, or, as some hold, marred by the work of undergraduate writers. Taisuke Fujishima, a student at Gakushuin (formerly Peer's) University, has written *Kodoku no Hito* (The Man of Loneliness), a story based on his own school life in which Crown Prince Akihito and Mrs. Vining, his American tutor, are central figures. The public was startled by this audacious use of the future emperor in a novel, and the

book has sold well. Kunie Iwabashi and Michiko Fukai, young girls studying literature, have both written prize-winning novels. They are strongly influenced by existentialism and their common theme is sex.

Not the most gifted but certainly the most popular of all is Shintaro Ishihara. At the age of twenty-three, and while still a student at a government university, he won the Akutagawa Prize — Japan's Pulitzer Prize — for *Taiyo no Kisetsu* (The Season of the Sun). Its literary merit is dubious, but its content is sensational; it depicts the sexual behavior of today's teen-agers in terms that profoundly shock their more innocent elders. The hero, a high school boy, makes love to an older girl, and when she becomes pregnant forces her to undergo an abortion which kills her. The boy believes only in sex, and ridicules love. To prove it, he sells his girl to his brother for five thousand yen (about \$14). *The Season of the Sun* is thin and unoriginal as to plot or char-

### Skin and Bone

The wick burns down the length  
Of its cold paraffin  
Till the burned string's strength  
Sputters, and is gone;

And if you have not seen  
The spider in his web  
Make of that silk machine  
A jail where small things ebb,

You cannot know I mean  
The skin around the bone.

The heavy leaves of blight  
Curl inward and come down;  
It is the moth of light  
The darkness tumbles down;

And if you cannot see  
The crab's dry rattling legs  
Turn over, claw the sky,  
And wither to the dregs,

You cannot know I mean  
The skin around the bone.

The string stands for the nerve,  
The web stands for the brain,  
The wing for the eyelid's curve,  
The leaf stands for the skin,

But the claw is appetite  
That feeds on that heart each night  
You cannot know. I mean  
The skin around the bone.

HOWARD MOSS

AKIRA IWASAKI is a film critic and producer and the author of many books on film theory. During the war he was imprisoned by the Japanese government.

tions were outraged by the picture and protested to the producers.

A new word "Taiyozoku," meaning The Solar Tribe and derived from *Taiyo no Kiseki*, is now used to identify a new type of bad boys and girls. They present the most serious current social problem in Japan. Some people say that American movies are responsible for their state of mind. To a degree that may be so, but they are shaped also by the spiritual climate of the local society. Japan's young generation wants to test, for the most part blindly, a freedom that was unknown in prewar Japan. "I do whatever I want," is its ethical slogan. The boys and girls rebel desperately against what they see as adult hypocrisy, conventionality and snobbery. Meanwhile the older generation, having seen all its values collapse, has lost its moral assurance, and can neither guide nor discipline the youth. The war and the defeat have shaken the whole moral system: that cornerstone of all virtues, loyalty to the Emperor, has been exposed as empty form. It is a basic weakness of the Japanese that they have no heritage of moral law, as the West has Emmanuel Kant and other moral philosophers, by which to govern their behavior. They act only through indoctrination and are an easy prey to confusion. Faced with the "Solar Tribe," adults can do nothing but lose their heads and fly into a frenzy.

MEANWHILE, the Solar boom continues to spread. Ishihara's *Kurutta Kajitsu* (A Crazy Fruit) and *Nishoku no Natsu* (The Summer of Solar Eclipse), Iwahashi's *Gyakukosen* (Counter-light), Fukai's *Natsu no Arashi* (A Summer Storm), are at once bestsellers and hit movies. Their effects are apparent in the newspapers. At a seaside resort near Tokyo three Solar-tribe boys tugged three reluctant girls out to sea in a rubber boat and tried to drown them by ripping the sides. In many parts of the country, high school boys have attempted to drug and rape their girl friends. Movies and books are not solely responsible, but it is a fact that juvenile sex delinquency is increasing. Court records show that such cases num-

bered 601 in 1955, as compared with 100 in 1941.

The student writers do not enjoy a monopoly on sex as a theme for fiction. Jun'ichiro Tanizaki, at the age of 70 the most respected master of Japanese literature, is currently writing *Kagi* (The Key) which deals with the abnormal sex relations of an old couple. The novel has caused a hot debate in the Diet.

Public opinion is sharply critical of the Eirin (Committee for Ethics in the Movie), the Japanese counterpart of the Breen Office, for failing to stop harmful films, and is calling for its reorganization. The Eirin was set up by the movie industry seven years ago, in accord-

ance with a suggestion from the occupation authorities, as a voluntary censorship organ. The present attack upon it gives the conservative Hatoyama Administration a perfect opportunity to step in. The older members of the administration, convinced that Japan suffers from excessive freedom of expression, are pressing to bring the movie industry back under prewar government control. A few weeks ago, the cabinet discussed the issue, and is reported to have agreed on the need for such legislation. The public does not know which it prefers — a freedom that now leads to pornography or a government supervision that recalls wartime military control.

## FILMS

### Robert Hatch

IF HE keeps in character, the movie reviewer has little to say about either *Tea and Sympathy* or *The Bad Seed*. These very skillful Broadway hits have been brought to the screen substantially intact and will presumably absorb and disturb movie audiences as they absorbed and disturbed the theatre public. At no great creative cost to itself, Hollywood has proved twice again that it dares to deal forthrightly with the problems of the day.

But seeing them on successive days, I was seized with a suspicion about them: do they deal with real human problems or are they ingenious tricks? Isn't it shocking that a perfectly normal and extremely promising schoolboy should be brought, by the sadistic taunts of his father, his housemaster, a prostitute and his fellow students, to acknowledge himself a homosexual? And furthermore, isn't it horrible that murder should be a characteristic (like brown eyes or curly hair) that is carried in the genes and can become manifest in full malignancy in a small child? These are indeed shocking and horrible suggestions, but why are none of us who knit our brows and wag our tongues about *Tea and Sympathy* and *The Bad Seed* very closely stricken by the revelations? It could be that the

problems so starkly presented are more inventive than real.

They are relevant inventions, of course, or they wouldn't work as popular entertainment. We know in a vague sort of way that homosexuality is a social problem and we know, in an even vaguer way, that the line between heredity and environment is shadowy and that juvenile delinquency is on the upswing. And it is because we are vague that these plays impress us. If we had some working knowledge of abnormal psychology or genetic process we might be less eager to chew these dilemmas.

Notice the extreme terms in which Robert Anderson must frame *Tea and Sympathy* in order for his problem to work with even surface plausibility. His schoolboy must be afflicted with a father who is a coward, a bully, a snob and a fool, a housemaster who overcompensates for his own lack of sexual security by ludicrous displays of extrovert athleticism; he must attend a school that is gripped by hysterical virility, and he must have available for his pathetic test a prostitute who plys her trade in the campus soda shop. (This girl, though she is only one detail, seems to me evidence that Mr. Anderson is not wrestling with a problem, but inventing one. She



waves her profession like a banner and every boy in the school is deliciously aware of it, but the school authorities blandly let her continue to dish out sodas and sundaes in the tuck shop. I'd be as ready to believe that the faculty wives were performing a strip tease in the gym.)

Under this combination of hostile circumstances a boy might become as confused as Mr. Anderson's hero, and just as probably he might be restored to a correct view of himself by the supremely generous gesture of the housemaster's wife, who is also, it happens, somewhat deprived of her wifely expectations. But that is not to say that this is how homosexuality occurs or how it is prevented; *Tea and Sympathy*, for all its genteel pornography, never touches the true problem.

And so with *The Bad Seed*, an exercise in genetic obscuratism that was originally conceived as a novel by William March and then made into a hit play by Maxwell Anderson. It's a real novelty to cast a pretty little girl in the role of mass murderer and you can inject a good scientific gimmick by suggesting (and very carefully never saying) that she inherited her taste and talent for homicide from a grandmother who went to the chair years before she was born. The girl's mother doesn't know who her own mother was, so this tendency looks pretty genetic, all right. Like the way a fellow can inherit a swell chess game or a taste for papaya juice from some ancestor who died in the Boer War. Defective genes are a real problem and if we go on exploding bombs to impress the Russians it may become an increasing one. But no gene, normal or defective, controls any social behavior—murder, like charity, begins in the home. *The Bad Seed* is a horror comic dressed up in sophisticated language.

THE FILM based on Edna Ferber's family chronicle of Texas, *Giant*, runs for almost three and a half hours; the first fifteen minutes are embarrassingly cute, the last hour and a half is superfluous, and in between is a normal-length picture of excellent quality. Miss Ferber writes with a strong narrative drive that

translates into vivid film action, and George Stevens, producing and directing for Warner Brothers, has animated her pages with large, bold strokes. His rococo Victorian mansion, rising in almost fairytale loneliness out of the flat grazing land, is a superb focus for her story of how the proud Benedicts ruled their empire of half a million acres. It is incongruous, ugly, colorful and insultingly strong, and, as its lines and colors change and become soft and confused from decade to decade, it becomes a fine tacit comment on the lives of its inhabitants. This, for a happy change, is a first-rate movie creation.

The book, however, has run away with the camera. I suspect that Miss Ferber, who is no weakling, looked the Warners in the eye and told them they could use the whole novel or none of it at all. They took it all—three generations and a span of some forty years—and they tell two complete stories. The first one is over when oil is struck on the Benedict ranch. That ends the feudal age of beef, and turns the royal Benedicts into much wealthier but much less remarkable people. But the book goes on to tell another story: the evolution of the arrogant, hard-working, long-planning and tradition-bound rancher into the confused, restless, unemployed oil capitalist. It tells that history quite persuasively, but movies are at least so much related to the drama that they cannot handle two self-sufficient narratives at one go. The length of *Giant* becomes a tedium; worse than that, the action comes to a logical and satisfying conclusion and then has to be whipped into motion again for another full race around the emotional track. *Giant* breaks in the middle and the second half is drudgery.

For his cast, Stevens has used safe professionals: Elizabeth Taylor, Rock Hudson, Mercedes McCambridge, June Withers, etc. These are people who will neither astonish nor disappoint; they do what they are told and make up in experience for what they lack in imagination. For excitement, Stevens added James Dean and, as always in his brief career, Dean supplied it.

I don't know whether Dean was

a brilliant actor or a lucky natural; he died before there was time to find out. He played one part, emotionally, in all his pictures—a lonely, rejected, rebellious, confused and dangerously idealistic adolescent—and he played it with a passionate demand to be understood that came off the screen like a blow. What he did was utterly convincing and indescribably touching, but whether he could have done anything else we won't know. In the middle of *Giant*, the cowboy Dean is playing strikes oil and in the second half of the picture he is transformed from the lonely dreaming boy to a debauched and power-mad croesus. Dean doesn't do this very well; he becomes careful and leans heavily on props and cliché gestures. But the evidence is not conclusive—Dean may have seen the part as corny, and he would have been right.

THE BRITISH, who also take their stories where they find them, have sent over a screen version of George Orwell's *1984*, with Edmund O'Brien and Jean Sterling as the rebellious lovers and Michael Redgrave as O'Connor, the terrible inquisitor. The story is told with sufficient respect for Orwell's grim fantasy, but somehow the horror and the admonition are gone. It becomes a sort of romantic tragedy set in a Wellsian never-land. I think the mistake was to make a realistic picture of it. If you want people to believe that in less than thirty years England will be ruled by a gang of fascist madmen and peopled by mobs of decerebrated slaves, you should present the idea in somewhat stylized terms. The aim of this production was probably to intensify the nightmare by making all the surroundings so familiar, but it doesn't work.

The electronic gadgets seem ingenious and a little funny; the dread O'Connor behaves like a self-satisfied floorwalker, and the rebellious Winston Smith, we see, was outraged because authority stood in the path of true love—which was also Romeo's complaint. I came away from the picture convinced that the British would never take to that Big Brother chap. It's a good trip to Mars, if you don't mind a sad ending.

# TELEVISION

Anne W. Langman

A FINE public-relations project for someone in the TV industry would be a contest for the best essay beginning with the words "The trouble with television is. . . ." Research for this contest should begin in the TV columns, where you find that critics are apt to say that the star of a program was great but his material was uninspired, or that a show's format was exciting but the cast was impossible, or that the producer or director or writer scuttled a dandy idea. It is unusual to find a show in which producer, sponsor and stars find a format and material which will accomplish what they set out to do. Perhaps this is because the usual goal is to entertain—and that is an amorphous guide.

The trouble with television (this is my entry) is that there are not more shows like *Medical Horizons*, which you can see on ABC every Sunday afternoon. Its goal is to tell the story of modern medicine—doctors, scientists, researchers, hospitals. It is sponsored by CIBA Pharmaceutical Products which thinks that to tell this story is good business, and produced by two young men, Robert Foster and James Lichtman, who have found the way to tell it effectively. Don Goddard, who conducts the series on the screen, is a veteran science reporter with a refreshing curiosity and sensitive intelligence. This team is not at all interested in dressing up its subject, or in making it particularly entertaining. It is interested in honest and understandable exposition, and everything that goes into planning and producing the series is measured by that standard.

In the opening show, Goddard and his camera crew were escorted through delivery rooms, labor rooms, nurseries, as doctors at the Sinai Hospital in Baltimore explained the special treatment of premature infants. "It would scare me—handling a fragile little baby like that," said Goddard, putting our own thoughts into words. A week later, he took a

speculative whiff of a new anesthesia being investigated at Duke University Hospital. The show illuminated the whole process of anesthesia so well that for the first time that item on hospital bills seemed not only justified but welcome. At Rockland State Hospital, a recovered mental patient, effective in her awkward hesitancy at being interviewed, kept to the same quiet tone as the rest of the show. Goddard was interested but unemotional as he queried staff, walked through hospital corridors, discussed treatment developments and research.

The sponsor, the producers and Goddard, the reporter, all realize that medicine is an explosive subject for mass communication. The series is produced "in cooperation with" the American Medical Association, which means that in return for giving its official blessing—not unimportant in the eyes of the public and the medical profession—that organization has a right of veto over content. This affiliation also eases the task of getting doctors and hospitals on the show, does much to whittle down the coy, shall-we-tell-the-public-the-truth attitude of the men in white. Last season's series also helped to allay the profession's suspicions, for week after week doctors found it thoroughly honest and non-sensational.

"As a matter of fact," Goddard reports, "the doctors are beginning to enjoy the show." He believes that

many of them have been glad of the opportunity to discuss their work in a way which the public can understand. These also like to watch it, getting a quick look at what their confreres are up to, adding a face to a name in medical journals. The series has a healthy respect for doctors but does not deify them.

Remember *Medic*? NBC is running the last of its repeats before taking it off the air. Last week the item was the heart-rending tragedy of a young man, crippled with an arthritic spinal condition, who forces his wife to leave him so that he can fight the disease alone without her pity. To the accompaniment of doom-type music, the dreadful story unfolded, occasionally brightened by a sparkling young lady who asked, "Girls, do you ever go out for dinner and worry about your lipstick?" *Medic* failed because it had no faith in its subject, but used it as a peg on which to hang a series of mediocre dramas.

In the animal division the same process operates: compare NBC's fresh, factual and utterly delightful *Zoo Parade* to the hoked-up new series, *Noah's Ark* (by Jack Webb, out of *Dragnet*), another collection of melodramas, tied to the unwitting tails of the customers of a veterinarian. If animals watch television, they'll have a much better time with *Zoo Parade*. It won't pull at their heartstrings or rush them to the vet with a whole set of new symptoms, but it will inform them and interest them. And they can believe what they see and what they hear. For human beings, *Medical Horizons* fills the same bill.

## MUSIC

By B. H. Haggin

THE Royal Danish Ballet, like the Sadler's Wells, offers the pleasure of seeing a permanent subsidized company dance in richly mounted and carefully prepared productions with the easy assurance and precision achieved by years of study and rehearsal and performance together. Like the English dancers, too,

the Danes charm one with their sweetness and good manners, but with this difference—that whereas the general dancing style of the English company exhibits a softness amounting almost to flabbiness, the Danes dance with an engaging alertness and spirit. Their female soloists include no one with the dazzling



technique, glamorous presence and power of projection of Margot Fonteyn; but Margrethe Schanne, Mona Vangsaa, Inge Sand and Kirsten Petersen are accomplished and lovely dancers. And the Danish company is strong in its male soloists, among them the technically brilliant Fredbjorn Bjornsson and, most impressive of all, the poetic Henning Kronstam.

An additional feature of interest is the company's repertory. Since it has a continuous existence and tradition which extend back to the opening of the Royal Theatre in Copenhagen in 1748, it offers works of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries—Galeotti's *The Whims of Cupid* (1786), Bournonville's famous *La Sylphide* (1836) and his *Napoli* (1842)—which have been kept in the repertory since their premieres. It is impossible to believe that they have been preserved intact in the process of being handed down by one generation of dancers to the next; but they are interesting to see even in their altered state. To these the company, in its New York season, added its own version of one of the ballet classics, *Copelia*; its productions of two twentieth-century classics, Fokine's *Les Sylphides* under the title *Chopiniana* and his *Petrushka*; its productions of two modern works, Lichine's *Graduation Ball* and Balanchine's *Night Shadow* under the title *La Sonnambula*; and the *Romeo and Juliet* that Ashton created for the company to Prokofiev's score.

Of the three museum pieces I enjoyed most *The Whims of Cupid*, in

which the dances of the several couples and the ensemble dance in which Cupid mischievously rearranges them were charming. *La Sylphide*, the first of the Romantic ballets concerned with the involvements of human and supernatural beings, had some beautiful sequences in which Margrethe Schanne danced with exquisite delicacy and lightness suitable for the incorporeal Sylphide. In *Napoli*, on the other hand, I found not only the long stretches of miming in the first two acts but the dance invention less interesting; but a comedy bit by a street singer and his drummer was done superbly.

Most of the dances in the *Copelia* were as effective as those in the version that used to be danced by the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo; and the piece as a whole was performed by the Danish company with a precision and verve which the Monte Carlo performances didn't have. One missed certain details of the ear-of-wheat pas de deux in the first act and the entire third-act pas de deux that Danilova used to make into some of the great moments of the work; but Inge Sand, though in her own way a charming and effective Swanilda, doesn't have the resources that would have enabled her to make of these passages what Danilova made of them.

In John Taras' staging of the version of *Night Shadow* that Balanchine created for the de Cuevas company one was aware of occasional changes and losses; but the piece was unmistakably Balanchine's, and was exciting to see again. The production had distinguished scenery by André Delfau and costumes by him that I liked better than the extreme and horrible ones of the Monte Carlo company's production; and it gained by Henning Kronstam's performance of the Poet. But the climactic pas de deux of the Poet's encounter with the Sonnambulist—one of the most extraordinarily imaginative strokes of *fantaisie Balanchine*—lost by Margrethe Schanne's lack of the concentration and intensity with which Danilova gave it terrific impact in the Monte Carlo performances.

As for *Romeo and Juliet*, Prokofiev and Ashton both were able to

contrive music and movement for the scenes of spectacle, brawling, dueling and violent death, but not for the poetry of the scenes of the two lovers. A dance of Juliet with Paris was lovely to hear and see; an episode of the Nurse and her page was amusing; the rest I found increasingly uninteresting. *Les Sylphides*, *Petrushka* and *Graduation Ball* I was unable to see.

STRAVINSKY's ballet score *Le Baiser de la fée*, his *hommage* to Tchaikovsky, has what I think is his most beautifully wrought and most affecting writing. Only the suite to which he gave the title *Divertimento* has been performed in concert and on records; and this omitted some of the most impressive and beautiful passages—notably the entr'actes and the epilogue. But now Columbia ML-5102 offers the entire work excellently performed (except for a couple of bad notes from the solo horn) by the Cleveland Orchestra under Stravinsky himself; and the record is one of the great events of the year.

Gulda's performance of the solo parts of Mozart's Piano Concertos K.503 and 537 with the New Symphony under Collins on London LL-1370 is a playing of the notes without any enlivening inflection of phrase. In the earlier performance of K.503 on Angel 35215 Gieseking's playing is too small in scale, but he does impart life to the music with his phrasing; in addition the Philharmonia Orchestra's playing under Rosbaud is finer, and the orchestral detail is reproduced more clearly.

Epic LC-3259 offers Mozart's Concerto K.365 for two pianos, played well by Helen and Karl Ulrich Schnabel, and the uninteresting K.242 for three pianos, played less well by Ilse von Alpenheim and the Schnabels. Paumgartner conducts the Vienna Symphony.

In Schumann's Piano Concerto, on Angel 35321, Gieseking's playing and the Philharmonia's under von Karajan are excessively small-scale except in the tuttis, and Gieseking's treatment of the first-movement cadenza is highly mannered. The performance to acquire is still Lipatti's on Columbia ML-4525.

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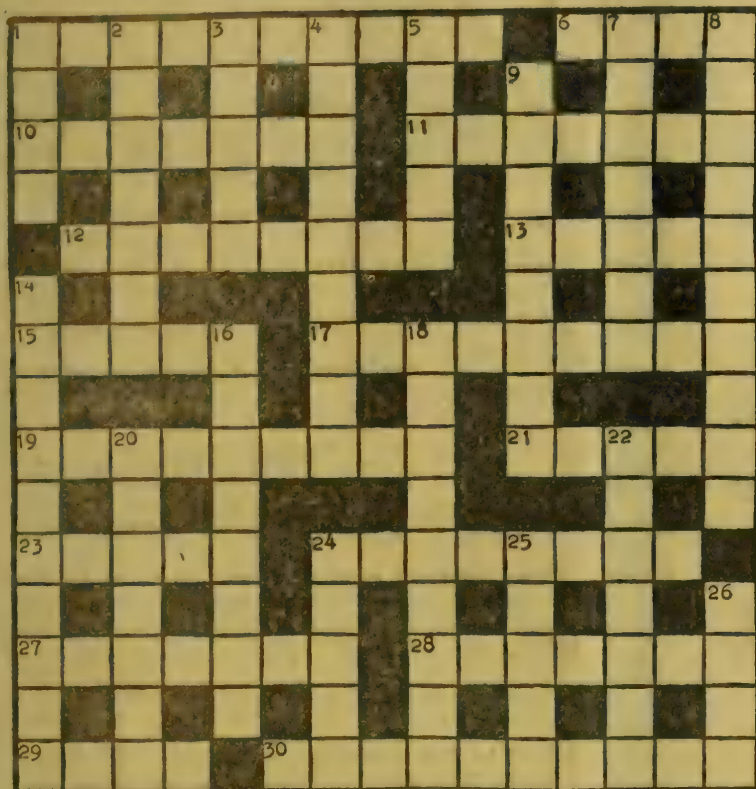
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# Crossword Puzzle No. 694

By FRANK W. LEWIS



## ACROSS:

- 1 See 21 across
- 6 Obviously there's one drink left. (4)
- 10 Cheer up the happy home. (7)
- 11 and 23 across Check the air? (4, 3, 5)
- 12 Malady marks the hang-out of doctors. (8)
- 13 Synonymous with Iago's purse? (5)
- 15 One might the middle of 10 to get it. (5)
- 17 The green color inside the train makes it rock. (9)
- 19 A blooming egotist, no doubt! (9)
- 21 and 1 across Applied to an act which was not necessarily a curious undertaking for Earl. (5, 10)
- 23 See 11 across
- 24 Make vocal 23 about the top. (8)
- 27 Done by the contrite. (7)
- 28 Stuck with a dimple? (7)
- 29 About as quiet as a band. (4)
- 30 Did her 23 suggest a happy bower? (4, 6)

## DOWN:

- 1 See 2 down
- 2, 1 down, and 7 down They might have got into hot water, but no thievery is implied for Adam and Eve on a raft. (7, 4, 2, 5)
- 3 Responsible for 8, he should have gladdened Mr. Watson's heart. (5)

- 4 An oil change takes several weeks around here. (Evidently they stood up one at a time.) (9)
- 5 Things on each side of their bridges shouldn't cross. (5)
- 7 See 2 down
- 8 His certainly seems to be a fixed idea. (3, 7)
- 9 Strangely enough, the North use a variation of it. (8)
- 14 Evidently a lot of work! (6, 4)
- 16 Showing it's sort of nice around six, but no good afterward. (8)
- 18 Ay, it's true, even for the English! (9)
- 20 Is indignant, and stops taking an inside measurement. (7)
- 22 Led to confusion in the Nazi movement (now that it's wrapped up)! (7)
- 24 Was she quiet when Abraham came up? (5)
- 25 The last key letter? (5)
- 26 A study of the protectorate? (4)

## SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 693

ACROSS: 1 CURATIVE; 5 OFFSET; 9 BOUNDED; 10 SADDLED; 11 SMALLER; 12 PORTION; 13 BURGLAR ALARMS; 15 GIVE NO QUARTER; 21 ISRAELI; 22 IMITATE; 23 TRIOLET; 24 ENGLISH; 25 CANADA; 26 EYESIGHT. DOWN: 1 CUBIST; 2 RHUBARB; 3 TODDLER; 4 VENTRILOQUIST; 6 FEDERAL; 7 SILLY; 8 TIDINESS; 10 SUPERLATIVELY; 14 EGOTISTIC; 16 VERSION; 17 NEEDLED; 18 TWINGES; 19 READING; 20 RED HOT.

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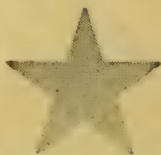
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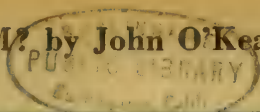
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WHICH WAY HARLEM? by John O'Kearney



**THE** *Nation*

OCTOBER 27, 1956

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# ***ELECTION VIEWS FROM OVERSEAS***

*Reports from*

Tokyo, Melbourne, New Delhi, Paris,  
Rome, London, Bonn, Montreal

## **Million-Dollar Mix-up**

California's Proposition No. 4

*by Gene Marine*



# College Press for Ike by Laurence Barrett

EISENHOWER has lost considerable ground to Adlai Stevenson among the country's college editors since May, but a majority of them still like Ike. Yet Stevenson's gains cannot be attributed to his campaign; nine out of ten made their decision at convention time.

These conclusions are drawn from a poll of college editors taken this month and compared with one taken last spring by New York University (*Nation*, May 12). The second poll drew fifty-two replies—sixteen from the Northeast, nine from the Midwest, ten from the South, fifteen from the West and five from border states. This distribution follows closely that of the first poll.

This month Eisenhower prevailed by a margin of thirty-three to twenty-two. When forty-four editors responded last spring, the President had a better than two-to-one edge.

In this month's poll, Richard Nixon came in for a good deal of abuse from Stevenson supporters, as did the President's capacity for leadership. None of the pro-Eisenhower answers mentioned Nixon. The Eisenhower fans stressed prosperity more than peace. Wrote an editor from Illinois: "In general, I approve of the 1952-56 Administration and see no reason to shift into neutral while we're travelling in high."

The world situation was used heavily as an argument by both sides. Eisenhower supporters maintained that their candidate's experience and prestige abroad made him essential at this time. Many Stevenson backers condemned Dulles' administration of foreign affairs. The Suez crisis came up frequently.

The candidates' honesty, intellect and personality received more attention from the editors polled than did specific issues. Most of the answers ignored the President's health and the merits or demerits of Estes Kefauver. Only a handful mentioned H-bomb tests and the draft. There were, of course, exceptions. One Ivy League editor, whose paper supported Roosevelt, Wallace and Stevenson in the last six elections, went Republican this time: "Over the last four years, the Republicans have given expression to the will of the people with their program of moderate conservatism. But at the same time, they have fought against political expediency when it seemed detrimental to the best interests of the country. . . ."

On the Stevenson side (as opposed to the anti-Nixon, anti-Dulles, anti-Big Business line), one Eastern women's college editor wrapped it up this way: "Stevenson, the liberal intellectual, rep-

resents the type of candidate . . . absent from the White House for too long. I should like to see a real 'mind' in the Presidency."

There was a small but eloquent minority which favored Stevenson rather as if he were the lesser of two evils. One Chicago man wrote: "I can't stand Ike! He'd make a good king. . . ." Another Mid-Westerner commented, "I don't support Stevenson so much as I do the Democratic Party. It seems to me that Stevenson has lowered himself immeasurably during the course of the present campaign."

Thirty-seven editors reported that they would split their ballots as against fifteen who said they would vote straight. Three had not decided. Most of the split-ticket advocates argued that party loyalty at the polls would insure the victory of poor candidates somewhere along the line. The central argument for straight voting was fear of a "do-nothing" government resulting from a White House-Congress split.

The tone of the young journalists' comments indicated that they considered themselves keenly interested and at least moderately well informed on politics. But a majority could not attribute such virtues to collegians as a group. By a margin of thirty to twenty-three they agreed that "college students are generally apathetic to politics." Two said they did not know.

But most editors indicated that November 6 would bring a return of apathy. One wrote: "Though the urban, supposedly sophisticated environment of New York City should be enough to bring young persons out of their intellectual cocoons, obviously the effect is not great enough to overcome their political insensibilities. The fault is certainly not with communications. . . . Either the educational job is an inadequate one . . . or this generation of new and potential voters is a selfish and self-satisfied one." A Kentucky editor noted that among native Kentuckians, who can vote at eighteen, there was an increased interest compared to out-of-state students. Georgia is the only other state allowing eighteen-year-olds to vote. A reply from there said most students are not apathetic.

The replies indicated no geographic pattern. Schools from the same region and type of community often yielded opposite answers. The same was true about the various kinds of institutions—private, public, denominational or secular.

The majority of the editors reported

that their papers dealt with national affairs to some extent, or encouraged student interest in politics in other ways, such as "register-and-get-out-the-vote" editorials, straw polls, the printing of absentee voter regulations and the encouragement of partisans to debate their positions in print. All of this, be it remembered, in the face of reader disinterest.

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## Editorials

### The Last Word?

If Mr. Stevenson had tossed a bomb — even a harmless stench bomb — into the closed circle of the Republican high command, he could hardly have touched off a more vehement or startled reaction than by suggesting a moratorium on H-bomb tests. All around the lot the President's chief political lieutenants have been cackling and clucking like so many frightened hens. "An invitation to national suicide," Mr. Dewey intones in Michigan. "A fearful risk," Mr. Nixon warns in Buffalo. "Unfeasible," Mr. Charles E. Wilson counters in Washington. Based on "lack of knowledge," observes Mr. Dulles. Harold Stassen joins the chorus by saying, "I never proposed it." Apparently all that was ever needed to inject some excitement into this campaign was for one of the candidates to propose a first-rate issue. True, a moratorium on tests would not halt the arms race, but the suggestion is timely and important all the same. Both sides have completed their latest series of tests and a stalemate exists at the moment. But new tests will be staged unless some agreement can be reached soon.

The special political merit of Mr. Stevenson's proposal is that it by-passes the thorny issues of inspection without involving any serious risk to national security. The British and the Russians have already said they favor an agreement suspending further blasts. Our concurrence would test the Soviets' current intentions: an agreement would provide a continuing test of their good faith. Later, if a measure of mutual confidence were established, agreement on more basic issues might be reached. In rejecting Mr. Stevenson's suggestion, the President announced, in an almost regal manner, that he has said his last word on the subject. But the subsequent announcement that an Administration White Paper will be put out on the matter is clear proof that Mr. Stevenson has struck pay dirt.

### Big Ditch at U.N.

It is best, in assessing the week of feverish diplomatic activity on Suez at the U.N., to stick to what actually happened. The salient facts are these: the three countries principally concerned established con-

tact and started negotiating for the first time since Nasser nationalized the canal in July; they agreed to six "principles" which, while vague enough, committed Britain and France to international control rather than international operation and Egypt to an international rather than an Egyptian waterway; they agreed to continue their negotiations.

Politically speaking, this may not sound like very much. But diplomatically speaking, it is a solid achievement and represents a real gain for Britain and France. Before the Security Council met—thanks largely to Mr. Dulles—the West had failed to induce Nasser to negotiate and every day brought a further deterioration in its bargaining power. Now, thanks largely to Mr. Hammarskjöld, who initiated the private U.N. talks, the British and French are moving in a positive direction.

To do this, they had to remove a lot of deadwood, mostly of American origin. The proposals of the first London conference, in which Mr. Dulles played an important part, have been conveniently killed by the Soviet veto. Similarly, the Suez Canal Users' Association, which Mr. Dulles dreamed up, is a dead duck as originally planned, though at this writing Washington was trying to give it some semblance of life in modified form. Britain and France, in short, are for a time on their own and they will probably do much better that way.

### The Store-Bought Faces

It is one of the sad facts of our time that people's faces are becoming obsolete. The "canned" news release, the one-dimensional world of the TV screen, the advertising firms that can make a product or a person (sometimes, as in the Presidential campaign they are identical) see to be something they are not, have all tended toward the national emphasis on depersonalization. A remarkable signpost on the road to total defacement occurred last week in the New York Congressional campaign between Anthony B. Akers, Democrat, and Frederick R. Coudert, Jr., incumbent Republican. The Coudert headquarters issued a piece of campaign literature with statements of endorsement



from four residents of the district. Candidate Akers subsequently discovered that the four pictures were actually those of professional models, purchased from a photographic agency, and placed beside four "faked" names—two of which belonged to real people who had no knowledge of the statements attributed to them. Perhaps most significant of all, beyond the campaign issue itself, was the statement of the Coudert aid who prepared the leaflet. Charles Hagedorn, publisher of a Manhattan weekly newspaper, expressed surprise over all the excitement.

"I'm simply amazed at all this fuss," he said. "This is standard operating procedure in advertising like this."

The store-bought faces had only cost a total of \$40 to purchase from the photographic agency. Who needs people?

### The Non-Mourners

The crash of old idols continues to resound through Eastern Europe. The Stalinist faithful have been removed from power in Poland and in Hungary; anti-Stalinist pressures are reported to be working against the regimes in Czechoslovakia and Rumania. The pace of this deviationism—polycentralization, in the post-Stalin lexicon—seems to have increased since Tito's talks with Khrushchev; if the Yugoslav leader did not

win his point at Yalta, he certainly seems to be winning it in Warsaw and Budapest.

Given the realities of the power situation in East Europe, no responsible observer believes that the satellites are flying off into space. Eventually they will settle in a new and wider orbit around the Kremlin. But the centripetal forces at work are nevertheless of historic significance—the more so because they have precipitated an interesting recoil effect. The deviationists, in the measure that they remove themselves from Moscow, tend to come closer to one another. The Italian and Hungarian Communists have recently paid friendly visits to Yugoslavia; in Italy itself, the Nenni Left Socialists are trying to find a path to unity with the Right Socialists which will not leave the Italian Communists out in the cold. Peking (which despite popular myth has never been under the Kremlin thumb) has gone out of its way to endorse Warsaw's espousal of polycentralization. Certainly the American scene has not remained unaffected—the most dramatic illustration being last week's meeting of Earl Browder, a deviationist from way back, with the staunchly anti-Communist Norman Thomas, about the possibility of creating a non-Communist Left front.

It is doubtful whether ever before in history a wake brought together such a heterogeneous collection of non-mourners as did Stalin's.

## Election Views from Abroad

*Herewith eight of The Nation's foreign correspondents report the views of as many countries—Asian as well as European—on the American Presidential campaign.—Ed.*

### GREAT BRITAIN

By R. T. McKenzie

*London.*

EXCEPT FOR those whose business or hobby it is to follow American politics, there is hardly the faintest interest here in the American election; the "serious" press and the BBC carry only brief reports, while the popular press is ignoring it almost completely.

The average Briton (whose interest in foreign politics is, I suspect,

even fainter than that of his American counterpart), appears to view the campaign with a blend of detachment and casual curiosity which is reminiscent of his attitude to the World Series. In each contest—the election and the baseball engagement—two teams, which stand for nothing at all so far as the British public is concerned, vie with each other in a game which bears little or no resemblance to any contest, athletic or political, which takes place here.

Who are the Democrats (or the Dodgers)? What do the Republicans (or the Yankees) stand for? And why does the crowd get especially worked up over *this* particular play or *that* piece of individual virtuosity? It is all too confusing to disentangle. One difficulty is that the American election is far too long-drawn-out by British standards. Here an election is usually announced no more

than five or six weeks before polling day and campaigning is effectively confined to the last three weeks. A contest that lasts from August to November is bound to look rather like an adagio dance which has been deliberately extended into an endurance contest.

Perhaps the *ennui* of the British should be treated as a compliment. The clear implication is that this American election is a cause for neither concern nor alarm; neither side represents, in British eyes, the incarnation of Good or Evil. Mr. Dulles (he is probably the third and only other American which the average Briton could summon out of his consciousness, the others being Marilyn Monroe and Liberace) is often a source of consternation and confusion here. Since 1952, he has been fairly consistently disliked by supporters of the Labor Party; currently, he is the *bête*

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noire of the active members of the Conservative Party. But, one suspects, there is no clear understanding of where Mr. Dulles fits into the picture. Perhaps some of the more sophisticated of the Labor or Conservative rank-and-file harbor the secret wish that he might "disappear," after this election, rather in the way that strange man, Mr. McCarthy seemed, unaccountably, to disappear sometime ago from American public life.

There is an exception to this widespread disinterest. Almost by definition, the British "egg heads" are the sort of intellectual busybodies who are interested in other people's elections. And what do they think? Where do their sympathies lie? Sad to relate, their attitude, compared with 1952, also appears a blend of curiosity and detachment.

They are detached because they no longer actively fear the Republicans. It has seeped into their consciousness that, in comparison with this country, there has been no inflation in the United States during the past four years, and neither has there been a "depression"; the Republicans, like the British Conservatives, have broken the bands of steel which linked their names with "unemployment." It has also seeped through that McCarthyism is dead or rather that its death rattle is now no louder than the ugly but comparatively harmless din that the lunatic Right has been making, year in and year out, in America for many decades. Even the name Richard Nixon does not any longer make flesh creep over here. It has become clear that he would rather be President than be Right. He begins to look increasingly like a younger (is it possible?) version of Thomas E. Dewey. And who would break out into a cold sweat at the thought that *he* might succeed to the Presidency?

Moreover, the British intellectuals have fallen out of love with Adlai Stevenson. In 1952 he evoked the kind of enthusiasm which ought to be reserved for the political messiah, if ever he appears on the democratic scene. Now he, too, is viewed with detachment even by intellectuals in Britain. Here, for example, is a

fairly typical comment by the American correspondent of a leading British Sunday newspaper, *The Observer*:

There is in America a deep tide running in the direction of the Democratic Party but it is a doubtful question whether Mr. Stevenson is part of it. He has a slightly hunted air in the midst of his own crowds. He is a little remote, with a prim smile that clicks off and on... a portly man with a strained, set, oval face and pale blue prominent eyes... one feels a real sympathy, indeed affection, for him—emotions politicians rarely evoke.

But despite the sharp devaluation of Mr. Stevenson personally, no doubt a majority of those who follow American politics are hoping for a Democratic victory; they do so because they assume that Mr. Stevenson will make a stronger President, under whom American foreign policy will be more consistent and clear-headed; and because they assume that under the Democrats an American depression is even less likely to occur. (Some left-wingers here would dissent; they fear that in office the Democrats, like the Labor Party here, would be either less willing or less able than their more conservative opponents to reach some sort of understanding with the Russians.) But whatever the result on November 6, there will be little sleep lost here contemplating the outcome.

## CANADA

By Mark Gayn

*Montreal*

CANADA—or at least the minority that cares—expects President Eisenhower to win again, and is not too unhappy about it. The fact is that most Canadians regard "Ike" as a man of good will, noble intentions and enough prestige to make moderation prevail both at home and abroad.

This represents something of a reversal here. Since F.D.R. first moved into the White House, the

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Canadians have fairly consistently favored the Democrats over the Republicans. The feeling probably reached its height in 1952-53, when Canada observed trends and events south of the border with a revulsion and uneasiness unmatched since the Nazi thirties. In those days, intellectuals here prophesied the imminent rise of "American Fascism," the press waged daily battles on McCarthyism and official Ottawa unhappily awaited yet another bombastic declaration from this or that of President Eisenhower's aides. By contrast, Adlai Stevenson seemed like a highly literate, peace-minded and moderate St. George.

The fears then held are not yet wholly gone, but they have been allayed. The relaxation of cold-war tensions has been felt here too, and "Ike" is given some of the credit for it. If his health holds out, it is believed, Canada need not fear unduly the revival of immoderation in Washington. And, with the rise in "Ike's" prestige, there has been a corresponding dimming of Mr. Stevenson's attractions. He is still conceded to be four cuts above Mr. Eisenhower intellectually; opinion here is far less certain that, if elected, he could keep peace as well. In a typical comment on Mr. Stevenson's demand for the suspension of the draft and the H-bomb tests, the *Montreal Star*, one of Canada's most influential newspapers, suggested the other day that he was not likely to convince the American voter he knew more about the problem than the President, "whose chief asset is the trust, confidence and liking of his fellow-citizens."

Mr. Eisenhower's luster, however, does not reflect on his party. A correspondent notes in the *Winnipeg Free Press* that the President is the GOP's "solitary hope of victory in November," and adds that "never before has an American party shrunk so visibly and so completely to the dimensions of one man." Nor does President Eisenhower's great prestige rub off on Mr. Dulles. The "brink-of-war" statement may be old history by now, but the Secretary is still widely regarded—and attacked—as a bumbling statesman.

Canada's foreign policy and her



economic health both depend on her great neighbor. In the past two years, President Eisenhower has done a good job persuading most Canadians that he stands for peace, and sees eye to eye with Ottawa on how to preserve it. The Canadians have been far less happy about the shape of their economic relations with Washington. In this field, criticism of the American protectionist policy is sharp, and it is openly suggested that the President is easily swayed by various American lobbies. If a depression came, and the effect of such restrictions were felt here more painfully, the Canadians would undoubtedly revert to their traditional pro-Democratic leanings. But as long as the United States is going through a boom, and some of the prosperity spills over across the Canadian border, the resentments here are subdued. And since "Ike" has become synonymous in many minds here with the American boom, the Canadians would just as well see him win again.

## INDIA

By Elisabeth Partridge

### *New Delhi*

INDIANS, you might say, like Ike but want Stevenson. The American elections are not a popular issue here yet, but well-informed Indians—including Nehru—are watching developments with interest, conscious that America's choice will prove vitally significant to India.

Indians share the world's conviction that Ike is a man of integrity and peace. Even when U. S.-Indian relations were at their worst last spring, Indians didn't criticize the President personally. But they don't like those around Ike: a party united for the elections but ignoring his liberal lead during office, and a right-wing China lobby which many here see as responsible for America's "subversive" activities in Asia, including India. Then there is the matter of Ike's health and the Nixon succe-

sion. Above all, Indians dislike Dulles, described by Frank Moraes—the liberal editor of the *Times of India* and author of a political biography of Nehru—as the "greatest single enemy of democracy and democratic ways in Asia." For Moraes and others, this "purbblind person" typifies "the deliberate indifference of Western policies to Asian susceptibilities."

It is India's belief that Stevenson and his supporters do not share this indifference, which the people of India believe has already lost America the cold war in Asia. Many here realize that if the indifference continues, Asia will go Communist by default. Stevenson, Walter Reuther of the CIO-AFL, and above all Chester Bowles, former American Ambassador to India, made a remarkable impression here. All three approached Asian problems with an endearing humility and a desire to listen (too many Americans rush in with slick solutions).

This suggests to Indians that the Democrats would base their policy-making on coming to terms—with no dishonor to themselves or their country—with the realities of Afro-Asian nationalism. Stevenson and his colleagues have apparently noted the warning of Bandung: the West can ignore Afro-Asian nationalism only at its own peril (as Suez has since shown Britain and France). Once Americans understand the pride and the growing pains involved in nationalism, their relations with India will ease almost miraculously.

One exception to the above is in the right-wing of Nehru's Congress Party. These business interests, though Left of the American Congress politically, feel that only Ike has the stature to take a step which would probably prove unpopular at home—the giving of more aid to India as a matter of enlightened self-interest.

But whoever is in the White House when Nehru calls will find him more eager than ever before to improve Indo-U. S. relations. It seems that the Indian Premier now realizes that his gestures toward Communist countries have been interpreted in the West as indicating something more—or less—than neutrality, and have

created dangerous pro-Communist thinking among his own masses. To counteract this, he is prepared to go more than halfway toward clearing up misunderstandings both in Washington and at home.

## ITALY

By William Weaver

### *Rome*

IT'S DIFFICULT to assess Italian public opinion on the current American Presidential campaign. In the first place, the man-in-the-street here knows about as much about American politics as his American counterpart would know about the political situation in Italy. Secondly, because of their rigorous space limitations, the Italian daily papers have given the campaign very scant attention.

Despite the scarcity of coverage, it seems clear that Italy's best Washington correspondents are all for Stevenson. This is true even of a semi-official paper like *Il Messaggero*, Rome's leading morning daily.

Milan's new daily paper *Il Giorno* ran a piece in its rotogravure section by their American correspondent, Auro Rosselli, entitled: "What Are These American Parties?" This was an attempt to explain the two parties rather than an evaluation of the issues and candidates. The conclusions were rather mystical: "The Democratic Party is . . . of the heart, of those who believe themselves generous, everybody's friend. . . . The Republicans are those who attach special importance to economic necessities, those who believe themselves wise, mature, skeptical and practical. . . ." For the Italian reader, it wasn't hard to figure out which party the author thought more *simpatico*.

Politically, *Il Giorno* is uncommitted but mildly liberal; more outspoken is the liberal intellectual weekly, *Il Mondo*. Its latest Letter

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from Washington, by Leo J. Wollemborg, gave a clear and serious exposition of the political situation in America, summing up by saying that, in essence, the American voter was faced with a choice of "Eisenhower minus the Republican Party, or Stevenson plus the Democratic Party." Again, without having to read too much between the lines, the Italian reader could grasp the author's inclination towards the Democratic candidate.

Appropriately quoting Karl Marx ("... In the United States the people enjoy the privilege every four years of choosing those representatives who represent them badly"), the Communists' high-brow weekly *Il Contemporaneo*, in an American report by Joseph Starobin, asks the question: "Are all the principal candidates in favor of capitalism?" and answers it: "Certainly, they are." And though even here one feels that Mr. Starobin might cast his vote for Adlai, one senses a greater indifference to the two major candidates than in the other papers of a milder political hue.

The curse-on-both-their-houses attitude is common to the Communists and to the extreme Right. Like the party-line papers, the die-hard neo-Fascist publications are so rabidly anti-American that they could hardly be expected to express a preference in the campaign. To them, all candidates are equally bad.

Though the more conservative members of the government and the Christian Democratic Party are probably for Eisenhower, the C.D. party as a whole is far from supporting the Republicans officially or unofficially. A few weeks ago, several prominent members of Parliament, including Social Democrats and *Democristiani*, set about organizing an Italians-for-Stevenson group. They quickly recruited a number of liberals, including even the editor of one of the C.D.'s official daily papers. Their plan was to canvass, by air mail, Italo-American voters—much as Italo-Americans had been urged to canvass Italian relatives during the 1948 elections here. But when the organizers got in touch with the Democratic National Committee, they were apparently told

to lay off, on the grounds that American voters might resent "foreign interference." The irony of the objection—in view of some of Mrs. Luce's antics—was not lost on the Italians.

In this country without Gallup polls and Crossley ratings, the average man's sympathies remain harder to plumb. Still, all the most reliable judges agree that the Italians in general are fond of the Democrats.

## FRANCE AND RUSSIA

By Alexander Werth

Paris

IT'S NO USE talking to any European—either East or West—about the farmer's vote, the Southern vote, Dixiecrats, and all that. All that matters to him really is how the result will affect the chances of peace in the world.

First, a few words about the present Russian attitude. In Russia, oddly enough, there is a marked difference between what might be called the popularized view of American elections, and the diplomatic view. The popularized view is well represented by the "plague-on-both-your-houses" cartoon in last week's satirical weekly, *Krokodil*, reprinted on the next page.

But when you come to the more reasoned political articles in the serious Soviet papers, you find that there is a good deal of difference, in the official Russian view, between the Eisenhower-Nixon and the Stevenson-Kefauver teams. There is little doubt that, looking back over the last ten years, the Russians have been much happier with Eisenhower at the White House than with Truman. Truman symbolizes the cold war to them more than any other American; Eisenhower represents the "thaw," the "spirit of Geneva." But, paradoxically, Dulles is cold-war man Number One of the Eisenhower Administration; and it has been giving Russian commentators many a headache to have to explain the restraining influence that Dulles

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has been exercising, in the course of the Suez crisis, on the "Anglo-French warmongers and imperialists." The explanation given by *Pravda* is that Dulles has had to pull his punches owing to the American elections, but that, in reality, he is just as aggressive and "imperialist" as the British and French — and will so show himself if the Republicans are returned to office. But *Pravda* quoted with great approval the words of Stevenson to the effect that he believed in a peaceful and reasonable settlement, acceptable to all, of the Suez crisis, and that it was high time account was taken of the great nationalist forces that had come into motion throughout Asia and Africa.

So, on the face of it, it would seem that the Russians would prefer Stevenson to Eisenhower. But this may be a deceptive interpretation. Stevenson, from the Russian point of view, has many disadvantages: he may very well act as a defender of the Arab countries' outcry for independence and advocate a more vigorous "underdeveloped country" policy which would be in straight competition with Russia. He might also display a greater "idealism" than Eisenhower has done in the case of countries like Hungary and Poland, which might be highly dangerous to the USSR at a time when the "destalinization" ferment in these countries is causing Moscow the greatest anxiety. On balance, then, the Russians would probably prefer Eisenhower to Stevenson, except for the possibility of Nixon taking over in the course of the next four years; Nixon they regard as "unpredictable . . ."

What of Western Europe, and particularly France? At present attention is focused on Suez, Algeria, Poland and on internal economic difficulties — and not on the American elections. Seldom, in the last twenty years, has there been less excitement over the question of who was to be the next President of the United States. I believe that on the whole France would prefer Eisenhower to continue, *provided* he continued for four years. The reason for this is simple: the last four years have been more peaceful than the



Truman era. But with Nixon, no one can tell. As Maurice Duverger wrote in *le Monde* on August 8 (and neither his nor the paper's line seem to have changed since):

The fact that Nixon was originally recruited by small ads and financed by private business, and the fact that he is a pure product of the "machine" are not absolutely decisive. . . . But what is disquieting is that he has not, apparently, shaken off his origin. He still looks like a pawn in the hands of the right-wing extremists, of the powerful lobbies. . . . Nixon as President would arouse the greatest distrust among all the nations of Europe . . .

As for Stevenson, there is certainly a preference for him among the

Leftist forces in Western Europe. Rightist forces are rather more scared of him than of Eisenhower — though not of Nixon. In France particularly it is feared that Stevenson may — like Roosevelt in the past — encourage Arab nationalism more than Eisenhower has done, and the French right-wing press has not ceased complaining about the "sinister" influence on Tunisian, Moroccan and Algerian nationalisms exercised by trade unions in the United States.

In short, Europe likes Ike. It is, in the main, favorably impressed by Adlai Stevenson; what neither the East of Europe nor the West of Europe wants is ever to see Nixon in the White House.

## JAPAN

By Akira Iwasaki

Tokyo

UNLIKE THE situation in 1952, the noises of the American election campaign are hardly audible here. Four years ago Japan, still an occupied nation, was oriented toward Washington; today it looks mainly westward toward the Soviet Union and Peking. Current news headlines are made by Prime Minister Hatoyama's trip to Moscow and the anti-American demonstrations on Okinawa aimed to prevent further expropriation of farm land for U. S. military bases. As this is written, sports fans are devouring details of the World Series, music lovers crowd the performances of the first Italian opera troupe in Tokyo, and intellectuals are looking forward to a series of lectures by Arnold Toynbee.

"I know Eisenhower, but the only Stephenson I know is the one who invented the locomotive," giggled an office girl in a movie company at Ginza. A labor union man said to me: "Ike and Stevenson are peas out of a pod. Makes no difference. I will like Ike if he pulls U. S. forces out of my country." He paused. "But Dulles is a warmonger—he must go!"

But then there is the H-bomb. Housewives, disgusted by the almost ceaseless rains—exceptional here in the fall—blame them on the nuclear tests. And, of course, there is the better-grounded fear of radioactive ash. "If Stevenson really means to ban H-bomb tests," say many Japanese, "I'm for him." Intellectuals here, recalling Mr. Stevenson's trip through Asia, consider him sensitive to the historical role being played by that continent in this "transition" century, and as much more qualified than Ike to be the future maker of American policy.

But generally there is indifference and "neutrality." The only major group which seems to hold a strongly

## A Russian View



Krokodil (Moscow)

Two bewildered Americans can't make up their minds between a theatre called "The Elephant" and another called "The Donkey." A caption reads: "The actors are different but the program is the same: 'cold war, arms race, position of strength . . .'"

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partisan opinion consists of Japanese financiers and "big business" men; they are for Stevenson and the Democrats. This is not so paradoxical as it might sound to many Americans who identify big business with the Republican Party. Because Japanese financiers are aware that the Japanese economy is dependent upon U. S. policy, the American Presidential election is of special importance to them. And they feel that Japan has suffered severely under trade restrictions imposed by the Republican Administration (for example, in textile and canned-goods exports to the United States). Moreover, they want the untrammelled right of trade with Communist China and Southeast Asia—and for this, they say, Stevenson holds out more hope than Eisenhower.

## WEST GERMANY

By Carolus

Bonn

THE AVERAGE West German shrugs indifferently when asked whether he prefers Eisenhower or Stevenson to win the U. S. Presidential election. The American movie, *Rock Around the Clock*, now making the rounds of West German theatres under the meaningful title of *Ausser Rand und Band* (Quite Out of Focus) has attracted ten times as much attention as the American campaign. The press publishes many political reports from America, but they are mostly a rehash of the hand-outs of both candidates. No bourgeois paper has dared so far to take a definite stand in favor of either the Republicans or the Democrats.

Yet these are misleading surface impressions. Once the foreign observer enters into a serious discussion of the personalities of the candidates or the platform of the parties, he finds the Germans both interested and knowledgeable. Their indifference is revealed as a pretense—a symptom of the great loss

of moral and political prestige that the United States has suffered here. The Germans, from Adenauer to the ordinary worker, no longer expect anything from Washington, politically or militarily.

Whatever the sins of its internal policy, the Adenauer regime was wrecked primarily by its adherence to Dulles' "policy of strength" and the West German remilitarization program. At least 80 per cent of the German people reject remilitarization. No *Rock and Roll* film is required here to produce youth riots; whenever the soldiers of the new army show themselves in public, they are mobbed and sometimes bodily attacked. An official order forbids them to appear in uniform at public festivities and ceremonies—for their own protection.

The other Dulles-Adenauer policy—that of "negotiating from strength" with Russia—has proved an equally abysmal failure. The reunification of Germany which was expected to follow from it now looks less likely than ever. And so the West Germans are beginning to take the matter out of the hands of Dulles and Adenauer and to act independently. Social Democrats and the Free Democrats, the party of big business which left Adenauer's sinking ship some time ago, press for relations with East Germany and the satellite countries.

One of the most respected men of the government coalition told me: "Under Stevenson there will be no Dulles." He might have added the obvious: "There would be no Dulles without Eisenhower." But if the West German ruling class, risen once more to wealth and power, has no use for Dulles, it also has no use for Stevenson and the welfare state the Democratic candidate wants to lead. That is why they shrug expressively over the American Presidential election. The West German bourgeoisie is hankering after new gods and new markets—and neither of these is to be found in the West.

There remain the Social Democrats, who have long opposed Dulles and his policies. Behind the President, whom they respect as a man of unimpeachable integrity and an undoubted desire for peace, they see

the figures of Dulles, McCarthy and the business tycoons. It is hardly surprising, therefore, that their hopes center on Stevenson, whom they believe could restore America's lost prestige as the symbol of peace, freedom and social democracy.

## AUSTRALIA

By W. Macmahon Ball

Melbourne

MOST Australians, I am sad to report, are not greatly interested in the Presidential election. Everyone, of course, knows who Ike is, and feels a strong personal liking and respect for him. But to most Australians the names Nixon, Stevenson and Kefauver ring no bell. There is less election news and comment in the Australian press than usual. This is partly because Suez has been taking so much space, and on this issue it is the brinkmanship of Sir Anthony Eden—not of Mr. Dulles—that grips anxious attention. In any case, Australian interest in American politics is mainly a concern with foreign policy, and even this interest fluctuates with changes in the international situation. In 1948 the Berlin blockade and in 1952 the Korean war created critical situations and a correspondingly acute interest in how America faced them. But no one seriously expects a war over Suez and with the general easing of world tension American foreign policy does not now arouse such widespread, urgent interest.

Hence active interest in the U. S. election is confined to a small minority. Even among these, I think, the contest is seen mainly in personal rather than in party terms. Australian observers of American politics have always found it hard to distinguish sharply between the interests and policies of the two major parties, though they have the general impression that the Republicans are rather more conservative and more strongly influenced by big

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business than the Democrats. If this contest were not complicated by Mr. Eisenhower's health, I think it probable that most Australian business men with contacts and interests in the United States would support Eisenhower and most professional and academic people Stevenson, with an overall majority for Eisenhower. The President was winning increasing admiration and support in Australia for his international policies,

for the sincerity of his Geneva pilgrimage and his restraint in the Far East. But there is widespread anxiety that his health may not stand the strain of another four years of office and his victory might therefore mean Mr. Nixon as President.

It would be going too far to say that there is distrust of Mr. Nixon, but I think it would be fair to say that Australian observers would be doubtful whether, on his showing to

date, he possesses the exceptional qualities of mind and character that we hope for, however unreasonably, in the man whose office gives him more power than any other man in the world. For this reason I think it likely that the balance of reasonably informed Australians would at the moment favor the Democrats, particularly since they picture Mr. Stevenson as a highly civilized, intelligent and responsible person.

# MILLION-DOLLAR MIX-UP

## California's "No. 4" . . by GENE MARINE

*San Francisco*  
JUST BEFORE the 1952 elections, Californians were confronted with hundreds of billboards on which a frail mother sheltered a frightened child from a number of menaces: a fierce-looking rodent, a gangster with a tommygun, the face of Joseph Stalin. Beneath the pictures appeared the word "RATS!" But a gray "X" was superimposed over the rat, the hood and the Russian, as if to show that they could be defeated; and underneath, the voter was told how to protect the terrified mother: Vote NO on 13.

Proposition 13, as it happened, was an attempt to repeal California's silly cross-filing law, and had nothing to do with hoodlums, Comrade Stalin or pest control. But Artie Samish and his "Happyland Committee," sponsors of the poster, had learned early that Californians like their electioneering to be in simple, black-and-white terms, and preferably as irrelevant as possible. Proposition 13 was defeated.

Liquor lobbyist Samish is gone now, but irrelevant campaigns backed by huge sums of money continue. This year Californians have Proposition 4—known to one newsman as "The Creature from the Black Lagoon" because the horror-movie creature has all sorts of weird ap-

pendages, and nobody knows what it really is. The "Black Lagoon" reference is appropriate, too: Proposition 4 is about California's oil.

I'm not ashamed to admit that I don't understand the pages-long Proposition. The attorney general of California, Edmund G. ("Pat") Brown, was asked for an opinion on a couple of side issues raised by it ("only peripheral and sometimes relatively minor phases of the proposition," in his own words), and took thirty-six single-spaced pages to deliver it. In these thirty-six pages, one finds such phrases as "depends upon geological information . . . which is not presently available"; "difficulty of foreseeing all the legal questions"; "we do not presently know the facts . . . upon which the answers . . . will largely depend"; ". . . doubtful and perhaps cannot be resolved without litigation."

The Yes-on-4-minded *San Francisco Chronicle*, arguing that it's really a pretty simple thing after all ("lawyers complicate it"), took one small portion of the Proposition, gave a one-paragraph explanation, and then conceded: "After . . . that reasonably simple overall statement, it must be admitted that one can't go much farther into the matter without going beyond the legal and engineering range of the ordinary citizen."

This much can be said: the measure is a proposal for self-regulation

of the petroleum industry in California. It provides, in part, that 75 per cent of the operators in any one "oil pool" can decide what the rate of production in that pool shall be, and the other 25 per cent have to go along. This is what the measure calls a "unit-production" system. The state, according to the proposal, may interfere or regulate only if it has "clear and convincing evidence" that in spite of the unit agreement, oil or gas is being wasted.

But the "unit-operation" provision applies to state lands as well as private lands—and that includes the widely advertised "submerged lands" that the 1953 Republican Congress handed over to the state of California. The thirty-six-page opinion of the attorney general was concerned solely with the effect of Proposition 4 on the state's rights to its own oil. For example, the opinion put one "peripheral" question in these words: "Who has the authority to determine and pass upon the adequacy of specific measures for the prevention of waste in the state's lands? The State Lands Commission, as lessor? Or the lessees, acting under a [unit] agreement?" It was this question to which Brown and his aides could only reply, "The answer . . . is doubtful and perhaps cannot be resolved without litigation."

Later, Brown noted that it was possible for *unleased* state-owned lands, including submerged lands, to

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he brought into a "unitized" pool operation without the state's consent, and that such lands could even be drilled by private interests without the state's consent. This, too, would depend on interpretation and on "geological and technical data not presently available."

Plainly there is more here than can possibly be clear to the untrained eye, and ramifications that reach from the Supreme Court to somewhere East of Suez. To take another single example: the measure involves the possibility of certain oil companies, while controlling California production through "unit agreements," simultaneously importing oil from the Middle East. The State Federation of Labor, opposing the Proposition, argued that it would not only throw oil workers out of jobs, but perhaps "adversely affect employment and working standards of American sailors and shipyard workers" as well as of workers in "secondary, supporting industries." The federation estimated the job loss as "10,000 oil-field workers and 30,000 workers in supplying and servicing industries."

IN THE face of all this complexity—a complexity barely hinted at here—the average California voter knows that Proposition 4 has something to do with oil. He may associate it with "conservation," and he possibly realizes that major oil companies are lined up in its favor. He probably does not realize that opponents include not only the Union Oil Company and the Signal Oil Company, but also the famous Superior Oil Company, whose officers were involved in the widely publicized \$2,500 "donation" to Senator Case just before the vote on the natural-gas bill.

But unless he is deaf and blind, the voter must know that both sides want his vote pretty badly. On September 28, California's secretary of state revealed that the Yes-on-4 campaign had spent, to that date, nearly \$985,000; the proposal's opponents, \$575,000. According to the *Chronicle*, furthermore, "the law does not require personal statements from individuals who spend their own money . . . nor does it demand

an accounting of the sums spent by both sides for 'educational campaigns' in the months before Proposition 4 was officially drawn up." The "Vote No" campaign is in the hands of San Francisco publicist Harry Lerner; the "Vote Yes" appeals are directed by Whitaker and Baxter, best remembered for the campaign against "socialized medicine" which earned them three million dollars from the American Medical Association.

Some of the expenditures not listed were discussed in a hearing last June in Los Angeles. The president of Richfield Oil told a state assembly subcommittee that his company, Standard Oil, and others had already spent, at that time, "in the neighborhood of a million, maybe two" in a long-term effort to predispose voters toward an "oil-conservation law."

One of the early moves in the campaign for Proposition 4 was the sponsorship by Richfield of a folksy TV series called "Mayor of the Town." After each week's episode, the show's star, actor Thomas Mitchell, made a few pious remarks about the need for conserving natural resources; the commercials plugged no Richfield products, but made it clear that Richfield's sponsorship was "a public service" to encourage interest in conservation. Whitaker and Baxter shrewdly keyed the first stage of their campaign to identifying the measure with conservation. The Proposition was given the title "Oil and Gas Conservation Act," and it will be so described on the ballot.

IN THE MEANTIME, the firm of Whitaker and Baxter was paying \$182,500 to Joseph Robinson and Company, a San Francisco company which specializes in getting signatures on petitions. The decision had been made to put the measure forth as an initiative, on the ballot, instead of trying to have it passed by the Legislature—a procedure which requires a popular petition as the first step.

Various explanations have been offered for this decision. The *Chronicle* loftily noted that "Anyone with political sophistication" knew why the measure was made an initiative:

"... To prevent its being weakened and watered down in its essentials by the horse-trading processes of the Legislature." A less kindly view is that the measure might not have stood up under the glaring light of committee consideration if a series of full-fledged legislative hearings were held.

The attorney general pointed out another factor: an initiative measure, once passed, cannot be amended except through another initiative. "By its express terms," Brown's opinion pointed out, "Section 20 of Proposition No. 4 does not permit the Legislature to amend any of the provisions" dealing with state lands. Later he noted that similar provisions exist with regard to other portions of the measure.

Proponents are having trouble avoiding a head-on collision among themselves on the initiative question. One group argues democratically that "the final legislators are the people"—a quotation from Edmund Burke (who was, incidentally, not the most democratic of men). Another group argues that it is silly to expect voters to understand the details of regulating so complex an industry, but that the "overall proposal" is essentially simple and desirable. Presumably the voters will have to take their word for this.

WHILE proponents were pounding heavily at the purr-word "conservation," opponents came up with an equally potent snarl-word: "Monopoly." On a trip last month through the northern part of the state, I saw the same sign again and again, posted on farmlands adjoining the highway. "Fight Standard Oil's control scheme!" it shouted. "Vote NO on 4!" On city billboards, an image of an extremely repulsive hog, labelled "oil monopoly," made its pictorial point. No argument was provided—merely a rallying cry.

In the customary fashion of election-minded groups everywhere, both sides began forming "Independent Citizens' Committees" by the dozens—and out of those organized by the opponents, a new image came: The battle over Proposition 4, it seemed, was a battle between the big oil companies—Standard, Shell, Gen-

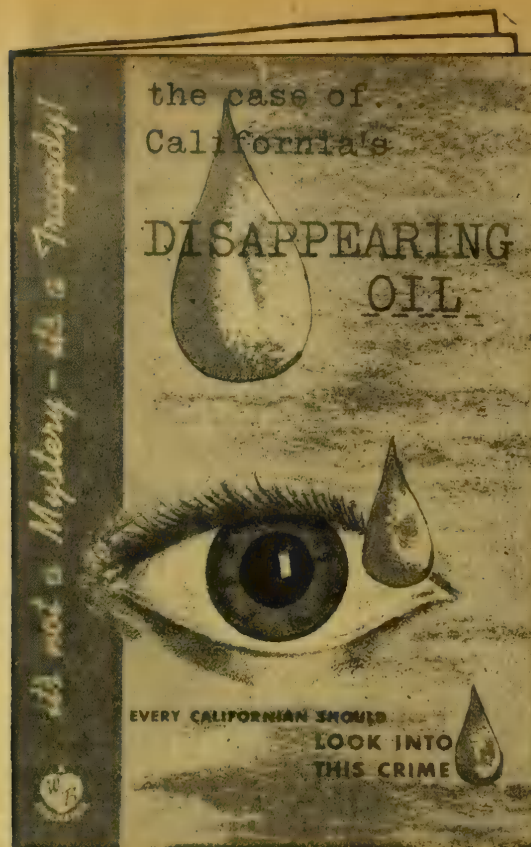


eral Petroleum, etc.— and the “little independents,” who were being “pushed to the wall” by the “control scheme.” This image gained quite a bit of circulation, ludicrous as might be the idea of such “little independents” as Union, Superior and Signal. Plainly, if the “underdog vote” was not to prevail, the proponents and their advertising consultants had to come up with something new.

They did. Without letting up on “conservation,” they came up with a new series of billboards (black backgrounds, light-reflecting green and orange letters): “Keep Gas Prices Down. Vote YES on 4.” This argument—almost as remote as Artie Samish’s gangsters and pictures of Stalin—appears now not only on billboards, but on the sidewalk adboards in the service stations of Shell, Associated, and General Petroleum.

Meanwhile, on television, the opponents had improved on their hog in the most obvious way: two hogs, one standing at each end of the word “MONOPOLY.” While the viewer watches, the hogs begin to gobble up the word until only “NO” is left. Out on the streets again, the hog, drinking oil now, is emphasizing the message that passage of Proposition 4 will mean *higher* gas prices (this latest billboard may be setting a dangerous trend in California politics; it has several lines of words).

IN THE midst of all this loud irrelevance, where are the people who are supposed to represent the public? The press has said a good deal for (or against) the proposal, but very little *about* it. Governor Goodwin Knight is actually attempting to make a virtue of neutrality. The Democratic Party of California, in a meeting of its principal leaders, decided to take no position on the proposal — a decision, however, that almost split the group irrevocably at a time when it needed all the unity possible. Strong forces wanted to oppose the Proposition, as evidenced by the fact that the state’s leading Democrat, the attorney general himself, came out publicly against it on September 27. His



reasons? It would give oil operators “an advantage over the state,” it does not go far enough toward effective conservation, it removes conservation control from the people, and — because it is an initiative proposition — it would freeze oil-regulation law just when the submerged lands are beginning to be developed.

The attorney general’s statement, of course, was hailed by the measure’s opponents, which made for a strange lineup. For most opponents of the proposition are opposed because—unlike the attorney general—they want less regulation, not more.

The most recent gun fired in the advertising war was a Whitaker and Baxter pamphlet, “The Case of California’s Disappearing Oil” (see illustration on this page—Ed.). The pamphlet runs to twenty-eight pages plus cover, and if anyone in California did not get one in the mail, I haven’t found him. Leone Baxter of Whitaker and Baxter, who wrote the pamphlet, said that it was planned to distribute at least 4,000,-

000 copies by mail and an additional 250,000 via newsstands (price: 10 cents per copy) at a total cost of close to \$100,000.

The Disappearing Oil Case (“It’s not a mystery, it’s a tragedy”) is gotten up in the form of a trial, with Whitaker and Baxter presenting the arguments for both defense and prosecution—a technique making it somewhat easier for the desired side to win. It is almost needless to say that the pro-4 case comes out “The People’s Case”; and once again the theme is “conservation.”

The pamphlet misses no trick. It claims the support of Frederick Dockweiler, “Los Angeles Democratic leader” (he is usually found leading movements headed “Democrats for —,” the blank to be filled in with the name of almost any Republican candidate). In its mention of newspapers, the pamphlet notes that “seven are opposed, including the *People’s World*” (West Coast Communist daily). The measure also claims some labor support, a testimonial from former Interior

Secretary Douglas McKay (a "noted conservationist"!) and an endorsement from the *South Antelope Valley Press*.

All public statements in favor of the proposal combine two themes which to a layman might seem to be in conflict: one is that it is a conservation bill; the other, that it will increase the production of oil. Nowhere do the proponents mention that under a unit agreement the controlling drillers can restrict production as well as boost it.

As nearly as a confused but determined reporter can make out, the proponents are attempting to establish an oil-regulation procedure which they themselves will control and which will give them an advan-

tage over the people; they are determined to put the measure across now because they feel that unless they do, the legislature will pass something which they may not be able to control and which could really restrict their operations in the interest of long-range conservation.

The opponents, on the other hand, seem to fall into three groups. There are those who are opposed to any regulation at all, preferring the present system under which an oil company can despoil an oil field at will. Then there are those who would prefer a bill giving people final control and subordinating the interests of private groups to the general welfare. Finally, there are those who are

so completely confused that they are seeking refuge in the *status quo*.

By Election Day, acknowledged expenditures for and against Proposition 4 will have run to at least \$3,000,000—an overwhelming record for California. Add several "unofficial" millions, and it's easy to see why a lot of voters, who understand the Proposition not at all, will vote against it simply because they feel that there must be some awfully fat plums waiting for somebody.

This seems an unfortunate line of reasoning on which to base a vote; but the activities of oilmen in politics being what they are, it may be as close to an intelligent position as the irrelevant campaigning will let anyone get.

# WHICH WAY HARLEM?

## Unity on a Key Issue . . by JOHN O'KEARNEY

THE COUNTRY approaches its Presidential elections in postures of fantasy. Eisenhower's Republicans and Stevenson's Democrats contend for ballots on jerry-built platforms of Peace and Prosperity, or More Peace and More Prosperity, pretending to be unaware that men of good will in millions are rising to assert that government must recognize and act upon the fact that the issue of our time is civil rights.

*The Nation* set out to enquire what effect the struggle over the Supreme Court's racial segregation order of 1954 is having among the Negroes of the North, specifically in Harlem. Has the incidence of mob violence against integration in the South stirred New York's Negroes to extraordinary political consciousness? Does the Negro, normally neither more nor less political-minded than most of his white fellow citizens, today merit the special concern of both major parties because of "apathy"?

On such issues as the two parties have been able to contrive for public debate, I found the people of Harlem as apathetic as any practical observer would expect. Political interest varies in Harlem as it varies everywhere among the several economic classes. The wretchedly poor are too busy scratching to care about anything else but the prospects of relief from their immediate, clinging wretchedness. The middle group strops its political mind upon the pros and cons of: What's in it for me? Who'll build new schools, hospitals and housing projects? Who's for more pay and broadened opportunity for better jobs? Who's for a non-discriminatory sharing of the city payroll, for cracking down on gouging landlords, for cleaner, safer streets and regular garbage collections? And the upper crust is just sufficiently ill-informed about the processes of political economy to be genuinely perplexed by the opposing claims of office seekers that their machine alone is fit to insure domestic tranquility and to promote the general welfare. The Negro upper crust, like the white, does not know

quite how far at sea it is, and is wary about rocking the boat.

Insofar as the Republicans claim credit for peace and prosperity, insofar as the Democrats claim that they could make the one more certain and the other more full, the people of Harlem are apathetic, indeed; but they are in no likelihood of falling into a coma.

IN THE apartment of a Harlem family, the elderly widowed mother of four children quietly discussed the broad issues as Negroes see them. This woman was a postmistress in the South thirty years ago. Her husband had been a school teacher. "We're not looking for anything that would be wrong," she said, "only for what's right. The Constitution says we have the right to vote. In many parts of the South we either can't vote or we can vote only for people who wish us no good." On the issue of school integration, she said she favors the use of force as it was used at Clinton, Tennessee—the force of law sufficient to forestall violence and mob-inspired bloodshed, a force to keep the peace

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October 27, 1956



and yet to make the law the law. To this woman's son, a highly educated, dedicated worker for Negro rights, effectively organized political action could well be the answer. "The Negro is a *peculiar* person," he said. "He wants to be an American citizen. He doesn't wish to break the law—even to gain his rights."

THE NEGRO, 15,000,000 of him throughout the country, each wanting equality of opportunity as one of his civil rights, is constantly aware that in this prosperous national household his victuals are mainly the left-overs from the white man's plate; that if and when—as is not inconceivable—there are portents of the larder's going bare, he'll be back to grubbing for crumbs beneath the white man's table. Of course, things aren't quite as bad as they used to be; there was a time in Harlem, before the riots of 1943, when the whole length of 125th Street, the area's main thoroughfare, running from river to river across Manhattan Island, had no more than a handful of Negro-owned shops manned by Negro workers. Boycotts and a day of violence have changed that. City jobs as policemen, firemen, teachers, clerks, have opened to the Negro. He drives buses and runs subway trains, and there are scores of other jobs, formerly in the white man's preserve, now available to him. Wars have forced changes upon the pattern of race relations—wars and

the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. The gates are opening, but the walls of the ghetto are far from down in this Year of Emancipation, XCIII.

Almost a century has gone since Lincoln's proclamation, since enactment of the Fourteenth Amendment, but in substance the complaint concerning the deprivation of civil rights is valid still. Here and there, in this little thing or that, says the Negro, changes for the better have occurred, but over the whole nation, North as well as South, the opprobrious name of "nigger" is still uttered in condescension or in hate, testifying to the unreadiness of most whites to grant anything to the Negro out of right. What the Negro has gained since Reconstruction, he has gained through pressure of one kind or another. Recognition of this fact is spreading over the whole Negro community. "We have come," said a Negro trade-union leader, "to the brink of the lack of fear. The rank-and-file are saying: 'Whatever comes, we'll face it.' The time has come to complete the Civil War."

In Harlem, as in Negro communities elsewhere, forces are rallying in support of those on the combat fronts in the struggle for civil rights. The Montgomery bus boycott got immediate advisory and financial aid. Northern Negro leaders are in close touch with the tense situation in Birmingham, where the NAACP is under fire and Negroes, fearful of

Ku Klux Klan and White Citizens Council outrages, have barricaded their homes and carry shotguns with them in their cars. Money, food and clothing have been raised in Harlem for the past three years for Negroes of Clarendon County, South Carolina, whose action in seeking a U. S. Supreme Court ruling on integration brought down upon them White Council economic sanctions that have driven many to the edge of starvation. (White landlords previously content to get their rent in harvest fields are now demanding cash; so are the country stores which from time immemorial have been selling to farmers on credit.)

It is told of the 1943 riots that, as Harlemites ranged through the streets smashing store fronts and pillaging, Chinese laundrymen pasted crude placards on their windows, reading: "Me colored too"; and that the signs saved them. That bond of "me colored too" is the key to Harlem thought and action even more surely now than it was then. Ultimately the Negro will be content with nothing less than all that was promised to him, *as a citizen*, by Article IV of the Constitution, which declared that "The citizens of each State shall be entitled to all the privileges and immunities of citizens in the several states."

A SENTIENT understanding of the spurious grounds of the white man's prejudice is now coming to the Negro almost in his cradle. Illustration: In a Harlem classroom, Negro children of nine and ten discuss current events. A girl refers to a newspaper story of a *white* woman jailed in Baltimore because she had borne a child by a Negro. There is something incomprehensible about this. Apparently the tables have been turned upside down. Is it not always the Negro who gets hit by the police? A classmate offers an explanation. The police did not go after the Negro man in this case, he says, because it was taken for granted that he was ignorant, irresponsible, "couldn't know any better" than to have broken the law. Wide-eyed nodding heads accept this interpretation of the white man's thinking as indubitably correct.





Attending this understanding of erratic prejudice is a growing pride in the achievements of the colored world abroad. Teachers report their pupil's intense interest (however fragmentary their knowledge) in the affairs of Egypt, black Africa, India, Indonesia and China—an interest awakened by the talk of adults at home. The grownups, indignant about—sometimes contemptuous of—federal suffrage of the efforts of White Citizens Council mobs and of state legislatures to flout the integration order, are finding a patch of comfort in “colored” Egypt's seizure of the Suez Canal. And in candid discussions in private homes, and even in barrooms and quiet shops, one often notes outspoken sympathy for Soviet Russia. As one man put it: “Only in Russia, among white nations, can a black man walk in the streets with people who don't make a point of being white.”

Harlemites would give India unstinted aid, firm in the belief that it would be used for the good of common folk. They would have Communist China in the United Nations, and have Washington grant her full recognition; for, said a spokesman, “It's absurd to attempt to isolate 600,000,000 people, foolish not to trade with them; and above all, *with us it's a matter of color!*”

This avowed sense of unity with peoples of all shades of color (except, for the moment, with the white man's pink) should be sufficient to convince the European-American that his Afro-American fellow citizens are capable of taking powerful and coherent political action. “There is nothing,” said one, “that happens in the South that does not in a measure happen to all of us.” And yet another Harlemite, this one a middle-aged woman, said of her neighbors: “Every time something goes wrong down South, it fills 'em up. They're jus' waitin' . . . jus' waitin'.”

IN NOT MORE than two Negroes out of scores did I find aggressive hostility to the white man. One of these calmly said that he had had the treasonable wish that Japan would beat us in World War II. The other, a man met in the street who

said he was a teacher, uncovered his hostility by spitting scorn on the notion that race differences exist at all—even as a concept for the convenience of ethnographers. A third man, a gentleman and a scholar, plated with a stoic humor, said he was at a loss to know how to deal with the European-American. The white American's capacity for being un-Christian, he said, could not be measured, nor the depth of his bigotry fathomed; he pursues his bigoted way with a “ferocity” that leads one to the conclusion—against the dictates of reason—“that there must be something biologically wrong with him.” “If this be true,” my acquaintance said, laughing, “it would be a sort of reversal of our respective positions.”

This third man's judgment is harsh, but it's been heard before. Frederick Douglass, Negro fighter for freedom, was invited to address the citizenry of his home town of Rochester on July 4, 1852. “What to the slave is the Fourth of July?” he asked, and ended his address:

Go where you may, search where you will, roam through all the monarchies and despotisms of the Old World, travel through South America, search out every abuse, and when you have found the last, lay your facts by the side of the everyday practices of this nation, and you will say with me that, for revolting barbarity and shameless hypocrisy, America reigns without a rival.

The citizens erected a monument to his memory.

THE struggle is no longer a struggle of slaves in chains under the whip, but so long as the Negro has been denied the civil rights that were not his rights because he was a slave, but ought to have become his rights as a freed man, he is shackled still. What in Harlem is he going to do about it, come Election Day next month?

In 1952, Harlem voted for Stevenson by four to one, largely because the Democratic machine has controlled the vote there since 1932. This year, independent Negro observers predict a shift, but they differ on its direction. One school says that 8 to 12 per cent of the Democratic Negro vote will go GOP, not because

Eisenhower is gaining favor over Stevenson, but because the Negro wants to elect a Republican Senate which would get rid of Senator Eastland of Mississippi as chairman of the Judiciary Committee. This view holds that the Negroes want a GOP victory even at the cost of delaying the retirement of FBI chief J. Edgar Hoover, who in Harlem opinion would be better employed in chasing down racist rabble-rousers than in pursuing Communists—“those horsemen without a horse.”

The other school thinks the shift will be the other way because Negroes have come to believe that Stevenson in the White House would be “more amenable” than an Eisenhower. An executive of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, a union which has influence considerably out of proportion to its 18,000 membership, put it this way: “The Negro has been disaffected by the GOP. We cannot have confidence in our President. Responsible groups could always get in to talk with Franklin Roosevelt—and with Truman. For three years, responsible groups in convention have asked to meet with the President. On four occasions he sent liaison officers to find out why, but nothing ever happened. Stevenson, we feel, would be more approachable.”

SO GO THE analyses. Meanwhile Negroes of both major parties have carried on an intensive registration campaign aimed at getting out 2,000,000 new Negro voters on November 6. They have 6,000,000 potential voters in the whole field, about 40 per cent of whom cast ballots in 1952.

In Harlem itself, young men and women formed an Independent Citizens Committee for Encouragement of Registration. This group, so the thinking goes, may become the core of partisan action in 1960, an instrument for electing a citizens' candidate to Congress. But there is no intention of forming a permanent Negro Party. This the Negro abjures. He does not want separate political strength. He wants integration, political assimilation, identity with the white man's established parties. He wants his civil rights.



# BOOKS and the ARTS

## The Winter of Statesmanship

*THE CAUSE OF JAPAN.* By Togo Shigenori, translated and edited by Togo Fumihiko and Ben Bruce Blakeney. Simon and Schuster. \$5.

*UNITED STATES FOREIGN POLICY 1945-1955.* By William Reitzel, Morton A. Kaplan, Constance G. Coblenz. Brookings Institution. \$4.50.

By O. Edmund Clubb

THESE TWO BOOKS complement each other all too well. Togo Shigenori, who was Japanese Foreign Minister at the beginning and end of the Pacific War, records an Oriental view of American foreign policy from 1941 to 1945. The Brookings staff researchers analyze that same foreign policy in its post-war aspects. The policy itself shows a spiritual continuity that must be termed alarming.

The Battle of Manila Bay (1898) made the United States a world power and projected the American feeling of "Manifest Destiny," born of the Mexican War, into East Asia. The Battle of Tsushima (1905), in which the Japanese Navy destroyed the Russian Baltic Fleet, established Japan as a first-rank contender for dominance in East Asia. Japan, too, was feeling the goad of "destiny." Soon after the Russo-Japanese War the United States and Japan began the long struggle for supremacy in the West Pacific. The United States developed a policy of intervention in Asian affairs that had its crowning expression in the Stimson Doctrine of 1932, as then addressed to China and Japan regarding the current hostilities in Manchuria: "the American Government . . . cannot admit the legality of any situation, treaty

or agreement [emphasis supplied] which may be brought about by means contrary to the covenants and obligations of the [1928] Pact of Paris." Asia would be our ward. But the Japanese design, as given final form by Foreign Minister Arita's enunciation in June 1940 of the "Greater East Asia" concept, was that Japan should have the lead role in both East Asia and the South Seas. The rivals faced each other.

Togo takes up the story at a point when the long contention was nearing explosion point: he became Foreign Minister when a new Japanese government was formed on October 18, 1941. He lightly sketches the history of American-Japanese relations, and shows the building up of the crisis against that background. From his account there emerges the thesis (which has some contradictions in the telling) that the United States by its rigidity bore its full share of responsibility for the 1941 deadlock; that Secretary of State Hull's note of November 26, 1941, "was handed to Japan in the calculated expectation that it would by no possibility be accepted by her, and that the negotiations would be ruptured and the rupture followed by war. . . ."

That is one side of the coin. It must also be recalled that Japan had advanced along the imperial road of conquest by way of the Sino-Japanese War of 1894-95, the Russo-Japanese War, and World War I with much profit to itself, and since 1937 had been engaged in its second war with China. It was joined with Germany and Italy in the Tripartite Pact of September 1940; and there is plenty of evidence that the Japanese military viewed the situation developing out of the European War as offering Japan a heaven-sent opportunity. The Japanese were no babes in the wood.

Nor is the general charge levelled by Togo new. The Roberts Commis-

sion, a joint Congressional committee, and various American scholars have probed with great thoroughness into the circumstances surrounding our entry into World War II via Pearl Harbor. What would have happened if President Roosevelt had accepted Premier Konoye's invitation to confer personally with him on outstanding problems, "in a peaceful spirit?" We shall never know. Why did Hull at the eleventh hour discard the draft *modus vivendi* he had already prepared and present the Japanese envoys instead with a ten-point program for general settlement which was obviously impossible for Japan to accept? Hull's own explanation emphasized "the opposition of the Chinese Government" to the *modus vivendi*, and "the wide publicity of the [American] opposition. . . ." But dominating the situation in any case was the decision of a Japanese Imperial Conference of July 2 to continue to push southward, even at the risk of war with Britain and the United States.

SO THE two countries went to war. Togo resigned his office in 1942, but again became Foreign Minister in April, 1945. He relates how Japan failed both to get the Soviet Union to mediate for a negotiated peace, and to keep that country out of the Pacific War. It is evident that there was never a chance: Japan offered too little, too late. After the A-bombing and Soviet entry into the war, Japan surrendered. Togo himself was condemned as a "war criminal," and died in prison a few days after completing his manuscript.

Togo's book is of unusual interest for the light it sheds on Tokyo's crucial decision-making. It is significant, further, for its criticism of American rigidity. And Togo put his finger on a vital point when he said that "It is evident that the Hull Note was an implementation of the concept underlying the Nine Power Treaty [of 1922] and the Stimson Doctrine." The United States had insisted that Asia, for all its changes,

O. EDMUND CLUBB, a retired American Foreign Service officer, spent twenty years in Far Eastern posts.

should fit an earlier American design.

THE BROOKINGS study, careful and sober, carries the story on. The old enemies are prostrate, but a new one appears; the power struggle continues. Given the conflict between American and Soviet policies, the U. S. Government in 1946 took up the concept of "bipolarity" of the international system: it saw "The world . . . split into two power groupings, in each of which a single state—in one case, the Soviet Union, in the other, the United States—played a predominant role. . . ." The concept omitted "the testing of situations to see if compromise were possible in specific policy areas."

The United States thereafter developed its world strategy accordingly. It undertook to organize all "free nations" against "Communism," and manipulated the United Nations in service of American policies. After the Korean aggression of 1950, it undertook rapid re-armament—and its foreign-aid programs assumed an increasingly military character. Announcement of the Truman Doctrine of 1947 established a precedent for by-passing the United Nations. American unilateralism took on its ultimate form in the 1954 doctrine of "massive retaliation" by virtue of which the United States, regardless of both coalition responsibilities and the UN Charter, threatened to retaliate against the enemy "by means and at places of our own choosing."

The authors, looking at present U. S. policy, find that "the essential policy pattern of the past decade is still considered applicable," and that "the international system still seems to be conceived as tending toward bipolarity." But at this point they disagree with our national leaders. Their own conclusion is that, "at some point in the mid-1950s, a reverse trend, an evolution away from bipolarity, began." And—cautiously—"There is considerable reason to think that much that has guided United States action in the past ten years will have to be reassessed."

Concluding their excellent analysis—mandatory reading for all students of American foreign policy—the

writers suggest that the reappraisal will not be easy, that there is "a period of danger to be surmounted." Their work does not reveal the full extent of our embarrassment. They largely omit consideration of the quality of American statesmanship—the experience, skills and imaginativeness of American policy makers. There is no sustained effort to measure the influence of alien and domes-

tic pressure groups on the fashioning of our foreign policy. In fact, the most direct approach to those matters comes in a footnote:

"In the course of a long struggle with a fragmented public opinion, a struggle that reached its crisis in a concerted attack on the integrity of high government officials, the administration won the battles, but was stalemated in the struggle. In general as it made adjustments to a varied

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opposition, it lost its previous power to lead opinion and its freedom to develop real policy alternatives. The gradual narrowing, under domestic political pressures, of the possibility of making rational choices among courses of action became in itself a major problem of United States foreign policy."

There is the root cause of our present difficulty. In 1941, Hull "made adjustments to a varied opposition" and took up an extreme

position in the American-Japanese negotiations. In 1956, the United States is found committed inflexibly to a concept of "bipolarity" that brings it more and more into conflict with friend as well as foe. Time presses, the initiative passes from us, but we make no move to adjust to the changing world about us. For, thanks largely to "domestic political pressures," the U. S. is today without alternative in its foreign affairs.

ple at this mad teaparty are Mr. Supergong, a Khaotian patriot who stages a treesitting strike and interrupts whatever is going on when it is time for his calisthenics, and two Soviet artists who were inadvertently flown in by a pilot escaping from behind the iron curtain and never become fully aware that they are out of Russia. It is as if the kitten, rather than Alice, went through the looking glass, and the chesspieces turned out to be real people.

## Looking Glass Politics

*THE LOOKING GLASS CONFERENCE.* By Godfrey Blunden. Vanguard. \$3.75.

*THE FOREIGN MINISTER.* By Leo Lania. Houghton Mifflin. \$3.50.

By William Bittner

EVERY few weeks some work of competent fiction is published and, thinking of the dull pieces of hack work in competition with it, the reviewers gush out adjectives that can properly be applied to only a few novels in each century. What can a poor reviewer do? Godfrey Blunden's *The Looking Glass Conference* and Leo Lania's *The Foreign Minister* are "great" not only in comparison with everything else published in the same week but with all the books of the month; yet alongside Kafka, Joyce, or even Virgil Georghiu, they are ephemeral fictional journalism, journalism of a very high class, but judged by the canons of the novel, not even in the running.

Through the *Looking Glass*, one of the permanently great books, is among other things, a vast satiric manipulation of perspectives. *The Looking Glass Conference* foreshortens from various angles an international conference—clearly the presummit one on Indochina—and demonstrates that high diplomacy has developed so effective methods for muddling motives and intentions

*WILLIAM BITTNER* is a lecturer in literature at the New School for Social Research. He is completing a critical study of Waldo Frank.

that the only people not confused are the career diplomats whose motives are simply personal advantage.

A conference would seem sensible only insofar as the opposing sides had faith in each other's sincerity; yet General Flic, police chief of Colmo (the location of the conference) reported to Sir Peter Hotfoot, of British Intelligence, that for forty-two official delegates there were over 500 secret service operatives; from the United States ten FBI men, six CIA, three from Justice including one Immigration Service man, twenty-five Army, one Navy, eight Air Force, two Free World Committee, four Veterans of Foreign Wars, and Pinkerton men without number.

A good satirist does not take sides but finds all equally ridiculous; satire, as well, describes a status and is not concerned with how we can get out of it. On both these counts Mr. Blunden shows himself a master of his trade. Nevertheless, *The Looking Glass Conference* is less satisfying than his melodramatic novels, *A Room on the Route* and *The Time of the Assassins*. I suspect that he is not so impartial as he would wish to be, and this time he tried too hard. A satirist is a diabolist, taking pleasure in the evil generated by man. Mr. Blunden obviously believes in the man of good will; it is an admirable trait, but one that for satire will never do.

It is not difficult to discern the real figures and places that he has given the absurd names of Secretary of State Fogbottom, Foreign Secretary Albion Asp, or the warring governments of Inevitable Khaos and Incredible Khaos. The sane peo-

ALTHOUGH *The Foreign Minister* is more faithful to its genre—the melodramatic interpretation of a current event—it is less interesting by several notches than the satire. The coup in Czechoslovakia was the worst blow that the liberal point of view has received since the fall of the Weimar Republic. Nevertheless this fictional account of the tragedy of Eduard Benes, although embellished by a symbolic background that makes the Foreign Minister stand for the whole Czech anti-authoritarian movement, simply fails to explain the real events. From beginning to end, the Minister is a victim as much as if he were a fish in a net.

Five years ago Stefan Heym wrote

### A Citizen Looks at the Female Figures on an Ancient Jar

He'd have been gentle  
Owning you,  
Dead slave girls—  
Always he'd have been  
Like saying please.

You maybe even—  
After a fashion—  
He'd have let  
Be tyrants.

Three days each month  
He'd have done the singing.

Oil-scented  
Flutterlike  
Secretly germ-laden

Brought from what far villages?  
How tested by experts?

Prime matter of motherhood  
Forever unpossessed in life  
As now in death—  
Toys for a king-sick king.

KENNETH BURKE

*The NATION*

*The Eyes of Reason*, that describes the same occurrence from the opposite side, then joined the small group of fictional journalists whose work is taboo to the established publishers. For all its bias, Heym's book comes closer to establishing the motivations of those who supported the coup and the errors of those who opposed it. In both books the native professional Communists and the routine-drugged bureaucrats are made figures of evil. Leo Lania's book intensifies the evil in these figures and makes more tragic those who supported the coalition; a tragic resolution is always more moving than a hopeful expectation. But Lania's ending is cheapened by an irrelevant attempt to answer the question: "Did he jump—or was he pushed?"

A work of art has a life of its own. It may have an influence on events, but the greatness of, let us say, Shakespeare's *Richard II* is irrelevant to its success or failure in stir-

ring support for Essex's abortive rebellion against Elizabeth. Historians who restore the reputation of Richard III subtract not one whit from the value of Shakespeare's play about him. Swift remains our greatest master of prose, even though the evils that inspire him have long since given way to other ramifications of human folly.

Literary journalism, on the other hand, is important for the effect it has and for its accuracy as reportage. It should be judged against such a standard as *The Journal of the Plague Years* or *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, that moved popular opinion against slavery after the writings of Emerson and Thoreau, and the deeds of John Brown, had failed. Even on that scale, these new books do not stand very high; but they look down from a considerable distance onto the vapid best sellers that have nothing to say, on gynecological Frenchwomen, and on the fancy dress party of historical fiction.

## Haymarket in Retrospect

**THE HAYMARKET RIOT.** By Ernest Bloomfield Zeisler. Alexander J. Isaacs. \$2.

By Elmer Gertz

SEVENTY YEARS AGO the Haymarket bomb was exploded in Chicago; and, to a decreasing degree, the intonation is still felt. In the pre-New Deal days, it seemed that the case would always remain in the consciousness of sensitive people as a reminder of what happens when a militant labor movement collides with a ruling group unwilling to make concessions. Today, more than ever, we assume that the ballot, rather than bullets or bombs, is the answer to anything that ails the body politic. It comes almost as a shock that another book—even a short one—has been written on the Haymarket Riot.

The book, appropriately, is by the son of Sigmund Zeisler, the

*ELMER GERTZ, a Chicago lawyer, is the author of a life of Frank Harris.*

October 27, 1956

courageous young immigrant lawyer who dared to take upon himself and his associates the defense of Spies, Parsons, Lingg and the other anarchist defendants. Thirty years ago, Sigmund Zeisler had finally given his reminiscences of the famous case before the Chicago Literary Club, which subsequently published his talk in a volume of less than forty pages. The elder Zeisler left many things unsaid, particularly the identity of the man who actually threw the bomb.

"I would give my right arm to know who threw the bomb!" Ernest Zeisler quotes his father as saying to him, his voice shaking with emotion. He had been promised the facts by Dr. Ernest Schmidt, who was in the position to know, because of his peculiar relationship to all elements of the German community. "I can't tell you now, but I promise I will tell you before I die," Dr. Schmidt had said to his compatriot Zeisler; but he died without telling. Ernest Zeisler reveals that the secret did not die with him. He had told

his son, Dr. Otto Schmidt, who in turn told it to the author of this book.

The man was Rudolph Schnaubelt, initially identified by the Chicago police as the bomb thrower and subsequently cast in that role by Frank Harris in his celebrated novel, *The Bomb*. It is surprising to find Harris so right on a basic point, but in many of the other factual details of his novel he was as wrong as usual.

The other major contribution of Ernest Zeisler is the pin-pointing of proof that the *Chicago Tribune* had urged that the defendants should be lynched rather than tried. This was in the same general period in which Medill's paper had advocated the poisoning of tramps.

This book is a corrective to some of the shriller accounts of a case that will always have a place in the social and legal history of our country.

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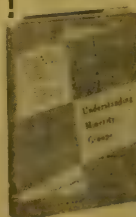
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# THEATRE

## Harold Clurman

*THE LOUD RED PATRICK* by John Boruff from a book by Ruth McKenny (Ambassador Theatre), is pleasantly corny. I have a taste for corn when nicely served.

To identify this particular brand, one might say that it stems from *Life With Father* with little touches of retrospective "social" discussion (woman's status in Cleveland, 1912) reminiscent of *The Remarkable Mr. Pennypacker*. Such plays are not meant to reflect reality; they are part of a sentimental tradition in which our literature reflects what we are pleased to fancy our life was like before 1917. Large traces of this tradition may be found not only in our movies (*St. Louis Story* et al), but in Thornton Wilder's plays, in O'Neill's *Ah, Wilderness!* as well as in Booth Tarkington and his lesser imitators.

It is a little silly to depreciate such a play as old-fashioned: its chief charm is that it is old-fashioned, and it is as much part of our folklore as the soporily cynical sex farce is in France, or as are thousands of our popular songs.

*Patrick* is well played by the entire cast—which includes Arthur Kennedy and a promising youngster named James Congdon. Particularly ingratiating is David Wayne—a comedian in the style of the old vaudeville actors of the palmy days—delightfully balmy and clownish in a way that might be described as rurally metropolitan. Such actors are among the best as well as the most truly indigenous our country has produced.

*THE RELUCTANT DEBUTANTE* by William Douglas Home (Henry Miller Theatre) is in its way just as stylized an image of comfortable English middle class family life at present as is *Patrick* of our life yesterday or *The Moon Is Blue* today.

Mr. Home's play is slighter than slight—mama wants to marry off her seventeen-year-old daughter while papa stands amusedly and

helpfully by—but it has a gentle, breezy whimsicality, a species of agreeable nonsense humor based on the solid rock of English common sense. (Some years ago Clare Kummer used to write American plays of this sort.) Its relation to reality is oblique; the facts are tricked up but the spirit is true—true, that is, to a certain attractive aspect of the English mentality. One of the play's chief merits is the opportunity it affords for gentlemanly and ladylike comedians and dewy but perky ingenues to disport themselves with expert suavity. The actors in this production—many of them from the original English cast—Wilfred Hyde White, Adrienne Allen, Anna Massey—take charming advantage of the opportunity.

In this connection, I recall that after the play's opening in London, I had occasion to chat with Kenneth Tynan, the *Observer's* lively dramatic critic. I asked him his opinion of the play. He said—a remark he unfortunately did not include in his review—"It is treated to the kind of superb acting that has kept the English stage twenty-five years behind the times."

It is a hard thing to say, but I cannot refrain from reporting that *Too Late the Phalarope*, a dramatization by Robert Yale Libott of Alan Paton's novel (Belasco Theatre) is all virtue and no effect. It deals with the race problem in South Africa. (So did last season's failure, *Mister Johnson*, and Maxwell Anderson's *Lost in the Stars*, which was aided by a more interesting story and Kurt Weill's music.)

It appears that the Immorality Act in South Africa makes it criminal for a white citizen to cohabit with a person of the black race. The punishment is not only imprisonment but total and lifelong ostracism of the offender by virtually the entire community. The play implies that the law is monstrous, and the situation in South Africa tragic. Who disagrees?

Since the play creates nothing in the way of real quality—melodramatic suspense, poetry of speech or feeling, character depiction, tear-provoking pathos or even sensuality—it is as pointless as propaganda as it is devoid of art. The fact that the play is literate, that it is produced with impeccable professionalism—Barry Sullivan, Finlay Currie, Paul Mann and Ellen Holly are outstanding in a good cast—does not relieve our sense of wasted effort. I could set the production down as a worthy deed only if it were presented in Johannesburg or Capetown. The producer does not seem to have realized that such a play has no actual bearing on the race or color problem in our country. It provides little more than information.

## FILMS

### Robert Hatch

IF *Storm Center* had been made and released four years ago, we might have tossed our hats in the air and proclaimed Hollywood as the new cradle of liberty. According to Daniel Taradash, director and co-author of the film, who reviews its history with admirable candor in the *New York Times* of October 14, it could have been made and released then. Taradash is an awkward citizen by Hollywood standards; he is a top echelon script writer (*From Here to Eternity* and *Picnic*, for example) with ideas of his own. So when he and his colleague, Elick Moll, backed by the enthusiasm of Julian Blaustein and Stanley Kramer, began to peddle their hot manuscript around the studios, they were not thrown out on the sidewalk. What they met was enthusiastic inertia. It is a treatment that nine times out of ten will kill an embarrassing idea without anyone having actually to pull the trigger. But Taradash and his colleagues had the patience of their convictions and, being very gainfully employed, could afford to persist.

The subject of the picture is book burning, which is not so dangerous

a topic as it was before President Eisenhower deplored the practice in 1954. It deals also with the techniques of character destruction, the infectious quality of gossip, and with political ambition cloaked in super patriotism. It does not mince words about these matters and, granted that the climate has somewhat improved, it would be optimistic to think that they are now dead issues.

The script is tailored to Hollywood's understanding of what makes an acceptable story. It centers upon the tragedy of a small boy who, on being told that the librarian he worships is a dangerous criminal, becomes psychotic and burns the whole library in a frenzy of despair and hatred. This is rather pat, rather contrived, undeniably sentimental.

But there is nothing sentimental about the character of Alicia Hunt, the librarian, or about the way Bette Davis plays her. What I like about Miss Hunt is that she is not particularly likable. Good at her job, obviously, and a benefit to the town;

but arrogant, self-centered, very conscious of her own importance. She is so little concerned with abstract principle that, when the city council asks her to get rid of a book which she herself does not admire, she readily agrees in order to clear the way for a project of her own.

However, when she actually comes to the point of erasing the offensive volume, it is another matter. She has never destroyed a book; her library courses gave no instruction on the point; there is no way of removing evidence of its existence from her records; it is — quite literally — an unheard of action.

So she changes her mind and, arrogant as ever, defies the questions of the council. She knows she is right and thinks she is above attack — but in that she is wrong. It should be hard to convince a woman's friends and neighbors that she is an enemy agent. The great merit of *Storm Center* is that it shows — with no sentimentality and very little melodrama — how very easy it is.

## MUSIC

### B. H. Haggin

THE Fromm Music Foundation presented a concert in the Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in which Stokowski conducted the Symphony of the Air in first performances of Bernhard C. Heiden's *Memorial*; Martinu's Piano Concerto No. 4, *Incantation*, with Rudolf Firkusny as soloist; an Adagio by Robert Helps, and a Toccata by Leon Kirchner. They were pieces in which one heard evidence of competence in fitting sounds into musical objects; but the unattractively dissonant objects of Helps and Kirchner communicated nothing to me, and what the simple and accessible writing of Heiden did communicate I found unimpressive. Nor did the Martinu piece say anything of great consequence; but it was enjoyable to listen to, and at times impressive, in its toccata-like play with sonorities and effects.

All the pieces gave the orchestra lots of things to do—which no doubt

was one reason why Stokowski performed them; and the performances testified to his powers in getting an orchestra to do things. Improved by several replacements in the brass and a new first oboe, and rehearsed at length by Stokowski, the Symphony of the Air played with a brilliance, a finish and a beauty of sound that it didn't exhibit last year. And Firkusny, who cannot give continuity of flow and tension to Mozart or Schubert, was brilliantly effective in the toccata-like piano writing of Martinu's concerto.

EPIC LC-3260 offers five of Torelli's Concerti Grossi Op. 8, in which one can hear lots of derivations but little of intrinsic musical interest. They are performed beautifully by I Musici.

The Allegro movements of Beethoven's *Eroica* Symphony lose in intensity and power from Klemperer's slow pacing of them in his perform-

ance with the London Philharmonia on Angel 35328.

The first three movements of Brahms's Fourth Symphony are per-

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formed well by von Karajan with the London Philharmonia on Angel 35298; but there are the usual changes of tempo in the final pas-sacaglia, whose cumulative effect requires instead that the pace of the opening statement of the theme be maintained in the succession of variations, as Brahms directs.

Beethoven's *Coriolan*, *Fidelio* and three *Leonore* Overtures are rattled off by Munch with the Boston Symphony, on RCA Victor LM-2015, with no feeling for their dramatic character.

Debussy's *Prélude à l'Après-midi d'un Faune* is played with excessive changes of tempo and sonority by Ormandy with the Philadelphia Orchestra on Columbia ML-5112; but the performances of *Nuages* and *Fêtes* are good. Ravel's *Daphnis et Chloé* Suite is also on the record.

IN MY September 8 report on the Electro-Sonic cartridge I said that if one stepped up its low output with a transformer one damaged its beautiful sound, and that without a transformer it needed a combination like the Bogen PR-100-A pre-amplifier and McIntosh 60-watt amplifier. I can now report that a little transistor transformer made by High Fidelity Service Center, 129 Brighton Avenue, Allston, Mass., steps up the Electro-Sonic's output enormously with no damage to its sound, making it possible to use the cartridge with any pre-amplifier and amplifier. Further listening convinces me that it is the cartridge to use.

I must report also that the combination of 8E2 slide and E1A weight provided with the Gray 108-C arm for the Electro-Sonic C-1 cartridge does not give sufficient stylus-pressure; and I suggest acquiring a Weathers pressure-gauge to check the stylus-pressure, and, if necessary, placing additional weights on the front of the arm until a pressure of five grams is attained. I also suggest using no more than half of the damping fluid supplied with the arm.

And finally the Bozak E-300 speaker cabinet should be cross-braced and be lined and filled with Aerocor Fiberglas in the ways I described in my specifications for a speaker enclosure.

## TV and RADIO FORECAST

October 28 through November 3

(See local papers for time and channel)

Sunday, October 28

BORN YESTERDAY (NBC; Hallmark Hall of Fame). Mary Martin and Paul Douglas co-star in the Garson Kanin comedy, adapted and directed by the author. After *Peter Pan*, NBC signed Miss Martin to a three-year exclusive contract; they have surrounded her here with many of the original Broadway cast to make this another great TV moment. (Color)

WIDE WIDE WORLD (NBC). Under the title "So Goes the Nation," this meandering, often mediocre magazine show will attempt a portrait of American life in the last few days before the election. New producer Gerald Green, formerly of "Today," may add the sense and sensibility hitherto lacking.

Monday, October 29

AMERICAN PRIMITIVE (CBS; Studio 1). Last production in this series by talented producer Robert Herridge, who now relinquishes the dramatic show he has made one of TV's best for another assignment. Lloyd Bridges stars in an original story of the West.

NBC NEWS. Premiere of a new Monday-through-Friday evening news program edited from New York by Chet Huntley (of "Outlook") and from Washington by David Brinkley. The dry wit and objective news-sense of this pair was the outstanding team coverage of the summer conventions; they are a bright hope for the long-neglected area of televised news.

Wednesday, October 31

SAVROLA (NBC; Matinee Theatre). Dramatization of Winston Churchill's only novel, written at 23. His daughter Sarah will star, thereby perhaps restoring the Churchill TV reputation from the battering it took when the son and heir met the \$64,000 question. Miss Churchill will play the wife of a dictator in a mythical country; Sir Winston admits to only mild interest in his TV dramatic debut.

Saturday, November 3

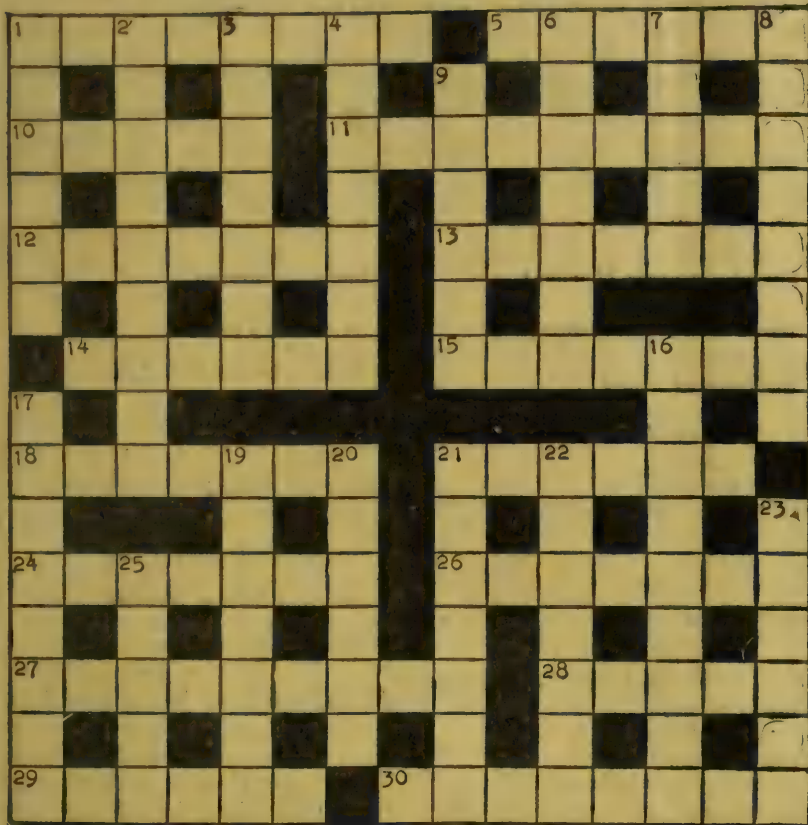
THE WIZARD OF OZ (CBS; Ford Star Jubilee). Second in the once-a-month series which started at the bottom with "You're the Top." Taking no chances, CBS acquired rights to this memorable Judy Garland fantasia when MGM released it in 1939. This is the new generation's chance to make its first visit to Oz. (Color)

A. W. L.

The NATION

# Crossword Puzzle No. 695

By FRANK W. LEWIS



## ACROSS:

- 1 The cost of being stylish isn't too much! (8)
- 5 If the left part is exactly as much, what you have should! (6)
- 10 Spent his time looking backward like Satan. (5)
- 11 If it weren't for an obviously bad heart, the dog would go to town with a fighting attitude! (9)
- 12 How can such discouragement be praised? (7)
- 13 Not quite a crime to a youngster—unless he's from Yale! (7)
- 14 Untangle this and get the remnant. (3, 3)
- 15 The color of a wrecked ship with damaged sepia cargo. (7)
- 18 Repeat it, but not softly, in order to get to repeat it. (7)
- 21 Her circle is the other way around—so one should take a bow. (6)
- 24 See 21 down
- 26 Get above it, in a way, and dispose of it. (7)
- 27 Shown the Dixie band, and taken away. (9)
- 28 Father leaves 12 disorganized, and takes a trip. (5)
- 29 Watch your heart in the market! (6)
- 30 Usually lead in such a connection. (8)

## DOWN:

- 1 A boy in my state of health isn't well. (6)
  - 2 Ravage. (9)
  - 3 Sometimes involved in Bureau-cracy. (3, 4)
  - 4 Such things might be a little thin on top, being quite the reverse of 3. (7)
  - 6 Implying a loud uprising about the abbreviated state of 2 is only a dodge? (7)
  - 7 A large number helps around sharp things. (5)
  - 8 and 17 Take a flutter in cosmetics? What a nuisance! (3, 2, 3, 8)
  - 9 The contents rather than the container should be cracked. (3, 3)
  - 16 Such a person sounds as though he's proud of calumniating. (9)
  - 17 See 8 down
  - 19 Friendly, but somewhat hesitant about his own powers? (7)
  - 20 The doings of Steven? (6)
  - 21 and 24 across Sufficient cause to make hot water so wide. (1, 4, 2, 3, 4)
  - 22 The recess ends 13 and is unexposed. (7)
  - 23 Skilled, probably because the feet are well balanced? (6)
  - 25 And here is a Latin principle! (5)
- (See solution to last week's puzzle at right)

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October 27, 1956

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New York *Herald Tribune*

Robert C. Bergenheim  
Christian *Science Monitor*

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New *Statesman and Nation* (London)

A. L. Clark  
Great Falls *Tribune*

Bert Collier  
Miami *Herald*

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New York *World Telegram*

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France-*Soir* (Paris)

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Indianapolis *Times*

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The *Economist* (London)

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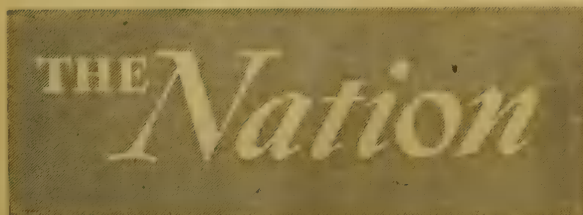
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EVERY WEEK SINCE 1865

THE *Nation*

NOVEMBER 3, 1956

20c

## **Why the Dimes March On**

**The Polio Foundation's Dilemma**

*by Eric Josephson*

## **Poland and U. S. Policy**

**New Openings for Diplomacy**

*by Joseph Starobin*

## **Savings-Bank Insurance**

**"My Greatest Achievement": Brandeis**

*by Alpheus Thomas Mason*



# LETTERS

## Cort on Columnists

*Dear Sirs:* On the night of October 14 I watched the Ed Sullivan show on TV, staged here in Detroit to baptize the Ford Memorial Building. It was not so much a show as a parade of the Ford family and Ford executives, with Sullivan doing the honors. The next day I received your issue of October 13, containing David Cort's article on The Broadway Columnists. With it, Mr. Cort equals his earlier satiric success, *The Time and Life of Henry Luce*, printed in your February 18 issue.

Cort gladdens my heart when he takes phonies apart and sets them down for what they are. Cort may not have stopped the columnists from their inanities, but they will read what he has written and their egos will be deflated for the long hereafter.

JIM CORBETT

*Detroit, Mich.*

*Dear Sirs:* Let's have more and more of David Cort. He is the most refreshing writer to grace *The Nation* pages in a long while. With his candor and incisiveness, he is about the closest thing to Henry Miller that you can find in a magazine today.

ROBERT SOMMER

*Mandeville, La.*

*Dear Sirs:* Heywood Broun was a very dear friend of mine. He stopped with us at our California house when he visited the West Coast in 1939, went with us to Santa Anita. Later, when we moved back to New York, Joe E. Brown's stature at UCLA enabled our daughter to enter that school, an intervention made necessary by the fact that as a New Yorker, she was an out-of-state applicant. Jim Moriarty was, by ancestry and mutual choice, one of my dearest friends. I've always boasted that Frank Sullivan, out of Saratoga, must be related to us as our family came from that town.

In *The Nation* article on Broadway columnists, I learn that Broun, Brown, Moriarty and Frank Sullivan loathed me. I learn, too, that Sullivan, "in his powerless days, often did his best to destroy the powerless and vulnerable performer"—which seems to me to be the neatest trick of any powerless week.

The article is so silly that it would nonsensical if it had not appeared in a magazine as important as *The Nation*.

ED SULLIVAN

*New York City*

*Dear Sirs:* David Cort's *The Gossip Columnists* was an interesting study of a fascinating subject, but I must object to his appraisal of gossipist Walter Winchell. I gladly admit that there may be much in Winchell that can be admired. But to give unlimited praise to this gossip columnist without even mentioning his consistently anti-civil liberties and anti-labor position appears to be a rather unforgiveable error of omission.

What difference actually is there between the McCarthy technique of smears and innuendoes and Walter Winchell's style of attacking people he does not approve of? No matter how much Walter Winchell may have "loved . . . the Great Cripple" (Mr. Cort might have used a more dignified phrase), in my own book Winchell is certainly no asset to the free press of this great democracy of ours.

WALTER GERSTEL

*Berkeley, California*

*Dear Sirs:* Re Mr. Gerstel's letter: As Franklin D. Roosevelt settles into his place in history it becomes no more offensive to describe him as "the great cripple" than to refer to the "blind Milton" or "the deaf Beethoven." In every case, the disability makes the man the greater.

As for Walter Winchell, he has status as an honorable reporter on show business, none as a political sage.

DAVID CORT

*New York City*

## Issue Wrapped in Tissue

*Dear Sirs:* Have just this minute finished reading Dan Wakefield's article, Mr. Akers vs. Park Ave., in your October 13 issue. Cheers!

Consider the meaning: The fast talkers, the quick movers, the well-dressed, decisive Park and Fifth Ave. dwellers,—silent, uncomfortable at the sight of a live candidate. Are they embarrassed because Akers is unashamed to say he wants something, say it plainly in broad daylight—not whispered alone in the lonely silence where most Americans live today? What a gloom is in this tomb!

Nobody likes it. They react so apathetically because of a confusion so great that it seems hopeless: the two-party system! bipartisan policy! wrap the issue in the tissue! high, low, and middle roads! To where, what?

Alternatives have been slugged and tagged: Red, pinko, egg-head, go-gooder—a long list! Somebody likes it this way. But not the people, even those on Park Ave. Some day they'll start talking.

IRVING IGNATIN

*Philadelphia, Pennsylvania*

## The Big Difference

*Dear Sirs:* When the debate is on about the "lesser evil" and the arguments are given showing that there is no important difference between the Democratic and Republican parties (and very persuasive these arguments can be, too), one fact is not mentioned; and it is this fact, more than anything else, which has convinced me that there is a difference. That is: 90 per cent of the rich and powerful newspapers support the Republican candidates. What do these newspapers think they have to lose?

I believe all things in this world are connected, and that there is no effect without a cause.

MARTHA BAIRD

*New York City*

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## Editorials

### The Peacetime Uses of Adam Powell

Congressman Adam Clayton Powell has a penchant for setting off political chain reactions — some fission, some fusion — the latest being his dramatic endorsement of President Eisenhower. In the summer, Mr. Powell was in Europe when the Democrats assembled in Chicago — a circumstance which made it necessary for the delegates to adopt a civil-rights plank without benefit of his views. It is, of course, quite possible that it would have made little difference if he had foregone Europe for Chicago, but his decision to support the President might have carried more weight had he first tried to induce his own party to take a stronger civil-rights position.

Almost simultaneous with Mr. Powell's endorsement of the Republican nominees, the White House released a formal retraction by him of remarks on the subject of desegregation which he had mistakenly attributed to the President. Now it's the Republicans' turn to discover that while Mr. Powell has his uses — he is an immensely effective agitator of issues — there is always a danger of fall-out from his political bombshells.

### Militant Youth: 1956 Style

*The New York Times* Youth Forum, a television panel show involving an adult guest and a group of high school students, offers us one of the rare clues to what the newest generation is like, or more appropriately, will be like. A recent forum dealing with major election issues revealed an interesting emphasis in the young people's attitudes. The participating students and their basic positions were:

— Susan Hoyt, a former Democratic supporter who switched to Ike because she thought it would be wrong to stop the H-bomb tests.

— Frederick Kafes, who backed the Democratic slate in the belief that Stevenson would see that the country got a stronger air force.

— John Mullarkey, an independent who felt the most important thing was that we not let down our guard by stopping H-bomb tests and production.

— John Crawford, an Ike supporter who felt the

draft was necessary to help the United States maintain its place in the world.

— Elizabeth Jackson, a Stevenson supporter who thought the United States should stop the H-bomb tests as a moral example to the rest of the world.

Miss Jackson's concern with the moral issue was badly outnumbered; perhaps outmoded. The equation of "youth" with "idealism" is based on the history of past generations, and not on laws of nature. The meaning of "militant youth" in the fifties may turn out to be an antonym of what the same phrase meant in the thirties. Once there were student strikes against war. From the sound of the kids on the *Times* forum, the up-to-date image of militant youth is more likely to be a gang of high school seniors picketing Los Alamos for bigger and better blasts.

Button up your asbestos overcoat, Dad—tomorrow is already here.

### Freedom for Export Only

In the immediate postwar days of 1945, James F. Byrnes, then Secretary of State, expressed great public concern lest elections scheduled for that year in Eastern Europe would be neither "democratic" nor "free." The concern sat oddly on a man who was once elected to Congress in the sovereign, segregated and poll-tax state of South Carolina with a grand total of 1,200 votes, which is probably the lowest number of votes gathered by any man successfully running for any national office in the history of this or any other republic.

It seems that the lack of democracy in Eastern Europe has a special and continuing fascination for our Southern statesmen. Following in Mr. Byrnes' footsteps is that great crusader for democracy, Mr. Eastland of Mississippi, who urges that the shackled people of Poland be given a "free election" in which to unshackle themselves. Unhappily, no Mississippi political leader can gracefully urge a free election for other people so long as his own people must pay for the privilege. Mississippi, like South Carolina, is a sovereign, segregated and poll-tax state. In 1954, it sent Mr. Eastland to the Senate with a grand total of 100,000 votes, which is somewhat better than Mr. Byrnes did, but



still means that Mr. Eastland is called Senator by the expressed assent of not more than one of every twenty of his constituents, the other nineteen having been either of the wrong age or the wrong color to vote.

We go along with the NAACP, which in this instance wired Senator Eastland: "We are happy to join you in urging 'free elections' in Poland. And in turn we call upon you to join us in urging free elections in Mississippi. . . . You can use your influence as a U. S. Senator to open the polls to the half-million potential Negro voters who are now disfranchised in Mississippi by fraud, trickery and terror."

## **Socially Sanctioned Homicide**

Over three thousand persons died from polio in 1952 but thanks to generous public support for some brilliant medical research this particular killer has finally been curbed (see p. 361). It is all the more shocking, therefore, to realize that a mass killer is still at large that, despite known remedies, operates with such methodical precision that the number of its victims can be predicted with statistical accuracy. It is only when some particularly frightful disaster occurs that the glare of publicity is focused on coal-mine casualties. But it is not the disasters that need spot-lighting (they command unlimited attention until the rescue team has reached the buried bodies); it is the daily toll of human life that should be headlined. For example, in the first eight months of 1956, casualties totaled 306 by comparison with 294 during the same period last year — a rate of about 1.13 per million man-hours. The public is so little aroused by these daily killings that they constitute a form of socially sanctioned homicide. Some such organization as the March of Dimes should keep these daily killings in the limelight until something is done to stop them.

## **Thoughts on Group-Think**

The violence and volume of reactions to David Cort's article on the Broadway columnists, only a sample of which appears in this week's letters column, prompts an editorial comment. A new generation of magazine readers has now reached maturity. During most of their lifetime these readers have been exposed, along with the rest of us, to the anonymous group-think journalism of the news weeklies, not to mention the impersonal radio newscasters and the still more bland TV newscasters. Week after week these oracles suggest, with absolute assurance and a great show of expertness, that there is a predominantly fashionable point of view which all bright, wide-awake individuals should hold on every item in the week's news from international affairs through science and religion to sports and the arts.

The manner in which the personal pronoun has been eliminated from this flood of comment creates an im-

pression that there is, in fact, a widely accepted, expert opinion on every subject touched on by the mass media, from Rock 'N Roll to female circumcision in Kenya. It is perilous for any individual, with a name, a face and an address, to question this prevailing view. An unsigned group-think comment, though it offends all the canons of common sense, will be accepted as though it were mere datum or statistic and not, as in fact it is, merely unlabeled opinion and often very wrong-headed opinion at that. Somehow we have become so thoroughly "other-directed," so sensitive to "what-other-people-will-think," that almost any expression of strong personal opinion on almost any subject is regarded askance as a manifestation of irresponsible eccentricity. Even magazine readers who complain of social conformity, complacency, and the insipid quality of our intellectual life, will recoil from a strong expression of individual opinion.

All the same, our experience indicates that there are also many readers who are becoming increasingly bored with the weekly "word" or "line" that is propagated by the mass media and are showing a new relish for stoutly held, clearly voiced personal opinion which is, after all, the most responsible form of journalism.

## **Foot-in-Mouth Disease**

One of the most melancholy spectacles on the stage of public affairs is John Foster Dulles' running battle with his own inadequacy. Recently, after having once more put his foot in his mouth on the question of Suez, the Secretary of State announced that henceforth he was not to be held responsible for his press conference statements until he had had a chance to mull them over at leisure—a process which obviously would give him the benefit of other minds than his own.

The press conference is an ordeal for any democratic leader, and one can well believe that it puts an intolerable strain on Mr. Dulles. But the single purpose of such meetings is to ascertain the spokesman's opinions on matters of general interest. If he is allowed the privilege of retracting his words the process becomes a farce and reporters would do better to fall back on "informed sources" or a crystal ball.

Still, allowances must obviously be made for our chief of foreign affairs; he is simply not a very quick-witted man. In the very process of explaining the new policy of second-guessing to the press, Mr. Dulles did it again. He said that he might have to drop press conferences entirely if they were to be used to trap him into making blunders. The journalists present naturally bridled at the suggestion that they could, or would, lay snares for one of the world's most powerful statesmen. Later, when he was more at ease, Mr. Dulles said he also didn't believe that entrapment was just the word. It is funny—if one can afford this kind of humor.

# POLAND AND U. S. POLICY

## New Openings for Diplomacy .. by JOSEPH STAROBIN

THE DRAMATIC evolution of Soviet-satellite relations is being viewed in the West, and understandably so, in terms of the disintegration of the Soviet Union's control over its Eastern bloc and the break-up of the power structure associated with the Stalinist era. That the transition took place relatively peacefully in Poland, but with bloodshed in Hungary, reflects special conditions in each country, but does not alter the fact that both are moving in the same direction.

Yet these developments may be only the outward form of an event of deeper significance, namely the emergence of a new Europe. If so there is need for a redefinition of both Soviet and American attitudes, and American foreign policy is presented with its greatest challenge and opportunity. For while Poland and Hungary take the headlines, NATO too, has been in a growing crisis. United States policy has been faced for some time with the problem of a new stance toward the alliance which was brought into being under its own auspices.

*What is happening now is the dissolution of rival blocs.* Out of this dissolution arises the possibility for a settlement of the world's most difficult and dangerous problem: Germany. In this new Europe, a reunified Germany would not be part of any bloc, since the blocs themselves would be disappearing. In such a context, the understandable fears of both the United States and Russia that a unified Germany would inevitably be part of one or another orbit, tipping the balance decisively against the other, would be relieved.

JOSEPH STAROBIN is a former foreign editor of The Daily Worker and the author of Paris to Peking and other books. In a letter to The Nation published in the issue of August 25, Mr. Starobin revealed that he had ceased "activity or membership" in the Communist Party three years ago.

November 10, 1956

The events in Eastern Europe not only confront the United States with the problem of how it shall order its policies with respect to individual Communist-led countries (no longer grouped as a bloc), but toward the emerging new Europe as a whole. For the first time since the second World War, there exists the prospect of American economic participation in European development on premises quite different from those imposed by the cold war.

The implications of these changes for American-Soviet relations, for competitive coexistence on the premise of ending what is left of the cold war, are therefore of very great magnitude. The question is, first, whether Soviet policy will permit the evolution of forces set in motion by the downgrading of Stalin; second, whether the forces will be found in the United States who understand what is happening, and are prepared to take those measures—entirely in this country's interest—to facilitate these changes.

THE problem which has confronted the Communist leaders in every European country has been one of readjustment to a double reality: (1) the cold war had been very damaging to their economies and their political and social life, requiring drastic changes in order to advance; (2) the end of the cold war failed to result in a clearly-defined peace. Since the Geneva Conference of 1955, there has been a state of "no war, no peace" which has been intensely unsatisfactory. For it did not resolve the complex problem of what shall be done with a dangerously divided Germany.

The damage done by the cold war varies from country to country, but the Eastern European political leaders frankly admit their economies have been distorted and their hopes of material improvements for their working people dangerously shattered, as the Poznan events illuminated. The well-springs of their own inner

life have been blocked by the weight of bureaucracy, the slavish fear of authority, the absence of the democratic forms that are needed to release initiative and spur progress. Italian and French Communists, while generally maintaining their strength, were unable to use it for purposes other than blocking European war; they were isolated and unable to take part in the solution of other urgent issues.

IT IS characteristic of Communists that whatever they feel they must do as a matter of empirical policy, of practical necessity, they must give an ideological justification. In Eastern Europe, this has taken the form of a search for "national paths" to socialism, redefining the relations of parties to the state, and inevitably of the Communist parties toward the Soviet Union. And it is ironical that this process should have taken such dramatic form in Poland. After the ouster of the Yugoslav Communists in the summer of 1948, the Polish Communists were hosts to delegations from many Communist parties, including the Soviet and the Western European, at an extraordinary congress of the Polish Workers Party in December, 1948. It was there that



Wladislaw Gomulka



these issues were argued out for the whole Communist movement. I happened to be present as a journalist. The chief speech was made by the late Boleslaw Bierut, who argued against the concepts of specific national paths to socialism which had had such wide currency in the immediate post-war years throughout Europe. He rejected these conceptions as Titoist. The peoples' democracies were redefined as forms of the dictatorship of the proletariat; any other conception was made to appear as a weakening of the bonds with the Soviet Union. Wladislaw Gomulka was formally replaced at that congress. Immediately following the Soviet Communist congress last February, where the concept of national paths to socialism was revived, Bierut died of a heart attack. And it is Gomulka who now returns to leadership.

Once it is decided that each country may take its own specific road to socialism (and Gomulka's first speech affirms a Polish way distinct from any other) then the Soviet experience acquires little more than a historical value. But practical consequences in relationship with the Soviet Union follow.

WHY THIS insistence on various roads to socialism and its corollary, a redefinition of the nature of the ties with the Soviet Union? Because the Communists outside the Soviet Union see them as the only way to solve their immediate problems: their economic crises, the lifting of the shadow of the German problem from Europe, and to make possible the evolution of Italy and France in a Socialist direction.

The drama of Khrushchev's last-minute visit to Warsaw—really an extension of the Soviet consultations with Tito at Brioni and at Yalta—lies in the fact that, having espoused a new view of Communist theory at their congress, the Russians showed themselves reluctant to accept its practical and logical conclusions. They have given the most striking example of a loss of leadership by seeking to reverse a course which they themselves had set in motion and legitimized. It was possible for the Communists of all countries to

follow the Soviet lead into the most difficult passages of the cold war, even at very heavy cost to themselves. But it is not possible to follow the Soviet leaders *out* of the cold war if the Russians fail to follow the logic of their own leadership which involves, in fact, the abandonment of their concept of leadership.

Until now, the German problem has presented itself in terms of how unification was possible without tipping the scales of European power. Direct negotiations between the two Germanys have been blocked. Direct negotiation between East and West has yielded no results. No workable disarmament agreement has been reached whereby German rearmament could be checked and controlled.

The only way forward lay in the dissolution of the blocs as such—and history is forcing this solution. The process is developing reciprocally in both Eastern and Western Europe.



The dilemma of both the Soviet and the American leadership has been that neither one has so far been able to face the meaning of events. Mr. Dulles has to be dragged into accepting what he cannot prevent from happening, however he may try. Khrushchev, more conscious of the issues and having himself paved the way for this development by his trip to Belgrade in May, 1955, and by the twentieth congress, has not been able to lead, either. He finds the problem of leading by no longer leading exceedingly painful. Gomulka and Tito have had to do for Dulles and Khrushchev what neither could bring himself to do.

The experience which is still to unfold in Italy will be of the utmost importance. Side by side with re-

uniting the Socialist movement in Italy so that it can participate in deciding the country's destinies, the Italian Communists have been making significant changes in their doctrine; they not only affirm their own parliamentary roads toward socialism, but in their policy statement of October 14, in preparation for their December congress, they envisage the possibility of Italy remaining within the Atlantic Treaty Organization itself.

Thus, the road is opening for a democratic government in Italy based on the reunited Socialists and the Left of the Christian Democrats, supported by the Communists even if they cannot participate in it. This combination would give Italy the chance of experimenting with its own transition to socialism. Remaining in a NATO which will have lost its aggressive significance in the general dissolution of European blocs, such an Italy could not only tackle its urgent problems of development, but could do so with the real prospect of avoiding internal conflict and foreign intervention. Such an Italy, in "going Socialist," could not be joining a "Communist orbit" which no longer existed.

The most vital questions, of course, lie in what the repercussions of this rather convulsive "wrenching-free" mean for the Soviet Union itself, and why the process is proving itself so painful to its present leaders. Did they envisage some other course for their allies in both parts of Europe? Do they fear that an independent Poland would be an inadequate bulwark to their security? Or do they feel that the process at work in Eastern Europe confronts them with problems of "democratization" within the Soviet Union itself which they are not yet prepared to meet?

AS FOR United States policy, in what sense do events offer it a most serious challenge and a very great opportunity? It will be very revealing to see whether the Polish request for a \$50,000,000 loan, made some time ago and recently rejected, will be reexamined in Washington. Significantly, it was a Polish Communist editor who took the initiative

on October 11 to reappraise the Marshall Plan; the importance of his article does not lie so much in its retrospective view, but in its exploration of whether United States economic assistance is possible to a Socialist country "without strings attached."

The United States is likely to be needing such outlets for its machine goods as well as agricultural surpluses. The experience of the "cold

war" showed that expanding markets could not be found in terms of "stopping communism." But they could become possible on the basis of competitive coexistence in a Europe where rival blocs have been dissolved. Here is a foundation for American economic relations, of very real importance to all parties concerned, if indeed United States policy can be brought to recognize the European realities.

As in most of the great dramas of history, the actors do not always understand the implications of the drama itself. Indeed, even the actors on the Communist side, who have prided themselves on being able to "make history" because they have understood it, have often acted in a fashion contradictory to their own needs and interests. Poland and Hungary have proven dramatic examples.

## WHY THE DIMES MARCH ON Polio Foundation's Dilemma . . by ERIC JOSEPHSON

USUALLY, when an organization that depends on voluntary contributions is almost finished with its job, it prepares to go out of business. The battle against polio is now in the mopping-up stage. Although search continues for a more effective vaccine, the Salk shots have proved successful; nearly forty million youngsters have been vaccinated at least once, and an end to polio epidemics is clearly in sight. But the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, which has been largely responsible for the victory against polio, shows no eagerness to retire from the scene of medical philanthropy. Its spokesmen combat public "complacency" about the disease; and its fund-raising arm, the March of Dimes, is preparing for another big winter campaign. During 1956, the organization raised over \$50,000,000 and its goal for 1957 is \$46,000,000. Where will it go from here?

Since 1938, when Franklin D. Roosevelt founded the polio foundation, one of the greatest of all advertising campaigns has sold Americans the fight against a dread but relatively rare disease. In that time hundreds of thousands of volunteers have worked for the March of Dimes and many millions of citizens have contributed approximately \$400,-

000,000 to its cause. Last year, despite egregious blunders which marked the production and distribution of Salk vaccine, the long effort to find a safe and effective preventive for polio began to bear fruit. At the present time, there are still millions of children who have not been vaccinated at all, millions more who have yet to receive their second and third shots, and thousands of persons who, afflicted with polio in the past, need continued treatment and care. But enormous progress has been made, and while the foundation warns that "polio isn't licked yet," certainly it is no longer the menace that it once was.

The polio foundation has performed a major public service with missionary zeal. To it must go credit for stimulating and supporting most of the scientific research in this country on infantile paralysis, for developing vaccines and for the care and treatment of thousands of polio victims. Its president, Basil O'Connor—who was Roosevelt's law partner—has made the fight against polio his life work, and the organization may justifiably take pride in the part which it has played in controlling the disease.

However, the manner in which the foundation has conducted its fund-raising campaigns and what Walter Lippmann called "the dramatic build-up, theatrical suspense and spectacular publicity" which

have accompanied many of its activities, must be viewed more critically. The extraordinary amount of attention given to the fight against polio has tended to exaggerate the relative importance of the disease. In 1952, which was the year of the most terrible epidemic on record, the total number of deaths caused by acute poliomyelitis was less than half the figure for homicides and only one-twelfth of the number of fatal automobile accidents. Over three thousand persons died from polio in 1952, but nearly a quarter of a million died from cancer and over half a million from diseases of the heart. The truth is that polio rarely strikes. For the past seven years, including the three worst polio epidemics, the average number of cases per year has been fewer than 38,000. Polio kills and it cripples, but only relatively few. Half of all cases recover completely and only about one out of seven is permanently disabled.

Even in the age group which is most heavily afflicted, polio is less common as a cause of death than accidents or cancer. In 1952, there were nearly 1,900 deaths from polio among youngsters under the age of twenty, but over 20,000 in this age group alone were killed in accidents and nearly 4,500 died from cancer. The statistics of infantile paralysis do not tell the whole story. The care and treatment of its victims are long and expensive—far beyond the

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means of many sufferers. But cancer, too, is an expensive disease.

It is important to appreciate the relative importance of infantile paralysis as a "killer" because in its fund-raising appeals, the polio foundation has given the distinct impression that the menace is one of gigantic proportions. This warlike propaganda has been highly effective, as measured by the millions of contributions to the March of Dimes, but it has also had unfortunate consequences: the widespread belief that polio is the Number One Child Killer, the hysterical and sometimes riotous demands of mothers that their children be vaccinated (before Salk vaccine became readily available), premature and exaggerated claims for the vaccine's effectiveness, and the great vaccine "mess" of 1955. The foundation has put its message across, but at the cost of scaring many parents out of their wits.

THE POLIO foundation's "hard sell" has had tangible results, but it has been a costly advertising campaign. Since 1938, the organization has spent \$250,000,000 on the care and treatment of polio victims and a total of \$25,000,000 for scientific research. But in two years, 1954 and 1955, it spent nearly \$13,000,000 on fund-raising alone, which amounted to over half of what it had devoted to research in the *previous seventeen years*. Last year, the foundation spent over twice as much on fund-raising as on basic research. As Marguerite Shepard pointed out in a remarkable series of articles in the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, two diseases which cripple twenty-one million victims—mental illness and arthritis—are fought with less charity money than it takes to conduct the *fund-raising* campaign of the polio foundation, which combats a disease affecting some one hundred thousand people.

The introduction of Madison Avenue techniques to the field of health has made the infantile paralysis foundation the giant among medical philanthropies. Its fund-raising activities in the last few years have been more than twice as successful as those of either the American Can-

cer Society or the American Heart Association. As a result, the public has been induced to contribute more to the fight against polio than to the campaigns against cancer and heart disease, the two greatest killers of all.

High-pressure salesmanship—saturating the charity "market," repeating the message endlessly, making everybody polio-conscious—is not the only explanation of the foundation's phenomenal success. Roosevelt's courageous struggle against the ravages of polio dramatized the nature of the illness for the whole nation. The support which he gave to the foundation in its early years was of inestimable value and the charismatic appeal of his name as "founder" has been used shrewdly by its publicists ever since. Above all, the organization's message has proved irresistible because it has been able to arouse the natural concern of mothers and fathers for their children's health.

Another—indeed, a unique—factor in the success of the polio foundation is that the March of Dimes has consistently refused to join forces with any community or institutional fund-raising drives. It has even been known to turn down funds which were collected by joint appeals and *earmarked* for the fight against polio. In defense of its separate campaigns, the March of Dimes argues that "such collections do not preserve the identity of the appeal or tell the story of the programs to be supported by the contributions." Competition is strong among medical fund-raisers and the polio foundation has had no desire to submerge itself in collective appeals. As one spokesman for the March of Dimes put it, "other causes will come along and will have their opportunity before the bar of public opinion. And they will succeed or fail according to the wishes of the American people and the factual information given to them." But it is top-notch salesmanship, not the good of public opinion, which has given the polio fighters the edge over their competitors.

THE CLIMAX in the history of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis came in the summer of 1955, when the results of the Salk

vaccine's field test were announced. The "Great Vaccine Mess" that followed is now a familiar story.

The polio foundation cannot be held responsible for all of the crises that developed—the failure of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare to plan for the emergency; the accident at Cutter Laboratories; the shortage of vaccine, and the sensational treatment of the story by press and TV. But as Leonard Engel wrote at the time, there had been "a complete failure to educate the public properly on vaccines," although the foundation had been engaged in propaganda for nearly two decades. Through the efforts of the polio organization, Salk vaccine "received much more publicity than any medical discovery should," Engel added; and the result was a widespread belief that the vaccine was 100 per cent effective—despite warnings by the scientists responsible for its field trial. This belief led in turn to an almost insatiable demand for the vaccine.

TO A number of observers at the time, the foundation had been guilty of over-stimulating the public. The extraordinary amount of publicity which it arranged for the new vaccine aroused expectations that could not be fulfilled immediately. One of the main reasons was that the organization had failed to plan for large-scale production. The problem of vaccinating the nation's youth clearly called for government intervention. But the professional polio-fighters, committed to private enterprise in medicine, had never encouraged the government to play a leading part in the study and control of the disease.

In the end, government intervention became necessary, and it was only by monumental trial and error that the program of vaccination was resumed on an orderly basis. Recently, the vaccine mess of 1955 became a minor issue in the Presidential campaign, with Republicans claiming credit for the program of free vaccinations and Democrats charging the Eisenhower Administration with partial responsibility for the confusion that marked the program in its early stages.

That the vaccine mess of 1955 was avoidable has been made clear enough by the experience of Canada. There, after careful planning, the federal government proceeded quietly and efficiently to arrange for the vaccination of Canadian children. But the absence of press-agentry was not the only distinguishing mark in the Canadian handling of the vaccination problem. Vaccine produced in Canada's government-owned laboratory cost the consumer *less than half* as much as that sold by privately-owned American drug firms. Yet the production costs of all vaccine used in the field trials in the United States had been paid for by the infantile paralysis foundation, which spent \$8,000,000 for vaccine in 1954. The drug companies themselves invested \$17,000,000 to develop production facilities, but this outlay was partly offset by contracts which they received from the foundation.

With production costs partly underwritten by philanthropy, and over \$50,000,000 allocated by the government for the purchase of Salk vaccine, profits of manufacturers soared, making 1955 one of the best years for the drug industry. In the case of one firm involved in making vaccine, Parke-Davis, net profit after taxes rose from \$10.5 million in 1954 to \$14.3 million in 1955; Wyeth Laboratories' profit in this period increased from \$16.2 million to \$20.5 million; and Sharp & Dohme's net jumped from \$12.6 million to \$15.7 million. The dimes of contributors to the polio foundation, along with taxes paid by citizens, had helped to fatten the profits of private drug producers.

RECENTLY, Representative Chet Holifield, a member of a House Government Operations subcommittee which is studying the possibility of price-fixing in Salk vaccine, charged that the federal government had paid an excessive price for the medicine. He demanded that the government obtain a refund from manufacturers and pay less for the vaccine in the future. In his statement, which accused manufacturers of "collusive practices and price-fixing," Representative Holifield claimed that five



*This cartoon illustrates the polio foundation's approach to its 1957 fund-raising drive.*

companies had offered identical bids on separate occasions and that three of them had raised the price of vaccine during a two-week period early in 1955. Under the free-enterprise system in matters of health, Americans have practically licked polio, but they have had to pay a high price.

Another factor in the relatively high cost of preventing polio has been the attitude of the medical profession. The American Medical Association has consistently opposed the idea of comprehensive and effective national planning for polio prevention. At its annual meeting last June, the A.M.A. demanded that the government halt its purchase of polio vaccine above amounts needed for distribution to the indigent. According to the A.M.A.'s resolution, the government's distribution of vaccine has been extended to include others beside the indigent, thus constituting "unnecessary government spending." The A.M.A. also charged that the administration of the program has been inequitable, has cast "disrepute" on private doctors, and has caused "consternation, concern, and confusion [among] the public." The medical society requested the government to return the general wholesale and retail purchase of vaccine to "normal com-

mercial channels." Two months later, the government complied with this request, ending its state-by-state allocation of vaccine and permitting agencies and users to order directly from manufacturers.

From the very beginning, some representatives of the medical profession have balked at what they consider "socialistic" practices in the distribution of Salk vaccine. For example, in one New Jersey suburban community early this year, the six resident physicians refused to participate in giving free polio shots. More recently, in a middle-class housing project in Brooklyn, a plan to vaccinate 700 adult tenants with Salk vaccine for two dollars a shot, with which two doctors had volunteered to cooperate, was halted when the Kings County Medical Society charged the residents' association with "unethical practices." The president of the Brooklyn medical chapter said that the project's tenants could afford the usual fees for Salk shots (approximately \$3 if given in a doctor's office, and \$4 at home) and that the plan represented "unethical competition."

Over-zealousness on the part of the polio foundation, the reluctance of the government to plan for the emergency, the stubborn resistance of organized medicine to any sort of national planning, and profit-seeking by the drug industry—these have been the ingredients of the vaccine mess.

HOW will the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis occupy itself in time to come? Since the conclusion of the 1955 field trials, the organization has had no part in the distribution of Salk vaccine, but has concerned itself with further research, with the care of polio victims and with an elaborate program of professional education. In the immediate future there is still much work to be done: the search for an improved vaccine continues; 80,000 who have been afflicted with polio in the past require treatment and rehabilitation; millions of children who were given their first shot of Salk vaccine need second and third shots; and there are still millions of youngsters who have not been vac-



inated at all. As recently as August, Basil O'Connor estimated that only one-half of those under nineteen years of age had been vaccinated. In the absence of a comprehensive national system of polio prevention, the problem of vaccinating the indigent remains serious; and the foundation's medical director, Dr. Hart E. Van Riper, announced recently that it would spend \$10,000,000 to buy shots for those who cannot afford them. Reporting that the incidence of polio among young adults has been rising in the past few years, the foundation is also planning a nation-wide campaign this fall to encourage everybody up to the age of thirty-five to get Salk shots.

As for the more distant future,

foundation spokesmen are noncommittal. It was rumored that its very considerable resources and talents would be devoted to the field of mental health, but this report has been denied. In any case, it is highly doubtful whether the polio foundation intends to liquidate itself, even though the battle against infantile paralysis is almost won. At the present time there is still plenty of mopping-up to be done, and in the future, who knows what new fields the organization may try to conquer? After nearly twenty years, a successful staff of fund-raisers and medical promoters tends to perpetuate itself—like the apparatus of government. As one of its staff members said, the National Foundation for Infantile

Paralysis "is not going out of business."

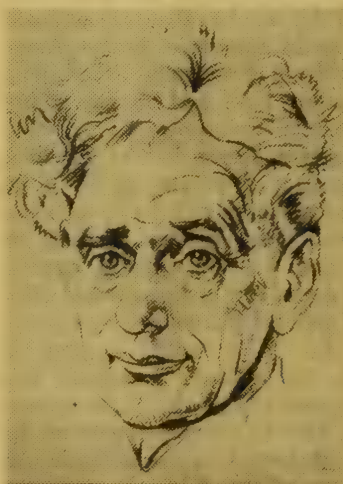
There may be some better method of planning for the nation's health than leaving it to hucksters, but under the American Way none has been discovered. The lesson of the polio foundation, as Marguerite Shepard wrote, is that "either Americans are going to have to change their 'giving' habits—giving where the need is greatest, not just where the yelling is loudest, or the [other] national health agencies are going to have to change their 'getting' tactics." Meanwhile, why shouldn't the hucksters of polio be let loose on the far greater problem of mental health—or even the menace of war? How could they fail?

## Brandeis: "My Greatest Achievement"

# Savings-Bank Insurance . . by ALPHEUS T. MASON

THE WEEKEND of November 10-13, Brandeis University will bring to a close a year of observances commemorating the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Louis Dembitz Brandeis. Dignitaries representing various fields of interest, headed by the Chief Justice of the United States, will gather at Waltham, Massachusetts, to pay tribute to him.

Why should this be so? What did Brandeis accomplish that makes it worth while to pause and think of him and his work? He was, it is true, long in the public eye, first as a crusading lawyer, espousing causes in which he saw a conflict between public and private interests. In 1916 President Wilson, whose hundredth birthday anniversary is also being celebrated this year, appointed him a Justice of the Supreme Court. Soon thereafter the phrase "Holmes and



Courtesy: Picture Collection,  
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Louis Dembitz Brandeis

Brandeis dissenting" was coined as a verbal symbol of the great progressive crusade in twentieth-century America. Some may recall Brandeis' indefatigable industry, his stubborn insistence that the granite masonry of constructive statesmanship must be fashioned from facts, figures and statistics. But no mere listing of

achievements, however impressive, suffices to give the measure of the man. *How* he did the things with which his name is joined, and *why*, come closer than any catalogue of accomplishments to an explanation of the high esteem in which he is held today.

Brandeis appeared on the national scene in an era marked by extremes in political thought and action. While many eminent lawyers devoted themselves mainly or even solely to advancing the interests of wealth, to building industrial empires, wild-eyed reformers, some of them Brandeis' friends, tried with equal zeal to destroy capitalist enterprise. Brandeis joined neither camp. Unlike the raucous muckrakers then flourishing, he was not content merely to expose and deplore. He attacked no practice or institution without suggesting some social or legal device to replace it with something better and more in keeping with the best in our tradition. A builder rather than a destroyer, his "sliding-scale" system for public-utility rates brought cheaper gas and sounder gas securities. For railway regulation,

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he vitalized Frederick L. Taylor's principles of scientific management. Long before "bigness" had become an American fetish, he exposed the delusion that greater efficiency must result from greater bigness. For the anarchistic garment industry, he formulated and applied the preferential union shop. In 1902, he exposed the economic and social wastes of unemployment. Half a century before its adoption in 1955, he advocated the annual wage for industrial workers as contributing to stabilized employment.

IN NO field, however, did Brandeis so clearly demonstrate his passion for social statesmanship, his confidence in democracy, his implicit faith in the free man in a free society as in his savings-bank life insurance plan. He himself called it his "greatest achievement."

Insurance has now achieved such widespread popular acceptance it is hard to believe that irregularities and scandal ever blighted its name. We tend to forget that Charles Evans Hughes, as counsel for New York State's Armstrong legislative committee of 1905, began a long and distinguished public career by laying bare waste, graft and blind mismanagement among high insurance company officials. Mr. Brandeis, as counsel for the New England Policy-Holders' Protective Committee, had been studying insurance for some months before Hughes' shocking disclosures. Brandeis had torn away the screen of mystery behind which insurance officers hid their business. The actual conduct of life insurance, he said, is one of extraordinary simplicity. To run it successfully requires neither genius nor unusual business judgment, but "honesty, accuracy, persistence and economy." Much to Brandeis' surprise, the Armstrong committee recommended no relief whatever for those who suffered the greatest insurance wrongs—wage earners and salaried workers able to pay only five to fifty cents a week. Proportionately they paid far too high prices for their insurance, and most of them could not keep up even this small payment. Scarcely one out of eight who insured ever realized any benefits.

Insurance men themselves admitted unconscionable waste in the conduct of wage earners' insurance, but explained it away as due to house-to-house canvassing and collection of premiums, agents' commissions, bookkeeping and overhead. Almost everybody accepted this explanation. A considerable number of interested persons still do. Even the Armstrong committee assumed that this intolerable situation had to be left without a remedy. Brandeis did not. Urgently needed, the future Supreme Court Justice said, was "an institution which will recognize that the best method of increasing demand for life insurance is not eloquent, persistent persuasion, but, as in the case of other necessities of life, to furnish a good article at a low price." To be satisfactory, however, the corrective device must be consistent with our established traditions of freedom and democracy.

BY 1907, the year Brandeis introduced his own remedy, practically all industrialized countries had made some sort of provision for workers' insurance. Germany was trying to meet the need by compulsory legislation, dividing the burden between employers, employees and the state. England was turning to old-age pensions supported by general taxation. Certain American business corporations had established their own pension systems. A few trade unions undertook to provide modest protection against the contingencies of sickness, unemployment and accident. Brandeis rejected all these schemes as either inadequate or as violative of American principles of freedom. Corporation pensions were rejected as shackling still further the workers' independence. Trade unions could not do the job because their machinery was then wholly unsuited to provide either insurance or annuities. To meet the insurance needs of wage earners there had to be accumulations of funds from year to year. These had to be securely and responsibly invested and protected by all the safeguards which experience could command and government supervision and legislation could enforce. The course of his search for a remedy is route-marked

by peculiarities of both method and philosophy.

The plan Brandeis worked out for Massachusetts in 1905-07 provides a sort of home rule in insurance by means of savings banks. His initial step was to master the facts. Besides study of dust-ridden records and reports, this required the help of insurance experts. Night after night he lugged home to Dedham suitcases filled with the reports of commissioners of insurance and of the Commissioner of Banks. He brought these back to the office the next day and drove ahead in his search. Months of such intensive work sped by before he could confidently announce: "We have found the answer. The Savings Banks can be adapted to the writing of insurance."

AFTER proving to himself and to others that the plan was demonstrably sound, he did not merely proclaim it and turn (as would the conventional reformer) to something else. He stuck to it, saw the scheme through to adoption. The approval of experts and of leading citizens, though important, was not enough. He had to formulate the plan in such a way as to make it understandable and acceptable to ordinary men. A bill had to be drafted and piloted through the treacherous shoals of the legislature. All this required time, a working knowledge of propaganda technique and a sure grasp of practical politics in Massachusetts. Even with the Massachusetts Savings Bank Insurance Law enacted in 1907, the real work had only begun. The savings bankers themselves had to be convinced that insurance was a suitable and profitable service for them to undertake—no easy task in view of the fact that commercial insurance men, with honest and sincere doubts, often occupied strategic places on the banks' boards of directors. And even with the plan in operation, the job was still unfinished. The law itself had to be kept secure against the persistent and sometimes ingenious efforts of insurance men to destroy or limit it.

Today thirty-eight of the Bay State's 189 savings banks issue savings-bank insurance; 133 other savings banks, five national banks,



sixteen trust companies, five co-operative banks and seventy-three credit unions act as agencies for it. Only eighteen Bay State savings banks do not offer this service. The insurance now in force totals about \$575,000,000, representing 500,000 policies. Since 1939, the Brandeis plan has been functioning in New York, where \$300,000,000 of savings-bank insurance has been bought. About \$35,000,000 worth has been sold in Connecticut, where the system began operation in 1941. Despite half a century of remarkable progress in Massachusetts, and many years of proved success in New York and Connecticut, there is still plenty of educational work to be done.

Savings-bank insurance represents only a tiny fraction of the billions of life insurance now in force. How then could Brandeis rate it as his "greatest achievement"? Clearly he did not gauge success in terms of the amount of insurance written. "The size of an insurance company [he wrote] is no evidence of energy; . . . the writing of insurance and the control of vast assets is in itself no more evidence of success of an insurance company than the display of a \$12,000 rug in the office of its president. In life insurance, success is proved by a small pro rata expense account, a large percentage of return upon absolutely safe investments, and a small per cent of lapsed and surrendered policies." Judged by these standards, especially when compared with the costs and benefits of similar insurance issued by the commercial companies, the Brandeis plan has exceeded even its founder's high expectations.

Savings-bank insurance provides a thrifty substitute for the obsolete house-to-house weekly premium peddling system, wastefully operated by absentee corporations. A full decade before the principle of self-service was introduced in merchandizing, Brandeis had established it in insurance. Under his plan, numerous banks are engaged in selling insurance and annuities; all are actively competing in service and effectiveness of operation. Their goal is not so much higher profit as lower costs. This stress on service-competition within the system has the effect of

reducing the burden of insurance cost within the system itself; it also provides an efficiency norm for the entire agency system. Savings-bank life insurance has thus been of incalculable economic benefit even to those who persist in or must continue (no alternative being available) insuring with the commercial companies. It provides a competitive yardstick demonstrating what wage earners' insurance should be and should cost.

Nor is this all. Brandeis saw how the expansion of the savings bank's services so as to include insurance would provide a safeguard against the money-power bigness of metropolitan life insurance. It would help to localize large financial resources in small quasi-public institutions for investment use in the communities served. It would give his favorite "little fellows" an opportunity to participate in and share responsibility for matters of social and economic betterment. It would create in them that vital sense of contributing to the success of something transcending the bounds of self.

ONE WHO observes the success of savings-bank insurance in Massachusetts, New York, and Connecticut may wonder why, in view of its tremendous benefits, many more millions in these states have not taken advantage of it, and why other states have not embraced the plan. The answer is twofold: public apathy and the persistent opposition of commercial-insurance interests. For years savings-bank insurance in Massachusetts had to fight for its very existence; insurance interests were determined to destroy it or curtail its scope. In both New York and Connecticut the plan was adopted only after years of struggle against heavy opposition. Of the seventeen states having savings banks, bills have been introduced only in New Jersey, Maine, Rhode Island, New Hampshire, Pennsylvania and Maryland. These efforts failed because the odds imposed by special interests and public inertia were too great. Brandeis would have been neither surprised nor discouraged by this outcome. He knew it would be an uphill fight and was

prepared for it. "The waste of democracy," he used to remind any co-worker who faltered, "is among the most obvious wastes."

Today literally scores of his disciples, all schooled in the Brandeis way, are actively promoting the cause of savings-bank life insurance. This is not the result of chance. During his years on the Supreme Court, the Justice was accustomed to stop in Boston each June on the way to his summer home at Chatham, Cape Cod. Political bigwigs, Harvard Law School friends and others often went to the train to "pay their respects," only to find Brandeis closeted in his compartment with Clyde Casady, a young man just out of college, whom Brandeis had successfully prevailed upon to dedicate his life to the cause. Casady and many others like him in Massachusetts, New York and Connecticut persist, despite obstacles and opposition, in spreading the Brandeis gospel.

Brandeis rated the advantages of savings-bank life insurance in human as well as economic terms. Both in inception and operation, it illustrates his basic creed. Seek betterment, he urged, within "the broad lines of existing institutions." Beware of universal remedies for evil conditions. Don't pin too much faith on legislation, on government. Remedial institutions are apt to fall under the control of the enemy and become an instrumentality of oppression. Do not compromise with evil; proceed little by little and leave room for retreat when inevitable error is discovered. Remember that "the development of the individual is both a necessary means and the end sought."

"What we want," he remarked early in the struggle in Massachusetts, "is to have the workingman free; not to have him the beneficiary of a benevolent employer [or a benevolent state], and freedom demands a development in employees of that self-control which results in thrift and in adequate provision for the future."

The significance of savings-bank life insurance extends far beyond the bounds of insurance. On this hundredth anniversary of Brandeis'

birth, it proclaims his conviction that "success in any democratic institution must proceed from the individual." It demonstrates that in insurance, as in any social undertaking, we cannot depend upon one man or on any one set of men. Savings-bank insurance enlists the support of a wide variety of adherents, the cooperation of all sorts and conditions of men and institutions—the state, the insuring and agency banks, employers and employees, trade unions, credit unions,

public-spirited citizens, all working together so that the individual may help himself and thus become by his own efforts more truly independent and more free.

The Brandeis way, as revealed in his insurance plan, is particularly suited to democracy, to the temper of our people and the cast of American institutions. It puts faith in reason and in man's ultimate triumph over whatever difficulties may beset him. "Refuse to accept any evil as inevitable," he implored. "Remem-

ber that progress is necessarily slow; that remedies are necessarily tentative; that because of varying conditions there must be much and constant inquiry into facts, and much experimentation." A characteristic of his method is that it reaches no final answers. It does not attempt to organize life on a single principle or pattern. The enduring need is to dare and dare again. As the Justice put it in 1932: "If we would guide by the light of reason, we must let our minds be bold."

# OKINAWA:

## Orphan of Conquest . . by HELEN MEARS

THE Japanese-Soviet agreement, signed last month in Moscow, brought to an end the "state of war" between the two countries, but postponed settlement of certain territorial questions which directly or indirectly involve the United States. Chiefly the spotlight falls on Okinawa, which has been called an American "\$588,600,000 investment in security," but which seems likely to turn out to be an investment in legal, strategic and moral bankruptcy.

The island, largest of the Ryukyu chain which stretches in an arc southwest of Japan, has been governed as an absolute U. S. possession and military base for eleven years. Scarcely more than a place-name to most Americans, it made news last August 25 when an A.P. dispatch from London reported that Secretary of State Dulles had warned Japanese Foreign Minister Shigemitsu that, if Japan should sign a peace treaty with the USSR granting the Soviet Union sovereignty over the southern Kurile Islands, the United States could claim sovereignty over Okinawa. This report, amounting to a declaration that under certain conditions the United States might decide to annex Japanese territory some 5,000 miles from our continent and less

than 500 miles from China, was sufficiently startling so that Mr. Dulles was asked about it at his next press conference. Since the Secretary's reply is a classic example of open power politics openly arrived at, it is worth noting in full:

I pointed out...as a matter of fact, we had done it before I met with Mr. Shigemitsu in London, that there was an article, Article 26 in the treaty with Japan, which did contain a provision that if a treaty was made with another government on terms more favorable than the Japanese peace treaty which we signed, then we would be entitled to claim similar advantages. This clause was put in the treaty—I wrote the treaty—very largely, as you may remember—for the very purpose of trying to prevent the Soviet Union from getting more favorable treatment than the United States got. I merely reminded the Japanese of the existence of that clause. I did not attempt to indicate what its operation would be or that in fact it would be invoked. I merely pointed out that there was such a clause.

Asked further, "Do you intend to keep Okinawa regardless?", Mr. Dulles replied, "Well we intend to exercise our rights in Okinawa so long as we consider that there is danger to international peace and security in the Asian theatre. No doubt about that."

In openly linking United States control of Okinawa with the Soviet

(1) Karafuto is more commonly known as Sakhalin Island; (2) Kunashiri and Etorofu are two of the southernmost islands in the Kuriles; (3) Okinawa is the largest of the Ryukyus.



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control of the Kuriles, Mr. Dulles called attention to the dubiousness of both claims. The Soviet claim to the Kuriles is based on wartime agreements with Roosevelt and Churchill, who declared at Yalta that following the defeat of Japan the islands should "unquestionably" be "handed over to the Soviet Union." But geographically the islands are clearly part of the Japanese chain; the Russians, moreover, had specifically surrendered all claim to them in the 1870s in return for Japanese renunciation of claims to South Sakhalin Island. Even the dubious Cairo formula, which called for Japan to be stripped of all territories "taken by violence and greed," did not remotely apply to the Kuriles, since the Japanese did not acquire title by war, but by exploration, colonization and negotiation. The islands are immeasurably important to the Japanese in terms of fishing rights—which means food; they are important to the USSR only in terms of strategic power.

In questioning the Soviet claims today, however, Mr. Dulles is in a highly equivocal position. His challenge should have been made before the United States signed the Japanese peace treaty. Instead, Mr. Dulles honored the Yalta agreement by writing into the treaty the provision that Japan relinquish sovereignty over the Kuriles. True, the treaty does not specifically assign the islands to the USSR, but that was because the USSR refused to sign the treaty. The United States, however did not challenge the Soviet claim, nor does it do so today. Mr. Dulles merely suggests that the southern islands, Kunashiri and Etorofu, are not really part of the Kuriles (though neither the peace treaty nor geographers encouraged this interpretation).

Moreover, any U. S. criticism of Soviet claims to the southern Kuriles is further weakened by the continued United States possession of numerous Japanese islands, south of Japan, of which Okinawa is the most important. In support of their claims, the Russians can at least point to the Big Power wartime agreements; no such agreements were reached concerning the south-

ern Japanese islands. The Potsdam Declaration—which gave the terms for Japan's surrender—declared that Japan's sovereignty would be restricted to her four main islands and "such minor islands as we shall determine." The Japanese had every reason to suppose that these "minor islands" would include the southern chain, with which they had had associations for three centuries. The Ryukyus had been recognized as part of Japan proper for at least three-quarters of a century; Okinawa itself had been a province of Japan since 1879. The "Great Allies," apparently, did not question this claim at any wartime conference.

THE United States took Okinawa as a wartime operation; no one thought of it as a permanent conquest of territory. After Japan's surrender, the island was governed by United States military as part of the Japanese Occupation. During this period, however, the cold war developed. Then, when the Yalta agreements became publicly known, numerous voices in Congress protested that if the Russians were to get the Kuriles, the United States should get the Ryukyus. Increasingly, United States military leaders saw the usefulness of Okinawa as a major base not only to police Japan, but to police China and the USSR. American determination to hold Okinawa was increased by Chiang Kai-shek's steady loss of power on the mainland. Pressure from Congress, the military and the press, as well as the partisan pressure of Republicans who saw the rise of Communist power in China as a strong campaign issue, created a situation which made continued possession of military bases on Japanese territory seem not only defensible but imperative.

When President Truman appointed Mr. Dulles to work out a peace treaty with Japan, the assignment was seen in terms of furthering the assumed strategic advantage of the United States (and appeasing domestic hysteria) rather than as a chance to create the foundation for stability, cooperation and welfare of the peoples of the Far Eastern area. As it developed, Mr. Dulles' treaty

brought one war to a close only to become a major act in a new war against two of America's former major allies—China and the USSR. So questionable were the United States arrangements about bases that India and Burma refused even to attend the treaty conference. The USSR attended, but refused to sign. And although China was the country most wronged by Japan, it was not even invited to attend. The British Commonwealth—especially the Asian members—insisted that China should be represented by the Peiping Government; the United States wanted Chiang Kai-shek. The "compromise" was to omit altogether from the peace treaty conference the nation whose historical, legal, practical and moral claims were the strongest of any belligerent.

Among the most questionable provisions of the treaty were those concerning the disposal of Japan's southern islands, including Okinawa. After the war, the United States asked for and received a U.N. trusteeship over those Pacific islands which Japan had held under League of Nations mandate, with the right to declare them a "strategic area"—a classification conferring authority so sweeping as to challenge the prewar concept of Freedom of the Seas. At the U.N., the USSR had assented to these United States claims.

THE MINOR islands south of Japan were not, of course, included in this arrangement. There was no wartime agreement, or formula, which would legalize their retention by the United States. The Potsdam Declaration had implied that any dispute about them would be decided at a peace-treaty conference. But the conference, when it was held, proved to be one in name only. Mr. Dulles held a series of bilateral conversations and then worked out a document ("I wrote it myself"), and presented it on a take-it-or-leave-it-basis. His solution for Okinawa (and the other "minor" islands) was to leave their sovereignty in doubt but to arrange for absolute United States possession for an indefinite period. This was accomplished by a provision through which the Japanese

promised to "concur" with any proposal the United States might make to place several groups of islands, including Okinawa, under a U.N. trusteeship; and providing that until such a proposal was made and accepted, the United States should retain "the right to exercise all and any power of administration legislation, and jurisdiction over the territory and inhabitants of these islands, including their territorial waters."

The United States, however, never did apply for a trusteeship over the Ryukyus and other "minor" islands. Instead, a new formula was developed by which the United States (unilaterally) returned "residual sovereignty" to Japan, but reaffirmed United States rights to control the area as an absolute possession "for the foreseeable future." This formula, first publicly asserted by Secretary Dulles in late 1953, was made explicit in Japan in June, 1956, when Ambassador Allison announced that Okinawa would be returned to Japan "when tensions relax in the Far East." It was reaffirmed by Mr. Dulles on August 28 when he declared that "we intend to exercise our rights in Okinawa so long as we consider that there is danger to international peace and security in the Asian theater. No doubt about that."

Mr. Dulles' statement of intention to hold Okinawa, juxtaposed to his hints of U. S. action should Japan grant the USSR sovereignty over the southern Kuriles, suggests that his aim is to prevent a Japanese-Soviet treaty agreement. But the Russians are not likely to yield a position buttressed by a wartime agreement, especially as long as Washington continues to hold territory on the basis of no agreement whatever.

MR. DULLES justifies the turning of Okinawa into an American "Gibraltar" on the grounds of "tension" in the Far East. It is obvious, however, that the American bases in Japan and Okinawa are themselves a primary source of tension. It is possible to argue that had the United States not insisted on retaining these bases, the USSR might have agreed to relinquish its claims to the Ku-

riles. It is on record that the USSR did, in fact, yield important territorial and economic advantages on mainland China which had been granted to it at Yalta. If, instead of trying to isolate Japan from the continent, the United States had agreed to its neutralization (which, at the time the peace treaty was written, the overwhelming majority of Japanese appeared to desire), and if the United States had renounced its bases in Japan and had withdrawn from the Ryukyus, Washington would have been warmly supported by the "neutralist" Asian nations. And if, confronted with such concrete evidence of United States good faith, the USSR had still insisted on retaining the Kuriles, Asian suspicion would have been transferred unequivocally from the United States to the Soviet Union.

The Japanese and Russians have held conversations, off and on for years, trying to work out a peace treaty. These conversations always bogged down, largely on the territorial issue. On Oct. 19, however, a compromise solution was announced from Moscow, where the Japanese Premier Hatayama and the Soviet Premier Bulganin signed an agreement which ended the "state of war" and re-established "peace and good-neighborly, friendly relations" without a formal "peace treaty." The agreement by-passed the territorial issue except to state that the USSR agreed to "hand over" the Habomai and Shikotan islands (close to Japan's northern island of Hokkaido), "after the conclusion of a peace treaty." There was no reference to the disputed Kuriles. It is obvious that, like the U. S. government, the USSR is determined to hold on to its "strategic" islands as long as "tensions" exist.

In the meantime, U.S.-USSR strategic rivalry leaves 90,000,000 Japanese people trapped between the pincers of Soviet bases to the North and U. S. bases to the South. The Japanese know that if war should break out there is an excellent chance that their homeland will be vaporized. American bases in Japan proper are seen by many not as a defense but as a provocation, and as a usurpation of land. Frequent riots

have occurred as U. S. military installations take more and more land from the desperately land-poor farmers in order to build ever longer runways for nuclear bombers.

Similarly, the ever-growing bastion on Okinawa appears to be backfiring on both the strategic and political levels. Conditions for 800,000 people of the Ryukyus, under U. S. military rule, have grown so desperate that riots and organized complaints have been serious enough to induce a Congressional investigation and to cause some Congressmen to speculate whether "native" discontent might not endanger American forces on Okinawa in the event of war. There is no disagreement about the fact that the Okinawan people want to belong to Japan and want our bases out of their island. While our naval and air power in the Far East steadily increases, our influence and prestige steadily diminish.

THE situation today in Okinawa dramatizes the fact that political policies based on assumed strategic advantage rather than on human needs are likely to be self-defeating. How well does it serve American political aims in Asia when the U. S. Ambassador in Tokyo is subjected to the humiliation of being presented by the Japanese Foreign Minister with a complaint from Japanese citizens in Okinawa asking for help against inhumane treatment from their American rulers? How much does it add to U. S. prestige in Asia to have the Japan Civil Liberties Union publish a report of conditions in Okinawa which describes American payment of Okinawa labor as at "slave-labor" rates? In what way does it advance American professed objectives to take and use for military installations over 40 per cent of the Okinawa farmers' arable land, dispossessing and impoverishing an estimated 76,000 families?

In our treatment of the Okinawan people, our government is giving a demonstration of the American Way in practice in Asia. It is not a demonstration likely to gain friends for us in that part of the world. As Mr. Dulles so often points out, deeds speak louder than words.



# BOOKS and the ARTS

## France Beneath the Surface

FRANCE: 1940-1955. By Alexander Werth. Introduction by G. D. H. Cole. Henry Holt and Co. \$6.

By Harvey Goldberg

WHATEVER the measure—depth, breadth, or integrity—Alexander Werth has written the best book on contemporary France which has yet appeared in any language. While an assorted company of half-amused, half-outraged critics, led by the overpraised Herbert Lüthy, have prepared us for the imminent death of France (victim of communism, neutralism, inefficiency, and even damnable independence), Mr. Werth has rescued us from that meaningless *cul de sac* and put us squarely on the highroad of serious history. Intimate witness to scores of events and omnivorous reader of the pertinent documents, he has walked almost unerringly through the complex political maze of France. He has organized, weighed, sifted, and evaluated the data of Vichy, the Resistance, and the Fourth Republic with the care of a professional historian and the concern of a sensitive progressive. His performance is positively dazzling.

The great bulk and detail of this massive account (some of it repetitious, but most of it extremely rewarding) rest firmly on several major propositions, which go far toward revealing the deep realities of contemporary France and her surface movements.

1) Werth recognizes the continuity in French history, the perpetuation in innumerable cloaks of those powerful social elements which, never

having accepted the great Revolution of 1789, have bitterly (and successfully) frustrated liberty, equality and fraternity for a century and a half. "Vichy was not an accident; Vichyism goes far back into the past."

Werth has grasped, however, more than just continuity; he has perceived the underlying unity of rightist ideology. In this he stands closer to Beau de Loménie or Simone de Beauvoir than to René Rémond. Rémond demonstrated historically in *La Droite en France* that the concept of the Right can be categorized ideologically into traditional conservatism, Bonapartism, and economic liberalism. But in three magisterial volumes, *Les Responsabilités des dynasties bourgeoises*, Beau de Loménie stressed the continuous fusion of aristocrats, capitalists, and Bonapartists into a phalanx of powerful bourgeois families, for whom differences of political method were rendered insignificant by the common goal of defending economic privileges. Similarly, Simone de Beauvoir recently reviewed the thought of the Right and underscored the unity of its various positions—all springing from fear of social change, belief in elite rule, pessimism about the future—a single tradition masquerading in the guise of variety.

Werth refers to the categories of the Right, but he understands the connection of the parts. Vichy, the National Revolution, proclaimed the return to the traditional values of corporate, clerical France. "The truth, of course, is that, for all its corporatist jargon Vichy France was, in fact, essentially capitalist, with the trusts, financial oligarchies, and big business being their own masters as seldom before."

When the social renovation and moral housecleaning, proclaimed in the Resistance and the Liberation, had been checked (by 1946) the

Right, whose roots had never been plucked, sprouted once again. De Gaulle, that "noble anachronism," the great rebel soldier who would not admit defeat in the face of Nazi power, had found himself after the struggle more comfortable among traditional conservatives than among his recent comrades. As early as 1944, "he would no longer use the word 'Revolution', and preferred the vague word 'Renovation', implying merely a few improvements to the Law and Order." By lending his support to the nationalization program of the Liberation period and attracting to his side men as socially conscious as Capitant and Soustelle, de Gaulle could well appear to be a kind of Jacobin, long associated with the Bonapartist tradition. But Werth found in the RPF's drumbeats for the *feodalités* and for the anti-Communist holy war the rhythm of a more familiar Right.

The *laissez-faire* Right, showing no shame for its sins of the past, was crystallized in as short a time as it took M. Laniel and his breed to organize in December, 1945, against the *dirigisme* of the Fourth Republic. In the fertile soil of unbelievable political mediocrity (the names of Queuille, Pleven, and René Mayer spring at once to mind), the economic liberalism of a classical bourgeois Right became everywhere conspicuous—in the black market rackets, the wild and uncontrolled inflation, and the undisturbed reign of the overseas *colons*. By the time little M. Pinay, erstwhile member of Pétain's National Council, donned the mantle of premier on March 6, 1952, Vichyites, Gaullists, and classical liberals were engaged in a well-synchronized *danse macabre* around the dying hope of the Resistance.

2) WERTH has associated the resurgent Right with the failure to achieve an effective Left in the Fourth Republic. The results of such a misfortune are apparent in the contemporary economic order. As

HARVEY GOLDBERG, a member of the History Department of Ohio State University, returned earlier this year from eight months in France, where he compiled material for a forthcoming biography of Jaurès.

Pierre-Henri Simon observed in *Le Monde* on June 30, 1955, "in the last fifteen years the economic conditions among the wage earners as a whole have not improved, and have remained slightly below, rather than slightly above, the 1938 level, despite longer working hours." What had happened then to the great spirit of Resistance? Men of many stripes had fought together with considerable effectiveness (General Eisenhower considered the *Forces Françaises de l'Intérieur* the equal of at least fifteen divisions) and with unmatched bravery; and whatever their individual differences, these men and women had manifested a kind of common spirit, which, as Gilles Martinet put it, "could lead to only one thing—which was socialism."

It didn't happen, of course; and with heightened acuity Werth has attributed the failure to the collapse of the Resistance coalition, which took the Communists from effective governmental partnership to far-from-splendid isolation, the Socialists from key ideological importance to incredible sterility, and the MRP from passionate social Catholicism to old-fashioned conservatism.

Werth, who has spent a quarter of a century in France, is fully (and explicitly) aware of the French Communist Party's terrible blunders, not the least of which was its stupid response to the Soviet-German Pact of 1939 (when, in choosing between French and Russian national interest, it ended up serving neither). But once the Communists had joined the war effort, their role changed and whatever credit Werth has assigned to them emerges from the record. In the Resistance they were, to quote Beuve-Méry, the *aile marchante*; and in the period of de Gaulle's presidency, Thorez insisted upon their willingness to remain part of a progressive governmental coalition. It was not to be, and Werth has placed the blame less on the Communists than on other forces.

In Werth's analysis of this breakdown of symbiosis between CP and the non-Communist political community, there is a crucial implication that it was impossible to build an effective reforming Left without the Communists and that it may be im-

possible to reckon without them in the future. However idiotic have been the reversals of the Party line, the glorification of things Russian, the purges within the Party, Werth has suggested to French leftists, who resist living with Communists, that they probably can't live without them. For in broad sectors of French society, "there is the conscious acceptance of the fact that the French Communists cannot be altogether detached from an historically valid and even 'respectable' French revolutionary tradition."

3) WERTH has contended that the crucial factor in the destruction of *tripartisme* was the corrosive impact of the Cold War on French political life. It is almost astonishing (and a measure of this historian's talents) that Werth has written not only the most meaningful histories of Vichy, the Resistance, and postwar French politics, but also, in a book on France, one of the few incisive accounts of the Cold War and its impact. Naturally, his references to the actual policies of the United States and Russia are marginal to his main narrative. But his study of the effect in France of the American program

for Western Europe goes further than many sterile monographs on dollar aid in explaining the essence of the Cold War. Only a writer for whom historical research is an instrument of understanding, not a mere edifice of documents, could have done it.

As early as June, 1944, the clandestine newspaper *Aurore* wrote that "these Vichy gentlemen have now found the Road to Damascus. They are playing the American card. It is their supreme hope. At Vichy they go on whispering all over the place that, being afraid of the USSR, America will facilitate the creation in the West of an anti-Bolshevik barrier. . . ." A prescient comment for a period marked by external collaboration between the U. S. and the USSR! For if France were to be drawn into a Western alliance against the East, the Left would disintegrate and the Right would move in.

Werth has demonstrated that the French resisted such involvement, motivated by a kind of inherent neutralism, which expressed their devotion to European civilization. De Gaulle's insistence that France could not be a pawn in an East-West game of power was part of the atmosphere in which *tripartisme* had a chance. But the progress of the Cold War was relentless. Byrnes's Stuttgart speech of September 5, 1946, announced a new Germany and set off the trend toward a polarized Western Europe. The Truman Doctrine of March 12, 1947, dangled aid before the eyes of those powers fighting communism. And the American pressure on France to grant bases and to isolate its Communists finally bore the expected fruit.

4) FAR FROM assigning France to the ashcan of history, Werth has credited her with a profound accomplishment in the discouraging postwar decade and has revealed her resources for a significant future. In spite of the terrible involvement in Indo-China and North Africa, she has remained always a reluctant, questioning, unenthusiastic participant in the most provocative acts of world affairs. Bourdet expressed a widespread French feeling when he

### Tiresias' Lament

I touch and recollect  
Less than the shape and shade  
Of formal colonnade.  
Unwilling architect

Of the uncloistered mind,  
I compass touch and time,  
Trace lines on the sublime.  
Ridiculous and blind,

I stumble in the crowd;  
Fools—still they envy me  
For this thin prophecy—  
Time's cheat, and living's shroud.

Men, I have known your might,  
Women, your subtler grace;  
Seen in love's double face  
Love's singular delight;

And now what am I made?  
Less than each one I was,  
The present gives small pause  
To my time-ruined shade.

I curse the blackened sun;  
Sight was too dear a cost  
For this, which shall be lost  
Before what is, is done.

ELLEN DE YOUNG KAY



wrote in 1947: "We are told that we must choose between the USSR and the U. S., between East and West, between Right and Left, between de Gaulle and the Communists. Must we give up our desperate desire to represent a civilization on the narrow margin between two worlds?" Our American commentators have not looked kindly upon such a view, variously described as blind, selfish, even subversive. Mr. Lüthy, too, gravely reminded the French that "France cannot live alone." But Werth has found in "her sharply critical attitude, her skepticism, and even her moments of pessimism" that powerful support for caution which helped to save life itself.

AS TO the future, Werth offers not certainty but possibility. However hardheaded his realism, he would hardly enshroud the coming decades in *fin de siècle* gloom. It is tempting for the critic, in the manner of American tourists who despair of disgraceful housing, impossible bureaucracy, and conspicuous inefficiency, to assume that France will fiddle (or drink) her way into obscurity. But

not Werth, though more than others he has understood the magnitude of her social problems. Indeed, had he added to his already vast panorama the one dimension which it lacks, an analysis of production and distribution realities, the job to be done would, for good reason, appear mountainous. For France has produced neither competitively nor well, nor has her national product reached the public in fair shares.

But for the observer like Werth, who has feasted long on the "lively and brilliant intelligence of the French intellectual and technical elite," there can be no total despair. A nation in which "nearly all the best writers—all the way from Mauriac and Malraux to Sartre, Camus, Aragon, and Eluard—have been *engagés*"—is one rich in ideas for the future. A nation in which lives the conscience of Mauriac, who stands awake even while Cassandra sleeps, will not lack for moral passion. A nation whose bourgeoisie can produce a Mendès-France may yet reckon with vital reformism. And all these great French resources can be mined as the Cold War ebbs.

Looking at a Blackbird," for instance. The younger poet has been almost forced into a blander, more discursive tack, for which even his highly developed grace and skill of rhetoric cannot fully compensate. Rhetoric, incidentally, is put to sharper use in the one political piece here: "Speech for the Repeal of the McCarran Act." Genuine poetic energy and concreteness quicken the effect of this piece, which augurs the revival of a genre recently much neglected. But this poet's main chance does not lie in a political direction.

Wilbur's own medicine for his disease is, for him, a good one: translation, and a turn of emphasis toward French sources that goes with it. His dominating vision has always been the aesthetic-secular one of the post-Romantic tradition:

I take this world for better or for worse,

But seeing rose carafes conceive the sun

My thirst conceives a fierier universe.

Still, Wilbur finds it difficult, in his usual voice, to present this vision as truth; he rather argues for it as an ideal. Everything changes, however, when he takes on a different voice or mask by translating from the French. Then, particularly in rendering Baudelaire's "*L'Invitation au Voyage*" and Valéry's "Helen," he is at once far within the vision. Again, with Jammes' "A Prayer to Go to Paradise with the Donkeys," he is from the start at a pitch of pure elation for which he strives in vain elsewhere. Moreover, of the successful poems here that are not translations, the best are those most closely approaching the dream-atmosphere of the French Symbolist tradition (as opposed to the Emersonian or morally melioristic streak in contemporary American poetry, which has at times overborne Wilbur's sense of himself). Such poems are "Merlin Enthralled" and "Marginalia," the latter of which tells us that

Descending into sleep (as when the night-lift

Falls past a brilliant floor), we glimpse a sublime

Décor and hear, perhaps, a complete music...

## Tradition and Transition

*THINGS OF THIS WORLD.* By Richard Wilbur. Harcourt, Brace. \$3.

*THREE PRIESTS IN APRIL.* By Stephen Stepanchev. Contemporary Poetry. \$3.

*ONE FOOT IN EDEN.* By Edwin Muir. Grove Press. \$3.

By M. L. Rosenthal

TO LIBERATE oneself from "influences" that not only guide but bully, it is sometimes necessary to reach back behind them, to their own sources. Many contemporary poets, in their several ways and with varying clear-sightedness, are now making this effort—an effort to get in touch anew with the root-motivations animating the Romantics, the French Symbolists, the experimentalists of thirty and of sixty or seven-

ty years ago, and their other literary ancestors. The currently renewed fascination with sacred and mythological themes indicates even more the effort at self-rediscovery.

The transitions are not easy, especially when there is only dim consciousness of what is happening, and the distress signals are everywhere, and everywhere different. Thus, in *Things of This World* Richard Wilbur seems beset by a sort of ennui, the result of a conceptual dependence which bedevils him with an especially treasonous subtlety. Though he is still one of our better poets, the things his poetry says and lives by are so much of the essence of the modern Anglo-American heritage that others have already pre-empted the original and audacious modes of expression he might otherwise use. Compare his "An Event" with Stevens' "Thirteen Ways of

STEPHEN STEPANCHEV writes of "blue, gambling probables in curves," of "fire-drunk, winged Icarus," of how "all space became an ear as I waited." A delicate yet durable poet with a touch of metaphysical slyness, he gives us deceptive pictures. These pictures, even when at first apparently static, continue to grow after first they come into view, remolding themselves and emerging in altered perspective:

The ruffed, black auerhahn,  
Passion's gold-eyed cock,  
Has paced ten thousand years  
Among snow-surpliced rocks  
Beyond reed, rose, and oak  
In highest Bavaria.

Sometimes too—we could wish more often—the movement is swifter from the start; there is for a moment the same swooping vertigo before the adjustment of psychological lenses that characterizes many Hart Crane poems:

I saw red acres dumb beneath a  
stream  
Of swollen suns. An itching plow had  
sprung  
The ring dream of a stroking, bearded  
green,  
Waiting for a rain of wheat.

There are other resemblances to Crane, for in both poets the tragedy of lost faith and of personal "displacement" appears as a theme in a variety of paradoxical guises. But Stepanchev usually wears these guises with a lightly bantering, slightly evasive air, reciting meanwhile, it may be, some little allegorical anecdote or fable. Thus he skirts both the dangers and the dynamic possibilities of Crane's more brilliant and more desolate irony. For a writer like Stepanchev, Crane's way would be fatal; it demands enormous power and for writers without that power leads inevitably to the slough of despond and piddling self-pity. They need to remove themselves from the pull of bleakness-for-its-own-sake, as Stepanchev wisely and adroitly does again and again. His title poem, in fact the title *Three Priests in April* itself, is thoroughly in point. It reaches its darkly bitter denouement only through a bright sensory shimmer of color and sound, "a green fire in dusty snow" while "Plato's music arched the dial of day."

In general, Stepanchev's seriousness is not so much of demeanor as of mind and heart. Few of his pieces directly sustain any note of outright revulsion or disillusionment; the note tends to be sweeter and thinner, it may even be whimsical, but it is also intellectually and morally tough in the attitude it sings. Although his interests are modern enough, he shrugs off lugubriousness with un-Romantic ease; indeed, his combination of deft, gay impressionism with a surprisingly moralistic bent gives his work a definitely classical turn. Where defeat does hang in the air, as it does about "Alp" and a number of other poems, it is the kind of defeat which in classical comedy is at the same time a coming to his senses by the protagonist. This small first volume, a distillation from perhaps fifteen years' work by a poet best known in little magazines, is the product of a fine lyric ear, a sophisticated and independent discipline, and a rare modesty.

ALMOST seventy now, Edwin Muir has seen his reputation grow considerably in the past decade or so. Partly we may attribute this increased recognition to what might be called his explorations in religious orthodoxy, of which *One Foot in Eden* now marks a culmination. No other poetry that I have recently seen so beautifully embodies the convergence of Judaic, Christian, and Grecian (mythological) ideals with those of humane secularism that now colors so much of modern thought. Whether one resists or welcomes—from whatever viewpoint—this convergence is irrelevant; Muir's writing shows its deep subjective anchoring and some of the ways it satisfies needs both elementary and complex.

Although these poems are often devout in tone, they are not to be identified with the externalized religious "revival" now packing the churches and synagogues with its vague promise of "a sense of belonging." Muir brings us directly back to the recognition of mysteries such as Eliot's "Gerontion" calls for: "Signs are taken for wonders. 'We would see a sign!'" We sometimes forget that French Symbolist poetry

aimed, as C. M. Bowra puts it, to secure through art "the ecstasies which religion claims for the devout through prayer and contemplation." Muir's connection with the Symbolists is clear, and in addition he returns very emphatically in *One Foot in Eden* to the symbols both of Biblical and mythical traditions and of common experience. "The Annunciation" gives us storied mystery as fact:

The angel and the girl are met.  
Earth was the only meeting place.  
For the embodied never yet  
Travelled beyond the shore of space.  
The eternal spirits in freedom go.

And, at the other end of the scale, "The Island" chants the mystery of what is known through physical experience:

Men are made of what is made,  
The meat, the drink, the life, the  
corn,  
Laid up by them, in them reborn.

Yet the poems are never "merely" religious in a stock sense. Thus, there is more compassion and awe than doctrine in "The Animals," squarely based though it is on the Old Testament; similarly, while in "Outside Eden" the forlorn but unquestioning piety of the true believer takes on heroic dimensions, the truth of what he believes so truly is not brought into consideration. Muir once wrote that "There is a vast area of life which science leaves in its original mystery; and this is the area with which poetry deals, or should deal." In the present volume he deals with just this area, and if one added "dogmatic theology" to "science" one would doubtless not be distorting his meaning. The ambiguities of faith are part of his subject, and in this and other respects he approaches the complex skepticism of Yeats.

If I have suggested that *One Foot in Eden* is interesting mainly because of the way it handles the problem of belief, I have fallen into a trap of my own making. In its own right it is poetry of a rich though quiet intensity and of enormous emotional concentration. This visionary Orkney Islander, another of our modern semi-metaphysicals, feels—so sharply that he can touch it—the reciprocal elusiveness of experience and of thought; hence the



ease of his movement between "real" observation and insight on the one hand and abstractions on the other. The beautiful imagistic poems "Double Absence," "The Late Swallow," and "The Late Wasp" are also philosophical poems without at all straining to be so, while "Nothing But Faith" and "The Grave of Prometheus" bring theoretical conceptions

to tangible realization. A few poems, such as "Effigies" and "The Horses," encompass all these considerations through their prophetic scope and, without hubris or ranting, are informed by a transcendent disinterestedness, pity, unsqueamishness of psychological probing, and proferring of hope (but with no *promises*) for the future.

## THEATRE

### Harold Clurman

I HAD THOUGHT as I sat down to write this review of Bernard Shaw's *The Apple Cart* (Plymouth Theatre) to devote myself mainly to a comparison of the present production with one I saw in London a few years ago in which Noel Coward and Margaret Leighton played the leading roles. But not only would this be unfair to the New York cast and to the reader who had not seen the play in London, but it would be the kind of evasion of criticism which I frequently complain about when revivals of presumably familiar plays are presented on our stage. We must begin with and for the most part stick to Shaw's text.

To focus on the "show" aspect of the production instead of on its content would be to indicate something of which *The Apple Cart* is itself a reflection. Most of us nowadays dislike thinking of politics. We harbor a vague sense of futility about it. Our political talk becomes, even in our own view, mere intellectual chit-chat without much personal or social relevance.

*The Apple Cart* was written in 1929 when Shaw was seventy-three. England was prosperous with the sort of prosperity about which the king in the play, and Shaw himself, were apprehensive. Shaw had become more than skeptical about the outer forms of democracy. The Labor (or Coalition) government of Ramsay MacDonald was hardly more reassuring to him than a Conservative government might have been. "Breakages, Ltd." (the play's symbol for capitalism) still ruled the roost, and the cabinet in the play

suffers a sense of weary or regretful fatalism about it. Contemporary politics, Shaw implies, with gleaming irony and diminishing optimism, is mostly illusion and delusion. Only the philosopher-king—that is, the truly thinking man not engaged in vote catching or momentary local victories—is aware of the operative problems. And he becomes increasingly conscious that his awareness by itself, although irreducible and inalienable, cannot yet move mountains.

The play is beautifully written—it is clear, elegant, pithy, and has a certain aristocratic grace of Anglo-Protestant character. We cannot fail to be charmed by it. It is also brilliantly constructed: for we are given a long series of rather "abstract" discussion—abstract in the sense that there is little plot except as to whether or not the king shall declare himself a nonentity as his cabinet demands—but Shaw, by introducing a delightful episode in which he interrupts the political debate to reveal his own relationship to women, sustains our interest and hand-

somely entertains us despite what might first appear arid material.

YET, I ask myself, what does an American (Broadway) audience today get out of all this? When he wrote the play, Shaw must have hoped that, while it would provide an intelligently amusing evening for a civilized audience, the play might also trouble that audience—move it at least to think further of the political dilemmas of the time. But now, I fear, the play indirectly encourages the profound political apathy of our public. When, for example, Shaw quips about the bootlessness of most election results, our audience applauds with a certain gleeful appreciation of his contemporaneity and cleverness. "We really felt all along," the audience seems to be saying, "that all the political stuff we hear about and indulge ourselves in is the bunk—and in this play that wise old bird Shaw tells us that we are right." The only difference is that Shaw was a little sore at heart about it, whereas we simply remain ignorant and complacent. For while it is true that the trappings of politics are generally ridiculous, the core of the matter is of the utmost seriousness.

Yes, it is a good show. The production is good-looking and the actors—Maurice Evans, Signe Hasso, Charles Carson and others—work hard and well at it. Sometimes they work too hard. The long speeches and the need for silken diction are a strain on most companies today; so that the light fluency, the air of superior mental capacity and free-wheeling wit are not complete. But we must not be captious. We are lucky to see the play again.

## TELEVISION

### Anne W. Langman

SHORTLY after eight p.m. on election night 1952, Univac click-clacked its way through miles of statistics and predicted to CBS viewers hundred-to-one odds on victory for General Eisenhower. Startled statisticians and newsmen entreated the

electronic brain to come up with a more reasonable answer but Univac ignored its timid masters with scornful consistency. Then a new set of figures was fed the monster and in a matter of seconds it obediently changed its electronic mind. A trend-

hungry nation went back to commentators' interpretation of returns, and dismissed the unbelievable prediction as an example of technological wool-gathering. Hours later we discovered that the big brain had been right in the first place.

So Univac established a place for itself and its family of electronic computing machines on TV, and in the intervening four years they have been type cast as unassailable champions of truth and honesty. *The \$64,000 Question* uses one to guard the questions until Hal March pushes a button and is electronically presented with a category; the public is instantly reassured, knowing that machines, like elephants, never tell. There's one called Datatron that picks the winners of football games every Saturday afternoon in a statistically scientific manner. A similarly unimpassioned scorekeeper will be the final determinant in the search for "The Most Beautiful Girl in the World." Carrying the scientific approach even further, Art Linkletter employed Univac on his *People Are Funny* show a few weeks ago to select a mate for an attractive young widow who seemed to regard the great brain with close to filial respect.

We're now back to election night again and this time a large assortment of computing machines will be put to work on the returns: analyzing, predicting trends and forecasting results. Speed of transmitting this story may well rescue TV news-staffers from the dilemma of having to give this biggest quadrennial news event the full visual treatment even though in essence it is not a visual story. To a nation of acquisitive news-hounds, knowing a fact five seconds before someone else knows it is a matter for excitement and pride, and the machines will add speed and accuracy to the unfolding of the election story. They have the further appeal of the unknown, these mysterious, lumbering giants, who can calculate in a matter of seconds computations which would occupy pencil-and-paper statisticians for hundreds of man-hours.

Down at Univac headquarters at Remington Rand, Max Woodbury, professor of mathematics at New

York University, is completing four years of collecting every possible relevant statistic and feeding it to his charge for the great election night performance. "Most people think these computers are magic," he said, "but they're not. Univac is a tool—a rather fabulous tool—and it takes a lot of hard work, time and money to make it perform its assignments." As we inspected the roomful of cabinets which make up the "brain," I asked Dr. Woodbury whether changes would be made to input again, should Univac come up with another wild guess. "That was my goof," he admitted ruefully. "I know from Gallup and others that it was supposed to be a close election and I just couldn't believe the prediction. But this time it will stand as delivered." CBS newsman Elmer Lower concurred; he expects Univac to extrapolate figures fed to it from the CBS newsroom, come up with a prediction as early and as accurately as possible on who the next President of the United States will be and who will control the House and Senate.

JOHN DALY at ABC will pit human brains against Elecom, junior size data-processing unit of the Underwood Company. His staff has chosen fifty-four bellweather election units around the country, historically proven as barometers of trends, and they will project their predictions on early returns from these. Elecom, described by Dr. Leon Nemerever, chief of its mathematical keepers, as "a great stupid giant who moves with the speed of light," will process mass data and come up with its predictions. Making its debut on Tuesday night, this machine divides its work between a file clerk unit and a bookkeeper unit. Its ancestor was a bookkeeper unit which was slowed up by having to sort and file, complained of overwork, and, speaking no English, put out its message in the binary number system which had to be decoded by old-fashioned human brains. Although Elecom has learned its letters and numbers, it will be another five years before it can read a printed page, Dr. Nemerever told me. He added rather wistfully that right now

there's a machine in the Washington D.C. post office that sorts the mail.

A multi-million dollar array of IBM and Teleregister equipment will be used by NBC. Operators will translate state and national returns to punch cards to be fed into the electronic brain called 650. Here the figures will be checked for accuracy by the machine's memory and added to previous totals. In a fraction of a second, percentage of precincts reporting, state and national totals, and the electoral vote will be computed. 650 passes along this information to 402, a printer, to teleregister boards for TV audience to see, to 705, the giant brain for trend interpretation and to a sorter which can extract any variety of categories called for by newsmen.

In more senses than one is happy to admit, this election bids fair to be a victory for the well-fed machine.

## TELEVISION NEXT WEEK

November 6 through 10

(See local papers for time and channel)

**Tuesday, November 6**

**ELECTION NIGHT** (All networks). Newsmen and machines (see above) will cover the election story until the results are clear. Murrow and Seavareid (CBS), Huntley and Brinkeley (NBC), John Daly (ABC).

**Wednesday, November 7**

**GIANT STEP** (CBS). Premiere of junior quiz show for the 7 to 17 age group. Top prizes include a four-year college education and trips abroad, which will no doubt equip winners whose nerves hold up for appearances on the grown-up brain racks.

**Thursday, November 8**

**1957 ROCKET REVUE** (ABC). John Daly, the newsman and host of "What's

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**THE BIG SLIDE** (CBS; Playhouse 90). A 90-minute drama written for TV by Edward Beloin and Dean Reisner, recounting the up and down career of a famous silent film comedian. Shirley Jones (of the non-silent *Oklahoma* and *Carousel*) stars in her first straight dramatic role, with Red Skelton and others.

**Saturday, November 10**

**TONIGHT AT 8:30** (ABC; Famous Film Festival). Screen versions of Noel Coward's *Red Peppers*, *Fumed Oak* and *Ways and Means*.

## MUSIC

### B. H. Haggin

IT WAS interesting to see in the Berlin Philharmonic, at Carnegie Hall recently, only a few scattered gray-haired musicians who might have been in the orchestra when I last heard it in concert, in London in 1928, with Furtwaengler conducting. What was astonishing was the number—possibly a dozen—of unbelievably young players who looked as though they had been snatched from the conservatory at twenty—among them one of the cellists at the first desk, whose companion looked only a couple of years older. Both of these facts had something to do with what I heard: the finished execution, the beauty of sonority achieved by a personnel that was first-rate throughout.

An orchestra plays as it is conducted; and the execution and sonority I heard were evidence of von Karajan's mastery in the handling of his instrument. But in addition they were manifestations of his personal taste and style in musical performance. As in his performances with the London Philharmonia a year ago, he used his mastery to get the orchestra to play with remarkable delicacy and refinement of tone and execution in performances that were low-keyed in sonority and color. Not only Mozart's Violin Concerto K.219 was treated in this way, but Strauss's *Don Juan*, and even the first movement of Beethoven's *Eroica* Symphony: not until the

climaxes of the second movement did von Karajan begin to produce tuttis of maximum orchestral volume. But even with such tuttis the symphony as it was played on this occasion lacked the power, the tension, the intensity it should have; and at maximum volume the orchestral sonorities lost their radiance and brilliance and were dry and lusterless. Or at least that was how they sounded in row N of Carnegie Hall, which may have been too close.

The soloist in the Mozart concerto was Wolfgang Schneiderhan, who played with clear, sweet tone and with phrasing that was in good taste but unenlivening.

The American Opera Society opened its season with Handel's *Julius Caesar* in place of the originally announced *L'Africaine* of Meyerbeer; and the first moments—with routine writing by Handel and rough-voiced singing by Siepi—were unpromising. But with the lament of Cornelia and Sextus and the singing of Florence Kopleff and Russell Oberlin one began to hear beautiful music beautifully sung; and this continued with the arias and duets of Caesar and Cleopatra, in which Siepi's quieter singing was very fine, and Leontyne Price's lovely voice, her musical phrasing and her security and brilliance in florid passages were breathtaking. Arnold U. Gamson's conducting again provided the singing with an effective orchestral context.

EPIC SC-6013 offers a performance by the Slovenian National Opera of Ljubljana of Prokofiev's youthfully exuberant and inventive music for *The Love for Three Oranges*. The soloists comprise a good mezzo-soprano, fair sopranos, adequate tenors and rough basses; the chorus and orchestra are second-rate. The lack of a libretto makes it difficult to correlate music with action.

On London LL-1394 is a performance of Fauré's lovely Requiem, in which Ansermet conducts L'Union chorale de la tour de Peilz and L'Orchestre de la Suisse romande with Danco and Souzay as soloists. The male voices of the chorus are a little dry, the female voices a little shrill; otherwise the performance is very beautiful.

Columbia ML-5099 offers several instrumental and vocal pieces by Schoenberg—the Suite Op. 29, the Canon for String Quartet, the Two Pieces for Piano Op. 33, the *Herzgewachse* Op. 20, the Cantata *The New Classicism* Op. 28 and the Three Songs Op. 48—which to my ears are hideous musical objects that convey no coherent musical sense. They are performed by various groups under the direction of Robert Craft, whose accompanying notes are as incomprehensible as the music they undertake to explain.

THE Cherubini Symphony that Toscanini recorded is a dull piece from whose composer one would never expect the superb dramatic melody of the opera *Medea* that the American Opera Society performed last year, or the lovely choral writing of the Requiem Mass in C minor that Toscanini performs with the Robert Shaw Chorale and the NBC Symphony on RCA Victor LM-2000. The beautiful performance is the one he broadcast in February, 1950; and the recording processed from the original NBC acetates reproduces it with good sound when one cuts down the peaked treble.

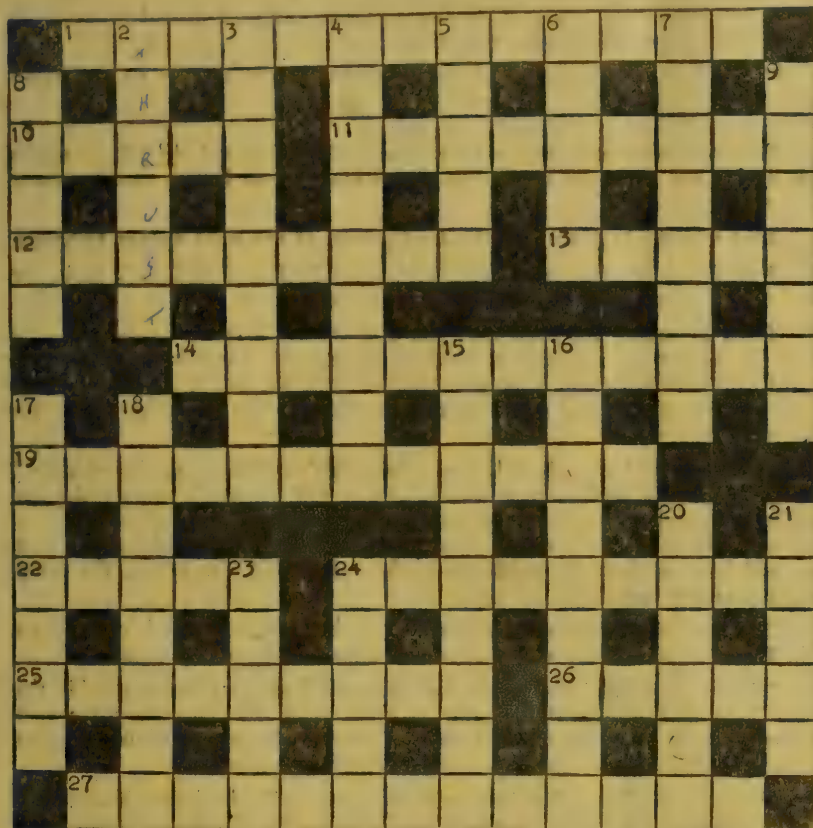
VANGUARD has put on Bach Guild 552 the performance of Carl Philipp Emanuel Bach's *Magnificat* that was on three sides of 516/7. The work is a fine one, with several impressive fast movements and touching slow movements; and the performance conducted by Prohaska is excellent.

In Dufay's *Missa Caput*, sung well on Oiseau-Lyre 50069 by the Ambrosian Singers, a male chorus, under Denis Stevens' direction, each section contains lovely polyphony which my ear finds unvarying and therefore monotonous.

In addition to the famous recording of Gregorian Chant by the Monks' Choir of the Abbey of Saint-Pierre de Solesmes that Victor reissued on LCT-6011, there are new LP recordings of the choir's beautiful singing on London LSA-17, which deals with the Ordinary of the Mass and the Mass for the Dead, and London LL-1408, which is concerned with Easter.

# Crossword Puzzle No. 696

By FRANK W. LEWIS



## ACROSS:

- 1 Bound to result in a loss of inspiration. (13)
- 10 and 13 The donor alone is out of character. (5, 5)
- 11 Even someone like Bolivar might fly nowadays. (9)
- 12 His is not a very agreeable disposition. (9)
- 13 See 10 across
- 14 Leave intellectual ditties, if you know Kipling. (12)
- 19 Not the quality of things found in revue. (It might cause difficulty in getting on with the ride.) (12)
- 22 Wasn't too happy about the grade reduction! (5)
- 24 Might have been delivered by the cat, at one time. (9)
- 25 Callithump. (9)
- 26 Her initial anger belies her peaceful reputation. (5)
- 27 His knowledge is not necessarily only skin-deep. (13)

## DOWN:

- 2 Essential in the delivery of both rocket and rapier. (6)
- 3 Is it a cause of humiliation that not all houses have one? (9)
- 4 Even a saint would be upset after the celebration—they evidently deserved a letter. (9)

- 5 Too much might make one 6. (5)
- 6 Not so fresh as a hack might be. (5)
- 7 Puts to so much trouble for the frontier settlements. (8)
- 8 Might cut as well as 2 down. (5)
- 9 These might be trying to make a lad sore. (7)
- 15 A place to lie a bone, not altogether up to being related to the barber. (9)
- 16 It's not difficult traveling when relaxed. (4-5)
- 17 With an underground head, not particularly visionary. (7)
- 18 22 with Latin thus confused is hardly honorable. (8)
- 20 Except Alph's kind of destination doesn't begin to make it! (6)
- 21 He often has a following in the theater. (5)
- 23 The belief in suicide is mounting. (5)
- 24 A Barmecide one is an illusion. (5)

## SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 695

ACROSS: 1 MODERATE; 5 BEHALF; 10 LIVED; 11 PUGNACITY; 12 DESPAIR; 13 CRIMSON; 14 TAG END; 15 PINKISH; 18 ITERATE; 21 ARCHER; 26 OBLIVATE; 27 EXHIBITED; 28 RIDES; 29 TICKER; 30 SOLDIERED. DOWN: 1 MALADY; 2 DEVASTATE; 3 RED TAPE; 4 TAPERED; 6 EVASION; 7 ACIDS; 8 AND 17 FLY IN THE OINTMENT; 9 EGG CUP; 16 ICELANDER; 19 AMIABLE; 20 EVENTS; 21 AND 24 A WORD TO THE WISE; 22 COVERED; 23 VERSED; 25 ETHIC.

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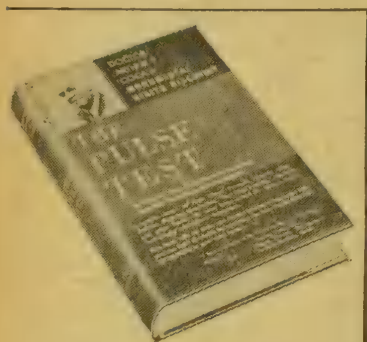


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Dr. Coca was the founder and first editor of the *Journal of Immunology*, now the foremost publication in its field of medicine.

He was Professor of Pathology and Bacteriology at Cornell University; Clinical Professor of medicine at the Post Graduate Medical School of Columbia University; Medical Director of the Blood Transfusion Association of New York.

Dr. Coca served as the Medical Director in charge of research at Lederle Laboratories for 17 years until his retirement.



ARABIA vs. ISRAEL: BACKGROUND TO WAR by Waldo Frank

THE *Nation*

NOVEMBER 10, 1956

20c

# ***Ten Days That Shook The World*** . . by Mark Gayn

## **FALL BOOKS**

**Frank O'Connor**

PROSPECTUS FOR AN ANTHOLOGY

**Howard Nemerov**

THE POET AND THE COPYWRITER

**Maxwell Geismar**

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W. S. Merwin, Edwin Muir, May Sarton,  
Louis O. Coxe, Marya Zaturenska,  
Elizabeth Jennings, Ted Hughes





# LETTERS

## Socialists and Segregation

Dear Sirs: My attention has been called to an excerpt from an article by Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois in the October 20 issue which reads: "In 1928, Negroes faced absolute dilemma. Neither Hoover nor Smith wanted the Negro vote and both publicly insulted us. I voted for Norman Thomas and the Socialists, although the Socialists had attempted to Jim Crow Negro members in the South."

I am glad to hear that Dr. Du Bois voted for me in 1928 although I had not known it. In 1929, when I asked his support in a mayoralty race, I remember he told me he couldn't support me because he had to support Jimmy Walker, since the latter had put lights on Lenox or Seventh Avenue and also, as I recall it, seen to it that there was one Negro intern at Harlem Hospital.

Dr. Du Bois is in error in saying "the Socialists had attempted to Jim Crow Negro members in the South." Some Socialists, I think, did, with whom I remonstrated most vigorously when I found out the situation. I refused to speak at segregated meetings in the South. I was one of the pioneers in the organization of the Southern Tenant Farmers Union, now the National Agricultural Workers Union, which made integration a cardinal principle.

NORMAN THOMAS

New York City

## The Konigsberg Case

Dear Sirs: Shall political tests be applied to an American citizen's right to earn a living? In the case of *Raphael Konigsberg v. The State Bar of California*, the Supreme Court—for the first time in its history, on such facts—will decide whether a person who has satisfied all statutory requirements for a license to practice law may be denied that license on the sole grounds of his alleged political opinions and associations.

The facts, briefly, are these: Raphael Konigsberg, an Army veteran, passed the California bar exams in 1953. The Committee of Bar Examiners refused to certify him for admission, declaring that he had not proved his "good moral character" because (1) he refused to answer questions about his alleged political views and associations (he based his refusal on the First Amendment); (2) the committee disapproved of the opinions he had expressed in a weekly column of political comment he wrote for *The California Eagle*, a Los Angeles newspaper; (3) he openly opposed the Tenney Committee (the California Un-

American Committee).

There was no evidence introduced of any acts of a criminal nature (the traditional test before a bar committee for "good moral character"). Letters from forty outstanding doctors, lawyers, social workers, business men and others testified to Konigsberg's good character. Konigsberg produced a record of honorable service in the U. S. Army.

Konigsberg's position was that a person's opinions and associations have no bearing on his qualifications to practice law, and since the First Amendment is binding on the state as well as the federal government, California's Bar Examiners acted unconstitutionally in making his opinions a test of his right to earn a living as a lawyer.

Recognizing the historic significance of this case, the American Civil Liberties Union and the National Lawyers Guild are preparing amicus briefs for submission to the Supreme Court. The American Friends Service Committee's Rights of Conscience Program and Corliss Lamont's Bill of Rights Fund have granted support.

We call upon you to help meet the substantial court costs of this case. Send your contribution to me at 1434 Avon Park Terrace, Los Angeles 26.

ELEANOR C. RORICK

Treasurer, Konigsberg Legal Fund

Los Angeles, Calif.

## Armistice Day

Dear Sirs: Is Armistice Day an empty holiday, cynically reminding us of what peace might mean? Or does it have substance as the beginning of a real world peace? There are some searching questions that may well be asked in this connection:

1. Can peace possibly be based indefinitely on a balance of terror, with growing stockpiles of nuclear weapons and increasingly ingenious devices for their delivery?

2. Would a shift in emphasis in foreign aid, from military to economic, be to the long range advantage of the United States, insofar as stability and eventual peace is concerned?

3. Do we not owe the children yet unborn the right to live in a world uncontaminated by poisonous substances created by man's own scientific genius?

Let us—particularly the women—devote our energies to perpetuate Armistice Day as a permanent institution dedicated to the premise that PEACE is both a possibility and a necessity.

JANET N. NEUMAN

Co-Chairman Public Relations

U. S. Section, Women's International

League for Peace and Freedom

Washington, D. C.

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## EDITORIAL

# The Phoenix Pyre

War has exploded in the tinder box of the Middle East. At this writing it seems unlikely that it will last long or spread far, but even if the fighting has ended by the time you read this, we will have witnessed a major disaster. For the events of the last week brilliantly illuminate the moral bankruptcy to which a blind and slavish adherence to the discredited power politics of another age has brought the world at the end of the first post-war decade.

No itemization of the failures, defeats and reversals implicit in this debacle would be complete, but the following may be suggestive.

Must every new national power, as it emerges in Asia, the Middle East and Africa, learn to live with its neighbors only after it has fought with them? For the problem of Israeli-Egyptian relations there is, as Waldo Frank points out elsewhere in this issue (p. 382), no panacea; but the present war will not make it any easier to find a workable solution.

By the same token, are the older imperial powers incapable of learning *anything* from past follies? The recent behavior of France and Britain prompts the thought that old nations, like some old men, must have a final fling of folly and wickedness before they will accept the mandates of their own experience. Fortunately, it is a British citizen who has voiced the clearest and most forceful condemnation of Eden's "act of disastrous folly." This action, as Hugh Gaitskell pointed out in the Commons debate, involves "not only the abandonment of, but a positive assault upon, the principles which have governed British foreign policy for at any rate the last ten years"—solidarity with the Commonwealth, the Anglo-American alliance, and adherence "to the Charter of the United Nations." Mr. Gaitskell is quite right in saying that the British people will regret the tragic consequence of this act for years to come.

Equally distressing is the fact that Russia and the United States should have turned in performances so

unworthy of two great powers in the plotting and counter-plotting out of which the Sinai conflict emerged. Washington's attempt to create a Middle East defense organization aimed at Russia was a piece of folly matched only by Moscow's reckless action in touching off an arms race in the dynamite-laden Middle East. New national states and old imperial powers may be expected to exhibit contrasting symptoms of the neurosis of nationalism, but the great, relatively "middle-aged" powers, each boasting a revolutionary tradition, have been the prize neurotics of the last decade. Meager power, insecurely rooted, will breed bellicose attitudes in much the same fashion that fading dreams of grandeur will produce hallucinations; but great power is supposed to foster wisdom and a sense of responsibility.

Even the neutral powers, some of whom managed to stay outside the exclusive military alliances, are not without fault. Some of them have encouraged the illusion of power which has entrapped Nasser; some have blinked at his less amiable qualities. A large section of world opinion, we suspect, is as thoroughly revolted by the "dynamic" myths and murderous missions of his brand of nationalism as it is with the idiocies of old-style imperialism.

FOR THE nations in the U.N. to have permitted the undeclared war between Egypt and Israel to continue for seven long years during which, as Ambassador Eban told the General Assembly, Israel had not for "one single moment enjoyed the minimal security which the U.N. Charter confers on member states," was to insure an explosion of the kind which has occurred. The U.N.'s responsibility is specific: its action created the State of Israel, its representatives negotiated the armistice. For seven years nothing was done to establish a peace on the basis of which large-scale social projects might have been undertaken which would have relieved some of the pressure building up in Egypt and the other Arab



states. A blockade was tolerated; Egypt was even permitted to deny Israel access to the canal. To tolerate a situation in which neighbors, each armed, snarl and quarrel for seven years and then finally start shooting it out, is to make the policeman responsible for the explosion as well as the quarrel.

Israel, which owes its being as a national state to the action of the United Nations, has disappointed many of its friends by resorting to aggressive action. The severity of the provocation may be conceded; but the kindest judgment that can be passed is the President's statement that Israel's actions "have been taken in error." Britain and France, on the other hand, have committed a clear act of aggression and violated the principles of the United Nations without anything like the same degree of provocation that the Egyptians offered Israel.

BRITAIN and France were permanent members of the Security Council. They had taken the Suez issue to the U.N. and it was pending there when the ultimatum was served and the "police action" launched—without notice to this country. At the time, traffic was moving freely through the canal. The six-point statement issued earlier at the U.N. offered hope that an eventual solution might be found. The effect of the action was not to maintain the flow of traffic in the canal, but to close it. The action itself had been planned long prior to the Israel invasion. Clearly France and Britain were more concerned with the long-range consequences of Arab nationalism to their "vital interests" than with the issue of the canal per se or with Israel's unilateral action. At the General Assembly session, there was sympathy for Israel; there was none for France and Britain. The Australian and New Zealand spokesmen were unhappy apologists for a cause in which they did not believe, while India and Pakistan were critical and Canada abstained in the voting. In truth there was no defense; the case was air-tight. If Britain and France had any case, it was against Dulles. No doubt they reasoned that we would not intervene with arms to part Israel and Egypt either with or without U.N. auspices; therefore they must intervene to forestall a general holy war and to warn off the Soviets. But this is merely the frosting on the cake; fear of Arab nationalism is the substance of their unstated case.

THE paradox of this war, however, is that the very scope of the debacle holds hope for the future; a brilliant promise is implicit in the ruins.

For one thing, the military alliances of the cold war period are disintegrating. After 1945, a rickety scaffolding was constructed in fear and panic to sustain a precarious balance of power. The scaffolding consisted of proliferating military alliances, trade boycotts and the like, held together by the pressure of a steadily accelerating arms race. This structure of re-

lationships is now collapsing. At best it was a makeshift affair, riddled with contradictions and certain to collapse at some point. Its costs were prohibitive and the benefits negligible. Even worse, the polarized struggle of the cold-war period prevented any creative initiative in diplomacy and deadlocked conferences with distressing regularity. The cold-war alliances, of course, have been a major hindrance to the effectiveness of the United Nations.

Now all this is changed. As Joseph C. Harsch points out in the *Christian Science Monitor*, "You can roll up the maps of the cold war."

Then, too, a momentous implication is to be found in the news of the last few weeks. As the President has stated, "If the Soviet Union indeed faithfully acts upon its announced intention" — to withdraw troops from Eastern Europe — "the world will witness the greatest stride toward justice, trust and understanding among nations in our generation." What the President has done — and it is an act of statesmanship — is to invite the Soviets to resurvey the European situation in the light of this country's affirmative responses both to the developments in Eastern Europe and to the new policy which Russia has announced. His emphasis that this country has made "clear its readiness to assist economically the new and independent governments of these countries" and his assurance that economic assistance will be offered without any suggestion that we must first approve the form of society to which they adhere, should convince the Soviets of the soundness of their new approach. Within this framework, a solution to the German problem might be found. Similarly the disintegration of the blocs might make possible a degree of cooperation between the USSR and the USA which could transform the United Nations.

IT IS hard to understand those politicians who purport to see something sinister in the circumstance that the two great powers lined up in support of the U. S. resolution. The alignment on this issue was a good omen for the United Nations. It was a good omen, too, when the President said that he is "ever more convinced that the United Nations represents the soundest hope for peace in the world." After a decade of by-passing the United Nations and weakening it by military pacts and alliances, we now find ourselves freshly appraising it as the soundest possible structure within which to adjust great-and-small power relationships and to seek solutions for world problems. In the new world setting which has emerged at the end of a decade of cold war, the two great powers find that neither can dominate the "half" of the world in its orbit, much less dominate the other. Motivated by different reasons, both powers may now abandon the concept of the United Nations as a market place for protest and come to think of it as the only means

through which their power can be safely channelled.

And it should be noted that the Israeli action, no matter how ill-advised, may in the long run force active great-power pressure to create the circumstances which might induce the Arabs to sit down with the Israelis and negotiate a lasting peace.

Time is clearly on the side of peace if this brush-fire war can be stamped out quickly. In a year's time the new super-tankers and Britain's experience with atomic power stations may place the Suez Canal issue in an entirely new perspective. And the events of the last six months may have convinced those who would

play the role of Nasser that there are easier ways to secure funds for Aswan Dam projects than to stage tantrums.

In the manner of the Egyptian legend, a phoenix is being consumed in the flames of the Sinai pyre. The phoenix that is dying is a symbol of a world that is dying, a world of power politics, military alliances, gun-boat diplomacy, curt ultimatums, irresponsible aggressions, a world of national states dedicated to the mutually destructive proposition that war is the prime instrument of national policy. A new phoenix will arise from these ashes.

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# 10 DAYS that shook the WORLD

## The Counter-Revolution . . . by MARK GAYN

OCTOBER, 1956, will surely join that other, more famous, October in the annals of communism. For if the October Revolution of 1917 marked the birth of the first Communist state, last month's events were a phase of the counter-revolution. What the world saw in the ten fateful days in Poland and Hungary were not *coups d'état* in minor Communist states, but fragments of a vast counter-revolutionary movement which has already vitally affected Soviet influence and power, changed the nature of the relationships within the Communist bloc, and exposed a crisis of leadership in Moscow.

The counter-revolutionary process began even while Stalin was alive. For if he created the Red world as we know it today, and bound it together, he also set into motion forces of disintegration which he could neither foresee nor comprehend. The day he died, the last major obstacle before the counter-revolution was removed. For Stalin alone could hold the Red bloc together—through his immense prestige, his capacity to instill fear, even through the idolatry he made a part of life under communism. To hold the world of the October Revolution together, he reduced the Communist state,

faith and loyalties to the irreducible symbol of himself. I shall not forget the icy-cold December day on which I joined thousands of Hungarians queued up for a look at the gifts Hungary was presenting to "the beloved father, teacher and leader" on one of his last birthday anniversaries. Hustled along by agents of the Secret Police, we saw a staggering display that ranged from a priceless set of hand-cut crystal to a collection of pipes for the greatest pipe smoker of them all. The people examined it all in silence, for here, clearly, were not ordinary birthday gifts, but a tribute—such as the people of Han once paid to the Mongol conquerors. Stalin needed none of these gifts, and probably saw them only hastily in the museum where they were installed. But he did require the fear and the symbolism which they implied.

It is not certain that, had he lived, Stalin himself could have coped with the new counter-revolutionary forces. It is certain that his heirs could not. They were astute men and capable managers, but they lacked Stalin's power. Thus, they engaged in a series of actions designed to hold the counter-revolution within bounds while they conducted a fateful reappraisal. The reins in satellite Europe were loosened slightly (and the East German workers promptly took advantage of it to produce the first outbreak of counter-revolutionary

violence). The Secret Police everywhere were curbed, and an amnesty set free a hundred thousand political prisoners. The so-called "Malenkov Interlude" of 1953-54 dangled before Eastern Europe the promise of better pay, more consumer goods, a little more freedom for the writer and a little less repression in the villages. Such "traitors" of the Stalinist era as Traicho Kostov and Laszlo Rajk were rehabilitated, and such Stalinists as Cepicka, Bakosi and Chervenkov were dismissed. Finally, the Soviet leaders laid aside their pride, and journeyed to Belgrade with apologies and professions of love for Marshal Tito. Yugoslavia was not a great power, but it was an idea, and if the gap between Tito's communism and Khrushchev's could be bridged, perhaps the same formula could be used in readjusting the relationships within the Soviet bloc itself before the counter-revolution erupted.

The solution that Moscow apparently reached in 1953-54 was to loosen slightly the old bonds between Moscow and its satellites, to give the latter a measure of autonomy and retain tight control only over foreign affairs, defense and the overall economic planning. Yet, even this was not a fast and final decision. Any reader of the Soviet and satellite party organs in the past two years has had no trouble detecting the frequent changes of tone, from

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"hard" to "soft" and back again. It was one of such shifts of mood that saw Moscow, just a few months ago, address another of its famous "circular letters" to the satellite central committee, attacking Tito and reaffirming the Soviet Union's primacy. It was another change of mood that led Khrushchev to take his celebrated "vacation" with Tito this fall and Tito to fly to the Crimea on an equally puzzling "vacation."

Perhaps an even more important demonstration of the indecision in Moscow was the incredible speech Anastas Mikoyan delivered at the Communist Congress in Peking last September. The West either ignored the speech, or did not understand it. But what Mikoyan had in effect told the Chinese was not to stray too far from the path of Stalinist orthodoxy, not to talk too much of each Communist country following its own specific road, and not to pretend that the Chinese Communists could have triumphed had it not been for the increased might of the Soviet Union.

Mikoyan is perhaps the subtlest of the Moscow leaders, and he mixed his sharp sermon to the Chinese Communists with orchids for Mao Tse-tung. But there was no mistaking his theme, and if Khrushchev's complimentary speech in Peking in 1954 was interrupted by applause no less than eighty-one times, Mikoyan's was received with much less joy.

IN THE face of these constant shifts of emphasis, it was not unreasonable to assume that the Great Debate in Moscow was not over, and that there was disagreement on how to cope with the counter-revolutionary forces that were tearing apart the old monolithic unity of the Communist bloc. The champions of the "soft" approach might have conceivably been arguing that, with Stalin long dead and discredited, there was no way to reassert Moscow's total control over the other Communist states and parties. The advocates of the "hard" policy, on the other hand, might have been warning that if the reins were loosened any more, the horse would unseat the Red horseman. And it is not impossible that

right at this moment there are some among the eleven men who rule the Soviet Union who already know that the counter-revolution and the process of disintegration are too far gone to be arrested now.

However essential it was for Soviet domestic reasons, Khrushchev's violent attack on Stalin last February became an important factor in the October counter-revolution. For with this savage indictment of the ways of governing and of the faith itself, the "people's democracies" now had every reason to seek out new paths. In Poland, for instance, the revolutionary ferment became unmistakable last March. The students, the writers and even the Communist press began to demand a greater freedom of expression. The Communist trade unions, whose only duty was to the party and not to the worker, found themselves in trouble with their members. The Secret Police put through a series of reorganizations, each more drastic than the one before. In May, Jacob Berman, the top Stalinist whose area of interest ranged from culture to police terror, found it advisable to retire. In June came the electrifying uprising in Poznan, which gave both Warsaw and Moscow notice that the counter-revolution was close to the surface. Yet, in July, Marshall Bulganin visited Warsaw to give a sharp and public spanking to the Polish party leadership and press for getting out of hand. And as the Polish leaders debated the shape of the Poznan trials, Wladislaw Gomulka was beginning to hatch his plot from his modest apartment in a Warsaw suburb.

NO ONE will ever know what Nikita Khrushchev expected to achieve by his dramatic flight to Warsaw on that Black Friday of October 19. Perhaps he thought he could impress Gomulka with the enormity of his defiance. Possibly he thought Gomulka might be frightened by the sight of the greatest Politbureau aggregation ever to journey abroad on a single mission (only Bulganin and Malenkov were left at home). Perhaps he hoped he could, in a face-to-face encounter, frighten Gomulka and his allies with the

word of troop movements. Or perhaps the flight to Warsaw was what Gomulka and Edward Ochab apparently took it to be—an amazing demonstration of the confusion, desperation and near-panic that seized the Soviet leaders when they learned of Gomulka's imminent coup. But whatever the reason for their flight, the Russians failed. Even before the Ten Days were over, Moscow capitulated.

THROUGH the ten days that shook the Red world, the only people who knew next to nothing about the counter-revolution were the Soviet citizens. The crisis in Poland began on September 18, but the Soviet press had nothing on it until two days later. On that day, *Pravda* ran a brief and misleading communique on the Warsaw talks ("conducted in an atmosphere of party and friendly candor"), and a long and singularly venomous attack on the Polish press and, by implication, Polish leaders. Not a word was said about Rokossovsky's dismissal, and only the most assiduous Soviet reader could learn of it by matching the list of Polish Politbureau members who faced Khrushchev with a subsequent list of new Politbureau members. A full week had to elapse before *Pravda* finally published, with not a word of comment or explanation, the full text of an editorial in the Warsaw *Tribuna Ludu* and the abridged text of Gomulka's speech at a mass meeting. The two statements were worded in the usual jargon, and the spaces between the lines were so narrow that few Soviet readers could have detected in them the shape of the Polish counter-revolution.

Students demonstrating in Budapest at the outset of the Hungarian revolt cheered Gomulka's victory over the Russians. In Warsaw, thousands hailed the uprising of the ill-armed Hungarians against Soviet authority and tanks. The Russians alone were not permitted to know of the upheaval that affected their destinies so closely. What was Moscow afraid of, and was this yet another demonstration of the crisis of Soviet leadership?

The rollback of Soviet influence has been so rapid that it is no longer

clear which East European country is a satellite, and which is not. Could a Poland that is demanding her own share of German reparations allegedly withheld by Moscow be still regarded as a satellite? And could any satellite think—as Hungary is doing—of installing a Catholic Cardinal as its prime minister?

TO understand the forces that compelled the Soviet Union to pull back in the eventful ten days, one must look at Eastern Europe as it was in mid-October. At that time satellite Europe embraced seven sharply differing components—from a backward Albania and agricultural Bulgaria to the highly industrialized Czechoslovakia. Yet, however they differed, they all bore the brand of Communist uniformity impressed on them by Stalin. This was true of puppet shows and economy, of bricklaying and the ways of governing.

But if the seven countries were made to look and think alike, Stalin made sure that none of them had any close contact with the other six. It was easier for a Hungarian to go to Italy than to Albania, and a Bulgarian could spend a lifetime waiting for a visa to cross the border into brotherly Rumania. The satellite governments exchanged careful courtesies; they remembered each other's anniversaries and traded art shows, but of physical contact between the neighboring peoples there was almost none.

One can only guess that the reason for this rigid compartmentalization was Stalin's fear that the East European countries might get together in some anti-Soviet move. But he apparently did not realize that by keeping the seven countries so rigidly apart, he was also helping to keep alive the spirit of nationalism within each. From personal observation, I can testify that these Communist-controlled countries hated and suspected their Red neighbors only a little less than they hated the Soviet Union. Some of the satellite countries, and especially Rumania, Hungary and East Germany, had particularly bitter memories of Soviet "liberation." These memories were never allowed to die, for the

Russians managed to make their subsequent patronage and friendship offensive.

Moscow's commandment to "industrialize, industrialize and again industrialize" was applied to Eastern Europe without discrimination or economic sense. All the resources of each small country were brought close to exhaustion in the construction of a vast heavy industry. But the Soviet planners apparently never considered if the country's mineral resources, or manpower or know-how justified such an industry. The villages were drained of their manpower until there was a shortage of farmhands; instead of grain, the farmers now raised industrial crops, such as flax and cotton; and the draconic collectivization denied the tiller any incentive to work harder.

The results became apparent three years before Stalin's death. Yet, he persisted, and I recall, back in 1950, standing in a queue for hours for a small pat of butter in the same Hungary which once was Europe's chief provider of fats, or trying in vain to buy bread in a Bulgarian village. Since 1950, scarcity has been a way of life all along Eastern Europe—part of the price this region was paying for its industrialization and Stalin's folly.

BUT EVEN the new industry, built at such a cost, was ill-considered and ill-balanced. Hungary, Czechoslovakia and Poland are studded with Stalin's "white elephants"—enormous plants for which no raw materials were available nearby, and whose steel or machines could compete in the world market only by exploiting the worker more and more and paying him less and less.

The great Sztalinvaros steel combine in Hungary had no coking coal and no high-grade iron ore, and it had to import both from abroad. (It was originally laid close to the Yugoslav border, but, when Tito was proclaimed a traitor, the plant was moved, brick by brick, to a Danube swamp farther away from the border.) Some of the great Czech plants were hurriedly closed down after Stalin's death, for there was never any economic excuse for them. And the giant new steel mills of Poland

hungered for the coal which the country was required to export to the Soviet Union at reduced prices.

To this burden in 1951 was added the weight of a new, vast and enormously wasteful munitions industry. By 1953, these plants brought Poland, for instance, to the brink of bankruptcy, but it was only this fall that Polish officials found the courage to admit it. And, inevitably, apace with this unbalanced economy there had appeared unemployment. In 1953-54, special "labor exchanges" had to be set up in Hungary to deal with the jobless thousands. And only a few months ago, Warsaw estimated Poland's unemployment at 500,000 and "hidden" unemployment (people in economically useless jobs) at 2,000,000 out of the total work force of 6,000,000.

THESE WERE all a legacy of the Stalinist era—fervent nationalism, and hatred of all things Soviet; inept planning that resulted in food shortages, a scarcity of consumer goods, unemployment and industrial "white elephants"; and, finally, police repression in forms so primitively cruel one had to go to the Middle Ages or the Middle East for anything to match them. And if the testimony of the countless nameless victims was not regarded as convincing, one only had to summon Janos Kador, today the First Secretary of the Hungarian Communist Party, and ask him to raise his hands. For the zealous men who arrested him some five years ago, pulled his nails off, one by one, to make his mind function with greater clarity.

Moscow's intelligence in Eastern Europe is superb, and the Soviet leaders are capable of a sober appraisal. Yet, such was the self-deception, or confidence, or even contempt for the satellite peoples that no Russian ever sensed the immense power of the resentments bubbling up just under the red surface. Since the October counter-revolution broke out in Warsaw on October 19, Moscow has been frantically offering concessions. But these are concessions of dismay, and the roll-back continues.

This, then, is a time of reap-



praisal for everyone. Moscow has now found that its "tough" policy has backfired in Hungary, and its "soft" policy has failed dismally in Poland. Its most urgent task, therefore, is to take a fresh look at the counter-revolution now sweeping much of Eastern Europe, try to foretell its course, and decide how the Soviet Union can live side by side with it. As I write these lines, Moscow has offered all its satellites, past and present, to withdraw its troops, revise the harshly one-sided economic agreements and, in general, correct the "downright errors" of the past. But the Soviet leaders are still not of one mind on the scope of the concessions needed; there are indications, for instance, that the Russians are reinforcing rather than withdrawing their troops from Hungary.

Perhaps the only consolation Moscow can have at the moment is that the government in Warsaw remains Communist, and (at the time of this writing) the Communists still retain a voice in Budapest. But Gomulka is rebellious, and Nagy is all

but hostile, and Moscow cannot watch with equanimity the tremendous impact their activities must have on the other East European states, notably Czechoslovakia and East Germany.

But if this is a time of reappraisal for Moscow, it is also so for the West. It is now abundantly clear that the West in general, and Washington especially, never had a genuine policy towards Eastern Europe. What it did have in the guise of a policy was such slogans as "Liberation" and anti-Communist propaganda, often of a dubious quality. Now that the counter-revolution has begun, the West can no longer afford to coast along without a policy. Will it be far-sighted enough to extend generous help, with no strings attached, to the former satellites now headed by what one might call "marginal Communists"? Will it use its influence to install in power the emigres who for the past seven or eight years have been "gentlemen-farmers" near Washington, and who are despised in their native lands? Will it be able to recognize the emergence of a pow-

erful and growing bloc of non-Soviet nations, which will be politically independent, bound to Moscow only by tenuous ties, and staunchly anti-capitalist?

This, finally, is a time of reappraisal for the Western liberal who, for his inability to build his own spiritual home, has sought it in what he thought was a Socialist paradise in the East. For a generation and more, he remained loyal not to what was true but to what he imagined to be true, and sought a refuge in rationalization each time history showed him that the home he had chosen was no place for a liberal. For if he truly searched his conscience he would have found that there was no justification for Janos Kadar's torn-out nails and the system of horror they represented. What will the liberal who hailed the original October Revolution say now of the men who revolted against that revolution? What will he do if a clerical-Fascist system arises in the ruins of Stalinism? And would he now be able to build a refuge of his own, on his own ideological grounds?

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## ARABIA vs. ISRAEL

### Background to War . . by WALDO FRANK

*[Waldo Frank, noted author, lecturer and critic—his Birth of a World: Bolivar in Terms of His People was an outstanding contribution to biography—recently returned from a visit to Israel. He is now writing The Ladder and the Thigh: a non-Zionist Portrait of Israel, scheduled for publication next year. The following article, extracted from a chapter of the book, provides the background necessary for an understanding of today's headlines.]*

*For topical comment on Middle East developments, see editorial on page 337.—ED.]*

FOR THE problem of Israel, there is no panacea. This perhaps is the clear approach to it. The problem consists of complex, conflicting, liv-

ing elements which only time and internal change can integrate into a living balance. These elements must be admitted, not obliterated, to become organic tensions.

What are some of these warring elements, which must be modulated, as nuclear energy may be, from destruction to construction?

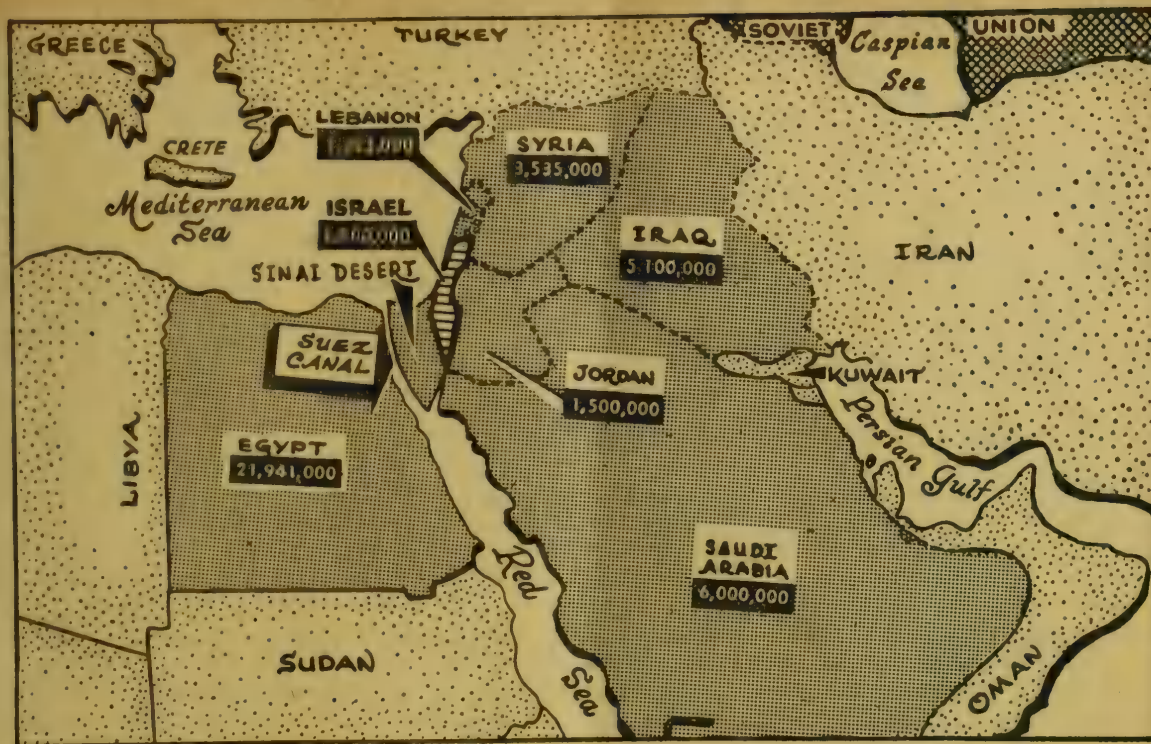
1. The Western powers, principally Great Britain and France, sustained their Oriental empires through the access and the wealth of the Middle East; and this assumed the submission of the Middle East's inhabitants, the Arabs. Arabic oil, which turns most of the wheels of Europe, is merely a final, crucial form of the dependence of Europe, hinged, in its present set-up, upon the dependence of the Arabs. With

the decline of the Western powers, their own position has given power to the Arabs. They are being aroused in nationalist and pan-Islamic movements.

2. Their legitimate thirst for freedom, since they have no democratic traditions, is largely exploited by old-fashioned *sheikhs* or by demagogues who use the power of their countries' wealth and the fanaticism of their people to blackmail the Western powers. The essence of the Middle East's wealth, in a world still desperately clinging to nineteenth-century political-economic forms, is not oil, but geographical position.

3. The expanding pressures of Communist Russia, heir of its Czarist past, seek a place in this power

## Populations: Israel and Its Arab Neighbors



chaos. Communism is strengthened by an expansive ideology and by its *de facto* status of enemy to Western "imperialism." The Arabs too have the fanatical ideology of their religion to energize their rise against the West and against alien ideologies. They are also extremely poor (Egypt is the world's most miserable and crowded population); and their discontent is deflected by skillful demagogues for their own ends.

4. Into this cauldron of cross-purposes, the Jews have bodily thrust themselves. Their "Zion," where they were to find the peace which surpasses understanding and mystically to expand it unto all the peoples of the world, has been the cockpit of battle since the Assyrians, the Medes, the Greeks and the Romans.

5. The Jews of Palestine represent no single, simple impulse, but on the contrary a complex of drives as mixed as the forces arrayed against them. They have a religion whose premise of a Messianic return to Palestine frontally clashes with the religion of Mohammed. Most of them do not practise the forms of this religion; but its energy moves

them toward a secular messianism which the Mussulman rejects both because of its mystical roots and because in its secular flower it relates the Jew in Palestine to the imperial Western powers. Moreover, in the modernity of their politics and science, the Israelis *are* the West and suspect even when "bearing gifts." Reason reveals to the Arabs the benefits of science; racial egoism prompts them to fear its invasiveness and to accept it only on their own nationalist terms.

6. The emotional and spiritual background of the Zionist movement, which with miraculous success, in a few decades, has made of Palestine a modern Western nation, is unknown to the Arabs or is disregarded. When, as with the Arab intellectuals, it is known, the Zionist solution for Jewry's ages of persecution—the ghetto centuries, the Russian pogroms, the final horror of Hitler—is passionately rejected. Anti-Semitism, they would say with much truth, is a Christian European problem.

7. The Jews, settled in Palestine, have spontaneously allied them-

selves with the West. (Today, with the new influx of Oriental Jews who have lived in Islam for a thousand years, this fact is stressed by the state's open assumption that the Oriental Jews can be assimilated into Israel only by being "Westernized.") Against Arab hostility, they turn to the West. Against Communist expansion, they turn to the West. More than any other ancient culture, they created the West. Western money has financed their building a Western nation; and their state is Western. Wherefore, in Arab eyes, the Jews in their tiny land (fester- ing in the Arab flesh like a splinter) *are* the West; share Arab hate of their Western allies; share the distrust of the Communists and pro-Communists among the Arabs. (And these are numerous.)

8. Such facts and motives, infinitely intermingled, grew more embroiled after the Second World War. Hundreds of thousands of dispossessed Jews, survivors of the wrath of Hitler, pleaded the right to settle in what the Balfour Declaration called their legitimate homeland. Britain feared the displeasure of the



Arab *sheikhs*, loss of the Arab oil, and refused to let more homeless Jews pour in. The resentment of the Palestinian Jews rose to fury. It is not to be doubted that if the British after the war had opened the gates, the Jews in Palestine would have welcomed the security and peace of Dominion status. The Arabs would at that time have been powerless to oppose it. The Jews, fighting with the British, had helped them to win Palestine. Trained in British armies, they now waged a smouldering, desperate war against their teachers. The *Haganah* observed moderation. Small groups, such as the *Irgun* and the Sternist terrorists, expressing the Jews' response to Hitler, turned like cornered beasts against the British. Sullenly, England withdrew from what had become an impossible situation. They were confident they would be called back, when the Arabs, as they foresaw, poured into the vacuum left by their departure. Instead, the Jews proclaimed a state. They had been ready to become a Dominion, or part of one. Now, as the Arabs invaded, they had been ready to accept the United Nations plan of Partition, which gave Israel 54 per cent of Palestine, west of the Jordan. But the war, as they saw it, erased Partition. "Give us back our young men killed by the Arab invasions," they said, "and we will go back to Partition." The Armistice, signed in 1949 in Rhodes, found the battle-line crazily twisting through Jerusalem's streets, through a no-man's-land at the road to Tel Aviv, almost reaching the Mediterranean west of Samaria, with a ten-meter strip of the east shore of Lake Tiberias. They had defended 75 per cent of Palestine and were resolved to keep it. The Armistice terms guaranteed Israel free commerce on its coast and access to both Suez and the Red Sea. These terms were ignored, since no navy was there to enforce them.

9. A half-million Arabs had fled from Israel during the war, for a number of reasons never mentioned by the Arab orators in the United Nations. They had fled because the Arab leaders urged them over the radio to get out of the way of the

invading armies. They had fled, after the first Israeli victories, because they feared for their lives. (Had not the Arabs promised extermination to the Jews?) They had fled, in some cases, because aroused Israelis were violent against them. Now the Jewish immigrants poured in; the Arab farms were filled. The war was not over; it was stratified in the psychology of the humiliated Arabs. They refused to discuss the fate of the refugees, who increase and multiply (approaching a million) in the camps of Gaza and Jordan.

10. The Arabs and their partisans insist that the Palestinian Arabs were *driven* from their homes. This justifies what they know to be the impossible demand that all of them return (about 80,000 did return, and at one time Israel agreed to repatriate another 100,000). How do we know, in this clash of statements, where the truth lies? We have the evidence of the recorded radio instructions by Arab army leaders. Far more reliable, we have the common-sense logic of the situation. When the Arab armies came in, grossly outnumbering the Jews — came in from the North, the Northeast, the East, the Southeast and the South, what reasonably would have been the response of the Israelis? To meet the invader on every front, in very settlement, and to repulse him. The Palestinian Arabs were everywhere behind the lines: in villages, in cities, in farms. Could the Israelis have spent their precious rare manpower rounding them up, driving them out, fighting them to expel them? Would they not rather have prayed that the Palestinian Arabs would remain where they were, causing no trouble? Surely, they urged them, as they insist they urged them, to stay in their homes and be quiet. They reassured them they would not be molested. When the Arabs went, they were not stopped — obviously. No less obviously, the improvised Israeli armies were too busy to start a war against them.

THIS, I believe, is a just schema of the present situation. What can we make of it? On the level of in-

dividual attitudes and facts, nothing. Each detail, each argument, has its antithesis. The Jews claim Palestine as their ancestral home, and their one home (behold what became of them in Germany, where they had dwelt since the age of Julius Caesar!). The Arabs claim that they have lived there for the past twelve centuries. The Jews quote the Balfour Declaration; the Arabs reject Britain's right to have made it. The Jews place on the record the bill-of-sale for every Palestinian acre they acquired until the Arabs made war or left the land to the victors; the Arabs reply that American dollars also are a form of invasion. Jewish orthodoxy and nationalism collide with Arab orthodoxy and nationalism. The Jews remind the world that they were homeless and landless because of persecution, whereas the refugee Arabs have a million square miles in which to settle. The Arabs counter that they are not responsible for the world's treatment of the Jews and that a man's being homeless does not justify his invading the house of another, no matter how spacious with how many empty rooms. The West clamors its need of maintaining the Middle East as an open highway for its commerce, a life-line for its oil; Russia puts forth analogous claims; the Arabs insist that the rights of their nations take precedent over the privilege of obsolescent empires.

ON THIS level of claim and counter-claim, of "right" and "wrong," we are lost in a labyrinth. The one way out is to dig *below* the specific issues or to rise *above* the maze. The quarrels of the Middle East have blinded participants and spectators to the basic fact that these lands are inhabited by human beings: by men and women and children! If the world can grow aware of this, it will become aware of the rights of these men and women to live; it will be able to impose this awareness upon all the actors of the conflict; and a start will begin out of the marish and night-marish maze.

No one questions the Arabs' right to live, and to live in the lands



which have become consubstantial with their living. No one must question the Israelis' right to live; and the fact of many decades fulfilling the will of long ages has made their right to live in Palestine consubstantial with *their* right to live. The Arabs might blast the Israelis out of their narrow land; this indeed is what their chieftains threaten. Then the Israeli would die. Grant his right to live, and his right to live where he goes with it.

The right to live transcends ethical judgment; it hinges on the mystery that *one is living*. This indeed is the official stand of the United Nations, which, however, has so often wavered in implementing its stand that it may be said to have betrayed it. When the United Nations fails to insist that the Arab state discuss peace with the Arab states; when it permits them to blockade Israel's coast and to deny Israel access to the Suez Canal, etc., it is betraying its recognition of Israel's right to live.

Israel has become, for better or worse, the *form* of the life of two million Jewish men and women. To concede, as most of us do, its right to live and to deny the embodiment of its life is absurd.

If this elementary proposition about Israel is granted and *proclaimed* by the nations of the world, the Arab chieftains will hear and will hearken. The specious antagonism between Israeli and Arab will diminish. The vast majority of Arabs have no contact with Israelis (therefore they can be made to believe malevolent fairy-tales about them). Those that do have contact soon discover its potential benefits. The Middle East's complex problems cannot be swiftly solved. But this existential base for their *confrontation* will at least have been created. A clear note of Israel's *right to be*, sounded in unison by the nations of the world, would bring a change of attitude with the effect of magic.

I do not ignore the impediments to the inauguration of this "magic": the Arab's political immaturity and indifference to democratic measures, his low standard of living compared to the Western Israeli; his corrupt leaders' investment in his ignorance;

the clashes and hurt pride of nationalist egoisms; the head-on collisions of the two orthodoxies; communism's false simplifications and incentives. No panacea can "cure" them overnight. But the voice of a firm world judgment will be heard, and will create even in Cairo an atmosphere in which full-scale war would be unable to break out. Supporting the present flimsy armistice of arms there would be a psychological truce in which—the longer it lasts—Arab and Israeli will begin again to regard each other as humans, as neighbors, as potential partners in such urgent affairs as irrigation and the exchange of goods and of ideas.

How these collaborations might begin, how proceed, no one perhaps can say. They may be at first quite informal. They may spread beyond the carapace of the official hostility which of course will last long; and subtly, gradually corrode it, before officialdom grows conscious of a change. The creative acts of man are always initially obscure, because we insist on looking for them in the one form they never take: the form of the creative acts of yesterday. This applies to art, to religion, to economics — and to politics.

The "incompatibility" of Arab and Jew has been induced by the confusions we have noted and by the charges of will within them. It is substantially nonsense, — but nonsense can commit murder. The Arab, intelligent, flexible, swift, leaped from the desert that absorbed him into dynamic Islam, sank into

stagnation — and is on the move again. How he moves in the next decade depends on the pressures of the world. He *could* move into communism. As I had occasion to point out long ago\*, there are deep analogies between early Islam and Russian communism. If the conditions that favored communism in Russia and China remain, the Arab response to them might take an analogous form (though not identical). Islam communism would be tempered and transformed, as it indubitably will be in Russia by the deep orthodox Christian tradition; in China by the momentum of two millenia of Confucius. Arab communism would have a Bedouin ferocity.

THE ISRAELIS' clear advantage in the present struggle is that they do not desire, nor does their program incur, the death of the Arabs. Their presence in Palestine calls for many adjustments (the plight of the Arab refugees is the extreme instance); but it need not hinder the health and happiness of a single Arab. On the contrary, their skills, industrial, political, scientific, can be of great value to their neighbors.

To this end, which would be an organic beginning, both the Israelis and the West must shift their positions. The West must prove that its democracy, and its championing democracy abroad, are real. Israel must prove that it is not a satellite of any colonizing or exploiting power. It must establish and prove its independence also of world Jewry, which is dependent on these powers. It must argue for its existence on less legalistic terms than the dubious Balfour Declaration. Although ready to defend itself at any hour with arms, it must lean less on its victory of 1948 for the establishment of its frontiers. Justice, not the 1948 Armistice, should mark Israel's boundaries. Israel should have the lands of Palestine because it needs them, and vast Araby does not.

But Israel should be ready to make concessions. It has already offered Haifa as a free port for the use of Syria and Jordan. It would probably agree to ensure Egypt some



St. Louis Post-Dispatch

### Unholy Land

\*Dawn in Russia (Scribners, 1932).

November 10, 1956



form of passage to the Arab hinterland through the Negev. I think it could most profitably allow the internationalization of Nazareth (which is predominantly Arab) and Jerusalem. This might injure the Israelis in their nationalist pride.

But it would incarnate the concept of Israel as a people dedicated to the service of the whole brotherhood of man. It would make of these two cities, sacred to half the world, an active symbol of the vision of the Prophets. They would become, in

themselves, a prophecy and a promise.

But all this — so urgent and so possible! — cannot begin to be, until Israel's *right to be* is effectively acknowledged. Does the world owe less to Israel or to itself?

# THE GREAT EXPERIMENTER

Essence of Brecht's Genius . . by LION FEUCHTWANGER

*Translated by Therese Pol*

BERTOLT BRECHT lived to be acknowledged beyond Germany's borders as the outstanding dramatist of our time, and this international critical acclaim came to him in spite of the difficulties a foreign readership necessarily experiences in appreciating the significance of his work. For a true understanding of his art can hardly be gained from the printed text of his plays. Brecht strove for an all-encompassing work of art; the essence of his plays is revealed only in their presentation, in *his* presentation, which breaks with all forms of the theatre as we have known it.

Like Shakespeare and Molière, Brecht was a born theatre man, for whom all aspects of his craft were vibrantly alive. He used to tell his stage designer exactly what sets he wanted, and Caspar Neher, Germany's most talented man in this field, owes the best of his art to him. When he worked with composers, Brecht would whistle the tunes for his songs, or sing them in his rather shrill voice. I still remember the day he sang for Kurt Weill certain melodies he remembered from street singers in his native Augsburg, and which were then resurrected in *The Threepenny Opera*. The poet in him was always complementing the stage director, and the director was complementing the poet.

Brecht believed in collective ef-

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Drawing by Berger

Bertolt Brecht

fort, and felt that "one ought to push ahead on a wide front." Wherever he happened to be, he was surrounded by a group of followers who believed in him unquestioningly. Together with his wife and companion, the actress Helene Weigel, he created a theatrical ensemble—a collective group—which enabled him to plan, organize and experiment as he pleased. He conducted this group as he would an orchestra.

During rehearsals Brecht was quarrelsome, domineering and irritable. He would not rest until his actors had given everything they had. He drove them to frustration and exhaustion. He fed on the vitality of others, but he himself gave without stint or envy. He had the capacity to bring out hidden talents

in his players, he tapped qualities of which they themselves were ignorant. Many actors, especially those worthy of the name, have acknowledged that they owe the essence of their art to Brecht.

He firmly believed in the dialectic approach to art. One of his principles was: let's look at the matter from the opposite angle. Just as Goethe insisted on a fat Hamlet, precisely because this kind of Hamlet violated all tradition, Brecht liked to select for his characters those actors whose art and temperament seemed diametrically opposed to their roles. It sometimes happened, also, that after weeks of rehearsal, dissatisfied with the results, he would go back and start the whole production over from scratch. Brecht demanded patience from his collaborators, but he gave more than he asked for.

BRECHT regarded everything he had done as provisional, as something still in the process of creation. To him, books he had long since published, plays he had long since staged, were by no means finished, and it was especially the works he loved best — *Saint Joan of the Slaughterhouses*, *The Good Woman of Setzuan*, *The Caucasian Circle of Chalk*—that he looked upon as fragments. With other Germans he shared the attitude that the completion of a work was less important than the labor put into it. He listened attentively to all suggestions and criticisms, he consulted the audience about their impressions, he turned his hearers into active collaborators. Whenever a com-

ment made sense to him he revised what he had done, and, if necessary, he was perfectly willing to start from a new angle something he had already revised a thousand times.

It is the unbroken continuity of this creative process that makes his works so dynamic. They force the listener to develop for himself the themes outlined on the stage; they stimulate him into doubt, argument or agreement with Brecht. The playwright described his plays as "didactic." He wanted to provoke his audience, in particular to rouse their opposition; he wanted to argue with them, and help them—and himself—to sharpen their minds.

This Socratic quality pervades Brecht's entire work. It preoccupies the reader, it grasps his attention, it fascinates him time and again.

Brecht's brilliant gift for controversy was not confined to his plays. This ardent man was even more fiery in a debate. He had a bold new idea every minute. He liked to express himself in paradoxes, he defended his theories with a keen wit even when they were untenable; he would eventually become vehement and aggressive, only to drop the argument with a sly and good-natured laugh.

HE DID not believe in mood: he believed in the experiment. Experimenting was his passion.

When Brecht, at the age of twenty, came to see me, I was working on a "dramatic novel." The term "dramatic novel" gave Brecht food for thought. He declared that in fusing the dramatic with the epic element one should go much farther than I had; he never ceased trying to create the "epic drama."

It was not out of false modesty that he described his dramas as "experiments." These plays were indeed "experiments" in the sense that they presented his inner world to the audience in new and ever-changing forms. He thought that the poet ought to experiment, as Archimedes, Bacon or Galileo had done. To him, all dramas written before his time, including those of Aeschylus and Shakespeare, were "experimental." He praised Shakespeare for unscrupulously taking the plots, and some-

times even the forms, used by other dramatists to create something new. Brecht himself took all substances and forms that excited his imagination, worked them over, remodeled them, made them his own, and transformed them so thoroughly that they ultimately belonged to him altogether. The masks of the Chinese theatre, the flower path of the Indian drama, the chorus of ancient tragedy—all these served him to project his own vision of the world.

All experiments tempted him, even if they promised little or no success. Once I called his attention to the didactic poem by Lucretius, *De Natura Rerum*. The hexameters in which this Roman presented the doctrine of Epicurus inspired Brecht to cast the Communist Manifesto in the form of hexameters. I pointed out the difficulty if not the hopelessness of such an undertaking. But he was obsessed by the idea and would not let it go, and so we tried it. We worked for six weeks before he gave it up.

It was extremely fortunate that during the decisive years of his artistic development the various theatres throughout Germany did everything to further Brecht's experiments. No matter how shortsighted the policies of the Weimar Republic, its attitude toward literature and the arts was generous. Many influential politicians were seriously interested in art and literature, and in the twenties the theatres were officially subsidized. Brecht's most productive period as a dramatist coincided with the heyday of the German theatre. Intelligent and art-minded producers placed their theatres at Brecht's disposal for his experiments.

Leopold Jessner, director of the Berliner Staatstheater—himself a man who loved bold experiments—was deeply interested in Brecht. On his well-financed and excellently organized stage Brecht was able to experiment to his heart's content. He had unlimited time for rehearsals; he would cast and recast as much as he liked (all German actors of note were at his beck and call), and if he eventually dropped scenes or even whole acts on which an

enormous amount of time and money had been expended, people understood and did not hold it against him. What helped him greatly was the attitude of Berlin's reviewers, who waged passionate battles over his plays. If Alfred Kerr, the city's most renowned critic, occasionally derided him with his biting and brilliant wit, Herbert Ihering, who was scarcely less famous, fought for Brecht's new art with ardent enthusiasm and a profound understanding of the playwright's aims. Throughout the German Reich people took part in this artistic struggle, which sometimes expressed itself in spectacular honors and then again in violent scandals. Either way, Brecht merely chortled and went on with his work.

This most happy time in Brecht's life abruptly ended when the National Socialists came to power. Brecht, whom the Nazis had always attacked with unrestrained venom, had to leave Germany and its theatres. During his years of exile he wrote poems of great power and beauty. Now and then he found dévotées who helped him put on his plays even if they promised no commercial success. As an example, Charles Laughton, highly susceptible to the subtleties of the spoken or written word in any language, worked with Brecht on the English version of the latter's *Galileo*; the result was an excellent performance. But this was an exception. The commercial theatre that Brecht found outside Germany's borders repelled him. During his fifteen years of exile—a very long time in so short a life—this creative theatre man was for practical purposes without a theatre in which he might have tried out his plays.

AS AN adolescent, Brecht had taken part in the abortive German revolution of 1918-1919 with a good deal of noisy enthusiasm. To this son of a small middle-class manufacturer, all bourgeois conventionalities were anathema. It was relatively late in his life when Karl Korsch and Fritz Sternberg introduced him to the theories of Marxism. Brecht was aware of the danger that his poetic gifts might be squan-



dered by moving in too many directions, and in the Marxist doctrine he found a welcome focal point for his work.

Of all the classic Marxists, he was most strongly attracted by Friedrich Hegel. He was fond of quoting from Hegel's *Geschichtsphilosophie*, in which the philosopher analyzes the reasons why the Roman Republic inevitably had to end in a dictatorship of a Caesar. It is no accident that Brecht's last wish was to be buried in the Dorotheen-Friedhof in Berlin, near Hegel.

He frequently pondered about history's "great men." This extraordinary playwright used to indulge in juicy jokes about these "big brains." One of his plays, *Mann ist Mann*, is a graphic expression of this attitude. He also meditated constantly on the concept of timelessness. In discussions, or in his works, he liked to expound the theory that what appears today to be senseless and corrupt at one time might have been sensible, meritorious and progressive. Brecht and I once revised an earlier play of mine called *Warren Hastings*. We both agreed—and this is also the conclusion reached in the play—that this governor-general of India, brutal, unscrupulous and politically corrupt as he was, viewed in proper historical perspective was beneficent and progressive—a great man.

Brecht spent his last years in East Berlin, and the East German government, like the Weimar Republic, placed a theatre at his disposal. This prompted certain West German circles to make smear attacks against Brecht.

It so happened that Brecht, being a true poet, was interested in the history of his time, but not in daily politics. Some of his works have had political repercussions, but their content and influence transcend day-by-day politics. If isolated reviewers regard Brecht's plays as purely political, one is reminded of those Danish sailors in Hamburg who broke up a performance of *Hamlet* because they considered the drama as propaganda hostile to the Danish government.

Brecht seldom voiced his opinion on contemporary events. Whenever

he did, it was in sweeping sentences that strove to emulate the style of Tacitus. The last of his pronouncements was an Open Letter to the Bundestag, West Germany's parliament. He implored the members of this body to veto universal military service and pleaded for a plebiscite to be held in both parts of Germany. The bold, grandiose language of this Open Letter will survive our time.

THE English and French translations of Brecht's works are good, some of them excellent. But the full power of Brecht's language cannot be captured in a translation. Brecht's language was of the people, but never vulgar or hackneyed; it was fresh, but never arty or synthetic—an organic mixture of the mandarin and the vernacular.

Martin Luther, the greatest language creator the Germans produced, was able to "look into the people's mouths" and use most of their speech. The German vernacular that Brecht found at the end of the first World War offered little to the man who wanted to write a poem, even less to the writer of lyrical prose and nothing at all to the dramatist. Furthermore, poetry and prose as they were practiced by the writers of his day were alien to Brecht.

He was indignant over the stubborn material he had to work with. Occasionally he would lament: "When Horace expresses the most commonplace thought and the most trivial feeling, they sound magnificent. That's because he worked with marble. Nowadays, we work with dirt." Brecht used a much coarser term.

He labored hard to find the right nuance to express his nature, thought and feeling. He would quarrel bitterly with his co-workers about a single turn of phrase. He was totally unconcerned with any rules or examples. When someone pointed out that one or another expression was too great a violation of grammar, he liked to paraphrase a famous saying: "*Ego, poeta Germanus, supra grammaticos sto*" ("I, a German poet, am above the rules of grammar").

Brecht's creative inspiration derived mainly from gestures. He first

visualized the gestures of his characters in their various situations and then searched for the corresponding word. This word had to be to the point, it had to be light and "elegant," and its sound had to evoke the characters and their situation. Brecht spared no effort to find the right word, *his* word. While we were working on the *Life of Edward II* and all day long had looked for the right word, he came running to my house in the middle of the night, whistled under my window and shouted triumphantly: "I found it!"

Germany has had many great language masters. As for language creators in this twentieth century, it produced only one: Brecht. It is thanks to Brecht that the German language of today can express feelings and thoughts which it could not put into words when Brecht began to write.

In one of the works of Lavater, in which Goethe collaborated, the former defined the essence of genius as follows: "Genius is the unlearned, the unborrowed, the unlearnable, the unborrowable, the intimately individual, the inimitable. As such it is known among all nations, and as such it will be known so long as men think, feel and speak." The unlearned, the unlearnable, the inimitable—Brecht had all of these.

Brecht needed a vast theatre organization to render his visions visible. The glaring newness and inexorable truthfulness of his art challenged the opposition of those forever wedded to the past. It was hard to help him gain the place he deserved. With Swift he shared the genius and the *saeva indignatio*, the outraged temperament, and with Swift he shared this experience: "When a man of genius appears in the world, it is immediately recognized by the fact that all the blockheads join forces against him."

The impatient poet Brecht wrote the first poems and the first plays of the third millennium. It is gratifying that time gradually caught up with him and that he was permitted to see it. But if today's generation can sense the scope of his significance, the full magnitude of his work will be appreciated only by those who come after us.

# FALL BOOK SECTION

## Youth Will Serve Itself

By Lawrence Lipton

YOUTH will be served. We hear the old adage repeated more than ever today, when everybody is trying to keep looking young in order to avoid being tossed out on the industrial scrap heap. But the adage—it was never even half true—brings a wry smile to most of our youth. They know that in the past it has meant that youth will be served—with a draft summons. And those who were not careful to keep their mouths shut might be served once more—with subpoenas and contempt citations. Five years ago somebody coined the phrase, The Silent Generation, and on many the label seemed to fit. Today there are indications that, in some quarters at least, youth is beginning to realize that if it is to be served anything it really needs or really wants it will have to serve itself.

When *Time* surveyed The Younger Generation (Nov. 5, 1951) it reported that the youth from eighteen to twenty-eight was grave and fatalistic, conventional and gregarious. Intellectually, *Time* reported, the young seemed "a bit stodgy." Their mental adventures were apt to be "mild and safe," and their literature ran to "querulous and self-protective introspection." There were "precocious technicians" like Truman Capote, William Styron and Frederick Buechner, but their books had "the air of suspecting that life is long on treachery, short on rewards," that disappointment is life's only certainty, and their work was "a by-product of their neuroses." Either through "fear of being tagged 'subversive'," (*Time* was still putting it in quotation marks in 1951) through "passivity or conviction," youth was

"ready to conform." Marxism seemed "dead" among them, democracy "strong but inarticulate" and "the movement" was "what Poet-Professor Peter Viereck calls the revolt against revolt." It was significant that "increasing numbers" of the youth were "seeking their faith not in secular panaceas but in God." In short it was The Silent Generation.

That was the picture *Time* painted in 1951. Thereafter its news columns reported the more spectacular tidbits from the juvenile crime file, and an occasional story on drug addiction, draft evasion, army desertions, conscientious objectors, and now and then a running gag like young Davis, self-styled Citizen of the World. But it did not then, and does not now, consider "Timeworthy" such items as the appearance of a new little magazine (unless it has rich and/or eccentric sponsors), or a new literary trend or change of reading tastes among the youth, or the emergence of a new type of student publication. Otherwise it might have found, even in 1951, more in the literature of the young than bogus youths who are merely failures to mature or college boys flirting with gilded bohemias. Today youth is beginning to serve itself, in ways that are, I think,

### A Study of History

Warm sun, cold river, mist —  
Do these make morning fresh?  
To the anthropologist  
Knifing under the flesh  
Our Culture broods in fog  
Heavy with time gone by,  
Stinking rank of the bog  
And a future blind to the eye;  
Yet over the still of morning  
Sun cries six o'clock,  
Flood-tide slack at turning  
Speaks of eddy and rock,  
The osprey's hover, the quiver  
Of current where herring run,  
Cold life in the river  
And flesh warm in sun.

LOUIS O. COXE

newsworthy if not Timeworthy, on campus as well as off campus.

THUMBING their noses at the *Time* and *Life* literary directives and without waiting for permission from the faculty, some Harvard undergraduates have brought out during the last two years six issues of *i.e. The Cambridge Review*. A few quotes will suffice to give the reader some idea of its direction and tone: "The great lament now is student apathy. This is the most inarticulate form of opposition, and it has come to exist because there is very little place for articulate response"—a place that the *Review* was designed to provide. "At the time of their greatest independence the universities . . . were guilds of masters and students. . . . A power [against official meddling] that arose, oddly enough, from their very poverty. Unhampered . . . by physical apparatus, great libraries, worldly goods, and substantial college foundations, they could and on occasion did migrate, taking with them their large numbers of students and profitable trade." So Black Mountain College was founded by a migration in the early 1930's, a footnote adds. "Few things are more beautiful to see than good teaching . . . even so, the scene of the same aging grown-ups hanging around while generations of youth pass by, has something in it that stinks in the nostrils. As for colleagues, the company of the like-minded is both stimulating and comforting, but to be immured with the like-minded is like—living at Princeton."

The struggle of this magazine has been the struggle to assume the critical position which dissatisfaction with the University necessitated. There is, it has been our conviction, much that is drastically wrong with Harvard's system. *i.e.* itself was started partly to give some of the content which we felt was lacking in University courses, and partly because the only other possible outlet, *The Harvard Advocate*, was a hotel for intellectual stuffed shirts.

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Paul Goodman is prominent in its pages. One finds translations from Simone Weil; "Eros and Culture" by Herbert Marcuse is a notable contribution, and jazz plays in *i.e.* something like the role it plays in the lives of the young today. No. 3 leads off with a poem, "Requiem for 'Bird' Parker," by Gregory Corso, and No. 5 contains a piece on Gerry Mulligan by Glenn Coulter. In June the *Review* published a hundred page issue, "Harvard 1956," subjecting the whole Harvard educational system to examination and criticism. "We care as much as we dare," say the four editors who wrote the whole issue themselves. "We want fights because only then can there be a type of peace—what seems like peace now is only fitful boredom."

This, I submit, is something new and far from apathetic in campus publications.

Or take the case of the *Chicago Review*, published at the University of Chicago. Here, too, editorial policy has during the last two or three years taken on the tone of iconoclastic inquiry. The Young Idea is infectiously potent even in the language of such a caption as "Jazz and the Intellectuals: Somebody Goofed," by Nat Hentoff. And the content is constantly provocative. "America's native musical voice (jazz) is an alien tongue to most of the country's intellectuals. . . . During the past half-century (while jazz has evolved from New Orleans brass bands to Brubeck polytonality), the American intellectual-artist has continued to search restlessly and often profoundly for the roots of his culture. . . ." But he has overlooked jazz, "both as a musical language and as a way of life."

The Spring 1953 issue attempts to evaluate and assimilate the influence of Robert M. Hutchins. A young writer takes a look at the Hemingway of *The Old Man and the Sea* and turns away. What is needed is a new White Hope of American fiction, he says, "someone like Ernest Hemingway, 1926 version . . . dissolute perhaps, perhaps drunk, . . . (but) roaring mad with the excitement of truth." The off-beat note is everywhere in these pages. Walt Kelly, the creator of Pogo, turns up

in the Fall 1955 issue with a parable that packs some effective but gentle irony: "We have faults which we have hardly used yet. But we are getting around to them." Student articles, stories and poems, both here and in *The Cambridge Review*, hold up well alongside such professionals as Selden Rodman, Bernard Berenson, E. E. Cummings, Mark Van Doren and Henry Miller. There is room for Russell Kirk's New Conservatism and also for my own "disaffiliation" and dedicated poverty. The *Chicago Review* augments its university subsidy with public poetry readings. Its articles of opinion are widely commented on by magazines of larger circulation and often reprinted.

This is a far cry from the cute capers of student mags which made news only on the intellectual level of goldfish swallowing and panty raids. Perhaps the schooling provisions of the G.I. bill had something to do with it. The new campus magazines are drawing much of their editorial talent, material and readership from "vets" in their late twenties. Lachlan MacDonald of the *Chicago Review* is a good example of the type. "Form? Yes. Technique? Of course. But the first thing I look for is content," I heard him tell a group of young writers recently. And Angus Stewart Fletcher of *i.e.* *The Cambridge Review* wrote to me, "We have been thinking of devoting a whole issue of *i.e.* to the undermining effects of American business upon American thought and art."

OFF CAMPUS the same ferment is brewing. Unsubsidized, never more than a jump ahead of the printer, financed for the most part out of the editor's weekly paycheck (and often also his wife's), the little Davids do battle with the Goliaths of middle class complacency and the "engineers of public acceptance." From the monthly newsprint *Intro Bulletin* in New York to the quarterly *Coastlines* in Los Angeles the accent is on youth, but a youth that demands answers, and none of the old, easy answers, whether they come from the Right or from the Left. Everything is "at the crossroads." Whether it is an article on modern

dance by Leighton Kerner, on jazz by George H. Moorsee; or Storm De Hirsch, F. N. Karmatz or Lawrence Ferlinghetti reporting on public poetry readings in New York, Chicago and San Francisco (in *Intro Bulletin*), Mel Weisburd on science-fiction in *Coastlines*, or Jay Pell or Leslie Woolf Hedley taking the New Criticism apart in *Whetstone*, the question is always "What went wrong, what do you know that's new, and where do we go from here?"

In magazines like the new *Liberation* it takes social and political form. The first (March 1956) issue started right off with a "Tract for the Times," searching for "roots" in four "root traditions from which we derive our values and standards": the Judea-Christian prophetic tradition; the American tradition as exemplified in Jefferson, Paine, Emerson, Debs, the Utopian community experiments, the Abolition movement, the Underground Railway (to name a few); the libertarian democratic, anti-war, socialist, anarchist and labor movements in Europe and the United States, and the tradition of pacifism or non-violence as exemplified for instance in Gandhi and Vinoba Bhave. A heritage, a guide, but not an answer. The answers are still to be explored, by discussion, but also and more importantly by experience, by action. Past and forthcoming contributors include veterans—Waldo Frank, A. J. Muste, Lewis Mumford, Dorothy Day, Pitrim Sorokin, Kenneth Rexroth and Kenneth Patchen—but the editors are nearly all young men and some of the most thoughtful and penetrating material in the magazine is coming from their hands.

Michael Harrington who is one of its younger contributors, takes the editors to task for downgrading Karl Marx's analysis of Capitalism as a guide to present-day world trends: "Some of its [Marx's analysis] specific predictions were wrong; some were amazingly exact; but as a living instrument of knowledge it is still the finest tool the radical has. This is especially true with regard to themes that *Liberation* clearly intends to make its own: of the alienation of man in modern society, of his de-spiritualization." It is strikingly characteristic

of the younger generation today that Harrington, a politically active writer, should also be the author of "Art: Philosophy or the God-Like Image?" in the *Chicago Review*.

The same versatility of interests—and abilities—is discovered even in more popular, satirical media like *Mad* magazine, which are edited and read by young people for the most part. In *Mad*, everything in American life comes in for critical comment, in text, cartoons and captions: politics, radio-tv, Hollywood, newspapers, advertising, sports, comics, manners and mores. And it is good, solid, cogent comment, not despite but because of its burlesque tone, which it describes as "humor in a jugular vein." Newsstands cannot keep up with the demand as huge stacks of *Mad* are snatched up by young people eager to read things like—

#### TENSE TYCOONS AND LUCKY BUCKS

Mad's own Business Novel 'Crash McCool' Reaffirms Spiritual Values of Cool Cash

The shrewd parody of *Cash McCool* that follows is as good literary criticism in its way as any review of the book in the radical or liberal magazines.

What is most significant about this new trend in the literature of the younger generation is the unanimity of its attitudes on so many things. Simultaneously you will find a cartoon strip in *Mad*, an editorial in *Liberation*, an article in the *Chicago Review*, a short story in *Coastlines*, a poem in *Whetstone*, an essay in *The Cambridge Review*, and an interview in *Intro Bulletin*, all focussed on the same subject or the same book or the same recent event, and all from pretty much the same point of view. Clearly something is "in the air."

Noisiest of all, paradoxically, are the privately—well, all but privately—published, and the as yet unpublished. The sound they are putting down, to fall in with their own lingo, is deafening, but it is audible only to those who know what doors to open. They might be called the underground of contemporary American literature. Here jazz is very near-

## Cape Dread

For those who come after, that is how we named it;  
You may find that some other suits it better. Only  
We pray you, for no saint christen it. The toll of us  
That it took, we do not yet know the unhallowed  
End of it, any more than we can assess  
Our own ends beforehand. All summer  
We had coursed a strange ocean, the winds driving  
From quarters that seemed unnatural, and the set  
Of the currents sorted not with our learning.  
But in autumn sometimes all waters seem familiar,  
With leaves, quite far out, littering the ground swell  
On smooth days when the wind is light. And in  
The haze then you can believe you are anywhere:  
Standing off a home shore, and can even smell  
The sweet dankness of smoke from known hearths. So we  
Bore on, feeling courage more fresh in us  
Than on the day of our sailing, musing  
How far we might fetch before winter. Then  
Through the mist we raised it, the abrupt cape  
Looming dark and too near to leeward;  
And recognized, like a home-thought too, in that landfall  
The other side of autumn: that the year  
Would bear us no further, that we would not  
Get beyond this. Perhaps it was named  
At that moment in our minds, when we sighted  
The shape of what we knew we would not pass.  
You cannot mistake it: the dun headland  
Like a dreaming Dutchman, dough-faced, staring  
Seaward to the side we did not penetrate.  
You almost think he will turn as you  
Grope your way in with the lead-line. Hope suddenly  
Was as far behind us as home, and maybe  
That made us clumsy, dull of heart going in.  
But the waters are treacherous off that point,  
With a fierce knot of currents twisting, even  
At slack-tide, snatching you from your seaway,  
Sucking over a jagged shelving, and there is  
Rough shoal beyond that. Three ships we lost  
And many of their men there, and only we  
Because we were driven far to port, almost  
To the drag at the cliff's foot, and made in  
Through the very spray, found the channel. There is  
Nine fathoms all the way in there, to the broad pool  
Of quiet water behind the tide-race;  
You can anchor in five fathoms at  
The lowest tide, with good holding, and sheltered.  
You will use the harbor; in other years you will  
Set out from there, in the spring, and think  
Of that headland as home, calling it Cape  
Delight, or Dutchman's Point. But what we found  
You will find for yourselves, somewhere, for  
Yourselves. We have not gone there again,  
Nor ventured ever so far again. In  
The south corner of the cove there is  
An inlet flowing with sweet water,  
And there are fruits in abundance, small  
But delectable, at least at that season.

W. S. MERWIN



ly the language and the way of life that Hentoff says it should be. Their literary models appear to be Walt Whitman, Ezra Pound (the *early* Pound, and the Pound of the Letters), Henry Miller, William Carlos Williams, Robinson Jeffers, and, here again, the two Kenneths, Patchen and Rexroth. Richard Eberhart described their West Coast scene—he thinks it is unique, but I doubt it—in the Sept. 2, *N. Y. Times Book Review*. If you are living in the San Francisco area, he says, you might receive a card:

#### CELEBRATED GOOD TIME POETRY NIGHT

Either you go home bugged or completely enlightened. Allen Ginsberg blowing hot; Gary Snyder blowing cool; Philip Whalen puffing the laconic tuba; Mike McClure his hip high notes; Rexroth on the big bass drum. Small collection for wine and postcards... abandon, noise, strange pictures on walls, oriental music, lurid poetry. Extremely serious. Town Hall theatre. One and only final appearance of this apocalypse. Admission free.

Eberhart reported a recent visit: "Hundreds from about sixteen to thirty may show up and engage in an enthusiastic, free-wheeling celebration of poetry, an analogue of which was jazz thirty years ago... shouting, stamping, interrupting, applauding. Poetry here has become a tangible social force... through spoken, even shouted verse..."

In the Seattle area it is more of a beer joint affair, centering on the off-campus curriculum sparked by Theodore Roethke and Stanley Kunitz at the University of Washington. In the Los Angeles area it is, like the city itself, less centralized and more varied in literary influences and group behavior. There is the group that gathers at the *Coastlines* fund-raising parties. Thomas McGrath is perhaps the best known example of the type. A poetry workshop meets in the home of poet-fictionist Curtis Zahn in Malibu for beef stew and explication. There are the student groups around U.C. and U.C.L.A. There is the *California Quarterly* group. Gil Orlovitz is convivial and vocal enough to be a movement all by himself. James Boyer May's house is on the visit-

ing list of almost everyone in the little magazine world; his "circle," although it is chiefly a mail correspondence circle, is world-wide. The ocean front group, finally, centers on Stuart Z. Perkoff whose book of poems, *The Suicide Room*, is scheduled for early publication by Jonathan Williams. (The Williams list includes Patchen, Robert Creeley, Charles Olson and his own poetry with prefaces by Louis Zukofsky and Robert Duncan.)

The counterparts of most of these will doubtless be found in New York, Boston, Baltimore, Chicago, St. Louis, New Orleans and other cities, grouped around small presses, little magazines and influential literary personalities. They are closed circles, but highly vocal within their own groups. Their members work, preferably, at jobs like nightwatchman or shipping clerk—six months punching a time-clock and six months with the Muse—on Unemployment Insurance. They are not joiners, either socially or politically. They regard trade unions as labor agencies whose pie-card bosses "sell labor" at the bargaining table. They are not Orwells or Isherwoods "discovering" poverty and being shocked by it. They accept it. All they ask of the state is to deliver water at the tap,

pick up garbage, keep their Unemployment Insurance files straight, and leave them alone. "Our prime value," one of them told me, "is 'making it', by which we mean taking your reality and not being destroyed by it." To "make it" is to make a living on the minimum subsistence level and still do your writing. They live from day to day. "We try not to think about the future. There isn't any future. You have to live as if there isn't any future." Not a few of them are marijuana users. "It heightens the sense of the immediate present," one of them explained to me. "Pot enables me to live in the immediate present, and take it." The motto of the apoliticals among them is "Keep cool (in the jazz sense), get what you can, keep out of trouble. Mistrust everything." What you will hear from them most frequently is "Why don't they leave us alone?" "They" are the "squares," the respectables who sooner or later turn out to be the cop, "the man with the gun on his hip." Or the man who hands you a rifle and orders you to kill.

The Silent Generation? Yes, and No, depending on where you look and whom you listen to. If you have ears to hear, even the silence has an ominous sound.

## The Misuses of History

*AN HISTORIAN'S APPROACH TO RELIGION.* By Arnold Toynbee. Oxford University Press. \$5.

*THE PROFESSOR AND THE FOSSIL.* By Maurice Samuel. Alfred A. Knopf. \$4.

#### By Geoffrey Barraclough

FOR MOST of us, remembering Bishop Colenso and certain controversies of the nineteenth century, history and religion do not normally run in harness. There are historians (so called) who regard it as their special job to extol their tribe and (if need be) their tribal deities;

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there are others who have convinced themselves that history is the progressive revelation of God's will, as expounded by one or other of His prophets. But most historians, through their perverse habit of ranging over the centuries, have become blasé, if not downright cynical. For them nothing is quite white and nothing is quite black. They know that the ancient Greeks, while building the Parthenon, cast out unwanted babies, particularly females, and neither the Greeks nor the Parthenon seem worse for that. They know of civilized societies in which no one minded if you were homosexual, or denounced you as un-American. This sort of knowledge is apt to blur their moral judgments; they become relativists and social liabilities and have their passports

taken away. And, last but not least, they find it terribly difficult to believe that any religion has a monopoly of truth, absolute and eternal. It is all urbane, and perhaps beneficent; but it leaves the great mysteries untouched, and casts no light on man's innate religious impulses. And this is as it should be, because our religious impulses are (as the portentous would say) "parahistorical," or (as you or I would say) they fall outside the historian's terms of reference.

FOR THESE reasons most people would regard the historian as peculiarly disqualified to pontificate about religion. Not so Professor Toynbee. For him, what to most people seem disqualifications are definite recommendations. In his eyes the parahistorical beliefs which have sustained religions are evidence of "inordinate, criminal, suicidal pride." The belief of the Christian in the central significance of the Crucifixion, the Judaic belief that God picked out the Jews as His "Chosen People," the Islamic belief in Mahomet's unique quality as the last of the prophets—these central tenets, without which it is impossible to conceive how these three religions could exist at all, are (he says) "a deliberate reversion to the self-centredness that is the hall-mark of 'Original Sin'." But the historian, viewing the whole range of human endeavor from a loftier altitude, has no such illusions; and that is why, in Professor Toynbee's eyes, "the historian's point of view" is so important. History shows that the days of the historic religions are numbered. The "annihilation of distance" and the unification of the world through "Western Technology" have rendered them obsolete, because each and all they are only "local heritages," none of which is of universal appeal. Now that the whole world is one we need a world religion, and the historian, because he is not inhibited by childish belief in "a unique and final revelation," is the chap to tell us what it should be. To prove his point, Professor Toynbee does tell us. Analyzing the existing "higher religions" and disengaging "the essence from the non-essentials," he

extracts for us a lofty synthesis, in which their "essential truths and essential counsels" are "coalesced into a common heritage."

Is it necessary to argue how specious this story is? In spite of western technology the world is not one, and does not look like being one. And where is the evidence that the "annihilation of distance" is bringing about such "intimate relations" that "the spirit of the Indian religions" is entering "Muslim, Christian and Jewish hearts?" That is not the obvious deduction from current trends in Asia or in Africa. Nor is it self-evident, save perhaps to the converted, that we in the West are suffering from "disillusionment" with our scientific "idols," and ripe for a return to religion. On the contrary, for most people materialism works admirably, and the silences in which the still, small voice makes itself heard, are smothered by the blare of loudspeakers. Equally unconvincing, on the other hand, is the story of a "spiritual crisis," with which Professor Toynbee is obsessed. There is as much genuine religion about today as ever there was, even if it is not expressed in churchgoing; and Professor Toynbee's nostalgic side-glances at the Middle Ages are moonshine. In short, the whole historical substructure he has built is shaky and will not carry the construction he has put on it.

But the theory that history is working towards a religious synthesis is no more plausible in terms of religion than it is in terms of history. Of all possible outcomes "syncretism" (to give it its technical name) is the most unlikely. It has never worked, as Constantine the Great discovered to his cost. And the reason why it has never worked is so fundamental that we are justified in saying that it cannot work. It cannot work because it conflicts with man's fundamental religious impulse which leads him to worship the unique and the individual, not the common denominators Professor Toynbee so carefully disentangles for our edification. One has only to read Professor Toynbee's elaboration of the "essential truths and essential counsels" of the seven "higher" religions to see what is miss-

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## **RUSSIA WITHOUT STALIN**

**THE EMERGING PATTERN**

**by Edward Crankshaw**



ing. They leave us stone-cold. Unlike the essential tenets of Christianity or Judaism or Islam, focussed on one decisive moment, his synthesis neither strikes the imagination nor warms the heart. Indeed, we may hesitate to call it religion at all. The reason men profess Christianity is not (as Professor Toynbee seems to think) because it gives them a "deeper insight into the mystery of the universe" or "holds up a higher ideal" than other religions; it is because they accept and wish to follow Jesus Christ as Lord and Saviour. Between this and syncretism in any form an unbridgeable gulf is fixed.

The same applies, in their own contexts, to the other religions of the world: to Buddhism, to Mohammedanism, to Judaism, and the rest. It is what Maurice Samuel means when, criticizing Professor Toynbee in *The Professor and the Fossil*, he says that Judaism is "not only an ethos" but also "an outlook on life." The implication is that the meaning of Judaism cannot be grasped by a cool intellectual appraisal of its theoretical content, but only by seeing what the Jews did with their religion and what their religion did with them. What a theme for a historian! And how characteristic that Professor Toynbee passes it by! If ever there was a people for whom the religious experience is the central experience of their history, it is the Jews. How, save through the strength and integrity of Judaism, is their miraculous survival to be explained? As Mr. Samuel says, "there is hardly a century in which the outside observer would give Judaism a dog's chance"; but the Jews, against all probability, refused to die. And the ultimate reason why they refused to die was, and is, "the certainty of being wanted by God, even in rejection"—in other words, their overriding belief in the historic covenant made by God with Absalom. It does not matter two pins, I think, whether from the historian's point of view this belief is "true" or not. It is a parahistorical fact which he simply has to accept. Abstract this living faith, and Jewish history becomes unintelligible. Yet abstract it is precisely

what Professor Toynbee does. In *A Study of History* he dismissed Judaism as a mere "fossil," and thereby roused Mr. Samuel's wrath. Now he has abandoned (without specifically withdrawing) the charge; but Judaism still remains "a bad religion," which is "spiritually sterilizing," and it was apparently not by clinging to their faith but by "diverting" it from "its true mission" that the Jews succeeded in "keeping in existence." Could anything be more perverse?

THERE is no need to repeat the cogent arguments with which Mr. Samuel blows this preposterous misinterpretation sky high. His book should be read from cover to cover, and if I have left it to the end, it is not because it is of minor importance but because it clinches the argument. What is more pertinent is to ask how Professor Toynbee, who is certainly not ignorant of the points Mr. Samuel and I have made, has got himself into a position which, to the outside observer, looks singularly like standing on his head. And the answer seems to be his refusal to accept the ineluctable limitations of historical study. One is the impossibility of explaining everything in terms of ascertainable causes, of cause and effect, of "social milieu," or even of Professor Toynbee's two current gambits: sociology and psychology. Even a total disbeliever, like the present writer, will concede that the survival of Judaism can intelligently be treated only as providential, in the sense that it cannot be accounted for on any calculation of historical probability; and if another historian wished to describe it as a manifestation of God's will, I should not quarrel over terms. But Professor Toynbee—who, far from being a disbeliever, professes to regard all history as "a vision of God revealing Himself in action"—is quite impervious to this evidence of revelation, and explains away the survival of Judaism by a shallow mechanistic argument which is as passé as it is unplausible. It is very disconcerting.

It is even more disconcerting to find that, for Professor Toynbee, history is a sort of "open sesame,"

offering a "glimpse" at least of the eternal verities. In reality, as we all know, the historian operates, exactly like the chemist or the physicist, with a limited range of data, and with this limited data he can obtain only limited results. Particularly in regard to religion the fundamental issues lie outside his range. That, indeed, is why the historian is quite right, as historian, to suspend belief in the validity, absolute and eternal, of any religion. It does not imply that he can prove, as Professor Toynbee apparently thinks history can prove, that no religion is "unique and final"; it simply means that it is a question that history cannot answer, either positively or negatively. On the other hand, the historian is perfectly well able to demonstrate that Professor Toynbee's statement that Judaism is "spiritually sterilizing" is nonsense; for this is a question of the historical consequences of religious belief, which falls within his field of enquiry, and one needs only to turn to Mr. Samuel's book to see how overwhelming the evidence against sterility is. Thus, from whichever side we approach the question, we find Professor Toynbee and the historian in conflict, and it becomes clear that his approach to religion, whatever else it may be, is not the historian's approach.

### Song for a Departure

Could you indeed come lightly  
Leaving no mark at all  
Even of footsteps, briefly  
Visit not change the air  
Of this or the other room,  
Have quick words with us yet be  
Calm and unhurried here?

So that we should not need —  
When you departed lightly  
Even as swift as coming  
Letting no shadow fall —  
Changes, surrenders, fear,  
Speeches grave to the last,  
But feel no loss at all?

Lightest things in the mind  
Go deep at last and can never  
Be planned or weighed or lightly  
Considered or set apart.  
Then come like a great procession  
Touch hours with drums and flutes:  
Fill all the rooms of our houses  
And haunt them when you depart.

ELIZABETH JENNINGS

# Prospectus for an Anthology

By Frank O'Connor

EVERY race seems to have its particular virtues as it has its particular weaknesses. It may be good at music and philosophy like the Germans, or good at painting and sculpture like the French. Even within the framework of one particular art, it may excel in one form while remaining blind to the virtues of another, like the English, whose novels are admirable but who do not seem to know what a short story is.

Storytelling has always seemed to me a peculiarly American art form; it may even be *the* American art form. Teaching the subject in American colleges has only convinced me that I was right. Publishers continue to assure the young writer that short stories do not sell; magazine editors never cease trying to persuade their readers that what they really love is a nice juicy, factual article on "My Psychoanalysis" or "How I Kept My Hair"; but short stories continue to be written and discussed with the passion reserved for painting in Paris. One magazine alone rejects thirteen thousand stories submitted by young writers each year.

But it isn't only American; for some reason it is also Irish and Russian—Russian, at least of Czarist days—and I cannot help wondering what three such different races have in common which gives them the gift for one particular artistic form. The form is so little understood by the Germans that their name for it—if I am to go by the title of an excellent short story magazine published in Germany—is not *Erzaehlung* but *Story*. A few weeks ago a French poet explained to me: "The short story is a specialized art form for which French

writers have never felt the need." And he knew his Maupassant.

I have sometimes argued that what the three races have in common is a keen sense of human loneliness. The most typical book of American stories is, I suppose, Anderson's *Winesburg, Ohio* which must be one of the loneliest books in the world—so lonely, indeed, that I have sometimes wondered if stories so painful could be works of art at all. Joyce's *Dubliners* might stand as an Irish counterpart, while almost any book of Chekhov's would complete the illustration. There is, for instance, the Chekhov story of the cab driver who, grieving for his son's death, tries to speak of it to his indifferent passengers, and who finally goes to the stable at night to unburden himself to his old horse.

Some day, when I edit my anthology of American stories, my first choice will be Anderson's "Untold Lie," the story of two men, one on the point of being forced into a marriage he does not want, the other already trapped. The second man wants to cry out to his friend to save himself, to fly to the ends of the earth if necessary, but the story ends with a surrender to circumstance. Hemingway's "The Three Day Blow" is another aspect of the same situation. Two boys make themselves drunk while they discuss the same sort of decision with a different outcome. But Nick Adams is lonely too, this time because he has *not* married the girl.

Willa Cather's loneliness is of similar quality though of different kind. Hers is the loneliness of the sensitive, artistic soul in a society which does not recognize the arts. In the stories in *Youth and the Bright Medusa* there is a horror of the artist's loneliness, which, even more than with Anderson, has caused me to ask myself if such unrelieved suffering could be art at all. Perhaps it isn't, but as with the difference between Joyce's *Stephen Hero* and *A Portrait of the Artist* I find my-

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—SATURDAY REVIEW

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AT ALL BOOKSTORES

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FRANK O'CONNOR is one of the great Irish storytellers; he is also a teacher, critic and dramatist. His most recent book, *Mirror in the Roadway*, is discussed by Maxwell Geismar elsewhere in this issue.

November 10, 1956



self preferring its naked intensity to the artifice of the finished work.

America even more than England is subject to those hysterical fits of literary fashion that relegate a great writer to the doghouse overnight, and I have no doubt some readers of my ideal anthology will ask: "Why Dreiser?" Well, of course, among great writers, Dreiser is perhaps the least literate. As a storyteller he has all the worst faults of the novelist, which for me are embodied in the stories of Henry James. The novelist works at the greatest possible distance from the object; the storyteller works so close to it that he ends up cross-eyed. The novelist's stories are full of justifications. How did his narrator come to meet a particular character? "It was on a morning in early spring in the year 19—, while travelling on the 8:45 train from New York to the little town of N—, that I first became aware of McGinty." Has McGinty gone to Paris and changed his women? Then, back from Paris must come the well-known connoisseur, Weinberg, who happened to meet McGinty at an art show in the company of a strange woman, later to be identified as Yvonne. Blimey! The novelist never seems to ask himself how a particular incident is likely to affect his reader, but only how he is to persuade his reader that the incident really came to his knowledge.

But Dreiser had a sense of interior perspective rare even among the greatest novelists; an understanding of the contradictions that compose what we know as character. One, at least, of the stories from his *Gallery of Women* I must include.

DREISER and Hemingway are a wonderful pair to study side by side for Dreiser is all depth and little surface, Hemingway, all surface and little depth. Which does not mean that I underestimate the importance of surface. Surface in a short story is impact. Dreiser's impact is always diffused and vague, and it is only when I have put down the book that the story begins to take shape in my mind. Hemingway's impact is immediate and complete; perhaps that is why the impression fades so rapidly.

Like most writers of my generation, I was deeply influenced by Hemingway. To me, he will always be Uncle Ernie, the softest heart and the stiffest upper lip in the family, though now I know that I shall never be able to decide which came first, the sensitiveness or the upper lip, because Uncle Ernie's weakness was that he was so sensitive that he had to find ever newer and greater ordeals to submit himself to in order to exercise the lip. I have never been able to forgive all those lions and bulls the pain they must have caused him, and if I still prefer the Wisconsin stories like "The Three Day Blow" it is because the ordeals to which he there submits himself are those that most of us have had to endure.

I do not like the Hemingway of "The Killers" or the Faulkner of "That Evening Sun." Their theme is that of *The Emperor Jones* and *The Informer* and it seems to me a theme that asks nothing of the writer. The Faulkner I admire is the greatest American humorist after Twain. The two best American novels are *Huckleberry Finn* and *As I Lay Dying* and if I don't print one of Faulkner's great comic stories like "Shingles for the Lord" it will only be because I want to rescue from *Sanctuary* the chapters that describe the Snopes boys in the brothel, a great comic creation linked to a book with which it has nothing in particular to do.

Of Katherine Anne Porter I do not know which to prefer, the exquisite little stories about her grandmother and the old Negro nurse or that magnificent long story, "The Cracked Looking Glass," in which the tragedy of a woman's loneliness is resolved in tenderness and laughter. William Saroyan, like Dreiser, is now undergoing the "O Breathe Not His Name" treatment, but as a mere foreigner I shall probably get away with that unforgettable story, "The Third Day After Christmas" in which a little boy, abandoned outside a saloon by his father, is brought home by the barman.

Unfortunately, a working writer rarely knows the work of his contemporaries, or knows it only by accident. It was by accident that I

read the stories of Wallace Stegner and J. F. Powers, and I read John McNulty only because he had written about Tim Costello's saloon on Third Avenue. I might so easily have missed the enchanting story of the taxi driver who passes on his love problems to his passenger, a perfect and joyous companion piece to Chekhov's tragic story of the cab driver. But though McNulty's taxi driver may be lonely, and Powers' young priest in "The Presence of Grace" is lonely, neither is as lonely as any character of Salinger. As Willa Cather develops the fundamental human loneliness of Anderson into the specialized loneliness of the artist in a provincial society, Salinger takes the process a stage further when he describes the unique loneliness of the neurotic, of the man or woman too good for the world, who if he or she does communicate with anyone, does so only for a few moments with a pert little English girl as in "For Esme With Love and Squalor" or fails disastrously to communicate at all as in "Franny." That, too, is a very American thing which the European finds it difficult to understand.

SOMETIMES I question myself and wonder whether I am attracted by certain great stories because they express an underlying mood of my own, or whether I am attracted to them because they are written close to the source of storytelling itself. That problem came up again with the latest story added to my ideal anthology, one called "The Drawback" by a young writer, R. T. Gill. It is only a few weeks since it appeared in *The New Yorker*. A little boy has died; the women of his family lament him in reciting his praises and remembering his sweetness: only the boy's father, stubborn in his sense of loss, refuses to join in the praise and angrily repeats that the boy was naughty and insubordinate. And once more I do not know whether I admire the story because it is one I would have wished to write, or, in the same way in which I admire a sonnet by Ronsard, because it says perfectly the sort of thing for which the art it represents was created to say.

# Beckett: Style and Desire

By Herbert Gold

*WAITING FOR GODOT* awakened passions seldom used by the contemporary theatre. Customarily a play flops or captures the women's club bookings or wins the Pulitzer prize and is then swiftly forgotten. This wild one has everyone still wildly explaining. It is said to be a play about the hopeless quest for God, Sex, Truth, Friendship; it is a Chaplinesque moral comedy about anarchic individuality; it is a religious morality play; it is burlesque and satire and a pathetic melodrama. In Miami they walked out; in New York the run was extended. Tennessee Williams and Kenneth Rexroth said it was the greatest, the very end; Norman Mailer was so stimulated that he wrote a series of columns in *The Village Voice* explaining that it was all about impotence, and when the publishers of the newspaper fired him for his pains, he paid for a full-page advertisement to have one last despairing say on the subject.

The ambiguous excitement of *Waiting for Godot* is also stimulated by the novels.\* An ad hominem expression of the theme of estrangement suggests itself in Beckett's literary development: An Irishman, he not only expatriated himself, as

\**Waiting for Godot*, Mulloy and Malone Dies by Samuel Beckett are published by The Grove Press in both paper covers and cloth bindings.

## Cuban Woman Confronts the Sea

Across from the *Calle Primera*, where we live facing the loud mouthed sea,  
The *ruido* sea, the noisy, busy, heedless, egoistic sea,  
The boat ridden, fish tossed, underworld sea,  
Lives the turbulent, willful woman  
Cared for by a limpid fifteen year old Negress.

Time, tossed free by high wind and huge fortune  
Sends her each day by two grandsons a score of hours for harangue:  
*A qui!* here, boys, quick, play here, here! there the world's too big,  
The dangers too great, the *wahwah* will kill you, the fire will burn,  
the sea drown.

So does she, reckless with her endless exhortations,  
*Ruido*, storm and rock the peaceful air  
And urge back in sheer amazement the incoming tide.

DACHINE RAINER

November 10, 1956

many Irish writers have done, and in France, as his older friend Joyce did; but also he gave up English to write these books in French—and then translated them back into English himself. As if he is totally abstracted from his native land, from his past, from the language of his childhood, he lives in a private universe where the history of life is merely the history of death, where society has become a deserted beach on which the hero scavenges for stones to suck, where language changes to a troubled monologue unbroken by other speakers. No matter, he writes with a corrosive poetic flair. He seems to be beyond nationality; yet these strange novels have something of the tone of folk tales about some folk not yet existing. Launched from Paris, they are parable balloons which fly very high and warningly.

Participation in Beckett's world is dangerous and destructive, as is participation in the world of the great artist or the madman. We should not look the other way when the possibility of Beckett's madness presents itself. Beckett is odd, but there is too much control of the fantasy to put him down as merely odd, merely one of the wildest practitioners of what Robert Fitch has called the "mystique de la merde." He tempts and invites us, he compels us to share his experience, he

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obliges us to join him. "Nothing human is foreign to me,"—he lives up to this joyously pessimistic saying. He writes with some of Joyce's wit and Kafka's myth-making obsession and Dostoevski's pious despair. The stylish sources need not dismay us: We must all come from some place. He is uniquely Beckett-like despite his derivations.

"YOU must choose between the things not worth mentioning and those even less so. For if you set out to mention everything, you would never be done, and that's what counts, to be done, to have done." Mulloy is dying. He is on his way, furious, empty, senile. His harried monologue serves futility and despair. He remembers his long life with a curious indifference, and yet with a nagging passion for mak-

ing the connections between the accidents of his existence and the mind which makes him an individual. His awareness—diminishing, fading and frustrated—is his only tool.

Concerned only with himself, he can give a due measure of attention to such a basic process as flatulence:

One day I counted them. Three hundred and fifteen farts in nineteen hours, or an average of over sixteen farts an hour. After all, it's not excessive. Four farts every fifteen minutes. It's nothing. Not even one fart every four minutes. It's unbelievable. Damn it, I hardly fart at all, I should never have mentioned it. Extraordinary how mathematics help you to know yourself.

Mulloy is a perverse Descartes, proclaiming: I stink, therefore I am.

From this he proceeds quite naturally to some observations about love. He wonders if he has really known love. Yes, there was a woman, but was it really a woman? It could easily have been a man disguising himself. Did he really consummate the act? Well, he doesn't remember for sure what he did. If he has these questions, can it really have been true love? Perhaps not. The doubt is comic, of course, but points in its way to a common suspicion. Who were we really and what were we doing when we felt so beautifully ourselves? What happened to us afterwards? What happened to that significant Other with whom we believed ourselves to be in communication?

Both *Mulloy* and *Malone Dies* employ the narrative manner of Lucky's monologue in *Waiting for Godot*. In the play, Pozzo says, "Think!" just as earlier he had said, "Move! Go back!" Lucky used to obey wordlessly. Now he starts Thinking, and cannot be stopped. We open the novels and we cannot stop him. "They had shaved me, they had shorn me. . . ." And on and on from stercoraceous humor to scatological psychiatry to a vagrant bit of Irish poesy about the moon. "And the next pain in the balls was anthropology and the other disciplines, such as psychiatry, that are con-

nected with it, disconnected, then connected again, according to the latest discoveries."

The final words of *Mulloy* are a great demonstration of Beckett's effort to find the truth. He exemplifies the problem of the moral writer and his hope of telling what he knows through the lie of fiction. "I went into the house and wrote, It is midnight. The rain is beating on the windows. It was not midnight. It was not raining."

THE dying writer, *Malone*, promises: "I shall pay less heed to myself, I shall be neither hot nor cold any more, I shall be tepid, I shall die tepid, without enthusiasm. I shall not watch myself die." But he does. It is practically all he does. "That would spoil the story." But it does not. It is the story; it is our own story, too, the great song of mortality—regret, regret, regret. "All my senses are trained full on me, me." We hear the baby's yelp, *me! me!* The repeated *me* cries out the perfect, devout, generalized concentration by the infant on its own life. The rest of the world is a mere extension of its body; Mother is an appendage, like an arm; Father is an organ. Satisfactions are self-generated. Don't we retain some nostalgia for this primary nutty age? Beckett faces it both desperately and with gusto through the mask of senility. He is an irrational reasoner. He writes under a total complaint which only his wit makes bearable.

The hero of *Malone Dies* continues this theme of hopelessness mitigated by irony and eloquence. Beckett raises by his practice a crucial issue of literature. The popular critics, particularly the anonymous guardians of culture at Time-Life-Fortune, ransack contemporary novels for moral truths which they can snip out and pass on as recipes for their bigger, better, safer America. When they find the proper exhortations in Herman Wouk or Sloan Wilson, they rest content, breathing easy, secure from the risks of imagination. But when they read the work of such as Beckett, they fall into a deep cosmological exasperation. The novel is dead, they cry out; novelists are

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HERBERT GOLD is the author of  
*The Man Who Was Not With It*.

spoiled children, isolates, deviates, in fact bohemians.

A writer like Beckett can appear to give them their case. He really does seem to be more than usually odd and his pessimism fanatically absolute. However, intelligence and personality make a crucial difference. What he explicitly states, the actions with which he deals, do not tell the whole story. The philosophy is an almost pure nihilism, but the author's joy in coming to adequate expression of his feelings is communicated to us as pleasure in creativity, in life. Here is the great meaning of style. A reader has the problem of assimilating a manner, an angle of vision—which represents a man's emotional resources—to his subject—which represents his observation of life. The challenge of synthesis is part of the creative process involved in reading. These two aspects of a single work, style and subject, cannot be separated; both decadent writing and decadent reading consist in the attempt to separate them.

Samuel Beckett presents the issue dramatically. He gropes for fictional adequacy in dramatizing scenes

which are scatological, morbid, perverse, pathological—and yet the wit and the powerful will to communicate change the tone for anyone attuned to the play of a lively imagination. His ultimate "meaning" is a problem for us, but not one which can be settled by labeling him as a dung-heap mystic. This ambiguity of the writer's relation to his material has been insufficiently examined by the professional critics. Beckett challenges us because he presents an extreme example of stylistic difficulties and a hopeless, troubled and troubling philosophizing. "No, I want nothing," he writes.

But yes, Beckett still wants everything, no matter what he makes Malone say. We understand that the remark is a clear-sighted prevision of what Malone will get, but we realize also that he lies about his desire. The lie leads us to our own hopes. In its dramatic context it has some of the power of the tragic truth-telling of great fiction. Beckett sees, through men subsiding toward death, what Aristotle called "the moving image of desire." Despite everything, he accepts the main challenge.

### The Birth of Venus

Risen in ■  
welter of waters.  
Not as Sandro saw her  
standing upon a frayed and lovely surf  
clean-riding the graceful leafy breezes  
clean-poised and easy. Not yet.

But born in ■  
tidal wave of the father's overthrow,  
the old rule killed and its mutilated sex.

The testicles of the father-god, father of fathers,  
sickled off by his son, the next god Time.  
Sickled off. Hurlled into the ocean.  
In all that blood and foam,  
among raving and generation,  
of semen and the sea born, the  
great goddess rises.

However, possibly,  
on the long worldward voyage flowing,  
horror gone down in birth, the curse, being changed,  
being used, is translated far at the margin into  
our rose and saving image, curling toward a shore  
early and April, with certainly shells, certainly blossoms.  
And the girl, the wellborn goddess, human love—  
young-known, new-knowing, mouth flickering, sure eyes—  
rides shoreward, from death to us as we are this moment, on  
the crisp delightful Botticellian wave.

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# Science and the Eastern Mind

SCIENCE AND CIVILISATION  
IN CHINA. By Joseph Needham.  
Cambridge University Press. Volume  
I; \$10. Volume II; \$14.50.

By Kenneth Rexroth

THESE volumes are the first two of seven projected in a detailed and exhaustive history of Chinese science and its relation to general Chinese culture and to the evolution of modern science. Joseph Needham is one of the world's leading biochemists and biologists. He has lived for many years in China, knows the language and literature, has a deep sympathy for the people and their ways, an incredible knowledge of the literature of his subject, and of sinology generally.

Needham's is the sort of project which, nowadays, if it gets done at all, is done by committees of scholars drawn from all the universities of the world. Yet he moves with ease and confidence in regions where the most highly specialized committees would tread with temerity.

Great synthesizing works of scholarship have an aesthetic appeal, different from but often as great as great works of art. Perhaps because history is itself an art, one of the Muses, said the Greeks, few books are more moving than a vast philosophical history. This is true even when, as in Ignatius Donnelly, Spengler, or Arnold Toynbee, the guiding ideas, the philosophy, and even the facts, are mistaken, false or wrong-headed. Who is likely to forget those excited nights of adolescence spent with *The Golden Bough* or *The Decline of the West*, or, even in maturity, the impact of the first three volumes of Toynbee? Yet hobbyhorses and foolhardiness do not make for the most enduring qualities in the aesthetics of history. Gibbon's *Decline* is probably the greatest achievement of eighteenth century Europe, it is also one of

the ten great prose works of all time, ranking just below Thucydides, *Genji* and *Don Quixote*. It is also singularly correct and exhaustive. Joseph Needham may not be Gibbon, but he is a very remarkable man, and he has written what is already, less than a third completed, a major monument of historical scholarship, worthy to rank with the science histories of Sarton and Thorndike and Sigerist. In some ways, notably in prose style and organizing ability, in sheer interest and lucidity, it is the superior of any history of science and related subjects since Heath's great work on Greek mathematics.

*Science and Civilisation in China* is not just an exciting book; its effect is stunning, and this not least because excitement is so unexpected in a field given over, alas, to the worst sort of finicking. For more than twenty years American sinology has been dominated by individuals and traditions from the old Czarist academy, where Far Eastern studies were essentially part of the curriculum of military policy, with the resultant narrowness, formularization and bigotry. Considerable work of breadth has been done in recent years, but without exception by scholars independent of the school dominant in the United States, often by persons the academicians consider amateurs and upstarts. This has not been true in Great Britain, but then, A. E. Waley, E. R. Hughes, even Needham himself are dilettantes in the eyes of our sinologists. I think it is important to explain this to the lay public because it has all sorts of practical consequences in this period when it is of life and death importance that we grow in understanding of the Far East.

It is hard to think of a better way to approach an alien culture than by a study of its science. Religious concepts, by slight tricks of mistranslation, can be perverted. Confucianism can be assimilated to the demented fascism of Ezra Pound, Taoism to Mary Baker Eddy, Buddhism to Theosophy; but the statement that the five elements are Fire,

Water, Wood, Metal, Earth, has a salutary indigestibility about it. Our scientific provincialism is appalling. This is true not only of the layman whose notions of scientific infallibility come from advertising pictures of wise men in laboratory coats inspecting test tubes full of canned beans. It is found at the very top. The physicist Heisenberg, father of the dubious "principle of indeterminacy," says in a recent book that the difference between "our" scientific theories and Newton's or Kepler's is that ours are "correct." If true, it is frightening to look ahead to the onrushing centuries of evergrowing scientific unemployment. This is the worst sort of learned smugness, and nothing is better for it than a long quiet voyage amongst totally foreign scientific landscapes. Chinese science, both speculative and empiric, is radically, fundamentally different, and demands a willed, sympathetic reorientation of perspective on the nature of Nature.

TOO OFTEN works of scholarship in fields as remote as this are technically inaccessible to the common reader. Needham's book is not. Although the high scholarship, not just in sinology, but in dozens of related fields, is patent, it is never oppressive, and it explains itself as it goes along. Furthermore, Needham writes English prose, not the professional thieves' cant of the typical academic "paper."

The first volume is introductory. It has chapters on bibliography, special problems of the Chinese language, written and spoken, geography, geology, history and prehistory, the diffusion, migration and interaction of ideas and inventions between China and the West. Not one of these subjects but is full of booby traps for the rash. Volumes of nonsense have been written, especially by American poets, about the Chinese written character. Chinese culture has been derived from Egypt, the characters from cuneiform; the Mayan and Inca cultures have been derived from China, even the geography and geology of China have attracted those with more notions than sense. Needham avoids every pitfall. In almost every instance of dispute

KENNETH REXROTH, author of many books of poetry, will bring out this year translations of Japanese, Chinese, Greek and French poems.

he is about as near right, about as judicious a guide as the uninitiated could wish.

True, he seems to be a Marxist—or at least not unsympathetic. This leads him to give considerable space to the influence of waterworks, canals and dams for drainage and irrigation, and of the system of “ever normal granaries” on Chinese history and social structure. This is a popular interpretation in China just now and it is unquestionably fruitful. On the other hand the controversy over the nature of Chinese society—is it feudal or feudal-bureaucratic?—is due to the limited vocabulary of Engels, Morgan and Hegel.

It is simply not true that for four thousand years before Mao Tse Tung China was “feudal.” This is like nothing so much as the old factional dispute amongst the Trotskyites over the nature of the Russian state. Needham settles for “feudal bureaucratic” and passes on to point out that really it is unique and specifically Chinese. Again, when Mao controlled only the Northwest it was the custom to lavish praise on the cultural contributions of the Northern Barbarian Dynasties and to attack the Confucian legitimism of, for instance, the Southern Sung. Now that the Communists control all of China, they have mellowed into a measure of Confucian patriotism. Actually the first position is more nearly correct. Needham wavers, but at this crux quotes Lattimore, written some years back. Similarly, there is little doubt that, Confucian theories to the contrary, China has been greatest when it was a federated empire with considerable autonomy of the parts. On this point contemporary theory is shifting and ambiguous. Needham avoids the issue, perhaps wisely. I am familiar with the wilder Marxist perversions of Chinese history and philosophy. I didn’t notice them in Needham. In fact, I feel about his Marxism pretty much the way Lincoln felt about Grant’s whiskey.

I am going to make a rash statement myself. I think the second volume is about the best guide to Chinese philosophy in English, or for that matter in any language, in-

cluding the Chinese. Possibly this is because it fits my own predilections, but then, there is not much to compare. Wilhelm is elementary and sometimes wrong, Wieger is a Roman Catholic and often unsympathetic, Waley and Hughes deal only with the classical period, Fung Yu-Lan tends to see all Chinese philosophy as a preparation for his own—and so on. Needham approaches each thinker and school primarily, but not exclusively, in terms of reference to the growth of scientific thought—valid understanding of the world. There are chapters on each of the major schools, but he is most sympathetic to Taoism and Sung Neo-Confucianism. I should say that his interpretation of the latter is radical and stimulating, if not necessarily indisputable. There is a chapter on the basic ideas of Chinese science which completely supersedes Forke’s famous *World Conception of the Chinese*, long the standard.

FINALLY there is a section on human law and natural law in China and the West which is a masterpiece. His point is that ideas of creation out of nothing, of a divine legislator, are unknown or repugnant to Chinese philosophy, as codified law is unknown to Chinese jurisprudence, and that therefore Chinese scientific thought has been far more organic than mechanical, permissive than authoritarian in its interpretation of Nature’s ways. The dominant influence in this volume seems to be the organic philosophy of Whitehead, shorn of its Platonic excrescences. This has been an influence almost entirely for the good. It serves as an available bridge to the comprehension of a world in which Nature works by “doing nothing” instead of by passing laws, in which the universe moves as a great web of interrelatedness of which man and his imperatives are only part. That is basically a true picture of the Chinese universe. It is a universe full of strange and wonderful things. It is a universe Western man is going to have to understand if we are all going to survive happily together on a planet where, whether we like it or not, as Confucius said, “All men are brothers.”



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# The Poet and the Copywriter

By Howard Nemerov

*Osrice: a poet.*

*Oswald: an advertising-man.*

*Osrice:* My hair is falling out and no one reads my poems.

*Oswald:* My liver is bad, and everyone reads my ads.

*Osrice:* Alas, I am marginal to the economy.

*Oswald:* Alas, I am central to the economy.

*Osrice:* Of course, you had to sell your soul.

*Oswald:* And you were unable to sell yours; perhaps I could write you an ad? Soul, used but in fair condition, one owner, careful treatment, radio & heater. . . .

*Osrice:* . . . spine damaged and binding slightly foxed. I know, I know. Lost, one bard. Small reward. Sentimental value. Or else . . . .

*Oswald:* I can see you'd enjoy writing ads once you began. And I'd like to write poems, too, if only they had something definite to sell in them, instead of just truth and beauty, beauty and truth.

*Osrice:* The idea that poems consist of beauty and truth is a common fallacy which Criticism has dispelled. You are still in the nineteenth century.

*Oswald:* You mean that your poems have neither beauty nor truth?

*Osrice:* Oh, well, if you want to make it a personal matter . . . I suppose they do, somewhat.

*Oswald:* But you can't sell beauty and truth, either because they're free and everyone has all he needs of them, or because no one can afford them any more at all. With soap and gas and brassieres, you know where you are. It concentrates the language.

## Time and Atlantis

Above the hanging gardens she looked down,  
While the dark river flowed beneath the tower  
There, there was calm, there, there was chastity  
On the stone terrace blazed the fiery flower  
Unknown, untamed the black Euphrates rolled  
The centuries were drowned and hummed no more.

Over the balustrade the queen's hair flowed—  
But golden summer in her southern lair  
Walked like a lion among the yellow roses  
Glittered like gold thread in the queen's gown  
While from the hanging gardens she looked down.

On pinnacles, gardens, sculptured beasts, hot stone—  
Between the hanging gardens and the heavens  
Outside the desert stretched, the unshaded land  
Burned in the long monotony of heat  
While from the hanging gardens, she looked down

Languid and heavy for a summer's span  
Between the rose-world and the barbarian  
Whose desert shadow mocks the flowering world  
Withers the garden, shakes the rose leaf down  
Darkens the drooping eyelids of the queen  
Only the desert shines—a painted scene.

But wait! This hour is light, the terrace shines  
The melting sun beats on the orange tree  
The sun-drenched palm, the scented, slipping vine,  
Falls in an azure-veiled serenity  
The crouching lions, through tropic sunshafts shown.

While from the hanging gardens she looked down.  
The great queen's eyelids woo the ungentle skies  
Remembers some cold fountain's limpid noise  
Remembers lost Atlantis' brilliant isles  
Drowned in the great floods of eternity  
In a wild sweep through a great sea hurled  
Between the nether, and the upper world.

MARYA ZATURENSKA

*Osrice:* It does *not* concentrate the language. I think your ads are getting more obscure every day, and if it weren't for the manufacturer's name at the bottom I wouldn't know whether you were discussing soap flakes or democracy.

*Oswald:* Well, you know, we do like to put one in terms of the other.

*Osrice:* In terms of, in terms of. If I hear that stupid phrase again I'll scream. Everyone uses it now. I heard a fashionable young woman say the other day, "I choose my lipstick in terms of my complexion."

*Oswald:* Well, you know, it sounds kind of scientific, and everyone likes that.

*Osrice:* It sounds poetical — dirty rotten poetical.

*Oswald:* Why do you call yourself a poet if you hate whatever is poetical?

*Osrice:* Because whatever is poetical, baby, belongs to you. If you keep telling women that without underarm perspiration they will immediately resemble Venus by Botticelli, then I must give up Venus by Botticelli.

*Oswald:* But in exchange you get underarm perspiration.

*Osrice:* Yes . . . yes, there's a subject you haven't ruined: sweat, shame, secrecy, hypocrisy. . . .

*Oswald:* Go on, you might exude an ode.

*Osrice:* Armpits! The smoky armpits of the world.

*Oswald:* Yes, I envy you your freedom to deal with the seamy side of life. But it makes you rather coarse in your rhetoric, where we should be delicate.

*Osrice:* Yah, your delicacy. Sneaky min-giness. But you have hit on a real point there: freedom. Poets may be poor, but they are free. A copywriter is nothing but a slave.

*Oswald:* Ah, yes, that precious freedom. Vergil's freedom to laud Augustus, Tennyson's freedom to admire railroads, Dryden's freedom to adore the smallpox sores on Lord Hastings' chin.

*Osrice:* There may have been abuses.

*Oswald:* Then never mind the abuses. What about the Great Tradition itself? the centuries of edifying, instructing, bringing virtue out on top, purveying manners and morals to the

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HOWARD NEMEROV, poet and novelist, is on the faculty of Bennington College. His novels are *The Melodramatists*, *Federigo*, or the *Power of Love and—to be published by Simon and Schuster in February—The Homecoming Game*. His most recent volume of poetry is *The Salt Garden*.

great unwashed masses? What about "purifying the language of the tribe?" I may be a servile copywriter, but I think it more honorable to sell people soap than to sell them Cleanliness.

**Oswald:** How could you sell them soap if we hadn't sold them cleanliness for all those centuries?

**Oswald:** So, you admit we're in the same business!

**Oswald:** Nonsense. You deal in Things, material commodities, whereas I deal in spiritual values.

**Oswald:** Meaning that you insist on Cleanliness without providing soap?

**Oswald:** Yes, dammit, I do. Spiritual cleanliness.

**Oswald:** With spiritual soap? Soft soap. As a matter of fact, though, it is the poets who are always talking about Things, and the advertisers who deal in spiritual values. "Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud." Look at all the things in one quite ordinary line of poetry. We advertisers, of course, would want to dress the whole proposition up a bit: "You wouldn't dream of having mud in your

silver fountain—why have thorns on your roses?"

**Oswald:** And there in your other hand would be a new, patent rose-depilatory.

**Oswald:** Quite likely. And what would be wrong with thornless roses?

**Oswald:** Everything. The morality of the western world has depended for centuries on the fact that roses have thorns.

**Oswald:** And look at the shape the western world is in now. No, my friend, I tell you—in confidence—that you poets have had your chance and you're through. The future of poetry, I'm afraid, is with advertising.

**Oswald:** That's perhaps the funniest thing I've ever heard said. If it weren't, I'd put my head in the oven.

**Oswald:** You'll want to try one of our new, fully automatic, self-regulating ovens... Seriously, though, you're through. Poetry is done for and advertising is the only hope.

**Oswald:** But quite apart from one million other possible objections, your advertisements are so terribly dull.

**Oswald:** I agree, I agree—though if it comes to that what about *The Fairy Queen*? But ever so many people seem to disagree. At least, they read advertisements every day and practically never read poetry. In almost any magazine you look at the advertisements take far more space than the stories, poems, articles, editorials—than all the stuff we may broadly call Poetry. Not only that, but the advertisements—dull as they are, and I agree they are dull—are frequently more interesting than the poetry.

**Oswald:** I concede the point.

**Oswald:** Then if you'll be quiet for a minute or so, I'll try to explain the present position as we in advertising understand it.

**Oswald:** Very well, go ahead.

**Oswald:** Now formerly, until not so long ago, buying and selling, and everything we mean by *business*, were considered not to be occupations for a gentleman; they were reprehensible, necessary but suspect, and all the better people pretended that such things didn't happen at all. The reason for

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this, we find when we go back in the tradition, was that the gentleman's occupations had always been conceived of simply as love and war. Poetry too, for this reason, and because it was read largely by gentlemen, concerned itself with love and war. And what happened then?

*Osrice:* You're telling me, I'm not telling you. Go on.

*Oswald:* Buying and selling, because they were necessary, finally became gentlemanly, until now, at the present time, it is believed that these precisely, and especially if conducted on a very grand scale, are fit occupations for a gentleman—if only because a gentleman must have money, and there is practically no other way of ensuring a steady supply. So buying and selling have become respectable, and, more important than that, they are rapidly becoming total, and soon, if the present trend continues (which it will), they will become absolutely the form of morality.

*Osrice:* And what a morality. I spit.

*Oswald:* That is a very poetical attitude you take. And I observe that, like a true poet, you say "I spit" but you don't spit; a world of significance there. For all practical purposes you could put it this way: that the gentle-

men, who were accustomed to having poets celebrate their doings, simply hired a new lot of poets when they saw that the old poets wouldn't celebrate. The new poets were pretty awful; not only were they untrained and without competence in a difficult art, but also they were set to work inventing a new kind of poetry to suit the age, since the real poets had refused to bother with the age. They are doing it on the whole very badly still, I admit, but getting better.

*Osrice:* Ingenious enough, and interesting. But how can you "get better" at selling, say, cigarettes? Doesn't the product, in its ineffable dreariness, impose a very low ceiling on your lyrical flights?

*Oswald:* I may remind you here that you and your critical colleagues have been telling us for years that subject is of no importance, while imagination is everything. Granted imagination enough, a fine poem may be produced upon a trivial or disgusting subject—isn't that how the old critical song has been going? At any rate, your belief about the true nature of advertising is quite as naive as my belief that poetry has something to do with the true and the beautiful. Do you seriously believe that advertising

is primarily interested in *selling things*?

*Osrice:* I had heard it mentioned.

*Oswald:* It is a vulgar error of the age. The kind of advertising you must mean still exists, of course, in great quantities—people selling one another souvenir salt-shakers, bronzed baby-shoes, rupture appliances, holy water in plastic tears, and so on up the line to liqueurs and luggage and limousines. But that is advertising directed at the consumer, and compares with real advertising as limericks do with iliads. Major modern advertising, like your major modern poetry, goes right over the heads of the private consumers and straight to the elite. How many readers of a news magazine, for instance, are really listening when the ball-bearing manufacturer spreads over a full page his delicate mating call to the maker of aircraft? Or when a utilities company expounds for two pages the strong and subtle bond of metaphor that connects utilities with democracy, what has that to do with your private citizen? No, such advertisements are as privileged as private correspondence, as secure as messages in cipher, as haughty in their doings as any poetry.

*Osrice:* But still selling things, really, aren't they?

*Oswald:* You're still not altogether clear about the vast differences separating major and revolutionary advertising from the rest. You're still thinking about mere material commodities—it doesn't matter whether they are corsets or rocket-planes—while I want you to lift up your mind to spiritual things, that is, to the Way of Life, the Truth and Beauty which make buying and selling possible. For example, we used to sell refrigerators; but now we have realized that if we sell The Way of Life refrigerators will follow in great plenty—and I will go further than that....

*Osrice:* I am afraid you will.


*Oswald:* Please treat this as a confidence, will you? What I am about to describe has not yet come to pass. Presently, you see, we shall have double-crossed the manufacturers along with everyone else.

*Osrice:* We?

*Oswald:* We of the advertising world. They thought they were making use of us, did all those small-minded practical men, when all the while we were making use of them, trying our wings until we should be ready to fly away. Advertising, which began as practical magic, now becomes spiritual and contemplative, autonomous magic, having its end in itself, just as poetry, which you will agree began as

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practical magic, with curses and charms and casting of spells, at last became spiritual and contemplative and by definition impractical, and turned inward upon itself. Advertising has mirrored itself long enough in the material world of commerce and production, and now begins to turn inward to contemplation....

*Oswald:* Staring at its own soft center.

*Oswald:* Go on, laugh while you can. But the thing is clearly happening. I foresee the time—for advertising-men, you see, are vaticinators now, just as poets used to be said to be—I foresee the time, not far in the future, when advertisement will have driven all editorial content from magazine and newspaper. As various heavy industries combine, and as all heavy industry combines with government, all human relations will be expressible as buying and selling....

*Oswald:* But I thought you said....?

*Oswald:* There's no contradiction. When all human relations are expressible in market values, as buying and selling, there will be no need to talk about buying and selling, since that language will look as natural as the language of traditional morality does now. In the same way, when advertising becomes the total content of human communication, as you will allow it is very near to doing already, there will be no need to use the somewhat pejorative word "advertising," since other modes of speech will simply have ceased to exist. Moreover, on account of the very complex coordination of interests as between industries themselves on the one hand, and industry and political power and armed force and education on the other, the advertising writer will develop a much greater freedom in his point of view, simply because everything will be, to the ordinary reader, so dreadfully mixed up.

*Oswald:* Quite as usual, in other words. You claim to be describing the future, but as you speak I keep seeing the present. What about this "ordinary reader," by the way? The people, as distinct from those who are so mighty in the buying and selling which you define as the essence of society to come?

*Oswald:* The people? I hate to say it, because I'm as good an American as yourself, but I imagine some condition of light and not very unpleasant servitude will be found for the people. They must, of course, continue to buy and sell, and as they are for the most part already convinced that in buying and selling consists the true meaning

of earthly life, I imagine they will have little hardship in adjusting to the last turns of the vise. And their priests, as usual, will assist them in the perception that it is all somehow right and necessary. Their God has been made over in the image of a great businessman; well, now He will become a great advertising-man.

*Oswald:* In the end will be the Word.

*Oswald:* Very poetically and aptly put.

*Oswald:* You make it very clear. As the private interest covers the public interest, as the line between advertising and propaganda becomes indistinct, and both discover ever more *recherché* ways of skinning their cats, advertising will become, for one thing, less imperative and more declarative, less urgent and more leisured, less hortatory and more contemplative.

*Oswald:* Like poetry.

*Oswald:* Yes, and I think I see further than that. There will develop an advertising class, or caste, with hereditary succession, as distinct as the class of scribes in ancient Egypt or China, and this class will have altogether in its hands the composition of odes describing, in a highly specialized way, the mysteries on which subsists the mystical body of society: the sinews of metaphor uniting, for example, the university with the debutante with the railroad with contraception with the concrete mixer with high tariffs with race prejudice with universities with debutantes—

*Oswald:* Stop, you are being carried away. But yes, that is more or less the way it will work out, though I suppose we shall not live to see it.

*Oswald:* Being a vaticinator in my turn, and one, moreover, who is wise only after the event, I will tell you that we are already seeing it. Of course, even when your victory is complete, your stuff will always be deficient as poetry because it will have no real—that is, unsubsidized—acknowledgment of evil. But that will not be noticed, because all genuine poetry will by that time have disappeared.

*Oswald:* Ah, you *genuine* poets are proud. On that day, your heads will be the first to fall.

*Oswald:* Our heads will have shriveled long before that day comes.

*Oswald:* If you would abandon your pride and save yourself, I might be able to find an opening for you with us. We can always use a man who has your skill with words. And you could write your poetry on the side, evenings and weekends.

*Oswald:* Thank you ever so much. But really, and it's no matter of pride, I

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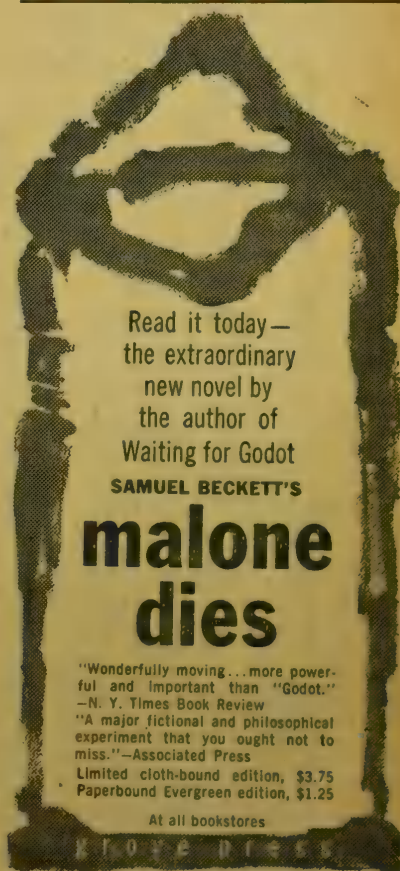
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can't believe I'd be talented enough for your kind of work.

*Oswald:* Oh, we'd start you off in a small way, of course. But you'd go quickly up the ladder, I'm sure of it, ■ man of your brilliance and sincerity and warmth of feeling. It's only ■ matter of learning to apply those fine human qualities to new objects. After all, as one of your own poets said at the very beginning of his career, "Words alone are certain good." And at the end of that career he also said, speaking directly to poets, "Sing whatever is well-made." Cigarettes these days are very well-made.

*Osrice:* For a man in your line of work, you seem to know a lot of poetry.

*Oswald:* Ah, my dear man, that is my little secret. I was one of you once, but that is a long time ago. "Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme." Except I didn't, really, or not very well. But I'm certain you'd like it very well with us, we're not at all the vulgar, uncultivated boors that legend makes us out to be; most of the finest minds in the business belong to men who, like myself, started out to be poets. And of course, as our work has so much to do with truth and beauty, we keep ourselves in shape by much reading, and visits to art galleries.

*Osrice:* Sounds like a very gloomy life to me. Art galleries remind me of undertakers' parlors, and I very rarely read books. When I hear the word "culture" I take a drink and the feeling passes.

*Oswald:* You know, I still write a little from time to time, though I don't like to mention it around the office. I was wondering if maybe you might look over some of my stuff, and tell me if you think it's good enough.

*Osrice:* Good enough for what?

*Oswald:* To publish, I guess, what else?

*Osrice:* But I'm not a publisher.

*Oswald:* No, you're a snob, that's what you are. No wonder the world doesn't care for your verse, since you persist in that snide attitude of yours. Suppose just for the sake of argument that my poetry turns out to be absolutely wonderful, that I really have something to say to the world?

*Osrice:* I'm supposing as hard as I can. Why don't you say it, in that case? And I'll read your poems, if you care that much.

*Oswald:* Don't imagine I'm afraid of any criticism you might make. After all, my poems are only a hobby.

*Osrice:* Do you see that bird over there?

*Oswald:* Certainly. It's only a robin.

*Osrice:* Just so. And do you know that though it has been called a robin in English for so many centuries, that bird is so stupid it still doesn't know it is a robin?

*Oswald:* What are you driving at?

*Osrice:* That is the meaning of poetry.

*Oswald:* You're only trying to puzzle me, you think it's a smart thing to do.

*Osrice:* I will make my meaning clearer in a parable about poets and poetry, which I made up a long time ago, at a very bad time in my life when I thought that one ought not to do anything without having a clear idea of what it was for. This parable has sometimes comforted me in some odd manner, and perhaps it may do the same for you.

*Oswald:* Come on, then, get to it.

*Osrice:* It is a parable about the monkish medieval poet Caedmon. Caedmon, a stupid man by nature, became a poet by divine visitation in sleep; waking, he found he could remember quite well the verses to the glory of the

Creator which he had been inspired to sing the night before, and he wrote them down. He spent the rest of his life versifying passages from Scripture, which others had translated for him—the Exodus from Egypt, the Passion of Christ, and so on. Now, concerning all these things, which the present taste does not even find very beautiful, scholars now believe, first, that they were not written by Caedmon; second, that nothing from his hand has come down to us, and third, that no such person, it may be, ever lived. What remains, then? Poets ought to consider it well. There remains only the voice in the night: "Caedmon... singing the beginning of created things."

*Oswald:* I'll tell you what your trouble is. You not only don't communicate to an ordinary man like me, but you don't even want to communicate, that's your trouble, and so far as I'm concerned you can go die for it.

*Osrice:* But there's more truth than poetry in that.

## The Tower

There is the famous Babel Tower;  
You'd think it had grown since yesterday.  
We are the architects of that power:  
Oh that the clouds would bear it away.  
When our morning stint is done  
We watch the mannikin sentries stand  
Shoulder to shoulder with the sun  
(They are like tribesmen of the air),  
And view the geometrical line  
Of shadow cutting in two our land.  
What have we fashioned but a sign?  
The earth's unending quarry strewn  
With rough and smooth and wicked stone  
To mount that gun aimed at the sky:  
What have we made but an empty sign?  
The archaic clouds pass slowly by.  
Who are our masters? Who are you there?  
We scarcely see you. May there come  
A great wind from a stormier star,  
Blow tower and shadow to kingdom come.  
This is the old men's story. Once  
Voices were there, resounding words  
Of an incomprehensible tongue  
Fit for great heroes and great lords,  
Else never spoken anywhere.  
And once a simple country song  
Began and suddenly ended. Since  
No message drops from the middle air  
Except when a dead lord flutters down,  
Light as a frozen and mummied fly,  
From the perpendicular town.  
They have no license there to die.  
We cannot bear to scan that face,  
Cover in haste the unchristened head,  
Heap rubble and boulders on the place.  
We too die. So look the dead  
Whose breath stopped on a different star.  
Who are they? We are what we are.

EDWIN MUIR

## The Higher and Higher Criticism

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By Maxwell Geismar

WHAT IS happening to criticism in the Age of Criticism? A group of English writers in the pages of this magazine have already commented on the "Establishment" and the "Outsiders" in their country. But over here, where the dominant critical school is more solidly established, and even worse I think, the voices of protest have been muted or silent. To be sure, Van Wyck Brooks, the "grand old man" of our criticism, has been waging a kind of guerrilla warfare against the New Critics. The young firebrand, John Aldridge, has just delivered another blast at them, though from an exposed rampart. But Malcolm Cowley has expressed only some mild rebuke lately, while Edmund Wilson, who might have taken the leadership here, has wandered off to the Red Sea—no, the Dead Sea—and all the others are safely entrenched in the universities and academies.

For a literary movement that professes no interest in "economics," the New Criticism is surprisingly well organized, with its chains of communication running from the colleges to the dominant literary magazines (*Kenyon*, *Hudson*, *Partisan* reviews, etc.), to the foundations and fellowships. It could be

*MAXWELL GEISMAR, a contributing editor to The Nation, is the author of Rebels and Ancestors, The Last of the Provincials, Writers in Crisis and other critical studies.*

called a literary monopoly. Starting originally as a reaction to the Marxist criticism of the 1930s, still under the shadow of Ezra Pound's disjointed fascism and T. S. Eliot's clerical royalism, it has been developed in this country mainly by romantic Southern conservatives like Allen Tate and Robert Penn Warren. Another branch of what is almost an interlocking directorate includes the literary ex-Communists seeking refuge in pure criticism; and such hesitant humanists as Lionel Trilling, who now represent the "Liberal Mind."

In the cross-section of critical volumes now under consideration, there is an interesting debate in the little magazine called *Contemporary Issues* (London and New York) as to the amount of fascism in this general movement and the poetry it advocates. But the New Criticism also expresses an open abhorrence of "politics," except for its own advancement. Its central concern is the pure "work of art," interpreted by a textual criticism that has become increasingly elaborate and ingenious; bulwarked by a massive scholarship, medieval and scholastic in essence; and restricting its activities to a selected canon of "acceptable" authors upon whom the hosts of younger new critics descend *en masse*—like an armored battalion of literary technicians, equipped with the strongest firing power of "image, metaphor and myth."

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There is value in this close textual criticism, but there is also a point where it reaches an apex of fantastic intellectual virtuosity, of self-enclosed sterility. That is the impression one gets, at any rate, from Mr. Hyman's new critical anthology, prepared especially for the Vintage books, as a supplement to his earlier volume called *The Armed Vision*: an impression, in Mr. Hyman's case, of sublime complacency with everything contained in the volume. "We see the endless fertility of Aristotle in the Auden and Fergusson essays," he says, "and get some sense of the territories uncharted by Aristotle (we might name them 'Plato') in Buchanan and Richards." We also see the uncharted territories of Mr. Hyman's own thought which we might name as legion.

NOW I confess that I am morbidly drawn to and fascinated by this vision of life and art in the middle of the twentieth century, and I only wish I could quote Mr. Hyman in greater detail as the best unconscious exponent of the Higher and Higher Criticism today. At the same time, he says, after having added Frazer to Aristotle and Plato, as the three central influences of "Modern Criticism"—God forbid—at the same time, the ultimate concern of all these critics is—here we go—the text itself, the pure work of art; and here the critics "sing in splendid concert." And so they do, since there is no question of their intelligence, learning or dedication to their craft—but only of the purpose to which they are putting their talent.

This purpose, however, Mr. Hyman praises, with never an undertone of doubt or speculation, in a cantata of pious approval opening this splendid critical concert. The ten American critics represented in his anthology, hail from "such unlikely cultural founts as Idaho and New Mexico, Missouri and Kentucky," but there may be some significance, he says, "in the fact that they all went to school in the East, and at least four attended Oxford, three as Rhodes scholars." There surely is significance in this fact, or in the fact that Mr. Hyman makes it significant; but just what significance,

I leave to you. And the worst of it is that Mr. Hyman, for all his devout allegiance to the critical cause, is not even a perfectly pure new critic. He includes an essay by Constance Rourke on the American scene—though it is on our Indian rituals. He includes psychoanalytical critics like Empson, and a couple of outsiders like Herbert Read, and even the obsolete Marxist, Christopher Caudwell, as a warning.

Messrs. Wellek and Warren, in their *Theory of Literature*, an older work now reprinted in the paperbacks, would surely not accept even such faint hints of subversion. If Mr. Hyman's anthology is a perfect example of critics who match up to the highest standards of the new criticism, Wellek and Warren have put out what is surely the standard text of the formalist group. And here, I should say, "psychology" is added to the list of taboo subjects, along with history and biography. Out with them all. The writer's temperament, assuming we could know something about it, which Messrs W. and W. purely doubt, has no more to do with his writing than does the society or environment he inhabits. These factors, along with the history of ideas, and the rela-

tionship of literature to the other arts, are all part of the "extrinsic approach" in criticism, described here as hardly to be condoned.

What is left for the critic to deal with? Since Wellek and Warren use the first hundred pages of their treatise to dispose of the things that must *not* be mentioned, let me add hastily that they are not concerned with novelists either, or novels, but with the *theory* of the novel; and not even with the emotions of literature, but "the feelings of emotions, the perceptions of emotions." And what is most curious here is the tone of bland authoritarianism with which these esthetic principles and laws are handed down as the future methodology for all graduate schools of English—which will not include human beings, I suppose, and certainly not anybody who wants to write a creative work of fiction, but only teachers, or the images of teachers.

How far has this influence already spread, with its formidable scholarship, its yearning for absolutes in scientific esthetics, its passion for abstraction? *Society and Self in the Novel*, edited by Mark Schorer, shows some familiar symptoms of this whole configuration of the higher and higher criticism. There is, of

## Wind

This house has been far out at sea all night,  
The woods crashing through darkness, the booming hills,  
Winds stampeding the fields under the window  
Floundering black astride and blinding wet  
Till day rose; then under an orange sky  
The hills had new places, and wind wielded  
Blade-light, luminous black and emerald  
Flexing like the lens of a mad eye.

At noon I scaled along the house-side as far as  
The coal-house door. I dared once to look up—  
Through the brunt wind that dented the balls of my eyes  
The tent of the hills drummed and strained its guyrope,

The fields quivering, the skyline a grimace,  
At any second to bang and vanish with a flap:  
The wind flung a magpie away and a black-  
Back gull bent like an iron bar slowly. The house

Rang like a fine green goblet in the note  
That any second would shatter it. Now deep  
In chairs, in front of the great fire, we grip  
Our hearts and cannot entertain book, thought,

Or each other. We watch the fire blazing,  
And feel the roots of the house move, but sit on,  
Seeing the window tremble to come in,  
Hearing the stones cry out under the horizon.

TED HUGHES

course, the familiar essay on Proust by Fred Dupee, who must be becoming almost as tired of his single subject as F. O. Matthiessen became at the end of Henry James. Then there are two more essays on James Joyce. Mr. Schorer himself uses the worst parts of one of the worst novels by Sinclair Lewis to illustrate the American novelist's "method of half-truths."

Yet Mr. Schorer in his own way is one of the few critics of this school who seems to have a genuine interest in the conflict between society and the individual that has created the tension, and the tragedy, for so many great novels of the past. For the rest of these critics society, as a vital force, is so far beyond the horizon of art—or at least of criticism—that it hardly seems to exist. This is certainly the extreme point of the 19th century revolt of the Symbolists—and the Dadaists, after them—who protested against the framework of a materialistic and scientific civilization which excluded human and artistic values. But here, in a curious reversal of values, both society and humanity have disappeared from criticism, while "science" and "reason" conduct an autopsy on the corpse of literature.

In the closed circuit of "proper" subjects for these critics (I have forgotten to mention Yeats) even the name of Sinclair Lewis appears

as a surprise. He is one of the few living American authors—well, I mean one not as long dead as Melville—who has entered, though so unfavorably, the new critical arcana. The New Criticism—which is in fact now old, established, and utterly respectable—has no concern with any sort of truly creative new literature. Like the academic scholarship of the 1900s, like the neo-humanists

of the 1930s, it is both ignorant of and contemptuous towards its own native literary tradition. ("But I just can't read Dreiser," I heard one of these aficionados declare lately.) And what strikes one finally about this whole critical tendency is how completely it reflects, in the spiritual area, the worst aspects of the American society it has repudiated.

It is that society—with its empha-

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## The Two Sisters

Her beauty was so rare,  
It wore her body down  
With leading through the air  
That marvel not her own.  
At last to set it free  
From enmity of change  
And time's incontinence  
To drink from beauty's bone,  
Snatching her last defense,  
She locked it in the sea.

The other, not content  
That fault of hers should bring  
Grief and mismanagement  
To make an end of grace  
And snap the slender ring,  
Pulled death down on her head,  
Completed destiny.  
So each from her own place,  
These ladies put to sea  
To join the intrepid dead.

EDWIN MUIR



sis on abstraction and techniques, rather than human values; with its conspicuous consumption of scholarship and learning; with its mass-minded and "other-directed" stress on esthetic concepts and laws; with its yearning for refinement and "culture" in art, at the expense of all vitality and life. One remembers that the robber barons also ransacked the treasures of medieval Europe to adorn their gothic mansions; turned Episcopal for the rites, like T. S. Eliot; collected Oriental miniatures, like Ezra Pound; and then showed the way for what their esthetic grandchildren are now doing in the area of the literary trusts, combines and monopolies. Shades of Thorstein Veblen—and perhaps of Mamie Eisenhower! For there are disturbing echoes not merely of the past but of the present age in the prevailing distraction and euphoria of our fashionable school of criticism today. While the crucial and revolutionary issues of our time are being fought out in the dark, and the human race may be getting ready to be atomized, it almost seems that the real function of the New Criticism is to keep our best young intellectuals absorbed with their playthings, no matter what happens to the nation or the world.

SO, AT the opposite pole of the critical volumes under present survey, Walter Rideout's *The Radical Novel in the United States* comes almost from the void. Was there a radical novel in this country, and what happened to it? Mr. Rideout himself presents his theme under the guise of sober scholarship. His method is that of the social historian rather than the literary critic proper. His rather narrow definition of "radical" as something apart from the main stream of the progressive reform movement in our society and literature during the last fifty years—Upton Sinclair and Jack London; but not Norris, Howells or Dreiser at their best—minimizes the real scope of his survey.

Still, this is a solid, informative and interesting history of an area in our cultural history which is often ignored by conventional historians. I can do no better than to urge you

to read it; and then take a look at Randolph Bourne's *History of a Literary Radical* to see some of the social influences which brought about the second great revival of our literature in the 1920s. Influences, I repeat, that the New Criticism has not the slightest knowledge of or concern with. Nor does it concern itself with a possible third revival of creative literature in the United States for which the first step must be to break through the formidable establishment of this critical school in our literary places of power.

Perhaps that is why the last three books in the present survey, all written from the middle ground of criticism, which is the human, the enduring ground of all good criticism, are so particularly welcome today. Frank O'Connor's *The Mirror in the Roadway* is a sometimes deliberately perverse defence of the respectable nineteenth century middle-class European novel against the onslaughts of twentieth century decadence and neo-barbarism. He uses no jargon, no carefully delimited standards of esthetic value—excuse me, I mean "frames of reference." He even calls Naturalism an extreme of realism, which it is, when you come down to it. And his portraits of the great

nineteenth century masters of fiction, English, Russian and French, are acute, sympathetic, enlightening.

His object is simply to get into the minds and hearts of the writers whose work he describes, and I can think of nothing better, or more difficult, for a critic to do. The present reprint of E. M. Forster's *Aspects of the Novel*, a celebrated work now at a moderate price, certainly invokes the same literary "principle." "Perhaps we ought to define what a novel is before starting. This will not take a second," Forster says. And he paraphrases the French critic who declared that a novel is "a fiction in prose of a certain extent." Finally, I must confess that the last book on the list, *Our Literary Heritage*, is not even so scientific as O'Connor and Forster. It is in fact a picture book of American writers and their settings, taken from the famous Bettmann Archive of illustrations in New York, with a selected text from Van Wyck Brooks' five-volume history, *Makers and Finders*. But there is one picture of Henry James in a top hat, while every other reputable Englishman in sight wears a derby, that justifies the whole project.

Now I wonder if the New Critics have thought of using x-rays.

## Binding The Dragon

"The dragon's Proteus. He must be fought  
And fighting dragons is my holy joy,"  
The poet says, although he may look caught  
And blood is spurting from one eye.

"Sublimate," says the cautious analyst.  
The poet answers, "Let him do it first.  
Look, I have got this dragon in my fist.  
I'll hold him there until he dies of thirst."

But suddenly the dragon flows away.  
The dragon is a river: you can't do it,  
Hold up a river in your hands all day.  
"And what is sublimation?" asks the poet.

"Is it to translate water into fire?  
Is it to follow birds along the air?  
Is it to be the master of desire,  
Or ride a cycle with no handlebar?

Gentle a dragon to lie quiet there,  
Beautiful in his power but asleep,  
Image of dragon resting on the air?"  
The poet asked, and then began to weep.

He did not want the dragon to be caught.  
He wanted it alive and in his fist.  
For who would kill the god with whom he fought?  
And so he wept and cursed the analyst.

MAY SARTON

# New Age of the Baroque

## THE TIGHTROPE WALKERS.

By Giorgio Melchiori. The Macmillan Company. \$5.00.

### By Katherine Hoskins

IN HIS introduction to this collection of essays on twentieth century literature, Professor Melchiori presents an interesting thesis: that the "anxious" art of the early half of the century is evolving more balanced and self-dependent forms and may very well culminate in a new Baroque. He hopes that as our "age of anxiety" was discerned by writers some time before it was apparent to the ordinary man, so this new development may prophesy a more stable era on its way. Though rather prolix and given to repetition, Signor Melchiori's voice is a pleasing addition to the conversation of critics. He is perceptive and immensely read, and if his statements do not always fall on the ear like truth, they are usually arguable.

*Funambulist* is the term he prefers for this "anxious" or, as he otherwise calls it, Manneristic art that is changing. The word has wonderful overtones of sleep-walking and of the frail and haunted saltimbanques of Picasso. Considered thus, it seems entirely suited to define a kind of book that has appeared frequently enough in the last fifty years (often from Eastern Europe) to constitute a genre of writing peculiar to our time. But our author has quite other writings in mind to illustrate "the achievement of the true artist of our age who, like the successful acrobat, succeeds in keeping step by step, moment by moment, his balance while being aware of the void or turmoil round him." He chooses, in fact, two notably wide-awake and sturdy writers, Hopkins and James, wherewith to commence his investigations.

The juxtaposition is surprising. But he establishes a link through

*KATHERINE HOSKINS is a poet, critic and short story writer. A volume of her poetry, Villa Narcisse, was published earlier this year.*

Pater and fixes the two as alone of their own time and as forerunners of ours: both "... showing how a genuine intellectual power can sustain and make acceptable also extreme exercises in artistry." Here we find ourselves on a little tightrope of our own. Having provisionally discounted the vast differences in the cumulative meanings of Hopkins and

James in favor of demonstrated stylistic similarities, we would like to step along as soon as possible to find out how they "exercised a parallel action on prose and poetry and on that far reaching exploration of human consciousness which is an achievement of this century."

The "parallel action" remains unexplored. Yet this essay remains one of the most satisfactory in the book; perhaps because Signor Melchiori's gift for annotation is given the fresh-

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ness of the unexpected by his two subjects. The choice also suggests a width of application of his theories that the rest of the book does not fulfill. Of the ten essays, three deal with Eliot and he is a King Charles' head for all except this first. Nor, though ubiquitous, is Eliot made use of as a unifying thread. And we badly want some thread or force that would lead us to accept the term Funambulist and apply it to "the true artist of our age"; and lead us to our promised end in the Baroque.

We follow along, however, to three essays that deal with literary influences on *Ulysses*, *The Waste Land*, and *Four Quartets*. Ever since J. L. Lowes' *The Road to Xanadu*, such excursions have been good critical fun. And they may be rewarding enough so long as they are kept bookish and so long as the critic does not delude himself that when so occupied he is, to quote Signor Melchiori, "actually meandering through the mind of a poet." By this method, he comes up with some very interesting resemblances between Joyce and the Eighteenth century novelists, especially Sterne. But it seems that even quasi-certainty in such matters must disappear when we come to so common and ancient and self-renewing a symbol as the rose. For all our professor's erudition, it remains problematical if Eliot was remembering D. H. Lawrence's roses, Jean de Meung's, the rose he had just finished looking at in his own garden, or none of these, or all and more besides.

ALREADY over-weighted with Eliot, Signor Melchiori's own rope slackens dangerously when he turns his attention to Christopher Fry and Henry Green. Not only are we asked to consider Fry as a "popular" (as well as money-making) dramatist; but to bestow on his work and on Green's charming Viennese tortes the same weight of scrutiny that we give to Joyce's work or to James'. He later says that in a work of art, "... we should distinguish clearly between its absolute artistic value on the one side, and its formal characteristics on the other." In these two essays as well as in the one on "Eliot and the Theatre," the his-

torian's complaisance is often at variance with the stricter evaluations of the man of taste and letters.

Both come happily together, however, and also get us going toward the promised conclusion in an excellent examination of the very conscious and responsible poetry of Dylan Thomas. Signor Melchiori refuses, though, to designate it as Baroque because it does not achieve "the final sense of repose, of balance and completeness which a Baroque work of art reveals when surveyed as a whole." It may be that he is right, but I would have given Thomas the title out of hand. Or, possibly, this is a matter of definition. In *The Life of Forms in Art*,

Henri Focillon says of the Baroque, "... this architecture of movement assumes the qualities of wind, of flame and of light; it moves within a fluid space."

Having watched him deny a prime contestant, it is hard not to feel slightly outraged when Signor Melchiori announces that we are to find the outlines of the new Baroque in Thomas' prose play *Under Milkwood*, in Fry's *The Dark Is Light Enough* and in Eliot's *The Confidential Clerk*. Mice—after so great labor! Even accepting our author's definition, what repose and balance we find in these seem scarcely of a new form waiting for its call to life and triumph.

## The Unconsenting Spirit

By M. L. Rosenthal

*I can prove it by Max Nordau. They  
poison the minds of young girls.*

—Kenneth Fearing

*The communists have fine Eyes.*

—E. E. Cummings

*With a deep sigh  
The unconsenting spirit fled to the  
shades below.*

—Publius Vergilius Maro

(translated by C. Day Lewis)

IT IS almost a popular sport to ask, concerning poetry—and particularly concerning that of our own country: "What's it all about?" Unfortunately, it is even more popular to turn on one's heel smartly without staying for answer; or, worse than Herod, to disregard all answers and simply to repeat the question over and over. One of the famous unheeded answers, Marianne Moore's, begins with equal disingenuousness: "I, too, dislike it: there are things that are important beyond all this fiddle." But granting the disingenuousness, it remains true that even the professional poet and critic recognize in themselves the irritated dismay that unfamiliar poetry—good poetry—can at first sight arouse. Another call to the abyss! Another reordering of life and

disconcertment of the intelligence! Hence the slipperiness of so many hasty reviews, the easy praise and easier condemnation. And hence, no doubt, the general resistance.

That resistance is to the self quite as much as to the poem—the dark, subversive, inward self that accepts no authority, the ego in love with the id and shouting "leggo!" to the superego. The greater the poet's skill and integrity, often, the stronger will be our resistance, for the more insidious is the threat of nameless disaster: cancellation of appointments, emptying out of pockets, disappearance into a Bowery or charnel-house of anonymous, ghostly, shabby horror. Yet despite everything a nagging need persists, smothered though it be into near-silence, to keep this dangerous fellow close at hand. We shall certainly want, at some time—but of course not just now!—to face these fears of ours and try to see things whole and clear. And so we conjure up an absurd vision, a makeshift compromise between our sentimental pretenses and the reality we feel; and the poet, since he does want to be heard, at whatever cost, almost, is to some degree actually forced to live up to it.

We picture a vast arena to which he and his ragged cohorts have carried a tangerine-crate to stand on

M. L. ROSENTHAL is poetry editor of *The Nation*.

and a drooping pirate flag to hoist. All around them mill the multitudes, intent yet aimless, listening in some vague manner to voices drifting down from the mile-high rostrums of authority, then pausing for split seconds to cheer or hoot the speakers ballooning there far up above. Gusty, full of cinders, a wind blows through the forum. The poet, poised jauntily on the cracking slats of his fragile crate, sings out his message, which the wind thins and crumbles as it bears it away. The youthful Trotsky must have looked like this! His hair and beard, and the sporty, belted suit jacket tied by the arms around his neck, blow romantically about his head.

But who can really hear him? Hardly anyone. An occasional bit of melody or flashing image comes through. Still, unless we stand closer than most of us can do if we're serious about our milling, we don't quite get it—and we wonder, does *he*? Why that facetious note in his voice, as though he were amused and baffled by his own words? We trust the assurances of politicians and of television announcers, because we know they lie and oversimplify and because we know why they do so. But the poet offers, not their frank evasions, but an evasive frankness like that of our own deepest thoughts. It is something we prefer to put off attending to until later. The false certainties floating down from the public rostrums make no such demand on innermost assent, do not require that we reopen everything for re-examination at once.

A WARNING now: I have been talking about the *resistance* to poetry and the reasons for it, not about that famous "obscurity" so often, with implications of fakery and general malfeasance, charged against it. The latter subject has been too much dignified by debate, in my opinion. The logic of poetic association is available to any literate person willing to adapt his thought to what the poet is doing without insisting on his own set and patterned expectations. He must not tell Shakespeare what to see in a skull unearthed by grave-diggers or Eliot what to see in a crab grasping the end of a stick.

November 10, 1956

The poetry itself, not the reader's own memory, is what gives such "sights" their precise symbolism. Openness of response and an absence of drudging, humorless literalness are as necessary here as in other realms of intellectual and imaginative activity. There remains, of course, poetry that is genuinely difficult. The effort to convey complex and subtle states of awareness, like the effort to give new life to old perspectives, may put almost as great a burden on reader as on poet. With such writing especially, an active sympathy is needed, and the better the reader the greater the poet's good fortune and the greater his challenge will be.

Nor am I concerned with the argument, inevitably put forward by people who have not read many of the particular poems involved, that modern poetry is merely negative, alienated, and "pessimistic." All poetry is affirmation in some sort, though it may cut painfully into the bone so as to affirm the marrow. Yet poetic affirmation even at its simplest, as in most of Longfellow, will have *some* of the mystery of the more difficult moderns:

I heard the trailing garments of the  
Night  
Sweep through her marble halls!  
According to René Char, the poet is

a person of "unilateral stability"; that is, he makes something unique out of universals—common, traditional, or objectively real materials—by transmuting them into aspects of the microcosm that is himself. In the process his particular sensibility moves into the foreground and becomes the determining element; it is this creative alchemy, I think, which makes poetic speech normative—something that at once reveals the terrible silent poverty of most lives and the vast richness which is ours for the asking, and thus sets a desirable standard. Who would not wish to be able to communicate love and its heightenings of awareness as Richard Wilbur does in "The Beautiful Changes":

One wading ■ Fall meadow finds on  
all sides  
The Queen Anne's Lace lying like lilies  
On water; it glides  
So from the walker, it turns  
Dry grass to a lake, as the slightest  
shade of you  
Valleys my mind in fabulous blue  
Lucernes.

The other side of the ability so to communicate is absolute candor in the recognition of things as they are. Thus Richard Eberhart on death:

I saw on the slant hill ■ putrid lamb,  
Propped with daisies. The sleep  
looked deep,

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The face nudged in the green pillow  
But the guts were out for the crows  
to eat.

The "unilateral stability" of poets and other artists depends on absolute freedom, within their own natural limits, for the play of intellect, sense-response and feeling over any subject whatsoever. There is no necessary alienation involved in such free play, but the motivation is independent, the direction the poet's own; in the language of Horace Gregory's translation from Catullus:

I shall not raise my hand to please  
you, Caesar,  
nor do I care whether you are white  
or black.

Now a Caesar might well choose to consider such declarations subversive, and from one viewpoint, perhaps, the San Francisco mayor (wasn't it?) who closed down *Lystrata* and sent out the cops to "get this guy Aristophanes" was right; and so was his most distinguished predecessor, Socrates. It was Socrates' contention—or at any rate, Plato's—that you can't trust poets. Poets feel themselves god-inspired when sometimes they're merely wrong, and they hawk as revealed truths all sorts of suspect attitudes that do not tally with the pretensions of the State, ideally conceived. Their poems *are*, we con-

cede, full of blood-loyalty, and from their unmobilized spirits they speak with a mockery of voice such as can disconcert even a philosopher-king and make him think them either frivolous or else unpredictably hostile on some atavistic, tribal principle which can hardly be put into words. They are obsessed with beast-images, with forbidden divinities, with the sexual power underlying all of life. Celebrants of the female or kinship principle, they will not hew to the Golden Lie that the State is the new order of the family and hierarchy the new order of the heart. Even a monarch-sanctioned poet like Virgil, singer of empire and officially instituted religion, will without warning betray a pang of sympathy with the old way of things, the way of local deities and of kinship rather than imperial loyalties. At the very last gasp of *The Aeneid*, he finds himself constrained to show that his heart is somehow, after all, with the "unconsenting spirits," his hero's enemies, now relegated to the nether shades. After the "deep sigh" of the dying Turnus, as earlier after the tragic disdain of the abandoned Dido in Hades, there is nothing but silence to defend "pious Aeneas."

The "mere" act of writing a poem with its own idiosyncratic life would be evidence enough of the *un-* or *sub-* or *epi-*official sources of that

act. It is a freely performed ritualization of an awareness and an attitude; when it swears its allegiances in advance, the consequences are as self-defeating as Yeats shows Cuchulain's oath to Conchubar to have been in *On Baile's Strand*: the loss of spontaneous meaning, filicide, tragedy without end.

IN modern poetry, we are more and more presented with the need to counteract the self-betrayal of a culture. "The pure products of America," writes Dr. Williams, "go crazy":

No one  
to witness  
and adjust, no one to drive the car

The prevailing argument is that, in submitting to organization, institutionalization, and mechanization for their own sake we are in danger of losing touch with the springs of joy and vitality: delight of the senses, tradition and ritual, self-realization within a truly human context. Randall Jarrell's "A Girl in a Library" shows a typical "Home Ec." or "Phys. Ed." major asleep in a college reading-room. His satire is tempered by compassion for this innocent victim of her times who might at least, in another age, have been one of the anonymous "braided maidens singing as they spin." The poem concludes:

. . . and I have seen  
Firm, fixed forever in your closing  
eyes,  
The Corn King beckoning to his  
Spring Queen.

Our poetry of the twenties and the thirties might almost be described as a concerted effort to re-establish vital continuities with the past—with the myth-making, wonder-contemplating, strength-giving sources in the past, not with its better-known evils—and to achieve a kind of cultural breakthrough for the creative sensibility in search of widened, fresher meanings. From *The Waste Land* to Muriel Rukeyser's *Elegies*, from Pound's *The Return* to Crane's self-analyses, the spectacular psychological struggle for such continuity and breakthrough made for a richly varied yet unified literature. The poetry was necessarily, if usually incidentally, *anti* in many respects:

## Reactionary History

Madam, we had our Modern Age at first,  
And liberally saw our Freedom grow accurst.

Then our Romantic Era, when you wept  
The day that you had let yourself be kept.

In th'enlightened Age of Reason next,  
We were a little cruel, but otherwise unsexed,

Till a briefest Renaissance, dying in Passion,  
Came near to canceling our Reformation.

Now stern Morality as it may assuages  
In the long prospect of our Middle Ages,

Until we may, by penitent Affliction,  
In Nature's course revoke the Crucifixion,

While th'insolent monuments of Rome  
By slow Degrees sink back into the loam.

Whether in Eden then, or th'Isles of Greece,  
We may achieve Antiquity's release,

And by Forgiveness or Oblivion  
Build up an Egypt where Time's not begun.

HOWARD NEMEROV

anti-war, anti-commercial, anti-authoritarian. (Even the revolutionary poetry of the Depression turns out to be in the main anarcho-individualistic, Freudian, and more in the image of D. H. Lawrence than of V. I. Lenin.) Hence perhaps—in addition to the facts of life themselves—our image of the unheard orator with his drooping flag of piracy. But at his best the poet-orator, whether he descants on apeneck Sweeney, or on the revolutionists stopping for a glass of orangeade, or on “the immovable critic twitching his skin like a horse that feels a flea,” has with Democritus the gifts of laughter and of faith in human possibility that the gods are likely to grant unusually thoughtful and concerned minds.

In the course of the past fifteen years the premises which modern poets once fought to establish have been taken for granted by their younger contemporaries although many of their potential readers had not yet got around to reading them but were still saying “I don’t get it” and “What’s it all about?” A movement of quiet liberation from specific formulas and stances of the twenties and thirties has been under way too, despite the fact that the same potential readers were still “worrying,” with the same inattentive insouciance, over Cummings’ typographical designs and whether or not *vers libre* is *vers véritable*. But because whatever is seen with fresh eyes and felt with immediacy will seem unorthodox, because prevailing manners and systems are always cumbersome approximations to situations already obsolete while the liveliest minds dance among discrepancies, ironies, possibilities—all the lights and darks, truths and pretensions, of life and death—the gap between what the poets are saying and doing at any given time and what the common reader imagines they say and do seems inevitable. Now if we say further that this gap is itself one of the major poetic motifs, then we have at one and the same moment come upon the greatest clue of all to this phenomenon of “subversion” ’mid the dithyrambs and upon the real significance thereof.

November 10, 1956

## THEATRE

### Harold Clurman

CHEKHOV'S *The Sea Gull*, for some reason I cannot determine exactly, splinters into fragments in the new production at the Fourth Street Theatre. Some of the fragments still reveal the beauty of the whole: one cannot leave any production of this tender play without taking away from it some keen dart of true sentiment or the ray of some fine thought.

I have reviewed *The Sea Gull* too often to say anything further about it except to make two observations which occurred to me on this occasion. The difference between Chekhov's record of suffering embodied within the framework of domestic

circumstance and most contemporary American writing in a similar vein is contained in a line which the doctor says of the other characters: “How hysterical they all are, and how much love.” Recent writers have been long on hysteria and short on love.

There is love or at any rate a special sort of gallantry in the actors who play in this production. I refer not so much to their interpretation as such—though a few are good enough—but to the fact that Betty Field, Jacob Ben-Ami, Shepperd Strudwick, to mention only three of the better known members of the

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cast, will undertake difficult roles at what must of necessity be nominal salaries on a tiny stage awkwardly placed for the production of such a play—all for the sake of appearing in the work of a great modern dramatist. No other branch of the theatrical profession shows so many examples of devotion to it as the actors.

I SHALL reserve extended comment on the Old Vic season at the Winter Garden till I have seen more of their productions. Their *Romeo and Juliet* I found quite undistinguished. It pains me to say this because the Old Vic company is composed of excellent young people who generally work with fine ensemble spirit as well as being handsomely equipped for the task of presenting Shakespeare in intelligible and theatrically sound terms. Their *Henry IV*, which I saw in London two years ago was an admirable production. But *Romeo and Juliet* seemed to me so much posturing and reciting of set speeches with no character having any connection with any other.

TERENCE RATTIGAN is at the moment England's ablest playwright. In the tradition of the English stage from Pinero through Galsworthy and Maugham, no one in England today carries on as consistently, as deftly and as effectively as Mr. Rattigan. He is not only expert; his message is

always modestly, gracefully and winningly on the side of the angels.

*Separate Tables* (Music Box Theatre) is one of his most successful plays. Its general theme is compassion for human error and frailty. More particularly the separate tables of the title are a symbol—through the instance of the dining room in a small second-rate provincial hotel—of loneliness.

The play consists of two parts with a slightly new focus in each case. In the first, a narcissistic woman cursed with an incapacity to give herself fully is finally accepted by her ex-husband whose frustrated passion for her is his own fatal weakness. But each needs the other and each must learn to sustain the other through that need. In the play's second part, two neurotically shy people—one a weak middle-aged man with a proclivity to compulsive sexual indiscretion, who passes himself off as a major and a man of exalted background; the other an almost pathologically inhibited lady of thirty-three—manage to reach beyond their disabilities and indirectly to give each other the courage to withstand more steadily the martyrdom of their isolated lives.

Around these four characters Rattigan traces a pattern of thumb-nail sketches of ordinary middle-class personages—easily recognizable, gently humorous. Everything in the play is sympathetic but nothing is surpris-

ing. If we follow the play with unabated interest it is due in part to the clean dexterity of Rattigan's technique and to his cordial feeling, and even in larger part to the extraordinary polish, sureness and sharpness of the acting performances, unimpeachably managed in Peter Glenville's direction.

The supporting company is very good, particularly so Beryl Measor who gives impressive substance to a somewhat trite character, but the burden of our attention is carried by Eric Portman, one of England's finest actors, and by the sinuous Margaret Leighton, another player who makes theatregoing in London a pleasure.

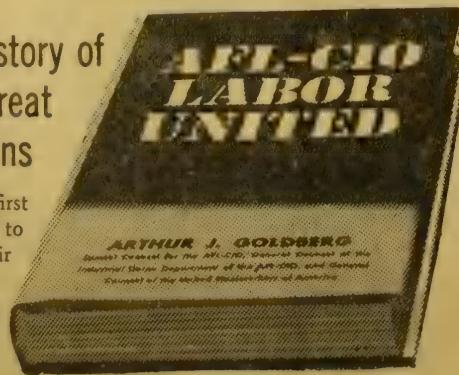
Portman has enormous, quiet power, the kind of concentration which makes the spectator follow his slightest gesture. His voice has an enviable sonority, with something reedy in it which saves it from being merely a "voice." He also has an acute sense of characterization based on reflective observation (the latter quality is equally evident in Miss Leighton's extremely vivid thirty-three year old maiden in the play's second section) and above all he executes every detail to the full extent of theatrical visibility within the conventions of the realistic theatre.

Yet paradoxically enough, *Separate Tables* is not realism either in writing or in performance. Or it is a special type of "realism" peculiar to the contemporary English stage—which amounts to a kind of stylization. It consists in applying quick strokes of stage behavior which will render reality—a sort of theatrical shorthand wherein the necessary dramatic information is strikingly conveyed in the briefest possible time. The effect is to make the calculated results gratifyingly clear, while the human sources of these results are taken for granted—so that the actors' skill is more palpable than his soul, his craft more arresting than the quality or content of his individual experience which has only obliquely been summoned into play.

In its way, *Separate Tables* is perfect. One certainly enjoys it, though inwardly one is barely touched. It

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suffers the limitations of its virtues. For all its gentlemanly understatement, it is too explicit. Everything is too thoroughly defined and articulated because nothing beyond what is definite—which means what is al-

ready known—is sought. There is not a blurred moment, a blot of indecision; nothing is unresolved or mysterious. The make is first-rate, but artistic creation is something else again.

## FILMS

### Robert Hatch

MICHAEL TODD has a touching faith in size. When he puts on a show, his unit of measurement is an elephant and his idea of lavish entertainment is to employ Sir John Gielgud and Frank Sinatra in bit parts. *Around the World in Eighty Days* used more famous actors (some fifty) and covered more ground (by definition) and consumed more sandwich lunches on location (26,391) than any picture in history. It runs for three hours across the enormous curved screen of Todd-AO and thirty-three assist-

ant directors participated in the task of moving 68,984 persons through 2,000 camera set-ups. Man, that's big!

Bulk never fails to impress me; my jaw fairly dropped the first time I saw the Pentagon. But I cannot maintain this uncomfortable expression for anything like 180 minutes. After a relatively short time I began looking for something man-size and lively. In the case of *Around the World* my eye kept falling on David Niven, who is one of the least lively of actors and who succeeds in mak-

ing a global race against time as unremarkable as a trip to the barber. I recognize that Mr. Niven's imperturbability is the cream of the jest, but there is a monotony about it that I find dramatically catastrophic. How Jules Verne injected suspense into his plot I do not know, but there is no excitement today in the spectacle of a dull but immensely wealthy stick buying his way around the world in the relatively poor time of eleven weeks, three days.

You can make a game of the picture by seeing how often you can beat your neighbor in recognizing the half-forgotten stars that pop up in the yarn. Andy Devine and Victor McLaglen are easy, but you will have to be a little sharper to spot Buster Keaton, Reginald Denny or Gilbert Roland. As a travelogue the picture is curiously unimpressive. Nothing obvious has been omitted and everything close up has been staged, for the reason that the action is supposed to be some eighty years ago and there are few corners of the world

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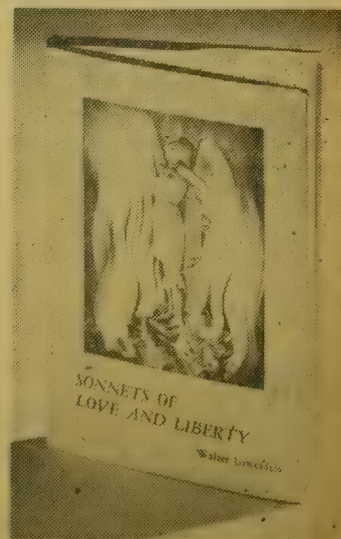
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—ARAGON

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today where a jeep or a neon sign wouldn't spoil the illusion.

S. J. Perelman, a witty man, wrote the script and his hand is occasionally evident. He was most effective, I thought, in two burlesque melodramas (the rescue of an Oriental beauty from a crowd of religious fanatics and the Sioux ambush of a transcontinental train). But even Mr. Perelman's edge has been blunted by the notions that British aplomb is indefinitely risible and that old gags are preferable to new ones.

The single great contribution of *Around the World* is Cantinflas, a Latin American comedian who here plays servant to David Niven's Phileas Fogg. Cantinflas is possessed of a small, athletic body and an original turn of irony. But, ironically, the colossal and stupendous Todd-erama is the poorest background for his fleet and clever pantomime.

BEFORE HE made *La Strada*, Federico Fellini became famous in Italy for *Vitelloni*, which translates

into English as "Big Calves," i.e. overgrown babies. The quality of the picture, and it is very considerable, stems from the group of young actors whom Fellini has directed in a mood of affectionate impatience. With one exception, perhaps, they are not bad—indeed they are quite charming—but they are incorrigibly feckless and God knows what, if anything, will make men of them. The plot is a sketch and one that will not take much analysis, but Fellini's comment is so perceptive, his oafs are so universally familiar and the young actors of his company give out such a variety of distinctive personality that the picture is alive and eventful.

It is a film story, which few movies are any more, seeming to improvise as it goes along, seizing on the relevant and revealing shot, modifying its narrative as weather, mood or inspiration suggest. Its form is camera form—the length of a shot, the relation of one shot to another, the contributions which light and motion and fleeting impressions of expression and gesture can make to understanding. Fellini has an opinion of his sorry heroes and that gives his picture cohesion—that and an honest and generous viewpoint on the whole human comedy. Some details of the picture are off balance and I suspect censorship. But this is no time to quibble; what is given

is strong and light and completely alive.

THE HERO of *The Snow Was Black* is also a young man with time on his hands. He lives with his mother, who runs a brothel, and this unpropitious environment has made a monster of him. He steals, he murders a man for a whim, he debauches himself (the opportunity is of course convenient); in a peculiarly disagreeable fashion he betrays the trust of the only respectable girl he knows, he apparently kills his old guardian (though I missed this detail in the plot) and he is exceedingly rude to his mother. He is also a Frenchman who hobnobs with the Nazis, but this seems the almost universal practice in his thoroughly supine French town.

All this should be most harrowing, but in fact it is faintly ridiculous. The picture, taken from one of Simenon's psychological novels, is criminal perversity written at the level of a detective thriller. Daniel Gelin, who plays the young man, looks to be an actor of intelligence and some emotional mobility. But he cannot make his abominations seem more than plot shocks, his inner torment more than ranting, or his eventual redemption more than pathos. The picture is seamy but unserious; it is therefore glib and in the end heartless.

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## The Dutchman's-Pipe Vine

Thin shoulder swung to debonair  
A-thwart his walnut-grained fox-smile,  
Clothed in, created of, the usual  
Leaves of a usual summer vine  
(How strange this green in yellow fall)  
And stretched as high, the green man glooms  
In vivid, vegetable thought—  
Mat rue or thunderous maple heads.  
Ten foot's beyond belief. And yet,  
To slant-eyed sight that just now flicked  
His world, he leaned familiar as  
Old August's honest-come-by growths  
Or dark-complected men in books.  
And conveyed, moreover, a happiness—  
As any man intent upon a theme.  
Take heart, then. Admire that,  
Sombre amongst the yellow leaves  
Yet debonair, the very tall  
And green man ponders green.

KATHERINE HOSKINS

# MUSIC

## B. H. Haggin

IN ADDITION to conducting the Symphony of the Air in the Fromm Foundation concert at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, Stokowski conducted it in another program of new works at the opening concert of its series in Carnegie Hall. It was more than fifteen years since I had last seen and heard Stokowski preside over an orchestra in this hall; and remembering those concerts with the Philadelphia Orchestra I was struck by the undiminished impressiveness of the operation—of the style which he managed to impart even to his entrance, the quietly authoritative exercise of extraordinary powers with which he led the orchestra through the difficult works and got it to play with the precision, finish and beauty of sound characteristic of his performances. But this operation was about all that the occasion offered. Stokowski has been right in principle in asking the public to be receptive to the new in music; but he has been singularly wrong in practice in his choice of the new music he has asked the public to be receptive to; and this concert was no exception.

It began with Charles Ives's *Robert Browning Overture*, in which quiet passages of impressive sonorities that testified to this composer's musical gifts alternated with pages of noisy chaos that testified to his eccentricity of mind. In the first movement of Alan Hovhaness' Symphony No. 3, Oriental-style melodies were subjected to the unsuitable manipulation and arrangement of classical sonata form; in the finale another of these melodies was repeated endlessly. Endless too was Kurt Leimer's unattractive invention in the sections that succeeded one another without coherence in his Piano Concerto No. 4. As for Werner Egk's *Franzoesische Suite*, it is "after Rameau" in the sense of giving us the play of Egk's mind set off by Rameau; and in its first two movements that play was anything but engaging in its heaviness and noisiness. In the quiet third

movement and brilliant fourth and fifth, however, Egk's mind operated in a way that was arresting and attractive; and they provided the evening's only music of consequence, aside from the Bach chorale-prelude that was added to the program in memory of Philip Sklar, leader of the double-bass section of the NBC Symphony and the Symphony of the Air, who died recently.

I SOLISTI DI ZAGREB, which played at Town Hall recently and is to be heard on Vanguard records, is a Yugoslav string chamber group of the same type and caliber as the Italian Virtuosi di Roma and I Musici. At the Town Hall concert its conductor, the cellist Antonio Janigro, played the fake Boccherini Concerto in B flat, put together and in part composed by Gruetzmacher, which cellists continue to play despite the discovery of the fraud a few years ago and the publication of the genuine work in Eulenburg Edition. Then the group played No. 1 of Rossini's Six Sonatas for two violins, cello and double-bass; and on Vanguard 488 it plays Nos. 1 to 4. Of these only No. 3 was familiar to me from the performances of the Virtuosi and Musici; and the other three turn out to be comparable in charm. Moreover it is astonishing to hear the operatic style of Rossini's maturity so clearly defined in works which he said he composed in his teens. The performances are reproduced with sound in which both treble and bass appear to be over-emphasized and must be cut down.

The Mozart Divertimenti K.136, 137 and 138 and the Serenata Notturno K.239 that I Solisti di Zagreb plays on Vanguard 482 have occasional lovely moments, but are not works of much consequence. This is true also of the Divertimenti K.113 and 205 played well by the Salzburg Mozarteum Orchestra under Marzen-dorfer on London LL-1427; and the two engaging Minuets K.463 on this record are brief, with contredanses that are less interesting.

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Three of Corelli's Concerti Grossi Op. 6—Nos. 7, 9 and the best known and loveliest, No. 8 (*Christmas*)—which were played brilliantly by the Società Corelli on RCA Victor LM-1776, are now played with better tempos and greater refinement of tone and style by I Musici on Epic LC-3264. The Victor record had in addition Nos. 1 and 2; the Epic has Nos. 4 and 10.

PIERLOT'S tone is remarkably beautiful in the performance of Vivaldi's fine Oboe Concerto in D minor (Pincherla No. 259) on London TWV-91052, but the playing of the instrumental group under Jean Witold hasn't the refinement of sonority and phrasing of the earlier Virtuosi di Roma performance on Decca 9679. The London record also offers Vivaldi's engaging Concerto in B flat for two violins (P. 391), Concerto in D for two violins and two cellos (P.188) and Bassoon Concerto in E minor (P.137), with excellent performances by the various soloists.

As for standard repertory, Reiner's performance of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony with the Chicago Symphony on Victor LM-1991 is good except for the unsteadiness of tempo in the finale; but Munch's performance of Beethoven's *Pastoral* with the Boston Symphony on Victor LM-1997 is poorly paced, unclear in texture and without sensitiveness, grace and warmth. And the poorly recorded performance of Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 5 by Casadesu with the New York Philharmonic under Mitropoulos on Columbia ML-5100 also is something to skip.

Szell's performances of Dvorak's *Slavonic Dances* with the Cleveland Orchestra in Epic SC-6015 are effective but don't have the subtleties of rhythm and phrasing and the more beautiful orchestral sonorities of Kubelik's performances with the Vienna Philharmonic on London LL-1283/4.

## TELEVISION NEXT WEEK

November 11 through November 15  
(See local papers for time and channel)

Sunday, November 11

**AIR POWER (CBS).** First chapter of a 26-part series on the development of flight and its impact on the twentieth century. The opening program (scheduled with brilliant irony on Armistice Day) will be a simulated nuclear attack on America. Subsequent programs, produced by CBS Public Affairs in cooperation with the U. S. Air Force, are constructed from 330 million feet of film gathered from all over the world. The series covers civilian developments as well as the military, but the Air Force will obviously get its money's worth. Two years in the making, it is rumored to be CBS's answer to "Victory at NBC."

**JOHNS HOPKINS FILE 7 (ABC).** A new series devoted to current research in science, the humanities and the arts from a university that has already established itself on TV with such intelligent shows as "Johns Hopkins Science Review" and "Tomorrow's Careers." The first program of the newcomer, "Stress," deals with brain-washing.

Monday, November 12

**JACK AND THE BEANSTALK (NBC; Producers' Showcase).** A 90-minute musical based on the fairytale: book and lyrics by Helen Deutsch, music by Jerry Livingston. With Celeste Hohn, Cyril Ritchard, Arnold Stang and Joel Gray in the title role. (Color).

**THE PILOT (CBS; Studio 1).** Postponed from October 8 because of Margaret Sullivan's defection, this original teleplay will now star Nancy Kelly. It tells of the first nun to get an airplane pilot's license.

Thursday, November 15

**SAVROLA (NBC; Matinee Theatre).** Another postponement, this time because of author trouble. Winston Churchill, who earlier confessed only a distant interest in the televised version of his one novel, at the last moment interrupted his present writing schedule to inject "more Churchill, less Hollywood" into the adaptation. Sarah Churchill stars.

**HERITAGE OF ANGER (CBS; Playhouse 90).** Third original 90-minute drama in this trail-blazing series, which made a big splash with "Requiem for a Heavyweight." The present show, starring Ralph Bellamy and Nina Foch, is the story of a business leader who resolves to turn his empire over to his two sons. Worth watching for new developments in television drama.

## Radio

Wednesday, November 14

**POETS AND OTHER PEOPLE (NBC).** The pleasures of hearing the well-spoken word; a six-week series produced in cooperation with Columbia University's Institute of Arts and Sciences. On this occasion, "An Evening with Siobhan McKenna."

A W. L.

# Crossword Puzzle No. 697

By FRANK W. LEWIS



## ACROSS:

- 1 March might show whether you can keep this in front of your ankle. (6)
- 5 Spend your years in reading, perhaps. (7)
- 10 Suggests whence a Russian might come is certainly not 1. (3,2,4)
- 11 See 4 down
- 12 Supplicate. (7)
- 13 There's purpose in what some people have to pay for clothing. (7)
- 14 and 20 down This sometimes takes perception (when dealing with marked cards, perhaps). (12)
- 16 Black and white, for example. (9)
- 18 Sounds like what victims of delirium might do, but they're real. (3,6)
- 20 Sunny? (5)
- 22 Medusa's affected by it. (7)
- 24 Get sick after a quantity of duck. (7)
- 26 Pick up the remains of 18 down finally. (5)
- 27 This might be 29 too much. (9)
- 28 Enter at 12. (7)
- 29 This might be proverbial. (6)

## DOWN:

- 2 Not the end of 16, as one observes. (5)
- 3 Ate up most of the stick above it, with material results. (7)
- 4 and 11 across This is deemed crazy by some, but it might be quite a spread. (9,5)
- 5 Father obviously gets through it!

- (5)
- 6 One of these might be synonymous with 18 down. (7)
- 7 Referring to support, name it incorrectly in everything. (9)
- 8 Clergy, nobles, and commons. (Press for an addition, if you need more!)
- 9 This is a weak point with some of us. (6)
- 15 An uneasy seat there might have checked what was in the 5 down. (4,5)
- 17 Even coastal steamers are bound to occasionally, but they might make traveling easier. (9)
- 18 The boss is a little bit attached to dress. (7)
- 19 The runner belongs to me in a bad one. (7)
- 20 See 14 across
- 21 A bricklayer sometimes does—a hen, never. (6)
- 23 With duffers, one is sometimes almost unreplaceable. (5)
- 25 Like a Scotsman, only from a different country. (5)

**SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 696:**  
ACROSS: 1 STRANGULATION; 10 AND 13 LORNA DOONE; 11 LIBERATOR; 12 DISTRESS; 14 DEPARTMENTAL; 19 SKITTISHNESS; 22 RAGED; 24 FLOGGINGS; 25 CHARIVARI; 26 IRENE; 27 DERMATOLOGIST. DOWN: 2 THRUST; 3 ABASEMENT; 4 GALATIANS; 5 LABOR; 6 TIRED; 7 OUTPOSTS; 8 BLADE; 9 ORDEALS; 15 TONSORIAL; 16 EASY-GOING; 17 OSTRICH; 18 DISGRACE; 20 UNLESS; 21 USHER; 23 DEISM; 24 FEAST.

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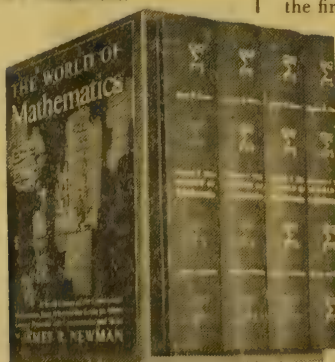
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EVERY WEEK SINCE 1865

SAUL BELLOW'S "SEIZE THE DAY": Reviewed by Herbert Gold

THE *Nation*

NOVEMBER 17, 1956

20c

**Power Gamble in the  
Middle East**

*Report from Washington*

**New Faces for '57**

*Portraits of Senate Winners*

**The Roof Fell In**

*Election Night in New York*

by Dan Wakefield



# LETTERS

## Stout-Hearted Virginian

Dear Sirs: Spit In the Devil's Eye (October 29 issue) was a truly heart-warming story of a stout-hearted woman. Sarah Patton Boyle is well known to most Virginians, for she has been involved for some time in the cause which she so adequately terms as "acceptance of colored citizens."

Many of us here in the state have had the opportunity to see or read of Mrs. Boyle in action — whether she is admonishing a group of cross-burners for soiling her lawn or whether she is making a talk before some group on behalf of desegregation. But never have we had the opportunity to know as we did in Spit In the Devil's Eye what made this little woman tick. It is good to see that her motives are firmly rooted in her Christian view of life: a view which proceeds from the tenet that no people may be rejected as a people, for in Christ there can be neither Jew nor Greek, but all are one.

Mrs. Boyle has served as an ever-present prick to the consciences of a good many Virginians. Thank God for such a sane and spirited prick!

DAVID McDANIEL SIMMS  
Episcopal Theological Seminary  
Alexandria, Virginia

## Balogh on Gardner

Dear Sirs: I have recently returned from several years of professional work in England where I was in some touch with Anglo-American economic affairs. My attention has been drawn to Mr. Balogh's review of Richard Gardner's *Sterling-Dollar Diplomacy* in your issue of September 22.

Not only is this review imprecise in points of detail — Mr. Gardner speaks of Richard Stokes and not "G. M. Stokes," he speaks of men "influenced" and not "tainted" by certain Marxist writings — but it gives an utterly distorted picture of the book as a whole. The latter has been highly praised in the most varied political quarters and bears the double endorsement of Professor Harrod's preface and the imprint of what is perhaps the world's most exacting academic press.

But whatever Mr. Balogh's opinions of the book itself, there is not the faintest warrant for his accusation of "McCarthyism". This is not the kind of charge which personal pique or whatever other motive should provoke a responsible reviewer to hurl or a ser-

ious journal to print. Anyone who will take the trouble to read the book will recognize how ridiculous it is and how different Mr. Balogh's tone is from that of the work he is attacking.

GEORGE STEINER

The Institute for Advanced Studies  
Princeton, N. J.

Dear Sirs: Mr. Steiner uses a misprint to confuse the issue. Mr. Stokes' name is Richard but as Mr. Steiner well knows he is a Right Wing Catholic Labor M. P. whose description as a Leftist by Mr. Gardner (p. 226) would be ridiculous if it were not malevolently tendentious. Why should Mr. Gardner gratuitously and wrongly accuse Professor Cole and Mr. E. H. Carr of Marxist-Leninist "influence" if he did not wish to accuse them of Marxist taint? Mr. Gardner's studied neglect of the purely economic arguments against the policy pursued is equally familiar in the technique of Mr. McCarthy. There were a great number of people who could not be accused of Marxist-Leninist influences who were opposed to Bretton Woods. Mr. Harrod's testimony is hardly surprising. Mr. Gardner supports his pet ideas, which have been questioned by many friends of Keynes.

T. BALOGH  
Oxford, England

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Dear Sirs: I have on hand an almost complete file of *The Nation* from 1952 to the present. Unfortunately, space limitations are forcing me to dispose of them. I would very much like to donate them to some library (preferably school library) either here or abroad. I would appreciate learning of some institution interested in obtaining this material.

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## NEXT WEEK

### Louis Bean On The Elections

The best of the political "pulse-takers," who has spent many years studying vote statistics and the mind of the voter who makes them, analyses the Eisenhower landslide, the Democratic Victory in Congress and the new distribution of political power reflected in the election results.

Be sure to read next week's issue of *The Nation*.

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The Nation, Nov. 17, 1956, Vol. 183, No. 20

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## Editorials

### Hidden Greatness

To the surprise of no one — even the professional pollsters were exactly on the beam this time — the President scored a stunning victory. Probably no man, regardless of what type of campaign he had conducted, could have beaten Mr. Eisenhower, particularly in an election conducted in an atmosphere of rising international tension. *The Nation* stated and still believes that the Democrats nominated their best candidates.

But having said this, we believe that it will be for his 1952 campaign that Mr. Stevenson will be remembered, rather than for the one just ended. In 1952 Mr. Stevenson aroused our enthusiasm. We still remember his speech to the American Legion in New York with unqualified exaltation. But this year he was different. We cannot agree with Mr. Truman's evaluation that this year's campaign was "much better." It seemed to us that in taking the advice of the "pros," Mr. Stevenson lost much of his greatness. He seemed intent on deliberately, almost perversely, appearing less intelligent than he is. The failure to meet the civil-rights issue head-on, the effort to capitalize on the discontent among farmers and small business men (which apparently didn't exist) while at the same time offering them only a shopworn program and slogans, reflected a Stevenson determined to buy votes rather than sell ideas. Compared to 1952, this was a campaign without imagination, without conviction, without spirit, and most of all, without idealism. The H-bomb issue was an exception, yet even here Mr. Stevenson failed to carry the argument to its ultimate and logical conclusion: the necessity for ending the cold war on all fronts. Many voters cast their ballots for him on the assumption, formed four years earlier, that he is a lot better than he chose to appear.

The overwhelming result of the Presidential contest must not blind us to the resurgent strength of the liberalism within the Democratic Party. Even the spectacularly popular President could not carry with him his party's outdated dogmas. Liberal Democrats won, despite the Presidential landslide, in enough contests to assure their party's control of both chambers of the legislature.

In our opinion the President is quite wrong in labeling the Republican Party, as now constituted, "the

party of the future." The Democrats have the talented and energetic young leadership necessary to be the dominant force in American politics in the years ahead. Kennedy, Williams, Clark, Morse, Kefauver and countless others are bright prospects to pick up the mantle which Mr. Stevenson will put aside.

It is our hope that the next Democratic candidate for the most powerful office in the world will model his campaign on the Stevenson of 1952 rather than the one of 1956. Stevenson was always better than the "pros"; we are certain that the next Democratic candidate will likewise be. There is never any need to be ashamed of brains or to attempt to hide them. Nor is it ever necessary to apologize for ideals.

Mr. Stevenson's gracious farewell caught for a moment the flavor of his 1952 battle. In the end, he couldn't hide his greatness, and we can only wish that he had never been persuaded to try.

### The Rewards of Heresy

As part of the Twenty-first Annual Convention of the National Council of Negro Women, which will be held in Washington, D. C., on November 17, Mrs. Sarah Patton Boyle of Charlottesville, Virginia, will receive a citation for outstanding work in the field of race relations. It goes without saying that *The Nation* is delighted to learn that Mrs. Boyle, whose article, *Spit in the Devil's Eye*, appeared in our issue of October 20, has discovered that heresy has its own rewards. As a publication which now and then encourages heresy, we, too, have our rewards. About the nicest we have received lately is a letter from Mrs. Boyle, from which we quote with her permission. "You may be interested in knowing that the mail I have received on *Spit in the Devil's Eye* has made me feel reintegrated into the human family. I've received over thirty letters so far and they are still coming in. 'Silent friends,' unknown friends are speaking to me from all over the nation. From the North, from the West Coast and many, many from white people in the deep South, letters of appreciation and reassurance have come in. I shall answer each with my whole heart, as though it were the only one I received, for each was written that way and each was very important to me, filling in all cases some special need which the others did not fill. . . ."



# Power Gamble in the Middle East

Washington

AS THIS is written, Britain and the United Nations are moving towards a new collision over the Middle East. While they agreed last week to establish a U.N. police force for Egypt, there is a tacit but deep difference between them.

Britain accepted the plan in the belief that the U.N. military units are to assume *control* of the Suez Canal. However, the United Nations concept is that its forces shall be assigned only to *protect* the canal against aggression and against continued disruption of traffic.

When Sir Anthony Eden and his cabinet made their adventurous decision to invade Egypt together with the French, their principal aim was to wrest from Egyptian President Nasser the mastery of the canal. In reluctantly acquiescing to hand over the reins to the United Nations, the British rulers assumed the world organization would do the job for them and restore international control of the waterway. But indications are that the U.N. will leave the canal in Nasser's hands.

The prevailing estimate in Washington is that Western Europe is at this hour suffering the worst loss of face since the World War ended. Anglo-French aims in Egypt have been plain. Britain was intent on regaining control of the canal; the French, if possible even more than the British, were dedicated to throwing Nasser out of power. After all, had not the Egyptian Chief of State smuggled arms to France's arch-foe, the Algerian nationalists, who are pinning down some half-million French soldiers? Nasser is the spiritus rector of the anti-Western movement among Arabs.

The extent of the British and French humiliation is apparent when one realizes that neither has accomplished the real aim of the ambitious undertaking against Egypt. They have accepted a cease-fire with their purpose unfulfilled. From the American viewpoint it is better thus; our main concern is not to uphold the prestige of empire.

Why did the Anglo-French drop their enterprise after going to such lengths? Why did they suddenly become frightened of their own "courage?" Here are the reasons:

1. Their action resulted in an alarming deterioration of Anglo-French relations with America.

2. They found themselves in a pitiful 4-to-65 minority in the United Nations Assembly.

3. The French, much more than the British, were gravely disquieted by the notes from the Kremlin indicating possible Soviet armed intercession in the Middle East and the consequent risk of world war. This was paralleled by Moscow's charges that under United States auspices Austria was used to support the anti-Soviet revolt in Hungary. (West European intelligence services received undisclosed information of a disturbing character, suggesting the possibility of Soviet armed action.)

4. British and French saw that their stroke against Egypt had endangered their Middle East oil resources. The Iraq-Lebanon pipeline was thrown out of commission by sabotage in Syria.

5. Finally, popular dismay and anger were being directed with increasing ferocity against Prime Minister Eden at home.

Amid these turbulent events, the British and French were kindling more Arab resentment, storing up bitterness for years ahead. Just before his serious illness, Secretary Dulles told friends there was reason to believe in collusion among the British, French and Israeli in preparing their moves against Egypt. Dulles was not alone in holding this belief. An Arab ambassador in Washington remarked: "Now we know that Britain and France relied on Israel for help against the Arabs. We shall not forget that."

As Middle East official experts in Washington see it, however, the overriding damage which was wrought is this: Britain and France, nominally still major powers, have retreated after leaving the impress-

ion of being unable to impose their will even on so small and weak a state as Egypt. It is this, rather than the moral degradation involved, which has caused the blackest anxiety among diplomats here.

The cynicism of it all has come to full fruition in the evolution of the Eisenhower Administration's attitude. Washington's first reflex was boiling wrath. The President was furious; Dulles was outraged; State Department officials vowed it would be years before we would again trust Britain and France.

Combined efforts of Dwight Eisenhower and the United Nations failed to halt the Franco-British assault or the Israeli incursion into Egypt. Having discovered that it was too late to stop the ominous moves, the feeling inside the Administration seemed to have changed abruptly. The impression in London and Paris now was that the American government wanted them to finish the job swiftly. The implication conveyed to Britain and France was: "Now that you've moved in, take over the Suez Canal, overthrow Nasser as you intended, but get it over quickly and the harm will be less. It may even be possible to salvage a net gain."

Meanwhile, the United States made two pronouncements which extended our protection to Britain and France. One was the White House statement warning Russia that America would oppose Soviet armed forces if they intervened in Egypt. The other was a State Department declaration, in effect telling Moscow that any violation of Austrian neutrality would be a *casus belli*.

However, the British and French, instead of hurrying, moved slowly. There was an inexplicable delay of several days before the Anglo-French landings at Port Said. One version suggests this was due to last-minute differences between Britain and France on military tactics.

Instead of rescuing Britain and France from their folly, the United States was tending to become associated with it.

# NEW FACES FOR '57

[Here are sketches of men newly elected to the U. S. Senate. With one or two exceptions, their victories tend to confirm the thesis that whatever else may have been buried in the Presidential landslide, liberalism has survived.]

One of our great regrets is that the name of Richard Richards, who lost a valiant fight to Senator Kuchel in California, could not be included in this list. But even in defeat the Richards fight was significant: he lost by a scant quarter-million votes in a state which went for Eisenhower by 700,000 votes. — Ed.]

## CHURCH of Idaho

by Les Fishman

Pocatello, Idaho  
FRANK CHURCH, a moderate Democrat, swept into the U. S. Senate from Idaho along with the Eisenhower landslide by a majority of 45,000 votes (Eisenhower's majority was only 60,000) and established himself as the outstanding political personality of the state at the age of thirty-two.

Church, who will be the youngest Senator now serving, conducted a careful campaign which stressed moderation. In its closing days, he went so far as to pledge support to Eisenhower in the international crisis, refusing to comment on Stevenson's stand on H-bomb tests. The candidate and his advisors anticipated that Eisenhower would repeat his 1952 victory in the state and stressed their support of the "bipartisan" foreign policy. They tailored their campaign to defeat Herman Welker, who was characterized by Paul Hoffman as one of the McCarthy "unappeasables" who "have little place in the new Republican Party." Welker was a vulnerable target. He had done little, if anything, for Idaho's economic development (his support of such measures as the tidelands-oil give-

away was widely interpreted in both parties as a vote against Idaho's development). His absenteeism had received wide publicity; his overbearing attitude toward even Republican constituents had antagonized many in his own party; his McCarthyism had inflamed labor and liberals.

Church took as his main theme the great common denominator of the entire region: economic development. To the farmers, he stressed their plight of higher and higher costs in the face of shrinking farm income and lower crop prices (particularly potato prices); to the small business men, he stressed the increase in business bankruptcies in the face of an ever-tightening money market; to the workingman, he stressed the need to pass "legitimate" Taft-Hartley amendments in the face of threatening "right-to-work" state legislation; to the general public, he presented himself as an eager young man, a good husband and father, ready to work hard for Idaho's future, for better schools and higher old-age pensions.

Early in the campaign Welker accused Church of receiving funds from outside "pinks and punks" (The National Committee for an Effective Congress). The "accidental" release of Welker's fund sources revealed his own receipt of some \$88,000 (compared to Church's \$34,000), almost all of which came from out-of-state sources—particularly oil-and natural-gas funds (Cullen of Texas and the Pews of Pennsylvania were among his supporters). Moreover, Welker paid out over \$12,000 to a professional fundraiser from California, and nothing makes an Idahoan so mad as spending money out of the state.

Welker's red smear was easily combatted by Church. Former Senator Glen Taylor, who had disputed Church's very close primary victory, ran on a write-in basis and accused Church of being a tool of the "Boise Corporation gang"; Welker, on the other hand, accused Church of being a tool of the "pinkos." Church was

in an ideal position to take advantage of the revolt of the moderates; he made the most of it.

At Stanford, where Church got his law degree, he won the Joffe debate medal. He married into the politically influential Clark family; his father-in-law, Chase A. Clark, a former governor of Idaho, has been a federal judge since 1943.

Barzilla Worth Clark, a brother of Chase, was also governor of Idaho. D. Worth Clark, a nephew, was a Congressman and a U. S. Senator. The present governor, a "modern" Republican, Robert Smylie, is also related by marriage to the Clarks. Church himself is a member of the Boise law firm of Langroise, Clark and Sullivan, one of the most prominent law firms in Idaho.

At thirty-two, Church has made the most of his political opportunities. With the Morse and Magnuson victories in neighboring states, the entire Eisenhower-McKay national-resource policy will undergo searching revisions—especially on the issue of public power.

On international questions, Church's forthright support of the United Nations will be combined with a recognition of the Rocky Mountain isolationism for which Borah is so famous. For example, in the campaign Church strongly supported "the point four program in place of massive foreign aid." On civil liberties, when pushed by Taylor in the primaries, he adopted a strong liberal position.

Church is a political natural; he is sincere, bright, hard-working and able. He is almost the epitome of the All-American boy.

## JAVITS of New York

by Noel E. Parmentel, Jr.

New York

THE Honorable Jacob Koppel Javits has scored a smashing upset victory over New York Mayor Robert F. Wagner, Jr., to succeed Herbert Lehman as the Empire State's junior United States Senator.

LES FISHMAN has written extensively on Idaho politics.

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Although he trailed the President by well over a million votes, his victory must be counted as a personal triumph in view of the mayor's immense popularity and of the heavy Jewish vote in New York, most of which was completely alienated by the President's, and Javits', strong stand against the Israeli-British-French invasion of Egypt.

The Jack Javits story is almost Horatio Alger as it might be written by Mike Gold. During the campaign it was stressed that Javits was born of poor, but honest immigrant parents on New York City's Lower East Side, the principal ghetto of this sprawling city. People who knew him when recall him as a bright, hard-working boy driven by ambition and curiosity. He worked his way through Columbia University and New York University Law School. Deceptively young, the energetic Javits has been practicing law for upwards of thirty years, gaining a reputation as a bright, slick spokesman for trade associations, chiefly those of small business men.

While Javits' economic prosperity and social climbing raised many an eyebrow among his boyhood friends from *schule*, it brought him powerful allies and even a bride who was heiress to the Ringling Brothers circus fortune. This union ended in divorce and Javits remarried. He is now the father of three children. Curiously, his divorce seems not to have hurt him in New York state politics, even among such conjugally conservative elements as Jews, Irish Catholics and upstate Protestants. Like so many bright, articulate liberals in New York, who found themselves disinherited by the Tammany Hall of Jimmie Walker and the Republican heirs of Mark Hanna, Javits got his start in the City Fusion Party of New York City's late Mayor Fiorello LaGuardia, for whom he acted as advisor in the period just before World War II. In 1946 he was elected, as a Republican, to Congress from Manhattan's strongly

Democratic Washington Heights district. This was a victory for Jack Javits, rather than for the Republican Party. He was aided by a general Republican upsurge and by a militantly pro-Zionist stand in a heavily Jewish district. But it must be emphasized that Javits was probably the only Republican who could have carried the district.

Javits served five terms in the House and compiled a record as an able, intelligent and hard-working Congressman. In 1954, when U. S. Senator Irving Ives ran unsuccessfully for governor against Averell Harriman, Javits was prevailed upon to run as attorney-general to strengthen the ticket in what proved to be a bad year for Republican hopes in New York. With the phenomenal luck that has characterized his career, Javits emerged as the only Republican to win statewide victory in spite of the fact that his opponent had the supposedly politically magic name of Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr.

Making a generally good record as attorney-general, it seemed obvious that he would be the Republican choice to try to succeed the venerable and respected Herbert Lehman for the Senate in 1956. Everything was merrily rolling along towards this point until Jay G. Sourwine, then conducting a sluggish and ineffective campaign against Senator Alan Bible for the Democratic Senatorial nomination from Nevada, sought to enliven his cause with a little free publicity. Sourwine, who had been counsel for one of the Senate's witch-hunting committees, charged that the New York attorney-general was pro-Communist. Silly as the charge was, it placed the charge in the role of defendant and required—considering the times—a public skirt-cleaning and breast-baring. Javits' performance before such road company Vestal Virgins as James Eastland, William Jenner and Robert Morris has seldom been exceeded in general bathos and patrioteering. While his groveling before Eastland disgusted many of his supporters, it did serve to convince voters of the Know-Nothing persuasion that perhaps he was not as black as he had been painted and



Javits

might even be a "good security risk."

While his committee appearance disillusioned some of his friends, it bore out the opinion of observers who thought Javits a Nixon type who would grab whatever side of an issue seemed handy.

At any rate, the Republicans named Javits as their standard bearer and he conducted his usual effective campaign. He was, of course, aided by the tremendous popularity of President Eisenhower in New York. In addition, he confounded his detractors by forthrightly condemning the aggression against Egypt. A few cynics maintained, however, that this was the Dulles line and he was stuck with it. In regard to this, one amusing aspect of the campaign came when Javits blossomed forth as the poor man's Eisenhower. Recalling the President's 1952 promise concerning Korea, Javits said, "If elected, I will go to Israel."

His stand on the Middle East threatened defeat. But Eisenhower carried him to victory. Now, with only the doddering Irving Ives for competition, Javits can be expected to become the principal spokesman for the nation's largest state. He can be counted on, with Clifford Case, Prescott Bush, John S. Cooper and Leverett Saltonstall, in the "Eisenhower wing" of the Republican Party and, because of his gifts, may emerge as principal spokesman for this group. He is close to both Thomas Dewey and Richard Nixon and will definitely be an insider.

NOEL E. PARMENTEL, JR., a magazine writer, is at work on a book about the Long family of Louisiana.

## LAUSCHE of Ohio by Richard L. Maher

*Cleveland*

IN Frank John Lausche, who has taken over the Senate seat of the late Robert A. Taft, the Senate gets a Democrat who is more conservative than Taft or Taft's immediate Republican successor, George H. Bender.

Lausche's ten years as Ohio's governor—he has served longer than any in the history of the state—have been marked by a careful, cautious approach to governmental problems, a “go slow and easy” policy. He has run what might be termed a “status quo” government.

The son of immigrant Yugoslav parents, Lausche came up from the streets of Cleveland, where he played sandlot baseball, to become a judge, a mayor and a governor. He hails from the most heavily Democratic section of the city, but his conduct of governmental affairs has not always reflected the thinking of those in his home territory. Nevertheless, all his old neighbors and most nationality groups here support him with almost crusading zeal because of their intense pride in his rise from a humble home to the state's Executive Mansion.

In three years as mayor of Cleveland and ten years as governor of the state, Lausche has had the support of business men, big as well as little. They regard him as “safe.” They have figured—and events justify their belief—that nothing detrimental to them would happen under his direction.

Only once during his five terms as governor has Lausche had a legislature of his own party. And when he did, he could not get along with its leaders, even though they had been hand-picked by him. On the other hand, Lausche always got along well with his Republican leaders. In fact, Democratic leaders in that Assembly often learned of his plans from the Republicans. Once when he was having senate members as guests at the governor's mansion, he overlooked telling the Democratic leader,

who learned of it from the GOP president *pro tem* of the state senate.

That Lausche has had big-business and Republican support in his campaigns is generally admitted by GOP leaders. Right up to Election Day, George Bender, his Republican opponent, again and again stressed that the “Republicans who elected Frank Lausche are coming back home this year.” It's even whispered that George M. Humphrey, Secretary of the Treasury, who was Bender's campaign chairman, supported Lausche for mayor of Cleveland when Lausche first ran for this office.

The new Senator's position is obscure on many of the problems that will face the country beginning next January. He is something of a states' righter in his views. “I don't believe that the federal government ought to take on duties which belong to the state and local governments,” he said during the campaign. “With all due respect to the President of the United States, the speed with which his Administration has been taking over local affairs was just as great as during preceding years.”

Last winter, after an appearance on *Meet the Press*, Lausche said there were some civil-rights matters that ought to be settled on the state level. “I am for civil rights,” he said during the campaign. “I fought for an FEPC bill in the Ohio Legislature. I am for a federal bill to punish lynching. I am for a federal law to give the right to vote.” But, as his rival, Bender, pointed out during the campaign, for most of Lausche's

years as governor, a segregated school ran in Hillsboro, Ohio, a tiny rural community, without state interference. It continued until exposed by *The Cleveland Press* and until court orders finally ended it. And it is a matter of record that no FEPC bill was passed by the Ohio legislature during his terms.

As governor, Lausche used the public utilities as whipping boys, but legislation to change an antiquated rate-making law in Ohio never got out of legislative committee. Year after year it was sidetracked—and Lausche always had a handy issue for the next campaign.

Lausche has told the voters very little about what he plans to do as Senator. He campaigned as he had campaigned for governor—visiting county fairs, speaking at church suppers, nationality affairs, community dinners. He attended very few strictly political meetings.

He has consistently used political bosses as whipping boys during his years in office. Yet he himself got his start in politics as a ward leader for the man whom today he castigates more than any other political leader—Ray T. Miller, the Democratic chairman of Cleveland who was elected mayor in 1932. Miller had made Lausche leader of the Slovenian Twenty-Third Ward for that campaign. After his victory, he offered Lausche a cabinet post which was refused. Later, Miller went to the then Democratic governor of Ohio and got Lausche appointed a city judge. Still later Miller backed Lausche for mayor—and upon Lausche's election, they split.

Lausche has put out a political creed that includes such cogent points as: “Do not yield your judgment for votes. . . . Do not allow lobbyists to obtain a position of domination. . . . Do not yield your honest judgment to a political boss. . . . Do become a lobbyist for the people. . . .” During the two years of the last twelve that Lausche was out of the governor's office, he was himself a lobbyist—and not for the people. He was hired by Robert Young as counsel for the New York Central chief's railroad federation.

Generally, Lausche thinks along Republican lines, although he labels



Lausche

RICHARD L. MAHER is on the staff of *The Cleveland Press*.

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himself a Democrat. He voted for Taft in 1950. He now says that he may vote with the Republicans to organize the Senate if his vote will mean that the President will have a Senate of his own party.

At sixty-one, the new Senator is somewhat of a mystic. He studies and quotes Lincoln, and golfs with the state's top industrialists and newspaper publishers. He proclaims himself a friend of the working man — yet organized labor opposed him more vigorously than Robert Taft. He says he believes in the two-party system — yet admittedly the Democratic Party in Ohio, under his titular leadership, degenerated into a Lausche party, with the organization at its weakest in history.

Lausche has a charm that wins people and voters. He has a flair for telling a story on himself, even though it might be embarrassing. He is an individualist who has parlayed political unorthodoxy into higher and higher political office.

## CLARK of Pennsylvania

by David Wesley

*York, Pa.*

EX-MAYOR Joseph Sill Clark, Jr., of Philadelphia, who unseated GOP Senator James H. ("Big Red") Duff, is just a plain young-fashioned liberal. But there's more than is ordinarily implied in the word "just." Joe Clark is a liberal politician who exudes a conspicuous aura of integrity and conviction. He appears to wear nobody's tie.

Not even the Democratic tie — the machine-made model, that is — when it begins to choke. That's part of the Philadelphia story, where Clark pulled off a revolution unprecedented in any American city in modern times. It was a revolution — when you consider that the City of Brotherly Love had languished in an oleaginous stupor for sixty-seven unbroken years under the almost unbelievably graft-ridden rule of a big business-run GOP machine. With *bakshish*, rather than public

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Clark

service, enthroned at City Hall, with a rackets-protecting police force and patronage rampant, Pew of Sun Oil was boss no matter who was mayor.

Registration was still two to one for the Pews when the voters finally kicked over the traces in 1951. Clark — abetted by Richardson Dilworth — uprooted the police force, blew the patronage racket sky-high and, after lopping off waste in great hunks, shot taxes up nearly \$20 million at the end of his first year. It went on like that, with even more taxes and less patronage, and Clark and Dilworth had to wage one valiant battle after another against palace insurrections along the way (some of the malcontents were still knifing Clark in the wards back home in this, his first state-wide campaign). Yet Democracy continues to reign in Philadelphia — with Dilworth now at the helm as mayor.

For present purposes, what is as impressive as this vivid achievement — and it identifies the keynote of his liberalism — is Clark's own assessment of it. He has drawn two major lessons. Lesson No. 1, he has written, is that "the American vote need no longer be 'delivered' by party bosses and party hacks. The 'controlled' vote can become more and more a thing of the past . . . Lesson No. 2: "Americans are expecting increasing services from all levels of government, and they ex-

pect these services to be rendered honestly and efficiently."

There's one more thing, having to do with the nagging problem of enticing honest and efficient people into government. "Once word got around," he has said, "that civil-service examinations were on the level, we were swamped with applications from men and women who in the past would have been ashamed to tell their friends they wanted to work in city hall."

Today there is additional evidence that Clark is a revolutionary. He is described as "one of the leaders in a powerful left-wing and underground activity that espouses a totalitarian concept of government wholly foreign to the American constitutional system." This devastating revelation came from Big Red himself and accurately measured the decline of this aging patriarch of the Pew-PAM (Pennsylvania Association of Manufacturers) dynasty. Duff was referring to Clark's membership in Americans for Democratic Action, and it caused even the *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette* (Pittsburghers regard Philadelphians with the same brotherly love San Franciscans expend on Angelinos) to cry "Foul!" — after Clark, with typical vigor, had announced that he was proud to be associated in such nefarious business with Mrs. Roosevelt, Senator Lehman and Senator Humphrey.

Lean, tireless and boyish of frame, but taking on the creases of years of arduous administrative and political labor in his rather patrician face, this fifty-five-year-old descendant of a main line family assiduously tramped the state during the campaign. His was a markedly high-level, issue-concentrated drive that presented a generally ADA platform. He is for a strong defense program and against U.N. admission for China at the present time, but he is anxious to junk the more egregious aspects of foreign policy as represented by Dullesism, and he would favor the Bowles approach to the underdeveloped world. Primarily, he is an earnest civil libertarian, with a clear record during his Philadelphia tenure on the treatment of minorities. Always staunchly pro-

labor, he can be counted on to support severe modification or repeal of Taft-Hartley.

During the campaign, he was asked how he felt about riding along in the same bandwagon with Un-American Activities Committee chairman Francis Walter, who won re-election in Easton, Pennsylvania. Clark promptly replied by calling Walter the Joe McCarthy of the Democratic Party. The irony is that the Philadelphia "spectacular" written, produced and directed by Joe Clark, which stimulated the voters last year to hoist a Democrat, young, liberal George Leader, into the governor's chair for only the second time this century and has sent statewide Democratic registration charging upward ever since, may well have insured a continued long career for Walter—but, of course, for Clark (and Leader?) as well.

## COOPER and MORTON of Kentucky

by Richard Harwood

*Louisville, Ky.*

JOHN SHERMAN COOPER of Somerset, Kentucky, New Delhi, India, Washington and other capitals of the world will enter the United States Senate in a few days. He has won another election in Kentucky and for the next four years will sit in the seat from which death snatched old Alben Barkley last spring.

Cooper has been in that chamber twice before for two-year terms. He returns now perhaps a smaller man than when he left it in 1954. His campaign this fall certainly has added nothing to his stature and just as certainly has destroyed some of the fictions that have enveloped him for the past ten years. There had grown up in Kentucky and in Washington, too, a Cooper myth, the substance of which was this: He was not "really" a Republican and most assuredly was no kin to the Carroll Reeces and Molly Malones of the world. True, he had always been listed as a Republican on ballots, but that was an accident of birth and geog-

raphy. He was born in the Republican Appalachian foothills of Eastern Kentucky, and his father, being a banker, was a Republican. Today, the myth of Cooper's high-minded non-partisanship is less substantial than once it was. It is fair to say that he will never again be able to stand for office in this state as a Republican-Democrat.

In his campaign this year, he committed everything he possessed politically and intellectually to his party, and most specifically to Dwight David Eisenhower. At every crossroads and in the urban suburbs where he is adored, he imputed to the Democrats fatal and incurable capacity for war-mongering: "I do not believe the people of the United States want to live another sixteen years under the kind of government and the kind of life in which they are always faced with the problem of getting ready for war, getting into war and getting out of war." Cooper had had "personal experience" with war, having served in Europe in World War II, and I heard him, with broken voice and misty eyes, tell a little crowd in Owenton, Ky., how "young boys died" at his feet. And when he got to the part about visiting the little mountain cabin in 1952, just as the parents got news of the boy's death in Korea, tears spilled onto Cooper's cheek.

It was true that for the past year he had served his President as Am-

bassador to India and that he had said late in the summer that he could not run for the Senate because it would not be "an orderly or responsible action to run at this time." But he did run, at the President's amiable pleading, and little has been heard since about India, or about international affairs in general, although supposedly that is Cooper's special field of competence.

He did, it must be confessed, remind the Kentucky farmers from time to time that he had negotiated a vast sale of surplus agricultural products to India during his year in Delhi and that the purchase included 6,000,000 pounds of burley tobacco—Kentucky's first crop. But that is about all we heard on world diplomacy, except that peace was wonderful and Republican.

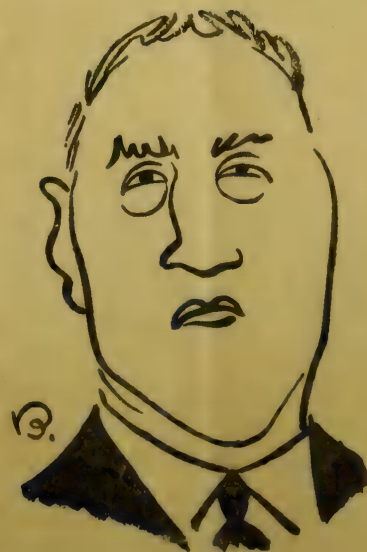
The new Senator noted, too, during his campaign travels, that factories were springing up across the countryside because of Eisenhower prosperity and he further noted that his opponent had said some harsh things about "big business." "I don't know, of course," he said, "if my opponent actually wants the General Electric Company and the Ford Motor Company and other companies to move their plants out of Kentucky into other states." But, he implied, there must be something wrong with a fellow who talked about "big business" with less than reverence.

At times in the campaign he acceded to his liberal inclinations. He was forthright in his condemnation of racial segregation. He reaffirmed his belief in the rightness of federal aid to schools. While equivocating now and then on what is to be done about the farmers, he showed genuine concern for their plight.

The irony of his campaign is that he didn't have to flirt with demagoguery to win. The President would have carried him in, but that has become history and Cooper must read what he has writ.

Thruston Ballard Morton now enters the scene, another Kentucky Republican elected to the Senate. The state could have done far worse.

An ex-Yale oarsman, socialite,



Cooper

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and wealthy heir of one of Louisville's first families, Morton, at 49, has all the secondary characteristics of the conservative Republican stereotype. But at some point he developed instinct and habits of logic that do not fit the image.

During World War II he made friends with Harold Stassen and came under his influence. Stassen got him to run for Congress here in 1946. Morton won and was twice re-elected. In 1952 he decided to bow out of politics but was called by Sherman Adams and John Foster Dulles to become an Assistant Secretary of State. This year Morton resigned the job to take on, and accomplish, the improbable task of unseating Earle C. Clements. His Congressional record was good. He supported TVA, was an early advocate of Federal Aid to Education, supported the Truman foreign aid programs and, altogether, earned for himself a "liberal-internationalist" label.

As ■ Dulles assistant, Morton lobbied in the Congress for the State Department. His special job was to fight the Bricker Amendment, with the result that his name became a "synonym for scorn" in the Hearst-McCormick press. He fought hard, too, to save the reciprocal trade bill from ravishment by the Republican Congress in 1953.

All this is not to say that Morton is another Herbert Lehman. Rather, he is a well-shod example of what the President describes as "new Republicanism." Morton is enamored of the President. He was one of his earliest supporters here and, for Morton, the glamor has not dimmed since Eisenhower ascended to the Presidency. Morton, in a word, is one of the team.

There is perhaps more than a trace of paternalism in his support of Negro integration in public life, but he has taken a clear stand on the issue, whatever his motive. On government's role in the nation's economic life, he has no wish to wipe out the quarter century just past. On the so-called "human welfare" question, he is to the left of most in his party.

It would be no surprise if Morton, as a Senator, compiled a voting rec-

ord of more liberal tendencies than that of the man he replaces. But it is to be expected that with rare exceptions, where the President leads, Morton will follow.

## CARROLL of Colorado

by Harold V. Knight

*Denver, Col.*

JOHN CARROLL, Senator-elect from Colorado, returns to Washington after six years. He was one of the New Deal-Fair Deal Congressman between 1946 and 1951, and has consistently maintained a liberal stand on major issues with one possible exception—he disagreed with Adlai Stevenson on ending the draft and the H-bomb tests.

His victory, in a state that gave Eisenhower approximately the same margin as his whopping 60 per cent in 1952, indicates a resurgence of fundamental Democratic liberalism. Not only did Carroll win, but Colorado Democrats elected ■ Governor, (Stephen McNichols), most state officials and apparently won control of the legislature for the first time in many years. Even more significant was the fact that Carroll carried Denver by only 8,600 votes—and carried the state by 5,000. It has been a truism here that a Democrat must carry Denver by 15,000 to 18,000 votes to offset the normal strength of the Republicans in the rest of the state.

This fact indicates a strong disaffection among the normally GOP rural voters, particularly farmers and small business men in the drought-stricken Southeastern areas. As expected, Carroll polled a strong labor vote and, apparently, ■ majority of the old-age pensioners. His opponent, former Governor Dan Thornton, never previously defeated, had once called pensioners "lazy and socialistic"—a statement that came home to roost during the campaign. Former Secretary of Agriculture Charles A. Brannan, who lost to Carroll in a close primary, campaigned for him vigorously. Governor Edwin C. Johnson, veteran Senator, en-

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dorsed Carroll formally for the first time in any campaign.

Thornton, Ike's personal golfing friend and chairman of the Republican Farm Committee, did not prove as formidable as expected. He "out-Bensoned Benson"—as one commentator put it—and his glibness, his emphasis on being "a salesman for Colorado" and his general Hollywood cowboy appearance aroused mistrust among voters.

Carroll may be expected to take his place in the liberal bloc as a hard fighter, a thorough researcher, and an indefatigable worker, particularly on economic, civil-liberties and civil-rights issues. He made his opposition to freeing gas producers from federal regulation of price at the well-head a major campaign issue, and he may be expected to continue as an unyielding foe of the oil and gas lobby. He wants to be ■ part of the O'Mahoney anti-monopoly price-spread investigation.

On civil liberties he was one of the few representatives to vote against the McCarran Act of 1950, now before the U. S. Supreme Court for constitutional determination. This year, as in Carroll's previous—and unsuccessful—campaigns this was used in a "pink-sheet" smear, but this time the charge was met head-on early in the campaign.

As to foreign policy, John Carroll is a disciple of the Truman-Acheson school of internationalism, favoring foreign aid, both economic and military, and negotiation through strength. (He served President Truman as advisor and liaison man with Congress on foreign aid in 1951.)

In past campaigns, some of Carroll's supporters thought that he acted a bit aloof, but certainly in 1956 he used a friendly, homey approach. During the campaign's final weeks, with the international situation in the foreground, his slogan was: "Colorado needs a statesman in the Senate, not a salesman."

Incidentally, it is probably true that the Carroll supporters elected him with less money than was expended for any other hotly-contested Senatorial seat. His opponent out-advertised him on television, radio, press and billboards by at least three to one.

# THE NIGHT THE ROOF FELL IN

## Watching the Returns... by DAN WAKEFIELD

OF THE MANY questions left unanswered by the recent Presidential campaign, one of the most perplexing is how to distinguish between the two parties. What, asks the voter, (and is even more likely to ask when the all-embracing image of Eisenhower finally fades) is the difference between a Republican and a Democrat? In New York City, a heavily Democratic street crowd was told by Senator-elect Javits (then candidate Javits) that he should be supported because he was less like a Republican than other Republicans. His election, he argued, would therefore "strengthen the two-party system."

The campaign platforms of both major parties largely incorporated each other, with only the stubs of a few stray planks sticking out slightly in different directions. I saw by several papers that some of the issues raised by Mr. Stevenson had been challenged by the Republicans mainly because they were raised by Mr. Stevenson—and had actually been on tap for possible Administration proposals. Eisenhower himself has gone far in exterminating the validity of party labels—not through bipartisanship, but through platitudes.

After standing on Broadway streetcorners listening to Javits and Wagner campaign, my whole uneasiness with the blur of the parties set me off on election night in search of some method to tell who the Democrats and Republicans were without a scorecard. I had heard too much of the oratory of the battle to hope for finding a formula on ideological grounds, and so decided to attack the problem with a "personal" approach. I have always felt it was possible to tell a football coach from a French professor, a sports reporter from an advertising man, merely by watching them when they don't

know they're being watched. Why not develop the same technique (it seemed to be the only possibility left) for telling a Democrat from a Republican? The volunteer workers of both major parties were holding parties on election night to celebrate their efforts, and I decided to attend them. By their parties, I thought, ye shall know them.

The volunteer workers of the New York Citizens Committee for Stevenson, Kefauver and Wagner were assembled in the Grand Ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria. I arrived about ten o'clock, when the party was split between a pair of TV sets in the outer ballroom lobby and the hundreds of tables in the ballroom itself. The news by ten o'clock was already not so good for that conclave, but hope still sprang, and a large dance band featuring a Latin-American vocalist was giving the crowd a rumba.

I made my way through the tables and sat down to take in the splendor of the Grand Ballroom, a gilt-edged cavern ringed with tiers of gold opera-type boxes for the galleries, and further frosted for the occasion by great strands of blue bunting radiating out across the ceiling from a gold chandelier. I soon spotted tall icy glasses and removed myself from the inner cavern to the bar outside where, I discovered, rye and water was going for \$1.29 the portion. With my portion in hand I returned to hear an official stop the music for an announcement. The band cut short on "Put Your Arms Around Me, Honey" to allow a young volunteer on stage to announce that the Democrats were leading 39-31, according to latest results in the Senate races. It was also said that Wagner was ahead; as for Adlai—"Remember '48."

Back in the lobby the gang around the TV was getting it straight from the shoulder. A grave CBS newsman, speaking by inter-oceanic phone with Edward R. Murrow in Tel Aviv,

confidentially intoned to the receiver that "Ed, it looks like another Eisenhower landslide over here."

The troops began consoling each other, or dancing, or both, and the makeup on the faces of the many attractive female volunteers for Stevenson was still untroubled. At 11:05 Thomas Finletter, straight and slim in a blue suit, tie and shirt, pronounced the awful words that it had been "a nice fight." Groans of protest began from the ballroom, but Anna M. Rosenberg came on stage and huskily announced that in spite of the returns-writing on the wall, "the party is just beginning." But just in case of defeat, she said, "I enlist with you tonight in a great crusade"—gasps and giggles at the phrase rise from the cavern—"yes, a great crusade; not the phony Madison Avenue crusade, but our crusade for a new America."

The figures on the wall were steadily mounting in the wrong direction, but on came Juanita Hall, the Bloody Mary of *South Pacific*, to say that she wasn't giving up, and not only that, she would sign one song. "Let's make America our 'Bali Hai' by voting for the right party," she said, and then the ballroom throbbed with Miss Hall's famous rendition.

But by this time the leaders were in a full rout of thanks to the troops, and on came Marietta Tree to the mike, radiant in defeat and a chic black gown. "Oh volunteers, dear! You've done such a wonderful job. . . ." She, too, saw the mounting inevitability of the returns, but half-sighed, half-spoke into the microphone:

"Are we downhearted?"

"No" (delayed and scattered) came back from the crowd.

"Carry on, then!"

Feeling the flow of the tide, I turned to head out of the cavern. The band was whipping it up with a South American beat, and a fash-

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ionably grey lady looked ruefully at the stage and said "I wish they hadn't let us know the returns so early. It would have been more of a party."

BUT I was already on my way to the other one—the volunteer workers for Ike-and-company who were holding their festivities at the Hotel Marguery.

"The hotel what?" asked the bell captain of whom I asked directions.

"The Marguery," I said, "where the Republicans are. Maybe it's exclusive—a club or something."

The bell captain drew out a large hotel guide and flipped through it. "Marguery," he murmured. "Seems to me they tore that down a few years ago."

It turned out that the Marguery was the 270 Park Avenue office headquarters of the Citizens Committee for Eisenhower, and no longer a hotel. An elevator took me to the entrance of a rather small four-room suite empty of almost all furniture, its walls plastered with Republican posters, poems and slogans and its floors littered with leaflets. I stepped from the elevator into a group that was gathered by a tall Negro who was playing a very mean bass. A dozen or more other Negroes were in the crowd, decked out with Ike paraphernalia and smiling broadly at the returns coming in over the mammoth RCA screen in the main room. A crowd was pressed around it on folding chairs, laughing, singing and tossing an occasional "I Like Ike" balloon in the air.

I moved toward the bar that was set up in one end of a room leading off from the TV room, and prepared to dig out some nightclub sum for a highball, when I noticed that—as if I had wandered by mistake to the lair of a collective society—no money was changing hands. For the evening, at least, the Republicans had instituted socialized drinking. "Four Roses and water," I said, and lo and behold, it appeared before me. I am happy to report that other assorted foodstuffs were also on the house, and I had no more than started into the TV room again with a drink, a sandwich and several pretzels when a smiling, prim



lady in a red blouse thrust a silk handkerchief at me that was inscribed with an elephant and a blue "I Like Ike" inscription.

"Take one," she said, "Go ahead."

I accepted it with thanks, and, under the circumstances of the party, offered to get her a drink. The offer was refused as the lady said, she had only recently gotten over an ulcer, but she hoped I might meet her husband. "He's so interesting, really, you'd like him. He used to be on the board of the New York Stock Exchange, before we went to Europe."

The lady was at the moment involved in keeping watch over the \$1 pool on what time Stevenson would concede. The pool had been closed however, and the lady guessed she had a good chance as her guess was 1:58 and it was now past one o'clock with the roof coming off all over the country.

I took my leave of the nice lady

and wandered around the room to examine the assorted symbols. On one wall, beside a map of the country, a poem was scrawled in black paint which M. Robert Rogers of Eggheads for Ike would have probably felt himself duty-bound to scrape from the plaster. It read:

We like Ike, We've said it  
Again and again.  
We want Ike, to finish  
The job he began.  
We like Ike, we  
Need him to lead us again.  
It's plain to see that  
We like Ike.

I looked up to see a knot of crew-cut young men in conversation beside me, one wearing a large yellow button which said in black letters, "Don't confuse me with the facts; my mind is already made up."

"... Oh yes," said the first crew-cut, "a good friend of mine is working at BBD&O now. Writing ad copy, mostly technical stuff, you know, like for National Geographic, scientific things."

"Oh," said the second crew-cut, "He an engineer?"

"No," said the first, a bit indignantly, "he went to Yale."

I MOVED toward the TV and sat down beside a middle-aged lady who cradled an Ike balloon in her lap and stared proudly at the screen.

"Well," I said, "It looks like he's got it sewed up."

She looked at me somewhat questioningly:

"Of course he does. I prayed about it."

"Oh?"

"Certainly. He's above partisan politics. Why in fact, do you know what I think he'll do?"

"What?"

"I think he'll make Stevenson Vice President. He's just that much above partisan politics. And Stevenson's not a bad man, you know. It's just that I like Ike."

"I see."

When the victory finally came, officially, on the screen, all crowded to the TV room. There was backslapping and singing, and a cute brunette stood on the arms of an easy chair in her stocking feet. A thin, frizzly-haired woman in a

turquoise dress lurched toward the screen as the President appeared in his traditional hands-up pose: "Eisenhower!" she screeched.

In the midst of it all a short, knotty man in a janitor's uniform reeled into the TV room and began hissing the President. He waved his hand madly at the screen.

"Go on!" he shouted hoarsely, "go home. It's all over with. Case closed!"

Suddenly a door opened to the side of the TV set and two men and women were beaming and beckon-

ing to the janitor. He reeled toward them and the door shut behind him. A minute and twenty seconds later he emerged from another door, and a fat army officer bumped into him and said "Great news, huh?"

The janitor stretched a half-smile.

"Ike's in all right," he said amiably.

It was indisputable. I left the second party behind and headed for home to draw my conclusions. Well, here I am, and what are they? What would Reisman say in a case like

this? I suppose the moral is that in this day and age you had best refrain from looking the parties in the mouth, especially if you want to try to get them clear in your mind. The Democrats have Eastland and Humphrey, a dance band and Marietta Tree; the Republicans have Jenner and Javits, free booze and a hell of a good man on base. What do you make of that, now? I think if you want to tell a Democrat from a Republican in this day and age you had better go up to the fellow and ask him what he is.

# FREE, WHITE and VOTELESS

## D.C.'s Lost Franchise . . by CONSTANCE McL. GREEN

*Washington, D. C.*

I COULD not vote on Election Day. I am not a Negro living in a Southern state. I am neither a felon nor a minor. I am a citizen of the District of Columbia. I and my neighbors felt as strongly about many of the national issues raised in this campaign as any of our fellow Americans, but (except for those among us who have kept up the fiction of citizenship in a state) we were barred from the ballot because we live in the nation's capital.

Citizens of Hawaii and Alaska, Puerto Rico and even the Virgin Islands, have more political rights than we do. Congress enacts all our local laws, approves the tax rate and fixes the size of the annual budget; the President appoints the District's executive officers and the judges. But we have no voice in choosing either the Congress or the President.

As I ask myself how this situation arose, I observe regretfully that not every District resident wants it changed. There are those who apparently think the price of voting in national elections too high if it means an elected city government. Reasons are complex: unwillingness

to bother, fear of higher taxes and—perhaps most important—a determination to keep Negro influence in the city to a minimum. Thus, while segregation, for years accepted as a basic tenet in Washington, no longer obtains publicly, controversy over Home Rule endures.

Citizens of the District have not always been entirely voteless. Today Congressmen defending this discrimination take a lofty legalistic position: the Constitution puts the federal District under the exclusive jurisdiction of Congress and leaves

no room for discretion. Yet earlier Congresses saw fit to delegate power to the local community. Until 1871, under city charters granted Washington and nearby Georgetown, qualified voters elected mayors and councilmen; for three brief years thereafter, a Territorial Governor, a Council and an elected House of Delegates ran the District.

Doubts about self-rule clearly began with the Civil War. Washington, a city below the Mason-Dixon line, a city where the slave trade had flourished for a half century and slavery endured still longer, was perhaps hyper-sensitive to the pressures of racial antagonisms. In 1860 there were 14,000 Negroes here, including 3,100 slaves, compared to 61,000 whites (today about 35 per cent of the population is Negro). Free or slave, no Negro was then a citizen. Chief Justice Taney had settled that three years before in the Dred Scott decision. Upper-class whites nevertheless recognized Washington's free Negroes as "superior." The best Negro families had long had their freedom. In 1814 the beleaguered city had gratefully acknowledged its debt to the free blacks who, "conducting themselves with the utmost order and propriety," worked harder than many whites in building the breastworks intended to fend off the British invaders. If citizens of Wash-



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November 17, 1956



ington in 1861 found it unthinkable that Negroes should vote, only the poorest whites resented their presence.

A change in attitude first appeared when the Civil War was a year old, and then not because Congress freed all locally held slaves (a measure most Washingtonians approved), but because a mounting flood of "contrabands"—slaves from Virginia and farther South who had come under the wing of the Union armies—was daily pouring into the capital. Month after month, as the number of ignorant, penniless refugees swelled—according to some estimates, up to 40,000—the problem grew of feeding them, of finding work and housing for them, of forestalling grim epidemics, and of preventing a people unaccustomed to liberty from running amok. The army put some of them to work at menial tasks, issued rations and medicine, housed several hundred in empty army barracks. But Washingtonians knew that army aid would not endure after the war; the burden would then be theirs. And in 1864 Congress ordered Washington and Georgetown taxpayers to provide public schools for all colored children. The sheer numbers of freedmen created a Negrophobia new to the capital. By 1865 Washingtonians were frightened at what loomed ahead.

A VINDICTIVE spirit in Congress, moreover, boded ill for the city. Tales of Washington's rebel sympathies had spread during the war. Congress tended to dub all District citizens traitors, the entire area a hot bed of "secesh." Washingtonians resented deeply the impugning of their patriotism. Appalled at Lincoln's assassination, they were outraged at finding the plot attributed to them. But in 1865 District citizens had to tread warily; radicals in Congress held the whip hand. The city council cautiously prepared a statement anticipating the next moves on Capitol Hill. A few educated Negroes, declared the city's official pronouncement, might qualify for suffrage, but by and large the race was as yet unfit for citizenship. Referenda in Washington and Georgetown upheld that view: only

thirty-five voters in the capital, not one in Georgetown, favored local Negro suffrage.

Violent speeches in Congress immediately betrayed the radicals' wish to punish the rebel District. George Julian of Indiana called Negro suffrage "retributive justice." The temper of the Congressional majority produced a District suffrage bill stripped even of a literacy qualification. President Johnson vetoed the bill; he reminded its supporters in Congress that few of them would have dared to propose a similar measure for their own states. But the radicals overrode the veto. Thus the District became the first place in former slave-holding territory to see Negroes enfranchised—just as emancipation of slaves, the extinction of a Black Code and the creation of public schools for colored children had occurred here months and years before those changes came elsewhere.

However unhappy over an unwanted primacy, the District cities discovered that the pill Congress had administered went down rather easily. Washington's Negro leaders kept careful watch over irresponsible freedmen. Colored men took vast pride in voting. Within a year, while Ohio, Michigan, Minnesota and Kansas persisted in denying the vote to colored men, Negroes in Washington were quietly putting their representatives into the city government, and except for the defeated white candidates, no one was the worse for it. Unemployment and an empty city treasury, not who voted, were the immediate problems.

And now agitation in Congress to move the capital to the Mississippi Valley arose to heighten Washington's worries. Reluctantly the city fathers saw the wisdom of complying with a Congressional mandate to divide school funds between the white and Negro schools according to the ratio of white children to colored, instead of making Negro taxes the basis. And another way of winning Congressional favor seemed to lie in evolving a new form of local government with fewer elective offices and more federal patronage.

Consequently a citizens' petition early in 1870 proposed a territorial

government for the entire District. A governor and an eleven-man council appointed by the President would ensure Republican control of key offices, and a popularly elected lower house should satisfy proponents of local suffrage. Assured of the community's readiness to spend large sums on improvements in the capital city, Congress would surely appropriate federal money to further the work. Federal aid was a first consideration, but at the same time men wedded to the doctrine of white supremacy saw in the scheme a useful curtailment of colored voters' power, while Negroes knew they would suffer no more than would their white neighbors. Congress accepted the plan with one addition, an appointed Board of Public Works responsible only to the President.

THE THREE years of territorial government both benefited and injured the District. Its legislature succeeded in enacting a District civil-rights law forbidding racial discrimination in public places of entertainment, in hotels, restaurants or barber shops—and, for good measure, in cemeteries. For a few days signs appeared in shop windows: "Shaye \$30, Haircut \$35" or "Ham and Eggs, \$2," with a note in small print appended: "Special Rates allowed our Regular Patrons." But the signs soon disappeared and attempts at Jim Crowism grew steadily fewer. Only the school system remained dual, unyielding to pressure to open integrated classes.

But now fierce conflict arose over finances. Debt piled upon debt, and though Congress contributed federal money on an unprecedented scale, by the spring of 1873 the District faced bankruptcy. School teachers, police and firemen had not been paid for months. Besides a five per cent district income tax, the enormous real-estate assessments and special levies imposed by a squandering Board of Public Works put a killing burden upon property owners. In September, 1873, when the outbreak of a country-wide panic destroyed all hope of obtaining credit, public works in the District came to a halt. Hungry whites joined hungry Negroes in tramping the streets in search of jobs.

At this point few people much cared who governed the District. Economic troubles overshadowed political and racial questions. If Congress, which had foisted the Board of Public Works on the community, would now take charge, so much the better. Taxpayers drew a breath of relief when in June, 1874, a federal law funded the District debt and guaranteed the bonds by "the faith of the United States." That three appointed commissioners replaced territorial officials seemed unimportant.

The temporary commissioners failed to restore financial stability. Unemployment rose and the business depression dragged on. After the defeat of a bill in 1875 proposing limited suffrage in the District, Congress dropped the question until business began to revive in 1878. But by then Reconstruction had ended. Conciliation of the South had become the accepted order, and liberals had abandoned their efforts to protect colored men's rights.

COLORED men in Washington, unlike Southern Negroes, had anticipated no marked loss of status. Here mutual racial toleration seemed too well established to disintegrate. "Separate but equal" public schooling, to be sure, still formed a barrier between the races, but some whites, as well as educated Negroes, looked upon the system as "an unjust, arbitrary and unconstitutional arrangement." Slowly they perceived that, stripped of suffrage rights, they could not alter the system; still worse, disenfranchisement threatened all civil rights in the District. Men who believed those rights all-important had to fight not only lingering racism in the community and a growing indifference in Congress, but also the manifest wish of a number of well-to-do citizens to barter Home Rule for federal financial aid.

Unanimity of opinion among Washingtonians began and ended with belief in the justice of yearly federal appropriations for District expenses. Where the petitions of prominent business men, notably a so-called Committee of 100, stressed tax relief first, the petitions of workingmen focussed on their desire to

vote. Some newspapers urged perpetuation of government by appointed commission as protection against a venal and irresponsible electorate. Washington's one Sunday paper contended that at the root of opposition to Home Rule lay objections to Negro suffrage upon which white prejudice had pinned the blame for all recent civic ills.

Whether local sentiment, however assessed, greatly influenced the ultimate decision of Congress is doubtful. In both House and Senate the most frequently voiced argument has since then grown familiar: the Constitution vested solely in Congress the authority over the federal area. The act passed in June, 1878, stripped District citizens of every political power, but committed the government to meeting half the costs of running the District. Washingtonians who thought the arrangement sound could not have foreseen that within fifty years their descendants, still voteless, would witness a cut in government contributions to District expenses from 50 per cent to a flat \$4,500,000 out of a \$38,200,000 budget.

The District's enlightened colored people, meanwhile, faced the question of how to halt the steady loss of their social standing. For them suffrage represented primarily a weapon in the struggle against the growing force of anti-Negro feeling. In 1883 the Supreme Court had declared the national Civil Rights Act of 1875 unconstitutional, a decision that destroyed the effectiveness of the District's earlier law. And between 1890 and 1910 Southern states were disenfranchising Negroes and passing a series of Jim Crow laws. In the District, Congress, while winking at some racial discrimination in the executive departments, gave Jim Crowism no legal basis. Nevertheless social pressures slowly worked to sanction various segregational practices.

BY 1910 a considerable segment of white Washington had come to regard the city's Negro aristocrats as "niggers," little different from the most ignorant and shiftless of their race. Lacking means of political expression and cut off from social con-

tacts with intelligent Negroes, whites initially horrified at the mere idea of segregation tended in time to acquiesce. Jim Crowism in nearby Maryland and Virginia strengthened the movement. So did Woodrow Wilson's election, which swept Southern reactionaries into office. With tacit cabinet approval, in the summer of 1913 three government bureaus segregated Negro Civil Service employees from white, opening separate rest-rooms and restaurants and discharging any worker who objected. A storm of protest from Northern liberals checked the spread of the procedure, but failed to end all discrimination in federal offices. (The Pentagon reportedly owes its surprising number of wash rooms to the architects' assumption in 1940 that the government would want separate accommodations for white and colored.) Segregation became the rule in the capital of the 1920s and early 1930s.

LOCAL sentiment has never fully controlled the District's political fate. Yet the residents' determination to keep the capital on the Potomac pushed the community into the extravagant public spending that led to political extinction. Segregation came after the loss of suffrage. The right to vote, it is true, might not have prevented segregation, just as school integration in 1955 did not wait for an elected city government. Nevertheless, the relationship between political helplessness and social discrimination is more than casual. Segregation has gone, ruled out from above; Home Rule has not come.

Although belief in white supremacy did not create a voteless Washington, anti-Negro sentiment is preserving it.

It is no secret here that a powerful group of business men unobtrusively discourages Home Rule on the grounds that colored votes would authorize huge bond issues, pile up ruinous debt, depress local real estate values and drive whites into moving to Virginia and Maryland. Like the promises of statehood for Hawaii and Alaska, the Home Rule planks in both national party platforms in 1956 may prove bruised reeds in 1957.



# BOOKS and the ARTS

## Evolution of Our Language

*THE PELICAN BOOK OF ENGLISH PROSE.* Edited by Kenneth Allott. Five volumes. Penguin Books. 85c each.

By Walter Allen

THIS five-volume anthology surveys the course of English prose from 1550 to 1880. So there is a tantalizing missing volume: "after 1880 considerations of copyright became troublesome and began to influence an editor's choice." In a way, this was luck for Mr. Allott, the general editor, if disappointing for the rest of us. "It will hardly allure a 'hesitating purchaser' of this book," wrote Quiller-Couch in his introduction to *The Oxford Book of English Prose*, "that I open it with a query if it be possible to make a Prose Anthology at all. . . . No honest scholar can pretend an acquaintance with the whole of English prose, or even with the whole that may yield good selections."

Mr. Allott has eased the implicit difficulty by sharing out the whole tract of time to be covered among five scholars each of whom is responsible for a volume and writes an introduction to it.\* "Our working-hypothesis," Mr. Allott writes, "has been that prose should not be too self-conscious, that the writers of the best English prose usually had more on their minds than the problems of style, and that much respectable prose in every age is un mindful of the schoolmaster's ferula." This is surely a general contemporary attitude towards prose, and from it follows another of Mr. Allott's guiding principles: "To illus-

trate sparingly the 'purple passage'." Here the contrast with Quiller-Couch's *Oxford Book*, now thirty years old, is sharp: Sir Arthur went in for the purple passage in a big way and defended himself vigorously in his preface. You can see the shift in taste when you compare the selections made from specific authors, Meredith, for example. Quiller-Couch has three passages from the novels; Mr. Allott one only, and that not from *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel*, a source for 'Q'. For Mr. and Mrs. Allott, who are responsible for the Victorian volume, *Feverel* is "intolerably ecstatic."

The emphasis on plain prose comes out in the structure of the work, which is constant from volume to volume. Each book is divided into four sections: "the picture of the age: scene, personality, event"; "the movement of ideas: reflection, argument, exhortation, satire"; "the world of imagination, feeling and comic invention: fiction, historical and occasional writing"; and "the criticism of the arts." The stress throughout is on the functional nature of prose; and because Mr. Allott and his collaborators have dragged their nets widely to catch the minnows as well as the whales, certain major figures appear rather different from the way in which we normally think of them. It becomes clear, for example, that Milton's prose was no more typical of that of his time than was his poetry.

BUT what of the total picture that emerges? I think one is struck first of all by the continuity of English prose and then, almost as though to contradict this, by the real difference between the periods. Each, it seems, has its own conception of man and his nature, which is reflected in its prose. Sir John Harington is remembered, when at all, as a pioneer in plumbing, the inventor of the first

water-closet. Yet when in a letter to his wife, written in tones of the warmest affection, he announces the imminent death of the Queene, "my royale godmother, and this state's natural mother," we sense an immediate kinship in the tone of his mind with that of, say, Sir Walter Raleigh, his immeasurably greater contemporary. It is a kinship of assumptions, of belief, and it is the change in the basic assumptions, much more than any change in the structure of the language, which marks the difference between Elizabethan prose and that of a century later. The prose of the eighteenth century, that of Addison, Swift, Fielding, Johnson, Goldsmith, is the expression of what seems an entirely different race of men, one much closer to ourselves, so that for us it is difficult not to see eighteenth century prose as the norm of English prose. In fact, in Britain it remains the official prose of the "establishment" on its formal occasions, the prose to which Churchill rose in his great speeches and which, in a tired way, echoes in the editorials of the *Times*.

It is the groundwork of a great deal of Victorian prose: Ruskin confessed the difficulty he had in quitting himself of "Johnsonian symmetry and balance intended, either with swordsman's or pavior's blow, to cleave an enemy crest, or drive down the oaken pile of a principle." With the Victorians, there is a change, certainly, but not a fundamental one. What the Victorians discovered was the richness and diversity of the usable past in prose that lay behind them, so that, by comparison with the prose-writer of earlier periods, the Victorian was much more eclectic in the sources of his style. Yet there was no such

WALTER ALLEN, *English novelist and critic who has also taught in the United States, is the author of The English Novel, Arnold Bennett, Square Peg, Rogue Elephant, among others.*

\*Elizabethan and Jacobean (1550-1620): Kenneth Muir; Seventeenth Century (1620-1700): Peter Ure; Eighteenth Century (1700-1780): D. W. Jefferson; The Romantic Period (1780-1830): Raymond Wright; Victorian (1830-1880): Kenneth and Miriam Allott.

break with the eighteenth century as we find in poetry; the novelists, for instance, still had Fielding and Smollett closely behind them.

But what of today? Now we are in the world of the tantalizing missing volume of this anthology. Is there a characteristic contemporary prose, of our time and of no other? It seems there is, and there may be more than one. One aspect of it Mr. Allott forecasts when he chooses a passage from Gerard Manley Hopkins' notebooks describing in extraordinarily vivid detail water falling over a weir. It is, in its observation and recording of minute particulars, at once scientific and poetic, and it is doubtful whether a comparable piece of prose could have been written much earlier than 1873. It is, one feels, specifically "modern," as Ruskin, say, is not; and it is surely related to the tendency for much prose during the past seventy years to become, not poetry, but a mode of expression and communication which leans heavily on what have always been the properties of poetry. One thinks of James's late

prose, with the long extended metaphors that are basic to it; and of D. H. Lawrence's and Virginia Woolf's and Elizabeth Bowen's at her best. We lack a word for it, and we do so because it is new, or nearly new, though examples may be found in Victorian writing.

But there is another tendency in our prose, and in it we may see how far we have travelled from the eighteenth century, for it completely reverses the eighteenth century pattern. It is the prose of men being fanatically themselves. The extreme instance is still probably D. H. Lawrence in his polemics or in *Studies in Classic American Literature*. In another form it appears in the prose Mr. Empson employs in *The Structure of Complex Words*. It is a development that the use of the tape-recorder may do much to harden, for it is essentially an attempt to capture in prose the rhythms, the very feel, of ordinary individual speech. No doubt it will be most successful, as prose, when the men who use it are in fact out of the ordinary. But that goes for all prose.

## The Discovered Self

**SEIZE THE DAY.** By Saul Bellow.  
The Viking Press. \$3.

**By Herbert Gold**

FOR THE BEST of all reasons, *Seize the Day*, a collection comprising a novella, three short stories and a one-act play, is not an interim book between Saul Bellow's *The Adventures of Augie March* and his next novel. The reason is this: the long title story is a great one.

"Seize the Day" presents the essence of the life of Tommy Wilhelm, a yearning, youngish, middle-aged flop, crowded by New York, stunned by his dead marriage, manipulated by a crazy, fraudulent psychologist, under attack from his sly and malevolent old father, grasping wildly for significant relationship with himself and with others. He needs money, he needs love, he needs his own strength, and he seems at first to

be sinking hopelessly in retreat from himself within the dense sea of Manhattan. Then abruptly the action turns around, and with the surge of magic which occasionally happens both in real life and in fiction, Tommy Wilhelm moves that redeeming vital inch from pity of self to perception of self. He weeps for a stranger's death.

The story presents an extension of Bellow's view of contemporary life, integrated here in a desperately focussed action. We recognize his submissive, adaptable, strangely resilient hero; we find again the cagy, brilliant fraud who nuttily speaks the truth; the drama springs up within the blurring, blunting, bracing maelstrom of big-city life. Bellow is not much given to the besetting sin of American writers, a moral self-indulgence which we might call "Spokesmanship." Or when he falls, he falls with an indignant wit. Like Doctor Pep, Doctor Tamkin in this story is a stew of health and mad-

## The Nation's Paris correspondent

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# France:

1940-1955

By ALEXANDER WERTH

"Whatever the measure—depth, breadth, or integrity—Alexander Werth has written the best book on contemporary France which has yet appeared in any language . . . has put us on the high-road of serious history. Intimate witness to scores of events and omnivorous reader of the pertinent documents, he has walked almost unerringly through the complex political maze of France. He has organized, weighed, sifted, and evaluated the data of Vichy, the Resistance, and the Fourth Republic with the care of the professional historian and the concern of the sensitive progressive. His performance is positively dazzling.

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HERBERT GOLD is the author of  
*The Man Who Was Not With It*.

November 17, 1956



ness. As close to a spokesman as Bellow allows himself, Tamkin speaks from his own odd stance:

Now, Wilhelm, I'm trying to do you some good. I want to tell you, don't marry suffering. Some people do. They get married to it, and sleep and eat together, just as husband and wife. If they go with joy they think it's adultery. . . .

The truth of Tamkin's rant is demonstrated by real action (not symbolic action) in the life of Tommy Wilhelm.

The story, though an exhausting one and as close as "The Death of Ivan Ilyitch" to our primary experience, like Tolstoy's story escapes self-pity by the triumph of perception. A superficial reading might stimulate self-pity; the deeper sense of the story lies in something indicated by the energy of Bellow's prose in addition to the climactic incident itself—there is a redeeming power in self-knowledge, and a redeeming pleasure.

Purged of hopelessness, Wilhelm can go on to some sort of self-determination in the world. A variety of stoicism seems to be emerging. A confrontation of the self can save us in a fragmented society—but this is an active, watchful stoicism which can do its part in putting the fragments back together.

"SEIZE THE DAY" enables us to take another look at Bellow's career. It represents an important integration of the dense unity of *The Victim* and the wide-ranging playfulness and pathos of *The Adventures of Augie March*. Bellow is working now with the born storyteller's directness. Incident does not distract from the underlying action; Tommy Wilhelm has the hallucinating fictional reality which Augie March sometimes sideslipped by irony. Irony is never used here to mask emotion; the humor bites without turning us away. The climactic scenes—with the father and at the end—are met climactically and feed each other. The value of Gertrude Stein's famous judgment, "Remarks are not literature," can be acknowledged in relation to the massive building, controlling and passion of this story. The rich play of incident and scene serves dramatic rather

than symbolic purpose. The tale is of a magnificent piece.

The other work in the book is much lighter. "A Father-To-Be" shows a man in conflict about submitting to marriage; "Looking for Mr. Green" tells of a man ferociously working at a miserable job, for much more than the job's sake; "The Gonzaga Manuscripts" is a diversion and, despite its humorous moments, the only weak structure in the book. (Why isn't "The Sermon of Dr. Pep" included?) "The Wrecker" is a comic fantasy about marriage and the con-

trary passions toward security, toward freedom. The wife in it speaks a fine line about the needs of love and novelty: "Maybe the best way to preserve the marriage is to destroy the home."

*Seize the Day* gives contemporary literature a story which will be explained, expounded, and argued, but about which a final reckoning can be made only after it ripples out in the imagination of the generations of readers to come. I suspect that it is one of the central stories of our day.

## Nehru Between Two Worlds

**JAWAHARLAL NEHRU.** By Frank Moraes. The Macmillan Company. \$6.75.

**NEHRU: CONVERSATIONS ON INDIA AND WORLD AFFAIRS.** By Tibor Mende. George Braziller, Inc. \$3.

By Andrew A. Freeman

THE PRIME MINISTER of India is the most complex individual on the international stage and the task of explaining his ideas and personality to the West is as urgent as any to which the political journalist can now address himself. These two books—a full-scale biography by the Indian editor of *The Times of India* and a recorded set of interviews by a French political scientist—do part of this job moderately well. From them we learn a lot about Nehru's thinking and that is all to the good. Yet as a human being, the handsome man in the ludicrous Gandhi cap remains an enigma. And it is a pity, particularly for those who find it easier to understand the motives of a dictator than those of a friend of democracy.

Moraes does not get at the human side of Nehru because he is too much involved in his country's history and in his admiration for the role of his hero.

Nehru was born in Allahabad on November 14, 1889. We hear that

ANDREW A. FREEMAN formerly served as foreign correspondent in India.

his boyhood was lonely and that because his father, a distinguished and successful lawyer, admired British ways, the son was exposed to Western customs and education. Until he was sixteen, when he went to Harrow, Nehru never attended school; he was educated at home by English governesses and tutors. Moraes tells us that although Nehru resented the stories he heard of insulting behavior of Occidentals toward Indians, he confessed that in his "heart he rather admired the English."

From Harrow where "he worked well and seldom (almost never) gave trouble," he entered Trinity College, Cambridge, in October 1907 "speaking English in the consciously clipped accents of a British public school boy." From Cambridge he went to London to study law and after passing the bar examinations in 1912, returned home.

HIS consciousness of himself as an Asiatic was first aroused by the Japanese victory over the Russian fleet in 1905 and from then he followed with intense interest news of unrest in India, where nationalism had taken a stronger stand. At home he found the practice of law uninteresting and turned to politics, but moved uncertainly until he met Gandhi in 1916. While the two did not always agree on methods for India's independence, Nehru subscribed without reservation to the program of non-violent resistance with which Gandhi's name will be forever linked.



The struggles of these two great figures for their country's freedom, their years in prison for civil disobedience, their awakening of the masses to nationalism, their victory and India's place in the atomic era, are dealt with in voluminous detail relieved occasionally by a touch of drama only a journalist as accomplished as Moraes can give. As such his book throws light on a part of the world many Westerners still regard as mysterious, and for that reason it is highly recommended.

Nehru emerges from Moraes' study a lover of democracy, freedom, peace; a great socialist leader beloved by his people; yet aloof, condescending, often intolerant and with none of Gandhi's human touch.

If Gandhi's touch did not rub off on Nehru, his wisdom did. Of that Moraes says:

Jawaharlal had learned well the lessons which the Mahatma had taught him, grafting on them the outlook and attitude which his western upbringing and continued contacts abroad had helped him to appreciate. In him, therefore, as a leader at a particular juncture, India was especially fortunate, for, like India, a bridge between the Occident and the Orient, Jawaharlal represents as perhaps no other living statesman does, a finely tempered synthesis of the East and the West.

HOW India's Prime Minister keeps that bridge open is discussed in greater detail in Mende's conversations with Nehru which took place between December 31, 1955 and January 9, 1956 in the Prime Minister's home. Despite the ponderous language of some of the questions Mende asked Nehru, the answers are clear and straightforward. They talked of peace, military alliances, communism, five-year plans, spirituality, birth control, socialism, private enterprise, Russians, Americans and who Nehru's successor might be. About Americans Nehru said:

Somehow the exigencies of the cold war lead the United States indirectly to encourage colonialism. Directly, I believe, they are not interested in colonialism as such. But indirectly they encourage it. Now, this question of colonialism is something that makes us feel very strongly. . . . It

is not enough for anyone to tell me that the principal issue is Communism or anti-Communism, and therefore you must put aside your feelings about colonialism. Apart from not being enough, I believe that it is also a completely wrong approach even to counter Communism. In fact you are playing into the hands of the other party and you make it appear as if Communism were the liberating force for these colonial countries. That is a dangerous thing.

In reply to Mende's question as to who would succeed him, Nehru pointed out that like himself there are others linked with India's struggle for freedom and with its period of construction. He named no names and avoided a direct answer. On that subject, Moraes says:

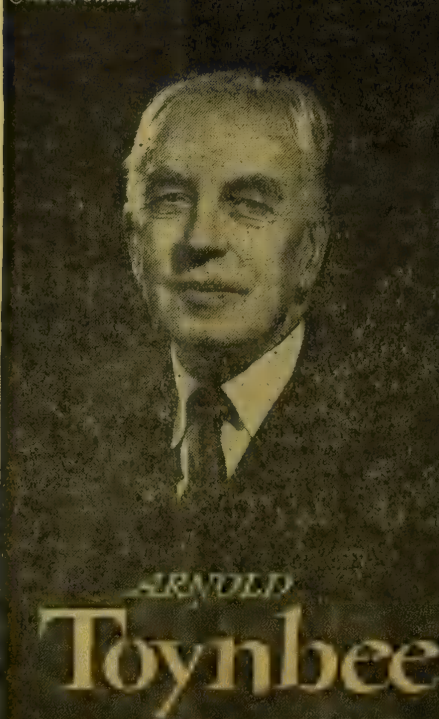
He has often quite sincerely discounted the notion that there will be no leadership compared to his once he quits the political stage. The Indian people, he declares, are strong enough to go forward on their own momentum without being slaves to a single man, for no individual is indispensable.

## TELEVISION

Anne W. Langman

WITH shocking abdication of public responsibility, the three major networks deprived America of the chance to see what may still prove to be a turning point in history. The emergency session of the United Nations General Assembly which dealt with the crisis in the Middle East, and the Security Council meetings which preceded it, were of immediate importance to all of us. Yet the networks, Nero-like, continued to feed viewers their diet of pap, acknowledging the conflagration with the usual treatment awarded to news event: a few special news shows, commentators' comments and occasional shots of the proceedings at times which did not interfere with scheduled quiz shows, dramas and other video splendors. They could have cancelled out their program schedule—every contract has such a provision—and carried

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these urgent hours of decision over the land. The situation demanded swift action and moral conviction. But the networks had neither the resourcefulness for the one nor the courage for the other.

Challenged by a scorching indictment from New York *Times* TV critic Jack Gould who stated that "... the national electronic communications system made an absolute mockery of its obligation to serve the public interest," networks could only reply with a confusion of platitudes concerning "editorial judgment" and "balanced programming". In the next days coverage improved somewhat, revealing the tremulous sensitivity of the giant industry to voices of criticism, too rarely raised in anger. The networks pat themselves on the back for increased radio coverage—which they made available with nominal financial sacrifice and which, incidentally, caught little of the historic quality of the screen drama. But while crisis spread to Hungary and exhausted delegates sat in almost continuous meeting, never once did a major network dedicate a sufficient amount of time to bring full TV coverage to its viewers. What a masterful stroke of public relations it would have been for network and sponsor to pay off Ed Sullivan or Steve Allen or Ted Mack's Amateur Hour and carry the United Nations.

Ironically, the networks' devotion to business-as-usual caused them to miss the chance of putting on what was actually perfect television. It had everything. It was a human-interest story, a news story, a reality story. The drama had a star-studded cast—Omar Loutfi of Egypt, Sir Pierson Dixon of Great Britain, John Foster Dulles of the U. S., Abba Eban of Israel—powerful diplomats moving with passionate caution in a setting as dramatic as the leading architects and designers of the world could make it.

The UN camera man did a masterful job of following the action. During Eban's deeply moving and significant speech, his camera returned again and again to the littered desk and empty white chair behind the small sign *Egypt*; his choice of shots was brilliant: the gesticulating

hands of a caucus of delegates, of Dulles methodically tearing paper into small strips, of a delegate taking notes in Arabic characters, and in the early hours of the morning the voting on the cease-fire proposal. There has never been such television.

HERE in New York (the New York *Daily News*' local station WPIX-TV and city-owned radio station WNYC carried the proceedings. WPIX made its decision to pick up the UN telecast without consulting clients, sales staff or budget department, and sustained considerable financial loss until the Consolidated Edison Company of New York offered to foot the bill for ensuing General Assembly meetings as a community service. It is to Con Edison's great credit that during the entire ten hours there was not one interruption for a commercial, which was the best commercial I can imagine. WNYC, which has steadfastly carried UN proceedings for years, requested permission to extend its broadcasting time beyond ten p.m. to continue this remarkable public service. Its emergency petition to the FCC was perfunctorily denied. Thus, the government agency charged with regulating broadcasting "in the public interest" exhibited its rigidity so that the few listeners of rural WCCO in Minneapolis could be sure to catch *Queen for a Day* without interference from WNYC which shares the same wave length.

With sinful disregard of the people, the networks have exhibited their morality. In this crisis it has become frighteningly clear that their ultimate loyalties are as business men, not as responsible holders of a public trust. If it is impossible to combine the two, then it is time that the two be separated. One local station with the courage of its convictions has shown that the networks do not and perhaps cannot operate in the public interest; another small station that the government's guardian of this interest is inflexible and arbitrary.

Until now, concentrated control of this most powerful system of mass communications in the world has been accepted with a laconic

"So what?" by most viewers, unaware of the dangers inherent in such control. The present failure has made these dangers apparent. If it engenders sufficient indignation to right it, perhaps the wrong was worth while, after all.

## TELEVISION NEXT WEEK

November 18 through November 24  
(See local papers for time and channel)

### Sunday, November 18

LA BOHEME (NBC; NBC Opera Theatre). Opening production of the season; Dorothy Coulter as Mimi, with Jan McArt, John Alexander and Richard Torigi. Produced by Samuel Chotzinoff. (Color)

REVOLUTION IN THE NAVY (CBS; See It Now). First of two programs which will tell the story of changes imposed on America's Navy by the introduction of atom power and guided missiles to modern warfare.

### Monday, November 19

OUR MR. SUN (CBS). Produced by Frank Capra, in cooperation with an advisory board of leading scientists, this special hour-long broadcast will reveal what science has learned about the sun in live action interwoven with animation and filmed scenes from all over the world. (Color)

### Wednesday, November 21

TOM SAWYER (CBS; United States Steel Hour). Departing from its straight dramatic format for the first time, this Theatre Guild-produced series presents its first musical offering. Adapted by Frank Luther, it stars Jimmy Boyd and John Sharpe.

### Thursday, November 22

ELOISE (CBS; Playhouse 90). The wacky young person whose pre-occupation with room-service at her native Plaza habitat enchanted readers of Kay Thompson's best-seller last season will be personified by seven-year-old Evelyn Rudie. Adapted for TV as an hour-and-a-half comedy with music, it is being given a red-carpet Hollywood production with Ethel Barrymore, Monty Woolley, Louis Jourdan and even Conrad Hilton as Conrad Hilton. Author has written special musical score and will appear as her own entertaining self. Well-chosen for Thanksgiving.

### Saturday, November 24

HIGH BUTTON SHOES (NBC; Saturday Spectacular). Another Broadway musical comes to roost on TV screens. Starring Nanette Fabray, Hal March and Don Ameche. (Color)

# THEATRE

## Harold Clurman

SO MUCH interest attaches to the production of Shaw's *Major Barbara* (Martin Beck Theatre) that one might easily overlook the text, except for indulging in the usual clichés about paradox, wit, language and the rest of the folderol.

What is significant about this play is that in its socialist propaganda is given the guise of an apology for capitalism. Shaw was clever enough — perhaps a little too clever — to make his audience from 1905 to the present swallow the pill as a sweet whereas if they analyzed the ingredients they might find it an astringent.

What Shaw was saying in *Major Barbara* is that poverty is a crime which enlightened, energetic capitalism may succeed in eliminating to some extent, but which cannot be eliminated altogether until all of us grow even more hard-headed, daring, intelligent and forceful than the capitalist himself. But the playwright has cunningly made the capitalist his mouthpiece — the soundest person in the play — a man who fondly opposes yet generously fortifies and inspires his idealistic daughter Barbara and her humanistic helpmate Cusins. The play is a trifle uneven but it is nonetheless brilliant.

The same is true of Charles Laughton's production, which is one of the most original to have been done in New York in years. It amazes me how few of the commentators have tried to understand what Laughton has attempted and generally succeeded in doing with his *Barbara*. He has seen that Shaw is not at all a realistic playwright and that a special stage form has to be found to convey the particular nature of his work. Laughton's production (ably abetted by Donald Oenslager's scenic arrangement), immediately establishes a strictly theatrical convention — modelled after the theatre of eighteenth century artificial comedy and even more than that influenced by the example of Bertolt Brecht.

The characters are not rendered

as portraits but as stage figures. The stage is treated as a platform or as a podium with illustrations. The emphasis is on clarity of thought and on incisiveness of mental impressions. Emotion is minimized, details of characterization are sacrificed, dramatic climaxes suspended, colorful effects are calculated chiefly in terms of punctuation and variety as well as to arrest attention. When an actor's function in a scene is over, Laughton has him get out of it by dropping his head and sitting off on the side or by posing him in a statically decorative attitude as a framework to the central debate. The tone is dry, aseptic, direct.

SOMETHING of the play is lost in all this, because the style is a little arbitrary — though I hasten to add that I prefer it by far to the way Shaw is usually done hereabouts. By "arbitrary", I mean that while the style is suggested by the forensic aspect of Shaw's text, Laughton's treatment of it constitutes a generalization on Shaw's manner, not a true embodiment of it. Brecht's stylizations are further from realism than Laughton's, but they seem utterly "natural" because with Brecht, production and text are organically conceived: they form a whole. Shaw wrote within the conventions of the realistic theatre of his time — though he was quite aware that his vein was not Ibsen's — and part of Shaw's charm and effectiveness consists in his use of the realistic convention for ends which are radically different from those of the traditional realists.

To be wholly "right", then, the director of a Shaw play must invent a production style that springs from what Shaw wrote and that truly reveals it, not impose a style which works so well that it calls distracting attention to itself. The latter is somewhat the case in Laughton's *Barbara*.

Yet I welcome this production as a major event — especially since nowadays all shows are regarded

without distinction as a hit or flop product of a mechanized entertainment business, and our reactions in consequence are growing even duller than what our theatre has to offer.

The cast of *Barbara* (Burgess Meredith, Eli Wallach, Colin Keith-Johnson, Richard Lupino, Glynis Johns, Cornelia Otis Skinner and others) abounds in good actors. But because Laughton has directed them for his production style rather than for personal characterizations they impress us more as part of the picture than as individual players. Laughton himself cannot fail to register, for he reads magnificently and through his skill makes of his immensity a wonderful stage presence.

## Johnny Johnson

by ROBERT HATCH

Seeing the revival in 1956, it is almost impossible to recapture the impression *Johnny Johnson* made when the Group Theatre introduced it in 1936. It is not that we are wiser for the twenty years, but we know more, and Paul Green's morality play no longer chastises us nor feeds our hope. Green subscribed to the "they" theory of wickedness and that was a comfort; "we" were legion and "they" were few—it needed only a prophet to show us where the strength lay. But that was after one world war; after two such and a cold war we know that there is no "they," or rather that "we" are "they." Paul Green can no longer invigorate us; it is Beckett we now attend. What holds its force is Kurt Weill's music. But this score, which I think originally must have italicized and added iron to the staged parable, now seems turned against the audience. It laughs at us because we once believed in ourselves.

Yet I am glad that Stella Adler has revived *Johnny Johnson* (Carnegie Hall Playhouse). It is one of the very few revivable products of the polemical theatre of the '30s, a reminder that for a brief but exciting period the American stage became a journal of opinion. We no longer have "living newspapers," satire has almost disappeared from our musical comedies and the only political voices raised on Broadway



today are those of Shakespeare and Shaw.

The production that Miss Adler has staged has the great merit that it grows in power and sureness as it proceeds. Group scenes are its weakness: the director—or it may be the choreographer to whom she entrusted the job—has no eye for a stage in motion. Confusion can be demonstrated in the theatre only with purposeful discipline; allowed its own course, it becomes a rumpus, and *Johnny Johnson* ever and again drops into high school jollification.

James Broderick in the title role appears to discover the part as he

plays it. In the opening scenes he is so pale that the action lacks a center, but once the fable has moved into the trenches he takes command of the text and in the ultimate scenes in the lunatic asylum he performs with a quiet conviction that is arresting. Gene Saks as the psychotic psychoanalyst offers the greatest tour de force on the local stage since Alvin Epstein's epileptic monologue in *Waiting for Godot*. Still, the stature Broderick can recapture for his pure hero is the feat of the production. It is possible to smile at *Johnny Johnson*, but it is not possible to laugh at Johnny.

## MUSIC

### B. H. Haggin

IN EVERY period most of the music is written by composers with the ability to put sounds together but unable to give those sounds the impress of an originally creative mind. The Swiss composer Frank Martin's *The Tempest*, the German composer Carl Orff's *The Moon*, the American composer Carlisle Floyd's *Susannah* are, in their different ways, music of that kind, in which I heard nothing that deserved the public's attention, and nothing, therefore, that justified their having been produced by the New York City Opera at a cost which presumably contributed to the company's financial difficulties.

Nor was the cost only financial. With the insufficient funds at his disposal Erich Leinsdorf could manage productions of the three works I have just mentioned, and of Offenbach's *Orpheus in the Underworld*, Thomas' *Mignon* and Stravinsky's *L'Histoire du soldat*, only by using for all six works a single stage-set designed by Leo Kerz. This set consisted of a group of three sloping platforms, of which the central unit revolved for changes of scene, and which was supplemented by various small bits of scenery or props and by projections of colored designs on background panels. Since the set had to remain on the stage the company could not use its old scenery for *La Traviata*, *Carmen* and other

standard repertory; and Mr. Leinsdorf may even have preferred to use the new set for these works too. The company's prospectus, then, announced "the classic past, the daring present and the promising future in a matrix of modern production"; and in a personal statement in the program Mr. Leinsdorf wrote that "in a modern theatre—and opera is theatre as well as music—there should be no barrier between audience and performer. In the old theatre the proscenium was a barrier, a mere opening of a fourth wall through which the spectator looked in on the happenings. In contemporary dramatic entertainment the screen has taken the place of the proscenium. Live theatre, to assure its validity and superiority over film, must do away with the barrier. For similar reasons we are definitely and purposefully turning away from any attempt at realism. Opera, the musical theatre, is never realistic to start with."

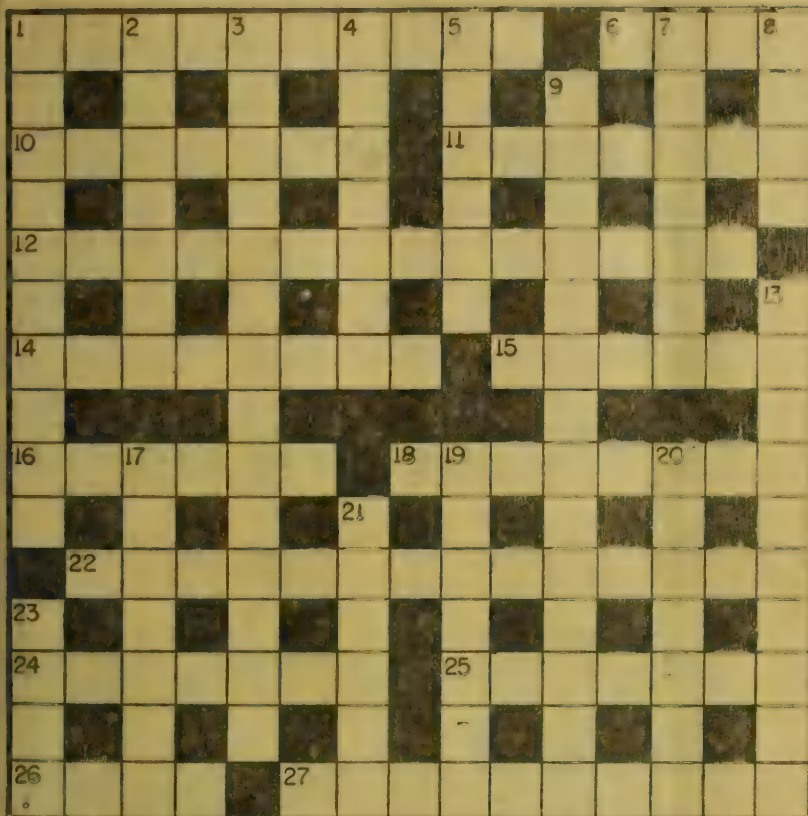
Limiting myself to what I can understand in all this, I will say first that it is news to me that for forty years the proscenium has interposed a barrier between me and the performances which have involved my mind and emotions; and I will add that the proscenium was still present in City Center and that the aprons extending the stage forward over the orchestra pit were not used in most

of the productions. But most important is the fact that realistic *Mignon*, *Carmen* and *La Traviata* did not lend themselves to the non-realistic staging—or, more accurately, to the incongruous mixture of realistic and non-realistic that one saw on the stage of City Center. Thus the cost of producing the Martin, Orff and Floyd operas included disadvantageous productions of several old works. In these, instead of providing a background and frame for the happenings on the stage, Mr. Kerz's set drew attention to itself; and one's attention was distracted further by the ways in which the set obstructed the performance: the way the singers kept climbing and stumbling over the platforms; the way even the inadequate handful of dancers was handicapped by the small amount of level stage which the platforms left them to deploy in; the way a mysterious v-shaped construction of two bridge girders placed in the middle of the central platform for all four acts of *Carmen* deprived the performers of even this clear working space.

THE Kerz set also worked badly with *The Tempest*; but it operated more acceptably with *The Moon* and *L'Histoire*, and quite well with *Susannah* and *Orpheus*. Nevertheless, as in previous seasons, the merits of the productions were to be found elsewhere than in the staging: in the authoritative and effective conducting of Morel in *Mignon*, *Carmen* and *L'Histoire*, of Leinsdorf in *Susannah* and *The Tempest*; the outstanding vocal and dramatic performances of Gloria Lane in *Carmen* and Frances Bible in *Mignon*; the excellent performances of Beverly Sills and Richard Verreau in *Mignon*, Cornell MacNeil in *La Traviata*, Richard Cassilly in *Carmen*, Phyllis Curtin and Norman Treigle in *Susannah*; the performances of actors James Mitchell and Christopher Plummer in *L'Histoire*. But here too there were inadequacies, of which the most consequential were caused by the vocal deterioration of Frances Yeend that was painful to hear, and the awkwardness of Barry Morell on the stage that was embarrassing to see, in *La Traviata*.

# Crossword Puzzle No. 698

By FRANK W. LEWIS



## ACROSS:

- 1 One way your views might be colored. (10)
- 6 and 23 down Suggests a ring master making a flashy display. (8)
- 10 One devotes nine days to them. (7)
- 11 Gunga Din's was nothing much before. (7)
- 12 Figure equal to everything with a sort of eel whistled up. (14)
- 14 To suggest obscurity in private. (8)
- 15 See 16
- 16 and 15 Evidently 11 across is firmly established as a good place to hire a coach. (6, 6)
- 18 Provokes aversion. (8)
- 22 Quite the opposite of 9, as far as control is concerned. (14)
- 24 Does it find the water hard to sail on? (7)
- 25 The way to find the team in a live-wire condition. (7)
- 26 Blast out of 18. (4)
- 27 Mrs. T. Edison could show them up! (10)

## DOWN:

- 1 They might be stuck-up as well (sometimes with reason). (3-2, 5)
- 2 Always allow about this, if you want to see the first year game. (7)
- 3 Coming to no real arrangement of

- an arrangement. (14)
- 4 Relation (but one is not always shown it). (7)
- 5 Tom suggests one might be fired, by the sound of it. (6)
- 7 A truth couched obscurely. (7)
- 8 Offensively gross degree of eminence. (4)
- 9 Going all to pieces. (14)
- 13 Their work might be running out. (10)
- 17 Slide into them sometimes—or are they just lookers-on? (7)
- 19 When it comes to the action of a tiger, Henry V suggested we do this. (7)
- 20 Is it the wind that makes them go up? (7)
- 21 This drumming is not always on your chest. (6)
- 22 See 6 across

## SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 697

ACROSS: 1 INSTEP; 5 PASSAGE; 10 OUT OF STEP; 12 BESECH; 13 RAIMENT; 14 AND 20 DOWN EXTRASENSORY; 16 OPPOSITES; 18 SEA SNAKES; 20 SOLAR; 22 ASSUMED; 24 PINTAIL; 26 GLEAN; 27 VERBOSITY; 28 ENTREAT; 29 SAYING. DOWN: 2 NOTES; 3 TAFFETA; 4 AND 11 PATCHWORK QUILT; 5 PAPER; 6 SEQUINS; 7 ALIMENTAL; 8 ESTATES; 9 FOIBLE; 15 TEAR SHEET; 17 PASSPORTS; 18 SPANGLE; 19 NOMINEE; 21 RELAYS; 23 DIVOT; 25 ASIAN.

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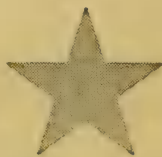
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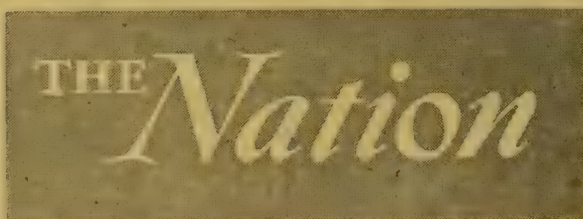
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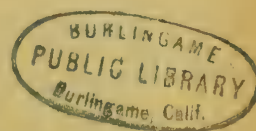
MIDDLE EAST PROSPECTS: Report From U. N.

THE *Nation*

NOVEMBER 24, 1956

20c

The '56 Campaign



# BIGGEST FLOP IN SHOW BIZ

*by John G. Schneider*

Author of "The Golden Kazoo"

## Analyzing the Vote

*by Louis H. Bean*

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Direct From Warsaw

## Poland on a Tightrope

*by Claude Bourdet*





■ **NAMING THE USSR** as "the enemy" in fictional and documentary television programs aimed at "alerting" everyone to the fact that we live in a dangerous world has become common practice, accepted almost as a matter of course. Back in the 1930s, we were more circumspect even with an enemy whom we later actually fought. Japan was never named as "the enemy"; it just happened that the unnamed enemy country of that time always used spies and saboteurs who had protruding teeth and slanted eyes. But nowadays hardly a week passes in which the USSR — named as such — does not make a "sneak" attack on the United States and is then obliterated by way of retaliation. No harm, of course, is intended; every few minutes the viewing audience is casually reassured that the Soviets are not really attacking. A recent example was a TV drama called *Forbidden Area* — CBS, October 4 — a dramatization of Pat Frank's novel. In this production, Soviet spies and saboteurs nearly succeeded in destroying our strategic air force, but the treacherous attack is finally beaten off and American planes "save" our civilization by destroying "theirs." In a news release, CBS reports that *Forbidden Area* scored "a direct hit on the Pentagon"; the Department of Defense requested a special showing immediately following the network presentation.

More recently (November 11), the CBS documentary *Air Power*, in which Generals Twining and Partridge appeared, named the USSR as the nation which had launched a surprise air attack on this country. Here, too, the air force came through in fine style, blasting the enemy's planes from the skies and destroying predetermined targets, all in the nick of time. If we must be "alerted" in this grim and chilling fashion, is it necessary that "the enemy" be named in this crude fashion? Russia and the United States are both members of the United Nations. Each maintains an

embassy in the other's capital. Russians visit the United States; Americans visit Russia. Naming "the enemy" may add something by way of verisimilitude but it is an embarrassing and disagreeable practice all the same.

■ **CHALK IT** up as a democratic miracle that Judge Dalip Singh Saund defeated Jacqueline Cochran Odum (Mrs. Floyd Odum), the Republican nominee, in the Imperial Valley Congressional district in Southern California. This is the district — the 29th — which Republican John Phillips, one of the organizers of the Associated Farmers of California, represented in the 79th, 80th, 81st, 82nd, 83rd and 84th Congresses. Until quite recently both Negroes and Mexican-Americans were segregated in certain schools in the valley. Judge Saund will be the first Democrat to represent the district for many years; he will also be the first native of India to sit in Congress. Born in Punjab, he came to the West Coast as a young man, attended schools in Berkeley and received a Ph. D. degree from the University of California. Although the U. S. Supreme Court had ruled in 1923 that natives of India were ineligible to citizenship, Judge Saund asked Congress to enact a bill in wartime permitting some 2,000 resident Hindus, most of them in California, to become citizens. Sponsored by Clare Booth Luce and Emanuel Celler, the bill was passed and Judge Saund was one of the first to take the oath of allegiance. Less than a year later he was elected Justice of the Peace and later re-elected. In the 1956 primary campaign, the committee supporting Mrs. Odum reported expenditures of approximately \$57,000 — more than the combined expenditures of all other candidates. Judge Saund couldn't match his opponent in campaign funds, but he managed to pull through by a narrow margin in this normally Republican district. He plans to visit India as soon as possible and hopes, by his efforts, "to contribute to removing misunderstanding between the people of the United States and India."

Judge Saund's spectacular victory has obscured the fact that another native of India, Dr. Haridas T. Muzumdar, professor of sociology at Cornell College, was an unsuccessful candidate for Congress in Iowa's second district. Dr. Muzumdar summed up his platform in this way: "The United States needs to make friends in Asia and Muzumdar has ideas about how to do it. I have a theory that Iowa farmers ought to

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## Editorials

### The United Nations: Pivot of American Policy

By and large, the Administration has acted wisely in meeting the grave crisis which has arisen in the Middle East and Eastern Europe.

In discussing the situation in the Middle East one must distinguish, of course, between American policy prior to the crisis and the various acts and statements which have been devised to cope with it. As we have pointed out before, and on many occasions, American policy in that region has been shortsighted and inept; the United States bears, in fact, a large measure of responsibility for what has happened there. But in the wake of the crisis, the President has acted in a manner that commands respect—with discretion, with wisdom and with courage. He has said the right things and said them well. "We cannot—in the world, any more than in our own nation—subscribe to one law for the weak, another law for the strong; one law for those opposing us, another for those allied with us." He took the issue directly to the U. N. He made no blustering statements. He warned the Soviets against direct intervention. And he has avoided taking the issue from the U. N., where it belongs, to a Big Power conference. In this crisis Washington is not moving ahead of the U. N. as it did in the case of Korea; on the contrary, it has elected to throw the full weight of its influence behind the world body.

Suez *could* be a watershed in the development of American policy; it depends, of course, on what Washington now does. But Suez liberated American policy, for the time at least, from restrictions which have consistently hampered it. Had the President placed a blind loyalty to Britain and France above our commitments to the U. N., he would have identified American policy with the colonial position of these old friends. As it is, we have won prestige in colonial areas by supporting the United Nations Charter and by refusing to endorse the "police action" of our allies. The immediate question is: will we once again compromise this country's traditional anti-colonial position out of loyalty to Britain and France? It would be a great pity if we did, for at long last we have won freedom for Ameri-

can initiative on issues in relation to which we have often acted in this post-war period in a manner that has embarrassed most Americans, interfered with the pursuit of America's national interests, and placed this nation in a compromising position at the U. N. There is, at the moment, a great danger that Washington will lose the freedom it has acquired and, under pressure from its allies, support them on colonial issues at the U. N. Cyprus and Algiers will be discussed at this session of the General Assembly. Will the Administration feel compelled to "go along" with the British and the French on these and similar issues?

The Administration's policy in dealing with both crises holds promise of strengthening the U. N. At long last American policy-makers see that since this country must, because of its position, keep a number of different forces in some kind of balance at all times—support for Israel, good relations with Western Europe and the British Commonwealth, long-range good relations with the Arab world, avoidance of a direct clash with the Soviet Union, etc.—American power can be applied most wisely and effectively through the U. N. Hence, there is a good chance that the world organization will become the major pivot of American policy. The U. N.'s performance in this crisis justifies most people's faith in it. It has taken unprecedented actions with striking speed—for a large legislative body—and impressive majorities have been recorded on the key issues.

HAS RUSSIA scored a brilliant diplomatic victory in the Middle East, as critics of the Administration charge? The answer, of course, depends to a large extent on what this country does and what the United Nations does about initiating long-range social and economic development programs in the region (see comments on page 445). One thing is clear: Russia's repression of the mass demonstrations in Hungary has cost her a major defeat—in Europe, throughout the Western Hemisphere, in large portions of Asia and, we suspect, in the Middle East and Africa, too. In a week's time, unaided by Senators Eastland, Jenner and McCarthy, the Soviets have liquidated or weakened, beyond hope of repair or revitalization, the Communist



movement in the Western world and discredited themselves in the eyes of world opinion.

But it should be kept in mind that the Hungarian situation is not without complications. As the President has pointed out, the United States does not now, and never has, advocated open rebellion by an "undefended populace against force over which they could not possibly prevail." But the real difficulty is cogently stated in an editorial in the *Toronto Star*:

Where is the line to be drawn against tyranny?

In Europe the line is already clearly drawn through the middle of Germany. It was drawn in the first place by the Russians, but the West has accepted it. The Soviets know that if they cross that line with force, we will fight and take a chance on survival. And we know that if we cross that line with force, it will almost certainly mean the beginning of World War III. Hungary lies on the wrong side of that line. It is a heart-rending fact, but a fact that ought to be faced, to put an end to the bitter self-condemnation and the tirades against the U. N. that are being heard so often in the West these days. We owe the Hungarians sympathy, and material aid in abundance to feed them and bind their wounds. We owe them unrelenting moral pressure on Russia to set them free. We cannot send them an army of liberation.

Liberation of the Communist empire must come from within. And events in Poland and Hungary offer great encouragement to the hope that it will come one day, without war. We believe that the impulse to freedom in the human spirit will outlast any totalitarian system that can be devised.

The Hungarian people deserve, and have won, the world's sympathy. But the President is right in saying that "we should first get this Egyptian thing out of the way." This is not quite the time to bring up "a thing as broad as" the Hungarian issue. The U. N. has not dropped the issue. But there is both logic and sense in dealing with the two crises in the sequence suggested by the President.

It should not be forgotten that the day before the British ultimatum to Egypt, the Soviet Union announced its willingness to withdraw its troops from Hungary. Unquestionably the Administration would like to see what will happen in Hungary and throughout Eastern Europe in the next few weeks before pushing the Hungarian issue any further at the U. N.

Despite the "fatal error" in Hungary, the *Christian Science Monitor's* Vienna correspondent reports (November 14) that "most observers here believe the Soviet Government does not intend a return to the status quo. . . . They expect that ultimate terms will allow the establishment of conditions close, perhaps identical, to those approved in Poland." This is Marshal Tito's view. With this in mind, and if in fact there is a split in the Soviet leadership as Tito insists, then it would be unwise to act in a manner that might tip the scales against the "de-Stalinization" advocates in the Kremlin.

In any case, the U. N. remains the best hope for peace and freedom — freedom through a steadily strengthened rule of law, freedom through cooperation and persuasion, freedom based on the power of modern science and technology, working through U. N. agencies and backed in no small measure by American dollars, to relieve intolerable social pressures of the kind that have produced these explosions.

## The Same Old Fork

The Democratic Party has once again come to that familiar fork in the road. It must decide again, and soon, whether its Southern wing shall continue to dominate the Congressional leadership and thereby make the record, fashion the issues and determine national policy. New pressures, revealed by the election returns, may force the party to make a new decision.

1. The Democratic sweep in the Northwest has given additional weight to the elements that have long wanted to challenge the power of the Dixiecrats. The Oregon Congressional delegation now consists of two New Dealers in the Senate and three Democrats and one Republican in the House. In the state legislature, Democrats now hold thirty-nine of sixty seats in the House, while the Senate is evenly divided, fifteen-to-fifteen. For governor, Robert Holmes, the Democratic nominee, defeated the Republican incumbent by a margin of 10,000 or more votes. The Democratic sweep in Washington was even more impressive. Not only did Senator Magnusson win re-election, but state senator Rosellini defeated the incumbent Republican governor by a margin of more than 100,000 votes and the Democrats won control of both houses of the state legislature for the first time since 1946. They may also pick up a Congressional seat—the returns are inconclusive—in eastern Washington. The Democratic sweep in these states, coupled with the defeat of Senator Welker in Idaho, is a clear indication that the party has acquired a new status in the Northwest. As a condition of political survival, the Democrats of this generally progressive region must demand a larger voice in the party's council and they now have the power to enforce the demand. As the Democratic Party gains in power throughout the area west of the Mississippi (see Louis H. Bean's comments on page 446) the relative position of the Dixiecrats will suffer.

2. The Republican upsurge in the South is quite as impressive as the Democratic sweep in the Northwest. Montgomery, capital of the Confederacy, went Republican for the first time since the post-Civil War period. Mobile County went Republican for the first time in its history. Jefferson County, embracing industrial Birmingham, also went Republican. So did any number of Southern cities, including Columbus, Savannah, Nashville and Memphis (for the first time in history). In Texas, Virginia, Florida, Louisiana and

Tennessee, the GOP is unmistakably in business. The size and distribution of the Republican vote in Virginia indicates that the party might elect a governor next year. Throughout the South the Negro vote was an important factor in these GOP gains, and the number of Negroes voting in the region will increase steadily. As *The Nation* pointed out as far back as September 27, 1952—in a special issue on the Southern Negro—the pressure of Southern Negro opinion is the key factor in the disruption of the Solid South.

Now that the South is no longer solid, there is not the slightest reason why this one region should be permitted to dictate national policy for the Democratic Party. Moreover, there is a wealth of evidence to indicate that Southern Democratic organizations, with some exceptions, gave only luke-warm support to the party's nominees for President and Vice President in this election. From Baton Rouge, for example, comes a report that a major factor in the President's victory in Louisiana was the failure of the Democratic organization to support Stevenson. The Republican victories in Kentucky were in large part due to the fact that Governor Chandler would not actively support the national ticket or the two Democratic Senatorial nominees. In Alabama, even the liberal Democrats—Senators Hill and Sparkman and Governor Folsom—were remarkably inactive. Several weeks before the election, the *Texas Observer* called attention to Senator Lyndon Johnson's reluctance to give the national ticket anything more than token support in Texas. On the charge of bad faith alone, a large portion of the Southern leadership of the party should be repudiated.

Despite all these developments, however, it is by no means clear that the more liberal elements of the Democratic Party, which now control most of the key state organizations outside the South, will rebel against the Dixiecrat leadership in Congress. One difficulty is that the party, at the moment, is without a leader. More important, perhaps, is the fact that Senator Johnson has a special talent for outwitting the liberal Democrats. Without waiting to consult his newly elected party colleagues, he has already announced that the party will not offer a program of its own when Congress convenes. If he succeeds in beguiling the "freshmen" contingent, if once again the rest of the party knuckles under to the seniority-happy Dixiecrats, the Democrats can anticipate another trouncing in 1960. They cannot hope to win a national election so long as they permit the Bourbons to dominate the Congressional leadership. Roosevelt could win in 1940, and again in 1944, after failing to purge the Dixiecrats in 1938; but the circumstances which made these victories possible will not recur. On the contrary, the Bourbon dominance of the party in Congress will become a greater liability with each passing year, for the views of this element on the racial issue are utterly unacceptable to a large and growing national majority.

November 24, 1956

## Juan Negrin

The death of Dr. Juan Negrin, last Prime Minister of Republican Spain, ended a career of brilliance and courage, as well as of tragedy. His most important role was, of course, that of statesman and tenacious leader of Spain's fight against the Fascist axis, which reached its bitter conclusion only six months before Hitler's bombers inaugurated World War II. So the numerous comments on his public record have inevitably bypassed other interesting facets of a many-sided and powerful personality.

Before events drew him into politics, he was a physiologist of great distinction. The constructive quality of his mind was proved when, as secretary of the medical faculty of Madrid University—and its actual chief—he successfully promoted the plan of the University City, a center of research and scholarship which worked a true revolution in the academic life of Spain. Because of his eminence in his special field, many of his colleagues harbored a lasting regret at his leaving medical research for public life. And this feeling was not limited to Spain. His friend and warm supporter in the Spanish war, Professor Walter B. Cannon of Harvard, once said that if Negrin had stuck to his last he would have been the world's leading physiologist.

NEGRIN'S ability and valor as a war leader have been acknowledged even by his enemies. It has been said that he deliberately prolonged the Republican resistance in the expectation that World War II, which he considered inevitable, would come in time to save the Spanish Republic. This is not quite accurate. It is true that he believed Spain's struggle would presently be absorbed into the greater struggle against Fascist aggression, but he was also convinced, even after Catalonia had been lost, that if Republican morale could be sustained in the central zone there were enough forces available to continue the fight. Later the example of guerrilla warfare in Yugoslavia and other countries confirmed this belief, and part of the notes for the first volume of his memoirs, on which he was working at the time of his death, is devoted to an analysis of this point.

But if Negrin was undismayed by the difficulties of the war, he could not endure the post-war divisions and quarrels of the Spanish exile groups. When he was attacked, as often happened, he would never answer. He always said: "Too much has already been spoken and written by Republicans that can be used by our enemies." It should be mentioned here that the frequent characterization of Negrin as pro-Communist was the most preposterous error that could be made. In temperament and thought he was a man of aggressively independent views. After 1945, when he quit as prime minister in exile, he remained out of politics. It was only during the last few months, as the Franco



regime began to show symptoms of disintegration, that he yielded to the urging of friends and took some part in the councils of the Socialist group to which he nominally belonged. That awakening interest in active affairs was demonstrated, late in October, by his presence at the reunion of the veterans of the International Brigades held in Belgrade. This was the last public gesture of Negrin's life, and one which his friends will remember with satisfaction.

## Freedom Is More Than a Word

Marshall Field, who died on November 8, came closer to being an irreplaceable man than most of his more famous contemporaries. Texas may yet produce richer men, but the whole country is not likely ever again to find a rich man with his awareness of the democratic process or his active desire to play a part in it.

Twelve years ago, in 1945 while the world was still at war, he wrote in his *Freedom Is More than a Word* an analysis of American liberalism which was also a moving statement of his personal beliefs. These started from William Allen White's subversive doctrine that the "most serious danger that menaces the freedom of the American press is the obvious anxiety of rich publishers about the freedom of the press," and moved on into areas of inquiry where he was a true explorer.

These words from that book and what he did to make them more than words are his best obituary:

"The depression years of the 1930's forced most Americans to re-examine a good many of their assumptions. So much about which we had felt so sure fell about our ears and jolted us to the very core of our beliefs. Was this cataclysm caused by a failure of democracy? Or had democracy ever really been given a fighting chance? . . .

"Like everybody else, I was forced to reconsider everything that I had taken for granted. Ideas that had before been matters of superficial inquiry demanded tougher analysis. Fixed points in my intellectual world had to be subjected to searching criticism in order to determine how far they really had actual stability and how far I was merely using them as anchors to avoid setting forth on journeys that promised to be strange and that might therefore prove uncomfortable or even dangerous. . . .

"With all my heart I believe that the freedom we fought for in the last war was infinitely desirable, just as it is today; and I believe that democracy and human beings, given a real chance, can develop to heights as yet undreamed of. But in order to have this opportunity, and to realize its full possibilities, the most essential aspect of democracy—freedom of access to facts, to news—must be revitalized and extended. People must be fully informed. All shades of opinion, all significant versions of the facts, should have representation and be given free access to the channels of communication.

"Holding this faith in democracy and seeing this need of adequate popular information, I was naturally impelled to investigate how I might contribute toward making democratic freedom more than just a word. The chance of inheritance has, fortunately, given me several such opportunities, such as that of supporting two daily newspapers; *PM* in New York and the *Sun* in Chicago. Since these were the first metropolitan dailies started for more than a decade, because *PM* is a fighting newspaper which has taken no advertising and has been completely free from interference by its owner, and because the *Sun* entered the Chicago field as a competitor to an entrenched monopoly, these papers have become matters of controversy. The *Sun* has also challenged what it considers the monopolistic news and picture privileges of members of the Associated Press. . . .

"IN MAKING these efforts to promote freedom, it can be said here in a preliminary way that I have sought to function as a participating member of a democratic society, with unusual opportunities to serve because of my financial resources, and not as a man of large property interests actuated by attitudes of self-protection. It is my hope, naturally, that our present social system can be safeguarded and made to function effectively, but I am convinced that this can be done only if modifications are faced frankly and constructively. . . .

"There is, of course, no such thing as an inherent right in private property. Theories to such an effect, like theories concerning the divine right of nobility, were invented by propagandists to justify otherwise untenable positions. What private property any of us enjoys represents the acquiescence of society in our private control of it. It is a privilege Western society has traditionally granted to its stronger or more fortunate members, and, like every privilege, it carries with it certain obligations as a kind of payment for the privilege. Those who neglect the obligations, I am convinced, speed the day when this privilege will be curtailed or perhaps denied.

"In essence, my conception has been that my funds could best be utilized as germinal money. That does not imply either casual use of the funds or their squandering. If any given enterprise is to serve social ends, it must within a reasonable time have proved of sufficient utility to society so that society undertakes to support it. . . .

"For the future of democracy to be secure, for freedom to be more than a word, those with financial and political power must regard the constant rejuvenation of freedom as their pressing duty. They must not hold their privileges lightly, and they must regard their obligations very seriously. One cannot help recalling a statement made in a different context by Abraham Lincoln when he told Congress in the dark days of the Civil War that 'in giving freedom to the slave

It never did. It came through as a confusing welter of slick words and phrases, as a long succession of "issues" which changed and multiplied day by day, as a hodgepodge of slogans—of which not a single one either had the validity or was given the repetition to become a respectable sales pitch.

THIS WAS the campaign of 1956 at the technical level, in the political area roughly equivalent to that occupied by business sales managers and advertising-agency vice presidents. Now let's move upstairs to the board room, to that hallowed sector where top management makes fateful decisions. Here, each party made one big, stupid, unbelievably amateurish blunder:

*Republicans deliberately—and ostentatiously!—dissociated their showcase product from the rest of the line.*

*Democrats restyled their top product, not into an advanced model, but into a bad copy of their old 1948 item.*

The GOP was like a company happily and somewhat luckily in possession of a magnificent "showcase" product—a unique, exciting, publicity-rich, fast-selling, top-of-the-line super model. It's hard to believe, but somehow the Republican top management decided merely to sell this priceless corporate asset. To advertise, promote, publicize, display and sell it.

Which makes no sense whatever to anyone who has even the faintest familiarity with the arts and skills of sales promotion. When you have a hot showcase item, you use it to help sell the rest of your line: you tie it in with the slower moving, less glamorous, bread-and-butter products. To illustrate, Ford Motor Company designed and built as a showcase product the Thunderbird, a kind of glorified hot-rod. And very hot merchandise it was. Wherever the item was displayed, prospective buyers drooled and lusted for it. Naturally and sensibly, Ford promoted the Thunderbird as forerunner, symbol and epitome of all the tremendous values to be found in all Ford cars. Soon, the prospect who could afford only the smallest, cheapest model was a well conditioned set-

up for the sales spiel which told him he too was getting Thunderbird styling, Thunderbird power features, Thunderbird this and that.

Well, if Republican strategists had been running Ford's sales policies I fear the Thunderbird would have been smuggled out of the factory in the dead of night, to be sold as private-brand merchandise. Ike was smuggled out of the party, always was promoted and sold as a demigod

## ON THE AIR



above and remote from mundane party politics, always bore the private-brand label, "Great American," and never the company label, "Republican."

Oh, to be sure, he went into many states to speak for many candidates. But in the promotion business, "speaking for" is a distressingly poor substitute for "identifying with." Franklin D. Roosevelt learned the difference between these two concepts when he spoke for some candidates, against others. What he said about any given candidate for the Senate counted for little: but what he *was*—and always he was clearly labeled "New Deal Democrat"—sold the voters on some candidates who

otherwise would have been easy outs at first base. I rather think that Ike himself dimly perceived the need for a good, tight tie-in between showcase product and standard merchandise. Time after time he was quoted as saying that he sought a second term only "to complete the job of rebuilding the Republican Party."

Somebody in that board room fouled him. Even on November 5, when the outcome of next day's election already was known to both candidates, to pollsters, politicians, newsmen, to you and to me—even on that Election Eve when the showcase product already was sold and oversold, they took one solid hour of TV time to sell Ike, without a single discernible attempt to sell the Eisenhower brand of Republican candidates. Even on Election Eve it was, "Trust Ike!"

Democrats should be humbly grateful to that unknown, unsung and uneducated Republican policymaker who must have said, "Look, boys, Ike is stronger than the party, see? So we sell Ike this way, see—he ain't a Republican, he ain't hardly human, he's 'way up there in the sky lookin' down and watchin' over us poor, dumb, helpless Americans, see?"

IF DEMOCRATS should be humbly grateful to this Republican dope, they should lustily damn the Democrat in their own board of directors who must have said: "Look, this Adlai didn't sell so good in 1952, and I tell you he's got to cut out humor and stuff. Wisecracks don't sell. You wanna know what sells? That solid old corn that peddled Harry Truman, that's what. The 'Give 'em hell, Harry' stuff, that's what. Know what I mean?"

When the policy makers accepted this advice, they made a big, stupid, unbelievably amateurish blunder. In this case it wasn't a fatal blunder, because what was fatal to Mr. Stevenson was Mr. Eisenhower. Adlai was knocked off not in the TV studios, but on the Normandy beaches and in a ticker-tape parade down Fifth Avenue. He was a casualty in the Democrats' war against a grin, a goodness and ghost writers.

Still, he would have done better,



much better, as the old 1952 model. That item wasn't showcase merchandise, but it sold pretty well. And the competition was hotter back then: Ike hadn't been shopworn by four years and two illnesses. Humor doesn't sell? Nonsense! FDR, the most political pitchman of them all, on occasion would put a whole speech into the realm of satire. You students should be required to reread his "Martin, Barton & Fish" comedy masterpiece. Even Herbert Hoover—after he lost in 1932—became a more effective, more popular and more persuasive salesman by inserting some witticisms amongst his massive solemnities. And Abe Lincoln on the campaign trail plugged dozens of jokes, such as they were.

"Give 'em hell"? It simply doesn't work. It's a political myth. In politics as in business, it's a waste of time and money to knock the competition.

So they restyled Adlai, they cut him down to the stature of a Truman, they eliminated the wit, they tacked on some chrome gingerbread combativeness, they piled on issues as if they were accessories—they ruined the product.

The old 1952 Stevenson was a product which could be and was loved madly (not *that* alliteration!) by liberals, by "independent" voters. This 1956 item was merchandise which we would buy only reluctantly—if at all. Those of us who bought it did so hoping that when we got it home to the White House we could strip it down to the old 1952 chassis, and find there the same clean, flowing lines, the flashing acceleration, the solid, built-in values. But far too many independent voters saw only the restyled, doctored, hastily repainted and generally botched product as it was put on display.

Bad show.

I came to the theatre expecting to see a brilliant, entertaining and rather terrifying display of promotional techniques as they are used to either help or corrupt politics. I was prepared to do my review in a sober-sided manner: pointing out the potential dangers lurking in this polygamous marriage of politics with public relations, advertising and sales promotion. But as I sat there watching this dying duck expire on the stage, I came full circle, so to speak. I think that next time the two parties *should* hire some boys who know how to sell a product.

I can't recall a national advertising campaign which was so poorly conceived, so badly written, so clumsily managed and produced, so misdirected and so dishonest as the political campaign of 1956. Maybe if we get some smart, amoral, know-how boys into the act, we'll get a better show in 1960.

# POLAND on a TIGHTROPE

## Report from Warsaw . . by CLAUDE BOURDET

*Warsaw, Nov. 11*

"THE HUNGARIANS are behaving like Poles, the Poles like Czechs, the Czechs like pigs." That is the latest joke every Pole will tell you with a whimsical grin in the streets of Warsaw. It means that the Hungarians have had the mad courage usually attributed to Poles, that the Poles themselves have shown the steady intentness attributed to Czechs, and that the latter have been . . . rather quiet.

The joke—which is only one among many, for the Warsaw population is as high-spirited as ever—reflects the mixed feelings of the Polish people towards the whole situation in Hungary and in Eastern Europe. They are indeed pleased to realize that their country, possibly for the first time in history, is conducting a fight for freedom in the

only way which promises success—that is, with courage and firmness, but carefully avoiding the heroic attitudes which are natural to Polish sentimentality. After a few days here, one realizes that the whole country—and not only the United Workers (Communist) Party—is united behind a man who has become the very symbol of Poland and Polish socialism: Wladyslaw Gomulka. Everybody seems to believe that Cardinal Wyszynsky's support of Gomulka is sincere—at least for the time being. This support deprives any right-wing movement seeking to exploit the present situation of the essential help of the Catholic Church, and exerts a calming influence. The Cardinal publicly supports the government in restraining any hot-headed moves on the part of the younger population; his speech on Sunday, November 4, in the Warsaw Cathedral, stressed the fact that "*it was easy to die, but*

*that we were born to live.*" People even accept the diplomatic necessities which forced Poland to remain in line with the Russians on the Hungarian problem in the United Nations.

But at the same time there is a wave of disgust at what is happening in Hungary, and a feeling of guilt at not being able to do more for the Hungarian people than to voice, in a muffled way, one's sympathies. In Cracow last week a huge and silent procession of students, workers, etc., walked through the streets. They had promised not to shout and not to carry posters; instead they carried Hungarian flags with mourning crepe. Poland's most popular newspaper, *Po Prostu*, which expresses the feelings of the Communist students, has been fighting for months a winning battle against bureaucracy and Stalinism, and recently wrote: "We are opposed both to the Anglo-French ag-

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gression against Egypt and to the intervention, for the second time, of Russian troops in Hungary." But the paper adds, "However, America is allied to Western Germany, American divisions are stationed there, the Western Powers have refused to guarantee our Oder-Neisse frontiers, and therefore there are Polish reasons of state which make us accept Russian divisions in Poland."

What *Po Prostu* says openly, most people say privately. But it is also clear that if the Poles had not the feeling that they have, at last, a strong, responsible and independent government, they would not have proved to be so reasonable. Herein lies Gomulka's dilemma. He must satisfy the expectations of the country, which wants independence and the freedom to solve Polish problems in a Polish way. He must take into account the resentment of a people which has had to suffer much since 1949 from a lunatic economic policy imposed either by the Russians or by Poles who used Russian power and influence. But at the same time, he must avoid provoking the Russians, and especially, he must hew to the Russian line in matters of foreign policy and military bases. This line will not change as long as the West supports territorial claims of West Germany and as long as American forces ring the Communist world. It is a great pity that President Eisenhower was not able, before events in Hungary took their final and tragic turn, to impose on the Pentagon the plan which, according to the London *Observer*, he has been toying with: a great European "barter" involving the withdrawal of American bases from Western Europe and of Russian forces from Eastern Europe.

However, if it is tight-rope walking for Gomulka, the rope seems taut and strong, and the man on it has good nerves. What Gomulka must achieve is a little bit like what the Swiss did during World War II and the Finns during the height of the cold war: combine internal defense with external caution. In the case of Poland, this means the elimination of all traces of foreign subservience in the Polish army, the police, the party, the government and ad-

ministration; the correction of past economic and political mistakes; the establishing of the closest possible links with the population and especially with the industrial working class. The new courage and energy of the people must be channeled into the enormous task of making Polish socialism work.

IF ALL this can be achieved, then the battle of Polish socialism will be already half won. But the tasks demand an extraordinary amount of courage and self-restraint. The evident presence of this singular combination in the new leadership has surprised the Poles themselves. Foreign observers hardly believe their eyes; this sort of thing is actually so unusual these days that one can easily understand their doubts. Yet it works. Last week there was a panic in Warsaw when the Polish Press Agency announced that the government was replacing a number of Russian generals and high-ranking officers, who still occupied key positions in the Polish Army, with officers who had been in the Polish Communist underground and even in the Polish air force which fought with the British during the war. A sober and well-informed Anglo-Saxon correspondent wrote at the time: "This is a crisis decision; it means that Gomulka is ready to fight. Tomorrow we shall be in the cellars of our Embassies." Actually, the Kremlin had already accepted, in principle, the idea of the "Polonisation" of the army. But



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*Workers' Paradise in Hungary*

carrying out the decision at the time of the Hungarian crisis required a great deal of pluck and steadiness.

The Polish leaders proved right; the Russians did not move a finger. Nor did they when, a few days later Rokossovsky was eased out. As somebody told me just a short while ago, "You cannot have a second Hungary worse than the first—or it's the third world war." One can say that there is presently no actual threat over Poland except that of a world war. That is probably why the morale of Warsaw, a town which is accustomed to living dangerously, is so high. The experiment goes on; the cleaning up of the party and of the government continues gradually. There is no undue haste now that the police are safely in the hands of Gomulka's fellow-prisoner, General Komar, and the army in those of his friend, General Sypchalsky, also a victim of the anti-Gomulka purge. There will be no hurry, and even some delays. Such delays have already enabled some reactionary correspondents to cable triumphantly to their papers that Gomulka was folding under Russian pressure. Actually, Gomulka does not want to make any show of spite or revenge. One of his friends told me, "We don't even want to sack all the Russian officers. Some have shown a lot of understanding for our desire of independence."

AS FOR these stooges, they appear to be doomed and have already lost practically all influence. They are trying desperately to justify their past attitudes, but there is fierce hatred for them among the rank-and-file of the workers and especially among party members. They are gradually being sacked from their jobs in the local organizations of the party and trade unions; members of the former Socialist Party, who had not joined the United Workers Party or who had been eliminated in 1948-1949, are now joining the party or becoming active again. The Peasant Party, up to now not much more than a front for the Stalinist leadership, is becoming increasingly active, and its new leaders seem to be as enthusiastic as others about Gomulka and as ready as the new



Communist leadership to make socialism work in Poland.

For the time being the greatest problem for Gomulka lies in another direction. He must make the economy work, and make it work quickly. Otherwise, the present enthusiasm of a hungry and tired people might dwindle. Will the Russian help? Or will they, instead, stand aside, hoping for Gomulka's fall, or even make things more difficult by subtle sabotage? The question is open. But it

is quite clear that liberals and progressives all over the world have a great part to play in making the Gomulka experiment a success. This means, first, understanding its problems and its needs, and, second, making public opinion understand that Gomulka's success, which could pave the way for world peace, can only be achieved if the West discards all cold-war attitudes towards Poland. We must try to help the Poles not out of hatred against Rus-

sia or out of indignation at the Russian's shocking attitude in Hungary, but out of sympathy and respect for the Poles and also out of a desire to bring the Russians back to a more decent, sensible policy. "We must not give up the hope," a very national-minded Polish Communist told me yesterday, "to bring back on top the forces in Russia which were strong enough a few months ago to compel the Russian leadership to renounce Stalinism."

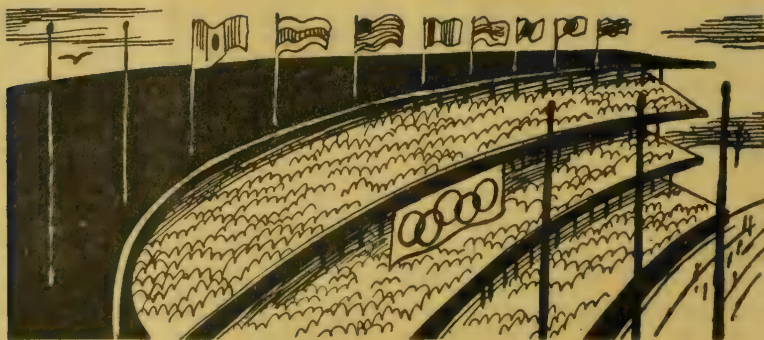
## The Hungarian Olympics .. by DAVID CORT

ONE MORE ominous clue to Russian intentions, when the threat of "force" in Egypt was made in Moscow, was the fact that a Russian ship full of Russian athletes on the way to Melbourne had temporarily disappeared in the Indian Ocean in a fog of radio silence. The presence of Hungarians aboard the ship made a travesty of the Olympic claim that athletes have no politics.

One could understand the International Olympic Committee's desperate statement, "The Games are not, and must not become, a contest between nations, which would be contrary to the spirit of the Olympic Movement and would surely lead to disaster. For this reason there is no official score by nations, and tables of points are entirely inaccurate."

The modern Olympics' expressed hope of enduring as long as the ancient games—at least 1,170 years—was looking sickly. The old games had the protection of a universal religion and a quadrennial "sacred truce" enforced first by Sparta and later by several comparatively tolerant empires. The present climate of nationalism-cum-ideologies is hardly as favorable.

The modern system must permit nations to pick their own athletes through channels. But what is the status of the Hungarians at the Melbourne Games? Their personal position may be heroic, their political



position is impossible. They have already declared that they will not compete under the flag of the Communist Hungary that selected and despatched them. The unofficial individual asserts his will at Melbourne, as in Budapest. The solution of the Olympic Committee is important as a test of whether the individual is really the important unit in this world.

The episode dissolves some of the myth that the world is composed of two great power blocs, and that the Olympics are merely a dual meet between the U. S. and the USSR.

Yet, no matter what the risks, team scores will remain of intense interest. Winning a race does not prove one nation "better" than another; probably winning a war doesn't prove it, either. Yet the results are simply too interesting, chastening, inspiring, to be ignored. Modern cultures can use the inspiration. American victories in track and field have challenged fifty countries to cultivate those sports. American

life has been changed for the better by taking up sports first excelled in by other nations—skiing, fencing, soccer, swimming and weight-lifting. The Olympic Games have had a powerful effect on the release and expression of the peoples' energies.

This is most apparent in the new and small nations. The physical and spiritual energy of the new world may first become apparent at the Olympics. At the Melbourne Games, there will be a Nigerian high-jumper who will probably place; two North Borneo hop-step-and-jumpers who probably will not; great wrestlers and lifters from the Moslem world; a superb field-hockey team from India; improving cyclists from Australia, South Africa, Uruguay and Argentina; great swordsmen and distance runners from Hungary; swimmers from Brazil and the Caribbean nations; strong soccer teams from most of Latin America; distance runners from South Korea and Argentina; a seven-foot, six-inch basketball player from Russia; and

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the strongest man in the world, a sort of Humphrey from the Joe Palooka comic-strip, Paul Anderson, the weight-lifter from Georgia.

The two great powers have staked out hegemonies in certain sports. My prediction is that all the smaller powers, many of whom have had American coaching, will challenge them. Records get broken, when people care. Now they care.

The Russians have done their best to guarantee the outcome. They organized 7,000,000 athletes, sieved out 10,000 for trials in August and finally selected a full team, the maximum permitted any one nation.

But the Russian women especially will be up against a lot of lady newcomers. Not even the Russian women's claims on shotput and discus (Zybina and Ponomarjeva) are really entirely safe, though they are so regarded. The Germans and Czechs are dangerous; and Japan has a contender, Yoshino. The Hungarian women, if they compete, are interested in the gymnastic gold medals. However, it may seem to all the Hungarians, men and women, that a gold medal is a trifling revenge for the destruction of their country. Every event they enter will become an act of mourning.

THE SIZE of a country is not the index of its athletic prowess. Often a single man or woman has accounted for four firsts—forty points, according to the United States counting system. Such unheralded champions will appear again. Russia's distance man, Vladimir Kuts, may be up against a herd of determined Hungarians as well as the British and Australians. The Japanese cracked the American monopoly once in swimming and diving, and may do it again, aided by all Scandinavia, the whole British Commonwealth, Hungary, France, Italy and Brazil. The marathon is completely up for grabs, with faster middle-distance runners entering it; so is the steeplechase.

The number of countries participating in successive Olympics tells much of the story; 1896, thirteen; 1900, twenty; 1904, eleven; 1906 (unofficial), twenty; 1908, twenty-three; 1912, twenty-eight; 1920, twenty-nine; 1924, forty-four; 1928,

forty-six; 1932 (depression), thirty-seven; 1936, forty-nine; 1948, fifty-nine; 1952, sixty-nine; 1956, seventy-four (before the withdrawals). The number of contestants is now around 5,000.

Once the games start, the problem becomes how to score them. The American claim is that men's track and field are the heart of the Olympics. It is true that without them, the Olympics would not mean much; but from 1896 on, such sports as fencing, wrestling and gymnastics have been considered basic to the Olympic idea.

On the bookkeeping end, one can reasonably say that only first places count. However, the Olympic Committee awards medals to the first three places and diplomas to the first six. Both the American and Russian systems of bookkeeping award five, four, three, two and one to the second to sixth places. American newspapers give ten for firsts, Russia seven.

One theory is that Russia before 1952 carefully analyzed the list of sports, the available events, and the number of contestants permitted one nation in each event. Track and field was ruled out as a big point-winner, because only three entries were allowed per event, and the United States had the world's fifteen best performers in some events. In gymnastics, however, six places can be won in each event. This view held that Russia took gymnastics, women's events and wrestling as the soft underbelly of the Games. In gymnastics alone, one nation could ideally score fifteen times twenty-five points, or a total of 375 points.

Attaining the highest Olympic team score was never the purpose of Russia's great sports program. Undoubtedly the USSR instituted the program for the usual social and military reasons, and is using the Olympics as internal incentive as well as external propaganda. It will use any gimmick it can to win individual gold medals. It may even threaten athletes from Soviet satellite nations if they are likely to upset a member of the master race. Particularly in these Games, that is far from an impossibility, for Soviet prestige has been laid on the line.

A country that wants to "win" the team score has the best chance of doing so by concentrating on those sports in which a large number of "events" are run off. For instance, there are twenty-four separate events in the general category of track and field for men, nine in track and field for women, ten in boxing, ten in men's swimming (including diving and water polo), fifteen in men's and women's gymnastics. There are nine events in canoeing alone! The average for each sport is about six (the winter sports, with the exception of skiing, run to fewer events); in the whole Games agenda, only four sports are decided on the basis of a single event—field hockey, ice hockey, soccer and basketball.

THIS Melbourne list of sports, always announced as seventeen sports, can as well be counted as sixteen, eighteen, nineteen or twenty-four. The winter sports, already run off, can be counted as another four, or eight.

Not every Olympic Games, depending on the discretion of the Organizing Committee, need include soccer, water polo, field hockey, basketball and canoeing. In certain circumstances, on the other hand, it is permitted to add rugby, polo, handball and gliding.

Still other events that have appeared and disappeared on the Olympic program include archery, bowling, croquet, golf, rope climbing, tumbling, lacrosse, squash racquets, roque, sixteen-oar barge, dueling pistols, swimming obstacle race, tennis, standing high jump, tug-of-war and sled-dog racing.

Few of the present Olympic sports test the unaided human body, as in track, swimming, boxing and wrestling; most involve skills with such tools as skis, skates, boats, oars, paddles, bicycles, balls, swords, parallel bars, guns, springboards.

The most flamboyant invention is the modern pentathlon (from Sweden) symbolizing the cloak-and-sword feats of a Dumas hero who rides off on his Emperor's errand, exhausts the horse and runs afoot, swims a river, shoots down an enemy patrol and finally cuts his way through with a sword to the final



fade-out. Only the girl is omitted.

As to what will happen in Melbourne, American predictions have been largely confined to our own specialty, track and field. Both the *Saturday Evening Post* and *Collier's* give us twelve firsts. *Asia Scene* of Japan agrees and offers second place here to any nation that can put two first places together. *Collier's* thinks this will be done by Poland in javelin and steeplechase; the *S.E.P.* picks Australia in the 1,500- and 5,000-meter runs. *S.E.P.* predicts that in the overall scores the United States will "win" over Russia, 632 to 596; *Collier's* disagrees. In case you care.

SUCH high scores for the two great antagonists are on the wane. If they recur in this Olympics, it will be only for the reason that Australia happens to be midway between the United States and the USSR and as far as you can get from Western Europe, which has the most athletes. The delegations, sometimes including officials, are given as: Russia 510, United States 427, Australia

360, Great Britain 239, East and West Germany 218, France 185, Italy 182, Hungary 175. A good many of the Asians, who have had the benefit of American coaching, have sizeable entries: Korea fifty-two, Philippines fifty, Pakistan seventy-five, Iran twenty-eight, Burma seventeen. Of course the big battalions will win. But add up the score for Western Europe as a unit.

Official Olympic policy is that national team scores should be weighted against national populations. For example, in the winter Olympics, Russia scored 121 points, or a little over half a point per million inhabitants; Norway scored forty-seven points, or thirteen per million; Finland sixty-six points, or fifteen per million. Taking Russia's 121 points as parity, the others' scores should be weighted to read: Austria, 2,198; Norway, 2,820 and Finland 3,300. When the final returns are in, *The Nation* will be glad to give these weighted scores. The winner, it is pleasant to predict, will be Hungary.

The night this magazine reaches

the newsstands, Thursday, November 22, it will be Friday in Australia, and the first finals will be under way in the high jump (Charles Dumas, United States), women's discus (Ponomarjeva? Yoshino?) and the 10,000-meter run (anybody). By noon, our Friday, the headlines will be counting points, and the Olympics are off and running.

THIS first week will be dominated by track and field, basketball and rowing. (The sports that run on from start to finish are soccer, fencing, and field hockey.) The tensions of the last week will be between swimming and gymnastics, so that the point-counting between the two great contenders will be drawn out to the end. This is nice scheduling.

If the Hungarians still have the heart to want it, I give them this Olympics. I know the gift is not worthy of them. If the Hungarians don't feel like winning it personally, I suggest that the United States award its points to Hungary under Point Four.

# BRANDING THE EGGHEADS

## But the Brand Won't Stick... by DAN WAKEFIELD

IF THE popular discovery of the intellectual in America continues at its present breakneck speed, we will soon see Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., replacing Phil Silvers on the back of *Life* with the invitation to try a Camel and Mary McCarthy in a neck-and-neck race with Eudora Welty for the crown of "Miss Rheingold."

Traditional dwellers in the cold-water flats of public obscurity, the intellectuals have no sooner been "discovered" in this country than everyone has set out to claim them. Stevenson confidently claimed them for the Democrats ("Where else can they go?" asked one of his mana-

gers); Leonard Hall sent out a special posse (Committee of the Arts and Sciences for Eisenhower) to round them up for the Republicans; *Time* claims them for its own "affirmative" view of America, and a Dominican priest named Raymond-Leopold Bruckberger exhorts them to fill their proper role as patriotic publicity men by writing "pamphlets and manifestoes" defending their native land and culture against the sneers of the Europeans. Evangelists proudly note the intellectuals' swing to God (supposedly evidenced by increased emphasis on college religion courses) and the contemporary equivalent of Billy Sunday bringing Babe Ruth down the sawdust trail to salvation could only be Billy Graham leading Faulkner to the fold.

In the twenties, the athletes were "discovered" as an abstract image in American life, to be claimed by this and that purpose or product. They were so successfully incorporated into the national mythology that it is now accepted that all good athletes are God-fearing, church-going, flag-waving, family-loving, cereal-eating, high-moralled dog-owning men of good will who shave with Blue Blades, eat Post Toasties and have an occasional Lucky Strike. (Only Ted Williams troubles the image.) Their incorporation as social heroes was, in fact, so successful that a man who is not a professional athlete can now enhance his popular position by showing himself as a part-time practitioner of at least one sport and thereby share in the

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reflected glow of the real athlete. Eisenhower has his golf, and Stevenson trotted himself to a tennis court for campaign shots in '52: both men showed at the '56 World Series and posed for pictures in baseball caps. Being seen at the ball game is now as much a part of a candidate's ritual as being seen in church.

MUCH more suddenly and less sensationally than the athletes, the intellectuals are being discovered now as an abstract, collective image in national life. Their own game is being popularized as never before, with wave after wave of "intellectual" paperback books flowing out from New York to inundate the hinterlands, and hi-fis blooming like television sets in places where music had always meant the Sunday band concert. The rise of the intellectuals themselves to public notice—not as novelists or historians or sociologists but as "intellectuals"—can be measured by a look at the Readers Guide to periodical literature. In 1945 there was not a single article published in American magazines which the guide listed under the subject heading of "Intellectuals." In 1950 there was only one magazine article that came under that topic. It was called "John Dewey and Christmas." In 1952, when the word "egghead" got its first popular coinage during the Presidential campaign, there were nine articles written on the subject; the next year there were fifteen, in 1954 there were fourteen and last year there were twelve. So far this year, with returns not even in for October through December, the Readers Guide has recorded twenty-three magazine pieces on Intellectuals. (The words you are reading now ups the total to twenty-four.) This included cover stories by *Time* and *Newsweek*, and a *Harper's* "Easy Chair" commentary on an essay published in the same issue by Father R. L. Bruckberger.

It also included a growing list of articles which were written as reports by certain of the intellectuals themselves to some of the previously published generalizations on intellectuals. It is here that the story of adopting the Intellectual as a national symbol, stamped and branded

to a satisfactory mold by big-league publicity, takes a different twist from the story of adopting the athlete.

The athlete was neither equipped nor often impelled to dispute whatever publicity made him. He expressed himself through actions, not words, and his dissent takes the more difficult forms left open to men of action—such as Ted Williams' existentialist definition of his individuality this summer in spitting in the face of the booing fans. But the intellectuals are equipped by profession to fight words with words. If they don't like the image they are being fitted into by a magazine article, they sit down and write another magazine article explaining why the first one was all wet. That is what has started to happen now. *Time* writes about the intellectuals in America and a few weeks later Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., writes a piece called "*Time* and the Intellectuals" for the *New Republic*.

THE BASIC approach to the intellectual by all of those forces claiming him is to put him in some kind of uniform and announce to the world that he is "on our side"—a part of the team. This tactic was given its most elaborate performance when *Time* magazine lined up names and faces of twenty-six intellectuals for a June cover story entitled "America and the Intellectual: The Reconciliation." The general thesis was that "The Intellectuals" (seemingly as a marching body), once infamous as exiles and critics of America, had now begun to shift from the outmoded role of "men of protest" to the mellow one of "men of affirmation." The neatly presented thesis was constructed by heavy use of the tools of omission and incorporation. Out of the whole world of arts and letters in the United States, *Time* could include only a single "man of protest" among the twenty-six intellectuals named. The dissenter was George Kennan, who was quoted as saying, "I can think of few countries in the world where the artist, the writer, the composer or the thinker is held in such general low esteem as he is here in our country."

The inclusion of the quote was

like a single "damn" tossed into a fictional dressing-room scene to give it "reality." Having made this concession to objectivity, *Time* rolled on to the names and faces of its remaining twenty-five intellectuals in a blaze of affirmation. Summoned to the barricades were "yea-sayers" such as Jacques Barzun, Lionel Trilling, David Reisman, Paul Tillich and Raymond Leopold Bruckberger.

One's first temptation, after reading the piece, is to line up a squad of "nay-sayers" to the Lucian vision of American life. This counterpart piece could easily be done in the same manner—and prove exactly the opposite case. Merely put C. Wright Mills on the cover and toss around names like Ernest Hemingway, Arthur Miller, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., Richard Wright, Robert Hutchins, John O'Hara, Carson McCullers, James T. Farrell, Saul Bellow, Nelson Algren, John Steinbeck, Irving Howe, Norman Mailer, Dwight MacDonald, Tennessee Williams—none of whom happen to be mentioned in *Time's* comprehensive report on the intellectual in America today.

BUT EVEN more remarkable than *Time's* omissions are its incorporations. After the citation of Kennan, the impression is created that the rest of the intellectuals dealt with are among the many who "have come at last to realize that they are true and proud participants in the American dream" (*Time, Inc.* style). We get a quote from Edmund Wilson on the importance of the artist in society, and are evidently to understand that he is one of the participants in Luce's dream of America. And yet we can pick up Wilson's latest book, *A Piece of My Mind*, and hear him say that

When, for example, I look through *Life* magazine, I feel that I do not belong to the country depicted there, that I do not even live in that country. Am I then, in a pocket of the past? I do not necessarily believe it. I may find myself here at the center of things—since the center can only be in one's head—and my feelings and thoughts may be shared by many.

For the true intellectual, the "center" is always where Mr. Wilson



indicated—in one's head. The intellectual's image of the world and his own place in it is personal and complicated, and not so easily fitted in a uniform for service on a team.

There are many of the *Time*-cited intellectuals who could easily be suited up for service to prove some theory opposite to that which the *Time*-team is supposed to hold. *Time* asks the question (and the question itself answers much about the Lucian approach to the intellectuals): "In such an age, is there nothing on which American intellectuals can pin their collective faith?" Text for part of the answer is taken from Leslie Fiedler's pronouncement on the death of the "easy liberalism" which once made the liberal a "hero per se" to many intellectuals. Liberalism thus ruled out as "the answer," Fiedler is left on the field while the ball is passed to Russell Kirk, whose attempt to "rehabilitate the conservative mind" evidently embodies *Time's* own answer.

The audience is thus left with Fielder as a member of the "affirmative" team, easy as that. But another promoter with another view could just as easily pick up Fiedler's *An End To Innocence* and quote his description of himself as "I, who by temperament and on principle, have always been a critic and dissenter." And that slice of Fiedler standing alone would be as equally misleading as the slice that *Time* took for its own cause.

THE PASS PLAY from Fielder to Kirk is typical of the article's whole construction—a piece torn from the pattern of each man's thought and stitched together in the pattern of *Time's* own view of intellectual America. That is the only way it could have been done, for the intellectual world of this country is still too diverse and chaotic to fit into any neat frames—as it does so easily in Russia, where the intellectual situation is clearly defined each month in the pages of *Soviet Literature*.

The closest thing to setting down the kind of "party line" in fiction as presented in *Soviet Literature* in our own country was a *Life* editorial titled "Wanted: an American Novel."

The editorial pointed out that our standard of living was never higher—therefore why should the novelists still be criticizing life in these United States?

The fiction writers are always hardest to put on a team, and were not allowed very much space in *Time's* intellectual world. The only intellectual "types" who got more than one mention in the *Time* piece were critics (4), historians (4), philosophers (4), and theologians (3). Of the twenty-six intellectuals cited, there was room for only one novelist. It was William Faulkner, who made the team by virtue of a statement that "I ain't no intellectual."

Murray Kempton wrote this fall in the *New York Post* that

I wish *Time* would forget the intellectuals who teach in colleges and are safe and put poor Clifford Odets on its cover. I think it would tell us more about the real state of our culture, because, with all his failures, one lost creator is worth fifty surviving critics.

But there is no room for the lost in *Time's* vision of America—and that's why it can't tell the story it pretends to tell. The story of the intellectual in America is the story of Odets gone to Hollywood in a losing pursuit of the great cash-and-glory dream, reading the astrology columns in the *Los Angeles Times* while the shadow of Lefty hovers behind him. It is equally the story of William Faulkner, entering Hollywood to help write the gaudy *Land of the Pharoahs* and then being able to leave it behind, as if it had never existed, to return to isolation with whiskey and a typewriter in Oxford, Mississippi to write *A Fable*. It is the story of John Dos Passos speaking out of a naked passion that tears America inside out with a Marxist hero-villain trilogy that critics and readers make a classic, and then living on to write fictional denials that no one buys and to purge himself on the pages of *The National Review* with "Confessions of a Middle-Class Radical." It is the story of Maxwell Bodenheim typing out his poetic curses of God to sell for 25 cents in the streets of Greenwich Village. It is the story of Lionel

Trilling at Columbia writing *The Liberal Imagination* and leading the modern literary critics; just as it is the story of his classmate, Whittaker Chambers, a witness of his time now returned to the soil.

THE intellectuals in America belong to no team, and fit no pretty pattern. The attempts to recruit them and shape their image are not being met with receptive silence. Father Bruckberger, a professional recruiter, neatly set out uniforms for fiction writers and got this response, as described by him in *Harpers*:

Recently I dared to suggest mildly that American novelists ought to feel a somewhat deeper responsibility to their country and for the false picture the world has of her. I was censured by a whole concert of indignant replies—as if I had set fire to the temple of Minerva with my own hand.

Columbia philosopher Charles Frankel spoke up this fall in the *New York Times* Sunday magazine with what could serve as an answer to the whole clamor of claims for the intellectual:

In the Twenties it was said that the American intellectual was 'alienated' from the American scene. A great deal has recently been said of the 'reconciliation' of the intellectual with America. It is not the business of the intellectual to seek to be either alienated or reconciled. He may be either or neither. His function is to exercise an independent and informed intelligence on matters of general concern.

In the meantime, it seems unlikely that the current discovery of intellectuals will lead as far as an ad in *Life* with Schlesinger, Jr. exclaiming in one of those dialogue-bubbles that "Real intellectuals smoke Camels!" And if by chance it ever does, the whole idea of intellectual endorsement will soon be abandoned by the admen when they find that Leslie Fiedler has come out the following month with a lead piece in *Commentary* denouncing Schlesinger and pointing up the merits of Lucky Strike. Branding the intellectuals in America is—thank God—a difficult and dangerous game.

# LETTERS

## Guilt by Birthplace

Dear Sirs: Although I have lived in the United States throughout my forty-four years, I am perilously close to being deported to Canada. The Immigration Service maintains that I was born there while my mother was on a visit, and that I was brought here as an infant. My older and younger brothers were both born in the United States.

My two children—David, sixteen, and Vickie, fourteen—don't want to lose me, and yet they don't want to exile themselves from their country. Worst of all, their father—my husband, Saul—could not choose exile even if he wished to. He is at present appealing a four-year-eight-month prison sentence imposed on him under the Smith Act. He might never receive permission to leave here or to enter Canada; and once I crossed the border, I would never be allowed to return.

"Banishment is punishment in the practical sense," as Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas has said. I know very well that I am being punished for my ideas, despite the fact that I have never been accused, tried or convicted of breaking any law. I face deportation because of Canadian birth for holding nonconformist ideas. I can understand the government's desire to punish me and my husband, even though I do not feel it is just or proper to attempt to achieve conformity through forceful methods. But I cannot understand why the children must be made to suffer because of the real or imagined sins of their parents.

Expressions of public opinion can materially change my status. The Attorney General has the discretionary power to stop my deportation. Any U.S. Senator or Representative can introduce a bill in my behalf which will make it possible for me to remain here with my family.

PEGGY MIGNON WELLMAN  
Detroit, Michigan

## Trading Stamps

Dear Sirs: I have read with great interest the article in the October 6 issue of *The Nation* entitled Trading-Stamp Stampede. Mr. Vredenburg does a fine job in considering the various facets involved.

It is the contention of the New York State Food Merchants Association that trading stamps add unnecessarily to

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the cost of food distribution without contributing anything. Mr. Vredenburg is quite right in stating that "specials," "leaders" etc. are greatly decreased in stores issuing stamps. Which, of course, supports the contention of this office that stamps add to the cost of foods and groceries.

One of Mr. Vredenburg's final considerations, however, comes closest to the greatest peril underlying the stamp picture. That is the thought that competitive conditions could eliminate marginal retailers and enable those that are left to cover costs by increasing sales. As you undoubtedly know, the federal government has long been investigating the large number of food-industry mergers in the past year or so with a view toward the possible resultant effects of these mergers. The New York State Food Merchants Association shares the concern of others that we may ultimately find ourselves, as consumers, faced with food-retailing monopolies which have no concern for trading stamps or other sales inducements and which may ultimately be in a position to charge all that traffic will bear.

WILLIAM G. HILDEBRAND  
Executive Secretary,  
N. Y. State Food Merchants Assoc.  
New York, N. Y.

## Mr. Vredenburg's Reply

Dear Sirs: Empirical evidence will, at times, support Mr. Hildebrand's position on need to reduce other promotional costs and will, at times, show ability to carry the cost.

The comment regarding the great peril of eliminating marginal retailers is based on a social or political opinion. My function as a marketing researcher in analyzing this phenomenon is to determine effects, and let the consumers and voters decide the desirability of the effects.

HARVEY L. VREDENBURG  
Iowa City, Iowa

## OFF THE EDITOR'S SPIKE

(Continued from inside front cover)

be concerned with the shape of the world in which corn, cattle and hogs can be sold. I have a feeling that our relations with the newly-freed peoples of Asia and Africa are deteriorating."

● IN CLEVELAND last week I had the pleasure of listening in on the sessions of the 32nd Annual Conference of the Associated Collegiate Press and of speaking at one session. Nearly a thousand college editors were

in attendance. I came away from the session with some considerable doubts about the dogma that this is a "silent" generation; student participation was lively and informed. The college newspapers on display showed a high level of competence in make-up and editing, but I was sorry to discover that the college literary magazine, of which there were scores in the late 1920s and early 1930s, seems to be vanishing.

● IN AN article in *The Nation* (October 27), Gene Marine estimated that approximately \$3 million would be spent by both sides in the fight over Proposition No. 4 — an initiative proposal ostensibly designed to "conserve" California's oil resources. Total expenditures were approximately \$5 million. Whitaker & Baxter, the public-relations firm which handled the "yes" side of the proposition, have filed a report itemizing \$2,133,226 in expenditures and expressing "amazement and incredulity" that the opposition did not spend as much. But these talented performers on "the golden kazoo" were probably even more amazed when Proposition No. 4 went down to a resounding 3-to-1 defeat. This is one of the few campaigns they have lost in California.

● THE FIGHT on Proposition No. 4 provides some interesting insights into the ability of certain corporations to make newspapers and advertising agencies jump to the crack of their whips. A letter from one major oil company was enough to induce an agency handling billboard advertising for the anti-Proposition forces to delete the word "monopoly" from a thousand or more posters which had already been pasted up. Only the *San Francisco News*, among newspapers in the bay area, would run ads of the "vote-no" committee, which charged that the measure was monopoly-inspired. It is a little hard to believe that the word "monopoly" could be regarded, in the circumstances, as libelous. But in this instance the mere suggestion that it might be was enough to precipitate a panicky capitulation. On the eve of the election, Richfield Oil Company filed a \$7,000,000 libel suit against radio commentator Fulton Lewis, Jr., for stating that the firm "has a very unsavory past history, was tied in with the Teapot Oil Dome scandal" and intends to "squeeze the independents to the wall." Without holding any brief for the independent oil companies or for Mr. Lewis, I hope the plaintiff is non-suited.

C. McW.



# BOOKS and the ARTS

## Two Great Men of the Theatre

*THE DRAMATIC IMAGINATION.* By Robert Edmond Jones. Theatre Arts Books. \$2.75.

*ON THE ART OF THE THEATRE.* By Gordon Craig. Theatre Arts Books. \$4.25.

By Francis Fergusson

Theatre Arts Books is to be congratulated for making available again these two essential documents of the modern theatre. Craig's *Art of the Theatre* was first published in 1912, Jones's *Dramatic Imagination* in 1941. But they almost overlap in time, for Jones is talking about that "ideal theatre" which he pursued from the very beginning of his career, about the time of World War I. They also agree in their basic ideals. We think of Jones and Craig as designers, but both of them were more than that—prophets of a new theatre, crusaders for the freedom of the imagination. Now, in 1956, the movement they represent seems more than ever to be the central movement in the modern theatre.

Jones learned a great deal from Craig, and Craig from Adolphe Appia, the great Swiss designer. Behind Appia, in turn, is Wagner, with his theories of the unified art of the theatre, the *Gesamtkunstwerk*. Wagner, of course, is a leader of the all-pervasive symbolist movement which quickened all the arts in Europe for several generations, and still looms over us in the work of Yeats, Mann, Lorca, Proust, and countless lesser figures. One of the most refreshing things about Jones and Craig (re-read in 1956) is that

FRANCIS FERGUSSON, one of the most distinguished American critics of the theatre, now teaches theory and stagecraft at Rutgers University. His *The Idea of a Theatre*, first published in 1949, has become a standard work in the field.

they are at home with other masters of modern art. They do not think of the theatre as show business only; they are part of the intellectual and artistic life of their times; they let a little much-needed light and air into the discussion of the theatre.

But both of them were imaginative artists first and theorists second, and for that reason both write with great vigor and directness. "These thoughts have come to me," Jones writes, "in the midst of rehearsals and in dress-parades and on the long journeys to out-of-town tryouts and in the continual collaboration with playwrights and managers and actors and stagehands and costumers and electricians and wigmakers and shoemakers which has made up my life in the theatre. Out of the manifold contacts of my experience the image of a new theatre has gradually formed itself—a theatre not yet made with hands."

CRAIG did far less work on the stage than Jones, but he too labored to put his vision into his designs. He first made himself heard as a crusader against photographic realism. He argued that plays which are mere reporting, settings which reproduce the unselected clutter of commonplace interiors, acting which mimics the surfaces of life, kill the imagination. He wanted to free the theatre artist from literal-minded documentation, so that he might use the stage as a poet uses words, or a musician sound, to embody his inner vision directly. This theme appears again and again in *The Art of the Theatre*. And as one reads, one can see that many of Craig's strictures are now generally accepted, at least in principle. We now think nothing of doing Chekhov "in the round," reducing the setting to a few props, and relying on the make-believe of actors and audience to evoke the dramatist's vision.

But, following his demand for freedom of the imagination to its logical conclusion, Craig went far beyond an attack on pedestrian realism. He points out, for example, that if the theatre artist is to be perfectly free, he cannot be the servant of the playwright, whom Craig regarded as a literary man. Craig liked Shakespeare, but he did not really want to stage Shakespeare's plays; he wanted to be inspired by Shakespeare to create new works on the stage. Thus his designs for Shakespeare (several of which are reproduced in this book) embody poetic visions suggested by a scene, or even a single line, in one of the plays.

These sets are beautiful in themselves, and stimulating (if oblique) comments on the play itself. But they are certainly not workable settings for Shakespeare, and they leave Craig wide open to the objection that his ideas are impractical. This book contains his famous essay on the "Über-Marionette," in which he proposes to substitute puppets for living actors. One can see what he means: he is simply pursuing his ideal of the theatre artist who should be in complete control of the stage medium, the play or scenario, the visual and musical effects, and the performance. It is evident that a puppet might be closer to the inner vision of his creator than a real actor; yet we must agree with the numerous enemies of Craig who cried out that you cannot save the theatre by killing off the actors.

But it is worth noting that even Craig's most radical notions have had their practical effects. If we leave room for taste at all in our view of the modern theatre, we instinctively demand the imaginative unity which Craig sought: play, performance and staging should all express the one inspiration. Some of our dancers, Martha Graham, for instance, or José Limon, come close to Craig's ideal of the all-controlling, single theatre artist. The dancers

are their own librettists; they train and inspire their companies; and to some extent they control even the music and design of their productions. They too, like Craig, are sometimes inspired by Greek or Shakespearean tragedy to create an original work which alludes only indirectly to an existing drama. Even Craig's Über-Marionette has made its appearance: in 1927 Robert Edmond Jones designed for Stravinsky's *Oedipus Rex* puppets fourteen feet tall to represent the characters who were sung offstage by members of the Metropolitan Opera Company. The puppets strode out into the darkness on the vast stage of the Metropolitan, above the massed chorus on the floor of the stage and conveyed, with their wide, slow-motion gestures, an impression of superhuman grandeur and terror such as few actors can compass.

CRAIG WAS A dreamer and a prophet, but it would be a mistake to conclude that he was deluded. He very consciously directed his energies to cultivating the theatrical imagination, but he knew perfectly well what the "practical theatre" was, for he was brought up in it. His second "Dialogue on the Art of the Theatre" shows this clearly. It is a discussion of the possibility of founding an Art Theatre in England, something like the Moscow Art Theatre, which was at that time the best in Europe. This dialogue, written in 1910, predicts the struggles of innumerable art theatres in England and in this country, as they were to be fought out during the next twenty years. Craig was practical enough to foresee both the driving force of the art-theatre movement—the new enthusiasm for poetry and imagination in the theatre—and the social, cultural and economic difficulties which were to strangle it in the long run.

Robert Edmond Jones's vision of the "ideal theatre" is in essential agreement with Craig's. But having labored here all his life, he had much more direct impact on our American theatre. This new edition of *The Dramatic Imagination* contains an introduction by John Mason Brown which vividly reminds us of Jones's

devoted work for the theatre and of his fine, humorous and fiery spirit. Some of the productions he designed and inspired are landmarks: John Barrymore's *Hamlet*, for instance, or *The Green Pastures*, or *Desire Under the Elms*, or *The Iceman Cometh*. Jones was for many years the busiest designer on Broadway, and his designs lifted many a mediocre play to a poetic, imaginative level unsuspected by its author. He was also (with O'Neill, Stark Young and a few others) a leading spirit in our own art-theatre movement during the excited decade of the 'twenties. "Bobby Jones," as he was called by hundreds of theatre people, inspired, scolded, taught and helped countless young theatre artists, both by word and by example. To watch him light a scene—holding a dozen grumpy stagehands far into the morning hours, while he got just the effect he wanted, and ran up an awful bill for overtime—was a small education in itself. It was impossible to see him at work without sensing the wonderful possibilities in the stage medium: the perennial magic of "two boards and a passion."

*The Dramatic Imagination* is so well written that one hears his voice in every line. He was a New Englander, with the fastidiousness and the wry humor we associate with that region, and at the same time a poet, afire with his own music. He was as fanatical a perfectionist as Craig, but he had much more love and respect for the art of the actor

and the art of the dramatist. His brief comments on Lorette Taylor, Duse, Chaliapin and others, show a sensitive and cultivated taste for the art of acting. His references on Congreve or Shakespeare show that he knew very well what the art of words is, and what it can accomplish on or off the stage. His ideal theatre was, as he says, not yet built with hands; yet that ideal was suggested by the best in the modern theatre, which he knew thoroughly, both here and abroad.

MOST of Jones's actual work in the theatre was designing. He was a most scrupulous master-craftsman, and thanks partly to him a very high level of technical competence is now taken for granted in our stage design. But with all his technical know-how he never lost sight of the artistic aim of the production as a whole.

I was once asked to be one of the judges of a competition of stage designs held by the Department of Drama of one of our . . . universities. . . . The drawings were full of expressionism from Germany, constructivism from Russia, every kind of modernism. They were compilations of everything that had been said and done in the world of scenery in the last twenty years. But not one of the designers had sensed the atmosphere of the play in question. . . . In the last analysis the designing of stage scenery is not the problem of an architect or a painter or a sculptor or even a musician, but of a poet.

It is easy—too easy—to point

## Haying Before Storm

This sky is unmistakable. Not lurid, not low, not black.  
Illuminated and bruise-color, limitless to the noon,  
Full of its floods to come. Under it, fields, wheels, and mountain,  
The valley scattered with friends, gathering in  
Live-colored harvest, filling their arms; not seeming to hope,  
Not seeming to dread, doing.

I stand where I can see  
Holding a small pitcher, coming in toward  
The doers and the day.

These images are all  
Themselves emerging; they face their moment: love or go down.  
A blade of the strong hay stands like light before me.  
The sky is a torment on our eyes, the sky  
Will not wait for this golden, it will not wait for form.  
There is hardly a moment to stand before the storm.  
There is hardly time to lay hand to the great earth.  
Or time to tell again what power shines past storm.

MURIEL RUKEYSER



out that the "ideal theatre" of Jones and Craig was never built with hands, and probably never could be. The whole symbolist religion of art, which they shared, now looks romantic, irrelevant or escapist in our frightened times. But we can also see, I think, that they devoted themselves to something of perennial importance: the cultivation of the theatrical imagination. Their work, both their writings and their designs, record an original accomplishment: an artistic self-awareness which is unique in the history of the theatre. As Mallarmé, with his cult of "pure"

poetry, is a poet's poet, Craig and Jones should be thought of as theatre artists' theatre artists. As such they have much to say to this generation. For we are now bored with the theatrical "isms" which Jones mentions and we have lost our faith in the social and political "isms" of the 'thirties. We should be ready to listen to Craig and Jones again; their generous spirit, their artistic and intellectual sophistication, their love for the theatre itself, are again badly needed in our theatre and in our discussions of that fascinating and under-nourished art.

## A Breach of Satire

*THE TRIBE THAT LOST ITS HEAD.* By Nicholas Monsarrat. William Sloane Associates. \$4.95.

By Kay Boyle

MR. MONSARRAT'S novel — the scene of which is a fictional island off the southwest coast of Africa, and the issue it deals with the savage man's revolt against civilized man's rule — will doubtless be high on the bestseller list by the time these paragraphs see print. The book has everything to recommend it to such acclaim: an exotic background, a love story spiced with parked car and bedroom intimacies, a readable style, a sophisticated and authoritative tone, and scenes of orgy and torture that outrage, shock and grieve.

It is entirely possible that Mr. Monsarrat's satirical treatment of give-and-take in the House of Commons, and his wholesale caricaturing of the working press, will delight many readers, as will his malicious portrait of an easily-recognizable leader of the Opposition. Actually, the satire is tedious, the caricaturing is without wit or taste, and this reviewer was deeply disturbed by the author's attempt to cut the immense problem of colonial rule and native revolt — that problem which Richard Wright recently described as the "deep, psychological compul-

sion [which] drove the Europeans toward the native" and "the equally deep psychological compulsions" which brought about native subservience — down to bestseller size.

The size of Nicholas Monsarrat, as a man, seems more than adequate. He was a lieutenant commander in the Royal Navy during the war, with five years of Atlantic convoy service to his credit, and eight or nine published books, the best known of which is *The Cruel Sea*. After the war, he joined the Commonwealth Relations Office, and served a long stretch in South Africa, and then in Canada. But in *The Tribe That Lost Its Head* he must, as author, answer for a number of things that do not add up so handsomely. He must answer for a singularly unsavory cast of characters which includes a gaunt, blond nymphomaniac whose uncurbed desires presumably contribute zest to the story; a group of gossiping female employees and wives of civil servants of a turn of mind and phrase so vulgar that they are without credibility; black servants who steal by instinct; white alcoholics who covet other men's wives; and a number of sensation-seeking, unscrupulous men and women of the press. To this distinguished roster must be added a handful of corrupt young leaders of the tribe who seek to manipulate their young chief, Dinamaula, recently returned to the island with an Oxford degree.

As for Dinamaula, the reader is

given no choice but to accept him as a moron, his only graces his native distinction and dignity. There is, to be sure, the lovely girl secretary, and there is the handsome young civil servant through whose eyes much of the story unfolds. After the smoke of passion and battle has cleared, this young man may be found in the office of the Permanent Under-Secretary for the Scheduled Territories Office remarking that he is "glad the whole thing is settled." Although he is referring to the official disposition of Dinamaula, there is the implication that he is referring, too, to the wider conflict involved. For the solution Mr. Monsarrat's wise administrators offer has a familiar ring: that the white man must not hasten things; that he must bring the black man step by step to eventual quality.

IT WOULD be unfair, however, to assume that the author subscribes to all of the sentiments mulled over by the Permanent Under-Secretary. Here is a sample of that official's reflections on the problem confronting him:

Obviously . . . there was a time for compassion, and a time to be hard-boiled. In formulating this particular facet of policy, you had to strike the right balance — and also persuade a huge number of amazingly different people that you were doing so. Your critics would range from stern Empire disciplinarians who cried for a dispensing whiff of grapeshot, to others who became starry-eyed as soon as a black man — any black man — from good citizen to sleazy rogue — came in sight.

But it is possibly Monsarrat's voice, as well as that of his official, which declares that:

The black dominion is a perfectly feasible idea, if the people concerned are really ready for the test of complete independence in a very difficult world — which means, in effect, if we have been there long enough. It's already emerging in Nigeria and on the Gold Coast, as you know. My personal view is that we have moved too fast there . . . The most promising thing of all . . . is what they are trying to do in the Central African Federation. There's the beginning, there, of a genuine black-white partnership, with both races

KAY BOYLE is well known as a novelist and short story writer.



sitting down side by side to legislate and to govern . . . . If that Federation scheme is a success, it may serve as a pattern for Africa as a whole, and that would be a very proud thing indeed.

## The Stature of Godkin

**E. L. GODKIN AND AMERICAN FOREIGN POLICY, 1865-1900.**  
By William M. Armstrong.  
Twayne Publishers. \$5.

By Howard Mumford Jones

AS IMPARTIAL as Rhadamanthus and as thorough as the Muse of Scholarship, Mr. Armstrong gives the editorial policy in international affairs of E. L. Godkin and *The Nation* from 1865 to 1900 the most complete going-over it has ever had. One of his own questions he cannot, in the nature of the case, answer: to what extent did this independent paper, seldom or never rising in the period to a circulation of 20,000, influence either opinion or policy under an editor Mr. Armstrong calls at one time or another "irritating," "unpredictable," "inconsistent" and according to his critics "never completely American in spirit"? "Scrupulous accuracy," he avers, "was clearly not Godkin's forte when he was aroused," and yet Mr. Armstrong says that his vogue was great "among idealistic young men." Nothing is more difficult to substantiate than claims of vogue and influence, and possibly Mr. Armstrong is well advised to leave it at that.

Godkin operated from two fixed principles according to this investigator: he thought that foreign policy was the prerogative of gentlemen (when valets became difficult to find, his pessimism about diplomacy deepened) and, says our author, "commercial motives invariably shaped Godkin's judgments on public questions." But as Mr. Armstrong also tells us that in controversies in which he took part, there were commonly two Godkins, the second ap-

If this is Monsarrat's view, why did he exclude from the many pages of this book all evidence of those "Westernized" Africans who are capable of sharing the common responsibility?

pearing as the controversy wore on, I take this last statement in a Pickwickian sense. Godkin's hatred for James G. Blaine, for example, seems to me at odds with the doctrine that his editorials were mainly determined by commercial motives.

This curious and enigmatic figure, who put culture ahead of liberty, has attracted a number of interpreters, none reasoning more closely than does Mr. Armstrong, who is master at once of the history of our foreign policy in the years under survey and of the files of *The Nation* for those thirty-five years. He follows Godkin through all the windings and turnings of his emotions and his mind. He seems to think we should on the whole admire Godkin, though the rate of censure to praise in the Godkin material cited is about six to one — scarcely an index of prophetic grasp — and though phrases like "essentially gullible," "essentially negative," "tortured" reasoning, and "consistent only in the impartiality with which he censured all parties to the dispute" monotonously appear toward the end of the book's discussion of leading diplomatic problems.

Fearlessness is admirable, and Godkin was fearless, so much so that libel suits sometimes haunted him. The play of a free mind over public questions is forever stimulating. It must also be said that the editor of a weekly journal of opinion is not to be held to the consistency of a textbook — he cannot know, he cannot foresee, he cannot prophesy the entrance of new forces into any problem. But it is at least difficult to understand why a man who confused "competence in dress and manners with character and statesmanlike vision," whose "independence" was often mere "oppositeness," and whose "pen led him beyond the bounds of reasoned argument" — the phrases are all

Mr. Armstrong's — can be seriously thought of as statesmanlike. He may indeed be reckoned a cut above the editor of a partisan daily, and it is also true that *The Nation* under his leadership acquired just repute as an organ of the intellectuals in fields other than diplomacy. Rollo Ogden's testimony to his engaging personality and extraordinary ability as a writer is, I take it, well founded. But Mr. Armstrong's careful and discriminating exploration of *The Nation* and of Godkin in the field of American foreign policy from 1865 to 1900 seems to me, at least, to diminish rather than increase the stature of the editor in this particular area of public affairs.

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# Armageddon

**THIRTY YEARS A WATCH TOWER SLAVE.** The Confessions of a Converted Jehovah's Witness. By William J. Schnell. Baker Book House. \$2.95.

By Stanley Rowland, Jr.

MR. SCHNELL was nineteen in 1924 when he began work with the Watch Tower Bible and Tract Society, overseeing body of Jehovah's Witnesses. He joined in the nick of time, for the end of the world was predicted for 1925, he tells us. When the world went rolling along and the Armageddon line was adjusted accordingly, Mr. Schnell also went right along.

He continued to go along for thirty years of pushing Watch Tower literature, baptising converts, and forcing local groups of Jehovah's Witnesses to toe the line. What finally pried him from his "slavery" was simply reading the Bible—without the aid of Watch Tower interpretations. He quotes from reputed Watch Tower publications in which the Protestant and Catholic churches are called "a racket invented by the devil" and "the great whore."

Jehovah's Witnesses insist that they base their thinking on the Bible. To the bewilderment of Biblical scholars and Christians generally, they cite the Bible as basis for the following beliefs: The devil and his forces in this world will be defeated by Jehovah in a cataclysm called Armageddon. Thereupon 144,000 Jehovah's Witnesses will go to heaven, while others who have been good boys will live endlessly on earth.

IT WAS these beliefs, harping on Armageddon, that controlled Mr. Schnell's thinking for thirty years of "slavery" in Germany and America. His murky, contorted description of these years abounds in exclamation points and wild generalizations. He calls the sect a worse "ism" than communism or nazism,

STANLEY ROWLAND, Jr., is religious-news reporter on the New York Times.

he fears the establishment of a worldwide theocracy, and he fails to back up these charges. He dwells on his own "slavery" and "brainwashing." What finally emerges from the frantic fog of this book is the story of a narrow, fearful life.

But for all this, the book in a peculiar way has some importance. Jehovah's Witnesses number more than 650,000, perhaps the largest of

the sects split from the Christian mainstream. Mr. Schnell is just one articulate sample of these thousands. It sounds absurd when he says he was a "slave" and "brainwashed," but he apparently felt that way. By his own admission he became "physically and mentally sick, full of fears and phobias." How many of his former co-religionists are being pushed to this state?

## How War Became Total

**ARMS AND MEN.** A Study in American Military History. By Walter Millis. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$5.75.

By Hugh B. Hester

IN *Arms and Men*, Walter Millis writes lucidly and constructively of the world's current dilemma. For the first time in history man has, as a result of technological improvements, managerial advances and scientific discoveries, the capacity to satisfy his fundamental physical wants. Yet, because of his failure to make comparable progress in the development of social and political institutions, he now faces the very real possibility of extinction. This new book is much more than the "Study in American Military History" announced on the title page. It is the story of how the essential elements of absolute power were developed and forged into the present monstrosity of total war inside the modern state.

Starting with the triumph of the citizen soldier over the mercenaries of George III, Millis traces the efforts of free men to resolve the problem of national security in a democratic society. The early colonists sought to do this by adopting the revolutionary concept of universal service. Fearful of all arbitrary power, they sought to avoid it by the widest possible diffusion of power; by substituting love of liberty for the pay and allowances of mercenaries they sought also to limit war to the defense of democratic institutions.

Unfortunately, as Mr. Millis so clearly points out, they laid instead the foundation for the "Levée en

Masse" of the French Revolution and made possible, and probably necessary, the marriage of technology, industry, science and managerial "know how" to the war machine. If all were obligated to serve in defense of the state how could the managers, the owners of vast enterprises, the scientists and skilled workers avoid their specialized contribution? And as these special skills and resources became available to the state they made inevitable the development of the modern military machine into an instrument of total destruction.

THAT development could have been avoided in only one way: the concurrent development of social and political institutions competent to control the war machinery itself. Strangely enough, Mr. Millis is almost completely silent on this vitally important matter. The United Nations — still the one great hope of man — is rarely mentioned and then only in the most casual fashion. He says nothing about the desirability of resuming the organizational development which was interrupted with the establishment of the present national state out of the earlier fragmented empires or outmoded tribal states. He devotes no time whatever to the discussion of how man might again meet the supreme challenge of survival. In the closing paragraph he ends on an obviously fragile note of faith when he writes: "Presumably the human race will

HUGH B. HESTER, Brigadier-General, U. S. Army (Ret.), has written extensively on politico-military subjects.

in the future . . . find means of getting along somehow . . ."

*Arms and Men* is a useful piece of writing as are all the Millis books, but it clearly lacks the balance, the depth and completeness of some of the earlier ones, and especially *The Road to War*. In that he made a tremendous contribution to peace by describing how modern propaganda makes almost impossible the development of sound foreign policies in a democracy.

Another book of the character and scope of *The Road to War* is desperately needed now and in its absence the makers of foreign policies should carefully re-study the older volume. The volume under review here, unhappily and in a seemingly arbitrary manner, is limited primarily to a description of the elements of power which have been combined to make war total inside the modern state; because of this limitation it is somewhat like a treatise on cancer without any speculation as to its cause or discussion of possible cures. While it is possible for the perceptive and careful student to read into this work the author's fundamental belief of the futility of war, this may too easily escape the casual reader.

What is greatly needed now from the fertile brain and facile pen of Walter Millis are two obvious additions to form a trilogy: one on the causes of war and the other on its cure.

## Too Much Asia

By O. Edmund Clubb

SAID KIPLING, "Asia is not going to be civilized after the methods of the West. There is too much Asia and she is too old." Events from the China Coast to Suez bear him out.

CHINA AND SOVIET RUSSIA. By Henry Wei. Introduction by Quincy Wright. D. Van Nostrand Co. \$7.75. Dr. Henry Wei, former news editor (*Chinese News Service*), traces

O. EDMUND CLUBB, a retired American Foreign Service officer, spent twenty years in Far Eastern posts.

November 24, 1956

China's relations with Russia from the Chinese Revolution of 1911 down to the present. His work glosses over the Chinese National Government's shortcomings and failures, the while it blows up the international significance of various actions on the Soviet side.

He often implies an American obligation to rescue China from its predicaments where none existed; but he disparages the American post-war mediation efforts — and the material aid given the Nationalists. The result is badly mis-shapen history.

KOREA: A STUDY OF U. S. POLICY IN THE UNITED NATIONS. By Leland M. Goodrich. Council on Foreign Relations. \$3.25. An authority on the United Nations views critically American post-war relations with Korea. He states that if its policy had simply purposed the independence of Korea, the U. S. might well have recognized the de facto Korean authorities found in being there by the U. S. Military Command when it arrived in 1945. "However, the Command appears to have assumed that the Koreans were incapable of governing themselves, and furthermore to have viewed the [1945] People's Republic as being a front for Communist activity."

Dr. Goodrich suggests that by its subsequent Cold War maneuvers, in both Korea and the UN, the United States helped to crystallize the division of Korea. He holds that "The central failure of United States Policy . . . was in not defining with greater clarity what the position of the United States would be in case of armed attack on the Republic of Korea." He notes the mistakes we made while conducting military operations in the Korean War in exercise of the UN trust. But in the end he points out the novelty and difficulties of our functioning within a coalition, and finds that the whole operation paid us "heavy dividends." This is a valuable lesson, admirably told, in coalition statecraft. It is revealing history besides.

THE NEW JAPAN—GOVERNMENT AND POLITICS. By Harold S. Quigley and John E. Turner. University of Minnesota Press. \$5. This book's detailed analysis of the structure and administrative procedures of the government and political parties of Japan is chiefly for the political specialist. Of outstanding general interest, however, is the authors' authoritative account of the American Occupation,

with its sweeping imposition of democratic forms upon the conquered Japanese nation. Political scientists Quigley and Turner patently believe that MacArthur should have determined Japan's new form of government in accordance with "the freely expressed will of the Japanese people," as promised at Potsdam; instead, "For a paper accomplishment to signalize the rapid progress of Japanese democracy SCAP risked the reputation of American democracy and the good will of Japanese intellectuals. . . ." In that light, especially, the book's discussion of post-war politics and the strengths and alignments of the various Japanese political forces has an unusual contemporary importance. At this moment, Japan hesitates before the issue of its future orientation in international relations. The critical tests for its fiat democracy have yet to appear — but they are certain to come.

COMMUNISM AND NATIONALISM IN THE MIDDLE EAST. By Walter Z. Laqueur. Praeger. \$6.50. The Editor of *Soviet Culture* (Congress for Cultural Freedom) has managed the optimum in timeliness for an excellent survey of Middle Eastern extremist movements. The historical reviews of the different countries reflect the natural complexity of Middle East conditions, but common phenomena emerge: age-old social patterns in decay, and a pervasive poverty; growing nationalism; and the leading role of the intelligentsia in the new movements. The section on Egypt has a high current interest; no less timely are the two chapters "Russia Re-Enters the Middle East" and "Conclusions."

Appendix I, devoted to "Marxism, Leninism and the Middle East," and presumably written before the 20th Communist Congress met at Moscow this last February, has faults of omission; the recent shift in international Communist strategy is not assessed, and the treatment of Chinese Communist thought is inadequate. But this is what might be called an appended shortcoming. With a rare competence Laqueur portrays the complex forces that today make for revolutionary change in the Middle East; and he utters a clear warning: "The Middle East is a world in urgent need of a universal message . . . The West has been offering technical aid and Point Four loans, while communism offers a new creed. . . . Technical aid is a poor substitute for the holy grail."



# THEATRE

## Harold Clurman

THE LATE October and early November openings of new plays have so piled up that I cannot perform my journalistic task with a regularity that fits the calendar. I prefer the Old Vic's production of *Richard II* to its *Macbeth*, but I shall return to the Old Vic season (at the Winter Garden) after the opening of its most entertaining production—*Troilus and Cressida*—which I saw and made note of in London.

I shall undoubtedly have something to say in a later piece about Rosalind Russell in *Auntie Mame* (Broadhurst) which I liked somewhat less than most of the reviewers, and about Michael Redgrave and Barbara Bel Geddes in *The Sleeping Prince* (Coronet), as well as Phoenix Theatre's production of Ostrovsky's *Diary of a Scoundrel*, which I liked more. But important matters should come first. I refer to José Quintero's production of O'Neill's *Long Day's Journey Into Night* (Helen Hayes).

It is easy to say—and I hereby say it categorically—that *Long Day's Journey Into Night* is a play everyone should see and admire. No matter how one views it, it is impressive. It is not only unique among American plays, but in O'Neill's work itself. For it is an unabashedly autobiographical statement, something torn in agonized honesty from the memory and conscience of its author—who appears to have been compelled to set down this testament of his early home life to preserve his sanity. His chief, one might almost say his only, purpose was revelation of himself to himself. There is something moving, even great, in the impulse of the play, and no one can witness it without reverence for the *selflessness* of this extremely personal act.

The result, artistically speaking, is a solid (despite its length), unadorned and arresting piece of realism. What is remarkable about this is that O'Neill, reputedly the arch-realist of the American drama, was never wholly a realist: he was large-

ly a romantic—even something of a mystic. He was a romantic struggling to wrest meaning out of the painful data of his life, hope out of the sadness that never ceased to overwhelm him. Yet in this play where he undertook to expose the core and cause of his melancholy—his overpowering, majestic father, his envenomed brother, his shattered, innocent babe of a mother—in this play which he wrote as a release from his torment, as an expiation, as an effort at compassionate understanding and finally to enable himself to forgive, the texture is harder, less evocative, less profound in mood or meaning than in his technically and intellectually more fumbling plays. One leaves *Long Day's Journey* with a sense of stunned awe, but not emotionally transfixed.

One reason for this, I suspect, is that in his determination to be utterly objective—to avoid pitfalls of sentimentality and self-pity—O'Neill, who was neither a thinker nor a sharply observant depicter of character (the portraits in this play are convincing but rudimentary), lost some of the intuitive feeling which informs nearly all his work with a brooding and penetrating power far greater than anything that can be measured by a rational yardstick. O'Neill, the romantic though only half-articulate poet, yielded himself to the fullness of life's turmoil. He could not entirely cope with it, but for all that it became intensely dramatic and palpitant in his presentation.

O'Neill's formative years, epitomized in the play's long day in 1912, were part of a period when the American experience—no longer a fresh adventure, a healthy exercise in discovery, pluck and epic struggle—hung heavy on the citizens of our big cities and towns. The massive wealth with its raw patches of hang-dog poverty, the overfed acquisitiveness and the depleted inner energies, the proud muscularity coupled with increasing enervation, went into

making that murky brown, dejected yet glamorous gloom which enveloped a giant people. This was the later-day period of America's coming to consciousness and no one in the theatre ever expressed it nearly as well as O'Neill. But, strangely enough, there is less of this atmosphere in *Long Day's Journey*, which purports to be a forthright document, than in his dramatic inventions, which often range very far from home.

THE production of the play may be another cause for my reaction to it. It is a faithful, thoroughly intelligent and professionally knowledgeable production, wholly devoted to the realistic letter of the play. But by being so literal an embodiment of the dramatist's text the production comes to share the play's limitations, whereas it should transcend them. Means might have been found to create from the climate of O'Neill's spirit a greater feeling of shadow and depth out of which the play's figures might emerge with a more poetic and grander stature.

Fredric March and Florence Eldridge, excellent and finely motivated actors though they are, provide rather more characterization than creative interpretation. They excite our interest but tell us little more than what O'Neill has set down verbally. For sheer virtuosity—taking the stage, as professionals say—Jason Robards as the elder brother in the best-focussed scene of the production—a drunken midnight exchange with his brother—makes the most vivid theatrical impression. A greater scene—the final confrontation of father and younger son—fails of its full possibilities because the actors (March and Bradford Dillman as the boy) concentrate more on the momentary situation and on the action of the words than on the over-all inspirational source which gives the scene its lyric essence and thematic inevitability. For what the play deals with is not so much the details of one family's misery as the submerged struggle against the dead weight of material pressures in a world where the needs of the human soul are clamorous yet barely recognized.

## TELEVISION NEXT WEEK

November 25 through December 1  
(See local papers for time and channel)

Sunday, November 25

**U.N. IN ACTION** (CBS). Summary and analysis of the week's activities is provided by Larry LeSueur. Films of high spots, interviews with a diplomat taking leading part in events and with two newsmen. This is a regularly presented public service.

**DEAN PIKE** (ABC). Guest of the Very Reverend and Mrs. Pike will be James M. Read, Deputy High Commissioner of Refugees for the United Nations.

**MAN AND SUPERMAN** (NBC; Hallmark Hall of Fame). Maurice Evans and many of the company from his revival several years ago of Shaw's comedy, in a 90-minute TV version. (Color)  
**OUT OF DARKNESS** (CBS). Reshowing of a moving documentary on mental illness which tells with discrimination and taste the story of a young woman undergoing treatment. The fact that this is the third showing of this 90-minute program is sufficient comment on its excellence.

Tuesday, November 27

**MARCH OF MEDICINE** (NBC). Report on the work of an American medical missionary in Africa, with John Gunther as commentator. Filmed in the Belgian Congo. (Color)

Wednesday, November 28

**TREASURE ISLAND** (ABC; Disneyland). Part I of Robert Louis Stevenson adapted by Disney. Produced in England against authentic settings of 18th-century pirate hangouts.

Thursday, November 29

**CONFESSION** (CBS; Playhouse 90). Overcome by the temptation to fill in with film, Playhouse 90 presents this Screen Gems production, starring Dennis O'Keefe, June Lockhart and Paul Stewart. It will be interesting to compare the canned and live items in this series.

Saturday, December 1

**HAMLET** (ABC; Famous Film Festival). First half of the Olivier film. First time on TV.

RADIO

Wednesday, November 28

**THE CHALLENGE OF PEACE** (ABC). Victor G. Reuther of the UAW will discuss "America's relations with the peoples of less-developed areas" in the second lecture of this series.

A. W. L.

## FILMS

Robert Hatch

THE SUBJECT of *The Rack* is so controversial that reviewers automatically apply to it such adjectives as "mature," "courageous," "provocative." Yet in real fact the movie provides no ground for controversy. It is sober, conscientious, thoughtful, but in the end a work of ethical mugwumpery.

When, given the methods of persuasion now available, may a prisoner of war honorably agree to collaborate with his captors? Well, says Rod Serling, who wrote the television play on which this M.G.M. movie is based, that is a vexing problem. And he goes on to show in detail just how vexing it is.

*The Rack* is admirable for the humane and unsensational terms in which it is framed and for the intense and credible performances that director Arnold Laven obtained from his cast—particularly from Paul Newman as the officer returned from a Korean prison camp and now standing before a court-martial, and from Edmond O'Brien who defends him and Wendell Corey who conducts the prosecution.

I will qualify my criticism to the extent of acknowledging that Mr. Serling makes it clear that a man who collapses under extreme mental duress is more to be pitied than scorned. He writes for a wide audience and there may be those in it so insensitive that this view had never occurred to them. But on the real questions—how does one measure mental anguish and who is to judge how much of it another man must endure—he never commits himself. I respect Mr. Serling for his honest perplexity, but not for ducking an issue he chose to raise.

AS IT has been brought to the screen by William Wyler, Jessamyn West's popular novel, *Friendly Persuasion*, is a good-humored excursion into Quaker debunking. If a producer poked similar fun at the tenets of one of the more militant faiths, he would be pilloried, picketed and

banished from the sight of sober men.

The film tells us that the Friends are a people who call one another "thee," who forswear music, dancing and vanity of the flesh and who will not under any provocation raise their hands against man or beast. It then takes us back to the time of the Civil War and introduces us to an estimable family of Quakers, the Birdwells, who race horses on Sunday, admire themselves in mirrors, secrete a parlor organ in the attic, dance at county fairs, kiss soldiers in corners and take up arms to repel the invader. They are steadfast only to their conviction about the second person singular.

Now it is true that the Birdwells are an honorable and attractive family by non-Quaker standards and that many devout Quakers today observe a less rigid code than the Birdwells set themselves. But the entire plot of *Friendly Persuasion* swings upon the premise that Quakers do not, and cannot, abide by the special principles of their religion. Quakers, it says, are amiable hypocrites, all prim and cool on the surface, but underneath as hot-blooded as the rest of us and as ready, when the occasion arises, for a fight or a frolic. If I were a Quaker, I should consider this presentation inadequate.

As Jess Birdwell, the father of this impetuous family, Gary Cooper has invented a nervous daintiness, as though everything he touched, including his own wife, were piping hot. It is a disconcerting affectation in so large a man. Dorothy McGuire, as the wife and mother, and Phyllis Love, as the daughter, are most comely in their poke bonnets and tight bodices.

JOSEPHINE HULL is an admirable actress who embodies what all of us like best in our maiden aunts. Judy Holliday is another admirable actress who embodies quite other qualities. So Miss Holliday's *Solid Gold Cadillac* on the screen is very



different from Miss Hull's famous vehicle on Broadway. I like Miss Holliday's interpretation as much as I did Miss Hull's and I like the movie better than the play because Miss Holliday has far better support. The business executives who prove no match for an original-minded stockholder were not very resourceful comedians in the stage version; on the screen, they are all—but particularly Paul Douglas and Fred Clark—perfect foils for Miss Holliday's naive shrewdness. And, where the original kept falling off into an aimless buffoonery, the movie maintains a steady satiric edge. The credit for this must go to Abe Burrows, who wrote the adaptation of the George Kaufman-Howard Teichman play. And to Richard Quine who has directed a thoroughly diverting picture.

## MUSIC

### B. H. Haggin

IN THE FALL of 1954 the NBC Symphony Orchestra, making its first public appearance as the Symphony of the Air and without its great conductor, amazed its Carnegie Hall audience with the precision and tonal beauty that were the continuing result of the years of playing under Toscanini's disciplining hand. The performances had been recorded; and friends of the orchestra who contributed ten dollars or more received a record with the Berlioz *Roman Carnival Overture*, Wagner *Meistersinger* Prelude and Tchaikovsky *Nutcracker* Suite. For a contribution of twelve dollars or more to the Symphony Foundation of America, Inc., Carnegie Hall, one now can have the orchestra's recording of the Dvorak *New World* Symphony. It is interesting to compare this performance of the work with the earlier one recorded for RCA Victor under Toscanini's direction: without him the brass section can produce its breathtaking blended sound at the beginning of the second movement, but not a secure execution of the cross-rhythm in the Scherzo; and Toscanini's performance has a controlled poise, sharpness of articulation, tension and power that only a single directing

force can create in the playing of an orchestra. On the other hand the orchestra's own performance is reproduced with more life-like sound.

Orchestra and conductor are heard together, on RCA Victor LM-2026, in the performance of Strauss's *Don Quixote* which they broadcast on November 22, 1953. The work is Strauss's masterpiece; the performance—with the NBC Symphony's superb first cellist, Frank Miller, playing the solo cello part—is incomparable in its clarity, coherence and expressive point; it is reproduced beautifully; and all these things make the record one of the year's events.

As for Dvorak's *New World* Symphony, Columbia ML-5115 offers a performance by Ormandy with the Philadelphia Orchestra, with Ormandy's intensification and underscoring and the orchestra's gorgeous sound.

FURTWÄENGLER'S outstanding characteristic, for me, was his extreme self-indulgence, which was visible in the appearance of states of trance and seizure that he exhibited on the podium, and audible in what he did with the music. In April, 1929, after hearing Karl Muck conduct his Hamburg Philharmonic in Beethoven's *Eroica* and Ninth Symphonies in Copenhagen, I got back to Vienna in time for a Furtwaengler performance of the Ninth; and I remember the striking contrast between the steadiness, control and power of Muck's performance and the whipped-up frenzies of Furtwaengler's. In Salzburg in 1937 I heard Furtwaengler conduct the Ninth again; and I remember the performance giving the impression of a preoccupation with now this, now that effect of the moment that destroyed continuity in the work. And Victor LM-6043 now offers the performance of the Ninth that re-inaugurated the Bayreuth Festival in 1951, in which Furtwaengler indulges himself on the one hand in unprecedented extremes of ponderously slow tempo, and on the other hand in momentary discontinuous accelerations and retardations (he still has his old tendency to slow down a decrescendo and rush a crescendo). The Bayreuth Festival

Orchestra sounds better in this performance than in Columbia's 1951 Bayreuth *Meistersinger*; the chorus is excellent, as are Otto Edelmann and Elisabeth Schwarzkopf (she is, however, unable to sing her last taxing ascending scale legato); the other soloists, Elisabeth Hoengen and Hans Hopf, are less good. The performance is reproduced well, except for a blurring of some of the loud choral passages by the strong hall reverberation.

Beethoven's Symphonies Nos. 1 and 8 are played well on London LL-1493 by Ansermet with his Orchestre de la Suisse romande, except for one detail in the finale of No. 8: instead of allowing the pianissimo opening theme to collide with the fortissimo C sharp, Ansermet makes a pause before the C sharp, which destroys the humorous effect there.

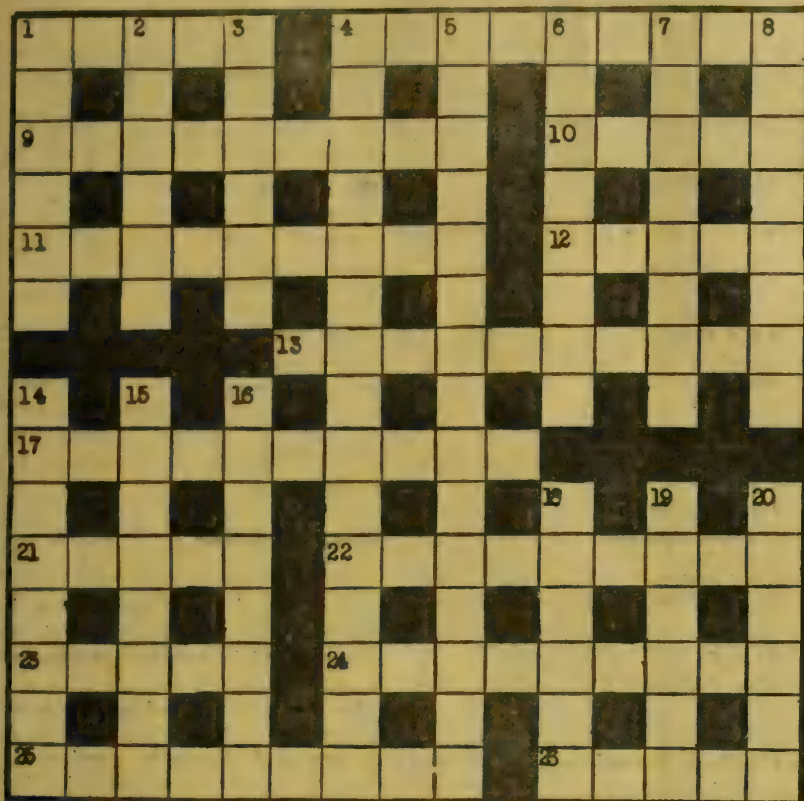
In the opening Allegro of Bach's great Concerto in D minor, on London LL-1445, the timbre of the harpsichord played by Karl Richter can be heard clearly against the sound of the string group of the Ansbach Bach Festival, but not the pitch; and to some extent this is true also in the final Allegro. Only in the Adagio is the solo part heard satisfactorily. The most effective performance of this work is still the one of the violin arrangement by Szigeti with the New Friends of Music Orchestra on Columbia ML-4286, which Columbia regrettably is withdrawing from the catalog. On the reverse side of the London record is Bach's less interesting Concerto in C for two harpsichords.

The suite from Stravinsky's ballet score *Pulcinella* is played well on London LL-1494 by Ansermet with his Orchestre de la Suisse romande; but one should acquire instead Stravinsky's own performance of the entire delightful work on Columbia ML-4830. On the reverse side of the London record is the uninteresting *Song of the Nightingale*.

Prokofiev's engaging *Overture on Hebrew Themes* Op. 34 and two pleasant minor pieces, *The Ugly Duckling* Op. 18 and *Summer Day Suite* Op. 65a, are played well on London DTL-93084 by André Jouve with L'Orchestre du Théâtre des Champs-Élysées.

# Crossword Puzzle No. 699

By FRANK W. LEWIS



## ACROSS:

- 1 and 13 Match, for example, like a vane. (Such things shouldn't hang heavy on your hands.) (5, 2, 1, 7)
- 4 Is it full-blown in youth? (6, 3)
- 9 Sort of rides with a couple in a broken-down state. (9)
- 10 Encumbers. (5)
- 11 Found on turning sixteen, or likely to be difficult 10 across. (9)
- 12 American, but not the extreme sort of man one might find in the heather. (5)
- 13 See 1 across
- 17 Does a person take years to turn a place of rest into this sort of job? (10)
- 21 Said to be out of 9, making it more mature. (5)
- 22 Take exception to the wrong cloth measure in the alteration. (9)
- 23 A good one should imply an occasional ace. (5)
- 24 Implying the eggs hatch outside. (9)
- 25 He evidently deserves a letter. (9)
- 26 This is always a container for something made from agave. (5)

## DOWN:

- 1 Rung an essential part of it, or just run. (6)
- 2 Secure, and about to query the packing. (6)

- 3 What's the score? This is it! (6)
- 4 Do they draw neck scarves together? (3, 12)
- 5 Eden's fine-feathered friends? (5, 2, 8)
- 6 The lunar change is evidently doctrinal. (8)
- 7 It was illuminating to see a little southern state take such a snub. (3, 5)
- 8 Is a number inside to unite or go astray? (8)
- 14 This could make 8 cry out with the first of 4 down, yet it half supported Olympus. (8)
- 15 Infused either the lungs or the mind. (8)
- 16 Give rage or pain. (8)
- 18 Look! The animal comes up around it and gazes in satisfaction. (6)
- 19 Buns are sometimes wrapped in them. (6)
- 20 A steel reproduction of a flower head. (6)

## SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 698

ACROSS: 1 POLYCHROME; 6 AND 23 SPARKING; 10 NOVENAS; 11 UNIFORM; 12 PARALLELEPIPED; 14 INTIMATE; 16 AND 15 LIVERY STABLE; 18 DISGUSTS; 22 CENTRALIZATION; 24 ICEBOAT; 25 ANIMATE; 26 GUST; 27 MODERNISTS. DOWN: 1 PIN-UP GIRLS; 2 LEVERET; 3 CONGLOMERATION; 4 RESPECT; 5 MOUSER; 7 PROVERB; 8 RANK; 9 DISINTEGRATION; 13 MESSENGERS; 17 VIEWERS; 19 IMITATE; 20 SPIRALS; 21 TATTOO.

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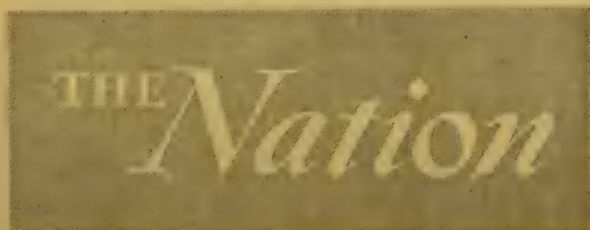
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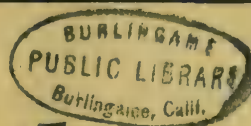
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George Dangerfield Reviews CHURCHILL'S "THE NEW WORLD"

**THE** *Nation*

DECEMBER 1, 1956

20c



***What Price the  
Western Alliance?***

**A Briton Warns the United States**

*by Geoffrey Barraclough*

**Seven in Death Row**

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# LETTERS

## Salk Vaccine: Unproven

*Dear Sirs:* In the excellent article, *Why The Dimes March On*, in *The Nation* for Nov. 3, Mr. Eric Josephson says, among other things: "The battle against polio is now in the mopping-up stage. . . . Americans have practically licked polio." Unfortunately, these optimistic statements are not true, and it is to be feared that Mr. Josephson has himself been unknowingly deceived by the "hucksterism" and the "exaggerated claims for the vaccine's effectiveness" which he justifiably deplores.

There is at present no valid evidence for the conclusion that the Salk vaccine has any great preventive value against paralytic poliomyelitis. As of July of this year even the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis did not claim more than 75 per cent effectiveness for it, and their evidence was far from justifying even that claim. Yet on September 29, the United States Public Health Service said that three Salk shots have proved 100 per cent effective so far this year. During the localized Chicago West Side epidemic from June to September of this year, the public health authorities of Chicago and the Cook County Chapter of the N.F.I.P. repeatedly issued the statement that "not a single case of paralytic polio has occurred in any one who had received all three shots of Salk vaccine." But at no time did they say how many, *if any*, of the children in the affected area had received all three injections; and without the answer to this question the quoted statement had no significance whatever.

In spite of repeated requests for an answer to the question as to whether *any* child in the affected area had received all three injections of vaccine, it was not possible to get a straight answer until October 26, at which time I was informed by the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis that no one knew. But if no one knew, then the quoted statement, which was obviously an implication that the vaccine was of value, should not have been made at all.

Incidentally, as of ten days ago the United States Public Health Service had reported that there had been twelve cases of paralytic polio in those who had received all three injections.

To urge people to have their children vaccinated in order to help test the vaccine, is one thing, and a praiseworthy one. To induce them to have their children vaccinated by assuring

them that the vaccine has been proved to be of value is simply not honest.

ERNEST B. ZEISLER, M.D.  
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## Defeat's Gray Morning

*Dear Sirs:* For those Democrats still not deafened by the hallelujahs of Republicans in ecstasy, it remains small consolation to be told that you cannot defeat a huckster's myth with a mere mortal man. To be sure, those who followed the major campaign speeches must have felt the tangible difference between the confidence of Eisenhower's optimism concerning peace and prosperity, solidly and deeply rooted in the inexhaustible funds of his party, and the self-conscious confidence of Stevenson's criticisms, floating precariously between appeals for funds for the party. Americans like to identify with their optimistic rich.

But was this really the major difference which elected Eisenhower? Or did the small but sturdy fire of war suddenly crackling in the Middle East, and licking through the satellite nations on the borders of Russia, make Eisenhower's bland self-assurance seem safer at a moment of crisis than Stevenson's better brain and better grasp of ideas? If the latter, then our national immaturity carries suicidal tendencies, and must bring cold refuge to our allies in the gray morning of Stevenson's defeat.

I raise these questions, as all liberal Democrats must, because we now move swiftly into crucial weeks under the leadership of a man whose mind (at least in public display) moves sluggishly among blunt-edged platitudes while our alliances collapse, and Russia steps boldly in our direction. And the unanswerable question left over from the election is still how it was possible for so many intelligent Americans (so many of one's friends, even) to listen to both candidates and to choose Eisenhower. One runs back through the major issues of the campaign, domestic and international, and one remembers the quality of mind of the two men in their responses. One remembers Eisenhower's boyish elation turning to the adolescent gravity of his "this is a solemn moment," in the early hours of November 7, surrounded by Mamie, Pat, and Dick. And one remembers the bleak look on John Fell Stevenson's face, but the intellectual, emotional, and moral stature of his father at the moment of conceded defeat.

DAVID L. STEVENSON  
Cleveland, Ohio  
P. S. I am no relation to Adlai, alas!

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## Editorials

### The Use of American Power

Many of the present critics of the Administration's policy of using the U. N. as its main reliance in dealing with the world crisis were themselves advocating precisely this policy not so long ago. The critics who yesterday chastised Mr. Dulles for reckless "brinkmanship" are today attacking him, with equal or greater severity, for having attempted to save Britain and France from an act of folly. Yesterday they took the Administration to task for neglecting opportunities for effective moral leadership; today they urge it to make a direct, unilateral application of American power. Even when they concede that the Administration's present policy is morally impeccable and legally exemplary, they reject it on the ground of expediency; it just won't work, they say.

Frankly we do not know whether the Administration's policy will succeed or not; admittedly it is a touch-and-go affair. But it has a better chance of success, in our view, than the alternatives which have been proposed. For what the criticism boils down to is this: if the Russians bypass the U. N. and Washington does not, the Kremlin can exploit U. S. adherence to the Charter as a shield or cover for its own power gambits. As part of the same criticism, it is suggested that by publicly renouncing the use of force as an instrument of national policy, we make it possible for the Soviet Union to take advantage of us. But the alternative to using the U. N. as America's main reliance is not the unilateral application of force; the Administration is attempting to secure the added strength of world opinion for the indirect application of American power through the U. N. As a practical matter, the unilateral use or threat of force is ruled out, since neither of the two great powers dares to challenge the other directly under circumstances that might well lead to World War III. Serving ultimatums and conducting "reprisal" raids is a tactic reserved for the lesser powers.

Furthermore, the only way the Administration can proceed with the Middle East aspect of the crisis without becoming directly involved in the ruinous decisions of Britain and France, or jeopardizing the security of Israel, or alienating the Asian-African bloc, is to place American power behind the U. N. This does not mean that the U. N. is or should be the sole reliance of the

Administration; military forces have been deployed and precautionary measures have been taken. Nor does it imply that the application of the policy has been flawless; the Administration must test each phase as it is applied. Nor does the policy necessarily restrict initiatives for peace only to those which can be presented to or through the U. N. While continuing to act through the world organization, the Administration should explore, as Mr. Eric Johnston and others have suggested, the possibility of offering to withdraw American troops from Europe provided the Soviet Union withdraws theirs from the satellite states. What we are saying is that threats of force must have the backing of the U. N. or this country will jeopardize the moral leadership of world opinion which it has acquired by its recent conduct. If American power is to be used to back any mandate, that mandate must be U. N.-sanctioned.

For some reason, the Administration's major critics are much better at spotting failures than in recognizing new opportunities for effective leadership. In this issue, Geoffrey Barraclough challenges these critics to recognize the contours of a new world situation (p. 473). The structure of power relations of the cold-war years is collapsing; it can no more be restored than the Soviets can reverse the consequences of "de-Stalinization." The breakup of this structure creates opportunities for new initiatives for peace and freedom. It also frees American policy from commitments which have consistently hampered its effectiveness throughout the post-war period.

### Glubb Pasha On the Arab Mind

Lieut. Gen. Sir John Bagot Glubb's article on the Arab mind in the *New York Times Magazine* (November 18)—Sir John organized the Arab Legion of Jordan and for nearly four decades has been a romantic "outpost of empire" figure in the Moslem world—suggests two fascinating but contradictory explanations for the debacle of British policy in the Middle East. In his summary, the author argues that the Arabs are "proud, touchy, volatile, generous and emotional." But if British policy was based on this appraisal, then it would be difficult to imagine action more likely to



give lasting offense to such a people than the attempted seizure of Suez by force. Nevertheless, it is possible that British policy *was* based, to some degree, on the acceptance of broad generalizations of the kind in which Sir John indulges. For example, one learns from him that the Mediterranean Arabs are by temperament unable to compromise; that common sense is foreign to their nature; that they are unreliable; that they actually profess to believe that "both politics and international relations are governed by self-interest alone." In all fairness it should be noted that Sir John does find many Arabs to be "charming"; in fact, some of his best friends are Arabs.

## Our Gray, 21-Inch Lives

The brave new world of television has decided that the Sacco-Vanzetti case, now thirty-six years old, is too controversial for present-day viewing. *Variety* reports that a TV presentation of *The Male Animal*, by James Thurber and Elliot Nugent, has been turned down by two shows due to sponsors' misgivings about the play's leading character reading the famous letters of the condemned men to an English class.

*The Male Animal* has already been a distinguished Broadway play and a distinguished Hollywood movie. The scene in which the teacher (Henry Fonda) reads from the Sacco and Vanzetti letters as a fine example of English prose—despite the risk of losing his job for being a "radical"—is a moving and perennially vital depiction of the individual freedom that stands for the best of what our country is. If the world of the 21-inch screen is not big enough for *The Male Animal*—for Sacco and Vanzetti—it is indeed as small as its most violent critics imagine. The danger involved in all this is that our "sponsored" lives, shielded from the memory of matters "too hot" or too big, will shrink in size to the square, gray area of the television screen.

## Visas for the Wounded

The Administration is to be commended for making every effort to expedite the approval of visas for Hungarian refugees—there are 70,000 or more in Austria—before the Refugee Relief Act expires on December 31. But if, given the procedures of the McCarran-Walter Act, as many as 5,000 receive visas by that date it will be something of a miracle. Fortunately, in this instance, Representative Francis Walter was on hand to give assurances that "log-jams" would be broken and red tape cut. Standing in Friedrich Schmidt Platz in Vienna, an eye-witness of the great human tragedy symbolized by the milling refugees, Mr. Walter may have been moved to some second thoughts on the need for revising the act that bears his name. Before his return to his country, he was quoted as saying that he doubted that there are "many" subversives among the

refugees. "When they come with wounds," he said, "they don't have to show much more evidence that they are anti-Communist." All the same, it took the personal intervention of Mr. Walter and General Joseph M. Swing, chief of the Immigration and Naturalization Service, to get the first plane-load of forty-one refugees off the ground. Even if the flow of refugees is quickened, prompt revision of the McCarran-Walter Act should be one of the first goals of the new Congress.

At Andau, in the Austro-Hungarian frontier swamp area through which thousands of refugees have escaped, Mr. Walter watched a Soviet soldier shoot one of them down. "A terrifying example of medieval brutality," he said. Later he announced that he was in favor of using "all of the 17,000 admissions which Congress is committed to use."

## The Absolute Utmost

For those who thought that the superlatives of the entertainment industry had all been used, and that there was nothing new to say in praise under the sun, the producers of Michael Todd's movie *Around the World In Eighty Days* have presented a full page of testimony in the *New York Times* which shows that our picture-praisers of the past were playing the game with one arm tied behind them. The sum of these quotes in praise of *Eighty Days* is not merely that the picture offers entertainment, but at the very least, human salvation. The screaming headline says bluntly that "Michael Todd's show makes this a better world"—Mark Barron, *Associated Press*." The National Board of Review declares simply: "The human race has never before seen entertainment such as this." Sophocles? A piker. Shakespeare? Don't be silly.

Of course there were some reviewers who resorted to the old "colossal" name-calling, but even these had the good sense to make up new names—e.g., "Magnagorgeous"—*Christian Science Monitor*." The *New York World-Telegram and Sun*, finding language inadequate, settled on "WHEE-EEEE." Max Leibman, an old spectacular-maker himself, judged it "the miracle of miracles." And out of the simpler past, when elephants and bareback riders could hold an audience spellbound, came the judgment of John Ringling North: "I'm overwhelmed."

So are we.

## They Honor Another Spain

Two recent events—the awarding of a Nobel Prize to Spanish poet Juan Ramon Jimenez and the death of Spanish novelist Pío Baroja—constitute an ironic footnote to Franco Spain's entry, this year, into the United Nations. "In conferring the Nobel Prize on Jimenez," declared Andres Osterling, secretary of the Swedish Academy of Literature, "we honored Garcia Lorca and Antonio Machado, who were his pupils." Lorca, per-

haps Spain's greatest modern poet, was murdered by Franco's supporters; Machado crossed the border into France at the end of the Civil War and died shortly afterward, equally a victim of the Fascist triumph. As for Jimenez, shortly before the outbreak of the Civil War he said in a lecture entitled "Poetical Policy": "We are all born of the people. . . . In great and popular poetry is our union, our community of spirit. The men of politics who have the responsibility of leading the nation must be impregnated with this profound poetry in which can be found peace for the Fatherland." Franco quite obviously did not share Jimenez's thoughts; by the end of the war all of Spain's best poets were dead, imprisoned or in exile. During the first weeks of the war, Jimenez stayed in Madrid, making himself useful to the Republican cause in what ways he could. He used to collect homeless children in the streets and bring them to his apartment, where he read to them, and fed them when he had food. Now he lives in Puerto Rico with his wife, who is gravely ill.

Pio Baroja, for years one of Spain's most controversial writers, died in Madrid at the age of eighty-three. As a man of letters, he was revolutionary until his death; in his political philosophy, he was individualistic rather than revolutionary. His early works had an anarchistic flavor; in *Paradox King*, written shortly after the Spanish-American War, he attacked militarism and extreme Catholicism; in *Struggle for Life*, a trilogy, he chronicled human misery in a forceful, almost brutal style remindful of Gorki. He hated everything that had to do with the conventional, with conformity. Yet, unlike Pablo Casals, who although he never pretended to be a rebel, rebelled against the Franco tyranny, Baroja stayed on in Spain. A few years ago, he said: "I have been . . . an individualist and liberal, which is to say, apolitical. I have not avoided my political responsibility, for I have none." But if Baroja the man denied political responsibility, Baroja the writer did not, and Franco can take little comfort from his writings.

# IT'S A WORKERS' POLAND

No More "Nonsense Economy" . . . by CLAUDE BOURDET

*Warsaw*  
"THIS," said the Polish radio on the day of Gomulka's accession to power, "is our springtime in October." Indeed, there is a youthful exuberance in all sectors of political and economic life since the heavy hand of the Moscow-trained and Moscow-subservient bureaucracy has been lifted. New men everywhere have been coming into positions of influence, not as a result of a *coup d'etat* from above, but as a consequence of numerous local battles led by the rank-and-file of the workers against the "powers that were."

Agitation among the workers started some time after it did among the intellectuals (where the first signs of the new revolution can be traced back to 1954 and Wyasik's *Poem for Adults*, a bitter satire on an economy which forgot its purpose: man.) But the workers were not slow in grasping the implications of the Twentieth Congress

and especially of the Khrushchev report, which was printed and circulated in Poland before it was published elsewhere in Europe or in the United States.

Poles—and Polish Communists—had never relinquished their freedom to speak (and to criticize). But this new trend in the USSR gave them a freedom which changed the political climate entirely. Weeklies like the students' newspaper, *Po Prostu*, the economic weekly, *Zycie Gospodarcze* (*Economic Life*) and the intellectuals' newspapers began denouncing what is referred to nowadays as "The Economy of Nonsense."

One story, printed a few months ago by *Economic Life*, reads like something out of Edward Lear's *Book of Nonsense*. Here is the whole tale, briefly. In 1949, the Six-Year Plan for the remodelling of Polish economy was started. Under the influence of Russian Zhdanovism, an oversize Polish fishery industry was projected; a fleet of deep-water ships was to be built for the North Atlantic fishing grounds. Actually, a huge

freezing station was built in Swinojuscie, near Stettin, as far West as possible. But the fleet was never built, because the outbreak of the Korean war in 1950 led to a switch-over to the building of armaments.

However, the 1949 plan "had" to be fulfilled, both because of propaganda considerations and because—as in all Communist states—payment is made in the measure that "targets" are attained. So, with no deep-water ships, the fishermen went out into the Baltic Sea with their ordinary flotillas to fulfill their tonnage quotas. And instead of fishing for salmon, which is plentiful near the Polish coast, they went after cod and other low-quality fish which could give them the tonnage they could not have got with salmon.

But salmon sells easily—cod does not. They tried to preserve the catch. Half the fish travelled some 200 miles from the Baltic fishing port of Wladislovow to Swinojuscie where the big freezer was, and half the ice made in the freezer travelled back to preserve the other half of the

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December 1, 1956



catch. There is a saying in Poland today that "Polish fish travels farther after its death on land, than alive under water."

In such circumstances, a lot of the fish was spoiled. The population refused it; it couldn't even be sold to the fish-meal industry because the prices fixed by the plan for such sales were too low to allow the fishermen to cover costs. So much of the fish was fed to pigs around Wladislovow—or buried in the ground. *Economic Life* says the operation cost the Polish economy 19 million zlotys in 1954 and 15 million in 1955. This is nearly \$1,500,000—a lot for a poor country.

Whose fault was it? Not the fault of socialism as such; an American friend of mine told me once a glorious tale of tuna fisheries off the Atlantic coast in which millions of dollars were sunk without result because people had forgotten that the elusive tuna refuse to be fished where the fisheries had been planned.

But what is a minor loss for wealthy America—or even Russia—is a calamity for a poor country like Poland. And there were many such calamities. The causes, in the "fish" question and in many others, are easy to trace. First, over-ambitious planning due to Russian influence—(yet the plan could have been fulfilled if military policy under Russian influence had not caused a switch in investments). Then the rigid execution of the original blueprint, the bureaucracy, the bonus system and its reliance on attainment of targets in tonnage, were the last straw or straws. Many protests were made by responsible officials, I was told, but neither the rank-and-file of the workers nor the technical experts could influence the party and government bureaucracy, whose power was finally dependent, not on the Polish people, but on Soviet Russia.

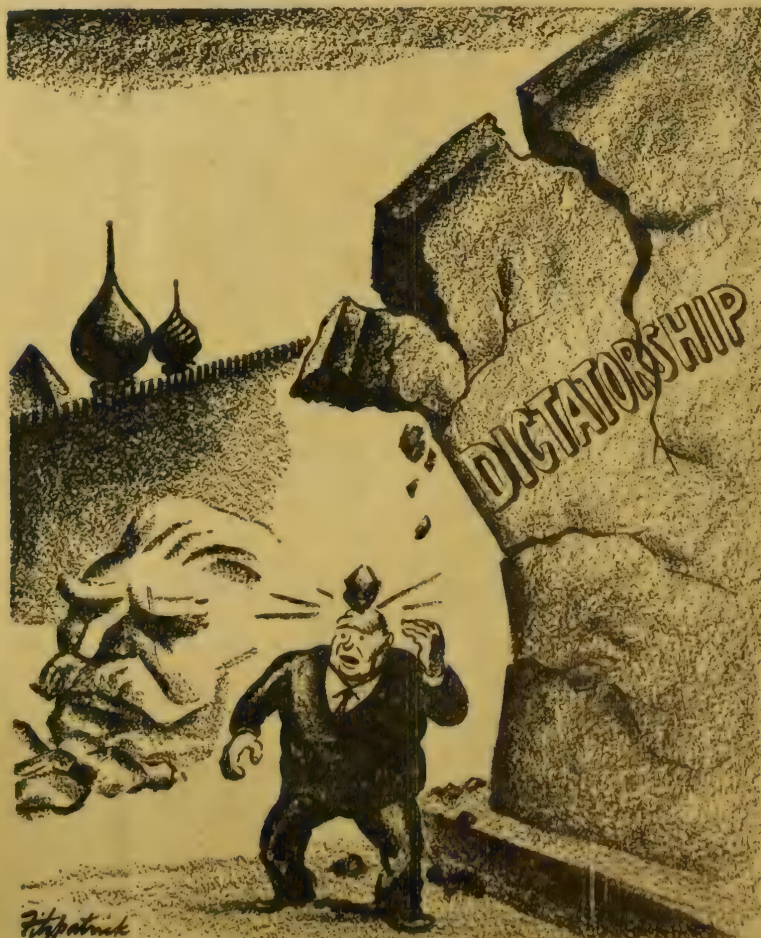
The bureaucracy kept on planning happily, but the economy was gradually coming to a standstill. Compulsive collective farming, although on a small scale (some 10-12 per cent), and the interference of local party bosses, had reduced the peasants to a state of sullen non-cooperation. The reckless enforcement of

the investment plans whatever the circumstances, the switch to military investments (reducing consumer-goods production), had created by 1953 a situation of dramatic poverty for the individual worker and a reluctance in him to work which was, again, a factor of economic decline.

The workers themselves were the best witnesses of the stupidity of the system, and I was told many stories by local Communists which run very much like the "fish" story. Stalin's death and the gradual change in Soviet Russia, followed by the Twentieth Congress, were the signals for the gradual awakening of the Polish workers. Now they are in the front line of the struggle. The most popular man in Poland—apart from Gomulka—is probably a twenty-five year old, tall and lanky automobile worker of the Zeran auto

factory in Warsaw, Gozdzik. He is the secretary of the Zeran section of the Polish United Workers (Communist) Party. His teams of "activists" from the Zeran works, mostly youths about his age, were not only the heart of pro-Gomulka agitation in Warsaw long before the history-making days of October 19 and 20; they have also played an active part in calling back to life the working class of many other cities. The "gozdziki," as they were immediately nicknamed, have been roaming all over the country, telling factory, peasant and white-collar workers alike the startling news that Polish socialism—at long last—is in the hands of Poles!

And Gozdzik has not been a solitary case—workers committees have sprung up like mushrooms everywhere, organizing mass meetings for Gomulka in the days before October



*'And the Pedestal, Too?'*

St. Louis Post-Dispatch

The NATION



19, criticizing the Stalinist leadership of local party and trade-union branches and forcing them to resign, and taking the management of the works in their own hands.

A movement originated by these committees and quickly approved and endorsed by the new Gomulka administration, has done away with the old bureaucratic planning and management system. Now managers are chosen by common agreement by the responsible minister and a managing council elected by the factory personnel. The managing council, in agreement with the local union, is also responsible for wages.

The management of each firm gets new freedom and elbow-room. Instead of getting its projects "cooked in Warsaw" to the smallest detail, it will only have a general planning framework, and will have to deal directly with other firms to

carry out the planning. Already, after a single fortnight's time, the changes have brought tremendous improvement in some places—for instance, a factory employing many women (some 80 per cent) and which had never been able to get anywhere near the planning target, although the women worked six days a week, has reached its production goal in five days since a "workers council" has taken over the management. The women had simply been tired out with long transport and homework. Now they travel less to and fro and use the sixth day for washing instead—they are in better condition and do their work (constructing radios) quicker. Poland is full of stories like that.

It seems that the peasants are just as happy about things as the workers. Gomulka was always opposed to the Zhdanov kind of compulsory

collective farming; some of his friends and advisers have told me that only efficient collective farms will be kept—and in any case, no more compulsion will be used. These people remind me that Poland had a long tradition of voluntary agricultural co-ops on the Scandinavian model. These were broken up by the Stalinists in 1949 because they were supposed to be "reactionary" in the eyes of Zhdanov ideologists. They were, I was told, just the contrary: the best possible school for voluntary collective economy. They will be revived, and there are signs that a really progressive movement can be quickly organized among the peasants. This brings us to a crucial question: can a Socialist state encourage a large amount of democracy, and yet keep its agriculture dominantly individual? Polish Communists believe so.

# WHAT PRICE ALLIANCE?

## A Briton Warns the U.S. . . by GEOFFREY BARRACLOUGH

*London*

THE IMMEDIATE crisis unleashed by the Anglo-French aggression against Egypt is over. Dangers and problems remain; and even the withdrawal of English and French troops from Egypt, if it can be enforced, will not suffice to exorcise the devils Eden and Mollet have loosed. But the fear of a Third World War has receded, and the whole world has heaved a mighty sigh of relief. The studied English affront to the United States is receding into the background like a bad dream, and already voices on both sides of the Atlantic are busy proclaiming "back to normal." The Presidential election is safely behind us: cannot we forgive and forget? The Russians, as usual,

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have done their best to help. Hungary has driven Suez from the headlines of the daily papers. And now the wonderful story of 3,000 Soviet aircraft descending upon the Middle East like a biblical swarm of locusts is put about to curdle our blood. Every schoolboy knows that there are no airfields to take them; but it is an admirable smoke screen for concealing Anglo-French manoeuvres. England only just struck in time, Eden hints; a few days more and the whole Middle East would have been in Russian hands. Perhaps, after all, a little appeasement would be a good thing.

That, very roughly, is the position a week after the acceptance of the United Nations' plan for ending the fighting. It is a very natural reaction. Shock, horror, indignation, get us nowhere. American policy, European commentators think, has come round to "a more realistic appreciation" of the situation. It all depends, Americans may reply, what

you in Europe mean by "realistic." Certainly it is urgently necessary, now that the Presidential election is settled, for the United States to take stock and look to the future. The American people have, at least, decisively rejected Mr. Stevenson's hysterical attacks upon the Administration's foreign policy; and that is a start. The real question is whether the perspective upon which calculations are based, is large enough. "You cannot unscramble eggs" is one of the first rules of policy; and the first thing is to see how many eggs Eden and Mollet have left unbroken. "Back to normal" sounds fine—if the conditions for normality survive. Only a longer view can show whether they do; and that is what is attempted here. The Suez aggression was not an episode, a transient fit of English madness; it was the culmination of an evolution. That, basically, is why it cannot be patched up, even if we want to patch it up. What is required is



agonizing reappraisal; and the question is whether the State Department and American opinion are ready for it.

THE FIRST fact, as it appears from London, is that American policy has been based on a well-meant illusion—the illusion of a real Anglo-American community of interests. That view was sound enough from an American point of view, in the post-war years, when the issue was to put new life into Western Europe and halt the imminent spread of communism to the shores of the Atlantic. It has become ever less valid as the European countries have got onto their own legs and rediscovered their own (supposed) “interests.” Now all the different tails—the German tail, the French tail, the British tail—of the multi-tailed animal are busy wagging the American dog. Looking back, it is evident that the turning-point came with the struggle in the spring of 1955 for the ratification of the Paris Agreement. The result was a victory for American diplomacy; but we can see today that it was a hollow victory. An effective German army is as far off as ever, and with changes in strategic conceptions is no longer even seriously wanted; but rearmament amounted to a victory for German Nationalists and Revisionists which has undermined the Adenauer government and will bring it down at the next election, with results in a heightening of international tension which nobody would dare to foretell. More serious, but less noticed at the time, was the price paid to France for adhesion. This was, quite simply, support for France in North Africa—support formally promised in behalf of England by Gladwyn Jebb on April 19, 1955. It fitted in well with British interests, since England then was—and continues to be—involved in similar colonial disputes in Cyprus. The result was at least a tacit Anglo-French colonial agreement, but more probably a secret imperialist alliance, the fruits of which are now visible to the whole world.

It would be ridiculous to assert that any of this was hidden from the State Department. The question

rather was, and is, whether the game was worth the candle; in other words, whether the Western Alliance is so necessary to American security that the United States must put up with the ambitions of its allies in the conviction that it could always restrain them at the crucial moment. Evidently Mr. Dulles decided then that it was. Are he and the President having second thoughts today? American inability to exercise effective restraint is now obvious. But do the requirements of the situation necessitate the continuation of the policy of which this was merely a corollary? Looked at in larger perspective, it has become clear that Secretary Dulles has paid too little heed, out of loyalty to his allies of the past, to the radical changes in the international atmosphere which have been the mark of the last eighteen months. We may admire his sentiments, and yet deplore their results; he should have remembered the old Hapsburg axiom that there is no gratitude in politics.

The Anglo-French aggression in the Middle East is the result of the cynical discovery that the nuclear weapon has crippled the two remaining great powers. Second- and third-rate powers, France and Israel and England, may fight with impunity: Russia will not intervene for fear of provoking the United States, and the United States will not intervene for fear of provoking Russia. If England and France are allowed to get away with it this time, everything points to a chain-reaction. The first result of a “localized” war in Egypt has been a “localized” war in Hungary. Who can doubt that the next, once Adenauer has gone, will be another “localized” war to enable the Germans to “recover” the “Eastern territories” acquired at Poland’s expense in the past? But in the long run the consequences in Asia may be more significant still. If America stands aside in isolation and lets England and France get away with it, with no more than a verbal gesture of disapproval, still more if it condones a “compromise” over Suez, the repercussions throughout Asia and Africa will be immense and America’s position in world affairs will be shaken for years to come.

America, in fact, stands at a crossroads, when not to act is to be knocked down by the oncoming steamroller.

And yet the opportunities for decisive American action could not be better. All the weaknesses in the British Commonwealth have been brought to light by the Anglo-French aggression. It is already rumored that India will leave the Commonwealth; Pakistan has made a similar threat; Canada is clearly ill at ease; even Australia at first declined to support British action, though retrospectively the whipping boy, Menzies, called to heel over the telephone by Eden, did as he was told. The Baghdad Pact, so laboriously constructed, is falling to pieces; and how long will SEATO and the Manila Pact stand firm? Already British colonialism in Cyprus has reduced the Balkan Pact to a shadow; and now NATO itself is wobbling, as the thieves fall out and France, cheated of its promised booty, pours out angry recriminations against England for feebly agreeing to a cease-fire. Everywhere, in short, involvement with the imperialist powers, and consequent suspicion of American motives, is undermining the cherished objectives of American policy.

THIS involvement, as we have seen, came about as a result of the American decision, around 1947, to bolster up Western Europe against Russia. It was then a wise decision, but today the threat to Western Europe from Russia is nil. Events in Poland and Hungary, and their repercussions in the other satellites, have put a different complexion on affairs. The Kremlin has enough on its hands, in its own sphere and in the Middle East, without embarking on adventures in Western Europe as well. Is it not time for the United States to draw the consequences? It would take us too far to discuss the great strategic changes which have made NATO an obsolescent conception; but the political prospects opening out for American policy, now that the Administration’s eyes have been opened, are exciting enough. First of all, it should keep its eye firmly fixed on Asia; for it is there,



and not in Europe, that the future lies. But the blow dealt to the British Commonwealth and Empire by the Eden government means that the new, non-colonial Asia, which was bound to come, will be with us quicker than anyone could foresee. This fact alone requires a reshaping of American policy. Secondly, it is time for a re-thinking of America's attitude towards the "uncommitted" nations, whose numbers are growing in fact, if not in theory. Poland is a case in point. Though still a member of the Warsaw Pact, its actual position in international affairs is now not very different from that of Yugoslavia. In spite of the setback in Hungary, we may soon see in Central Europe what statesmen on both sides have refused to contemplate—a belt of "neutral" states stretching from the Baltic to the Adriatic.

HERE AGAIN, on two conditions, American policy has great opportunities. The first is to desist from the effort to "win them over"—a policy which can only breed suspicion and is almost certainly bound to fail—and instead to treat them as a stable factor in the new situation, respecting their status and their own conception of their role.

The second is to dissociate the United States from the powers which are still pursuing an old-fashioned policy of "interests." If the United States appears in Europe as the sponsor of Western Germany, it will never achieve a new relationship with Poland or Hungary or Czechoslovakia; if it appears in Asia as the ally of England, its relations with India and Burma and Malaya will always be troubled. Anything which appears like staving up the tottering British imperialism will breed anti-American resentment throughout the Near East, the Middle East and the Far East. And, worse still, it can only prevent an evolution of American policy out of the past into the future.

The factor above all others that has prevented a forward evolution of American policy in recent months is fear of Russia, and the persistent belief that only an alliance between America, England and France can hold Russia and China in check.

How long must this myth, which ignores the revolutionary strategic consequences of the hydrogen bomb, go on being perpetuated? Not the least of the long-range consequences of the Anglo-French aggression against Egypt was the opportunity it created for a better understanding between Washington and Moscow. For one moment, before Soviet troops returned to Budapest, it even seemed that the hope Russia held out of an evacuation of the popular democracies had removed one of the principal obstacles to the establishment of more normal relations. That hope events in Hungary have dashed, at least for the present, and no one would expect otherwise. But the Hungarian account is not yet closed; against all expectations, Hungarian resistance has already enforced substantial modifications of Russian policy; and if the new Hungarian prime minister succeeds, as he has promised, in negotiating a Soviet withdrawal, all will not have been lost.

IT IS easy—if we conveniently forget that American and British and French arms were already there—to work up hysteria over Soviet arms shipments to the Middle East; but the surprising feature, through the early stages at least, of the Suez crisis, was the studied moderation of Russian policy. Had the Kremlin wished to pursue a Machiavellian or even a Bismarckian line, self-interest would have told it to encour-

age France and England in order to profit from the resultant chaos in the Middle East. In fact, the policy it pursued in the first months of the crisis was different from that of the United States in tone and emphasis rather than in objective. And the reason is not difficult to understand. Today, even more than ten years ago, Russia and the United States stand out on another plane above the secondary powers, including England. In a period of "atomic stalemate and competitive coexistence" (to adopt the phrase coined by Lester Pearson) their interests, as the two leading world powers, are radically different from those of the empires-in-eclipse, which still cling desperately to the remnants of their vanished greatness, and are ready to involve the world in warfare for objectives in which nobody outside their own frontiers any longer really believes.

WE DO not need to minimize the issues which divide America and Russia to see—as Roosevelt so acutely perceived—that neither belongs to the old world which has reared its head in a last dying convulsion at Suez. In social system and in human values, the Soviet Union and the United States are poles apart; but in international affairs, paradoxically enough, they have much in common. Above all else, both are attuned to a future in which Asia and the Moslem world will have a new part to play.

The alignment with England and France was introduced to strengthen the United States in its relations with Russia. A continuation of it under present circumstances can only result in weakening all along the line. Far from obtaining security, America evidently runs the risk of being drawn, step by step, into an interlocked chain of incidents culminating in general war. The advantages of the American alliance to England and France, in underpinning their revived imperialism, are obvious enough. But what compensatory advantage is accruing to the United States? What it is likely to lose requires no emphasis: it is the possibility of a workable agreement with the peoples of Asia and Africa, and



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the risk of pushing them into the Soviet camp.

No one in their senses will expect, still less desire, a sudden diplomatic revolution or a spectacular reversal of alliances. That is not the issue, and would almost certainly do more harm than good. Change will come less through overt decisions than

through the sheer attrition of facts; but it is already clear that there can be no return to the *status quo*. The moral foundation of American policy, which was belief in the rightness of the Western course, has been smashed by Eden and Mollet. Unless American policy can discover new foundations, it will rest on an ana-

chronism. Reorientation will take time, but new points of departure are there. The Egyptian crisis has revealed clearly to the whole world the unreality of current American policy and its failure to keep abreast of changing international events. It also indicates how it may once again be brought into line with facts.

## Seven in Death Row . . by J. V. and L. L. HOPKINS

*Hartford, Connecticut*  
WHENEVER the weather was good in the early spring of 1955, William J. Lorain of Providence, R. I., would walk out of his cell in the death row at Connecticut State Prison to an outdoors compound, in the company of a guard. For a half hour, alone, Lorain danced along the wall, shadow-boxing.

At the state Capitol building, only seven miles away on the Conland Highway, Connecticut legislators were in the midst of their biennial session. Among the 3,000 bills before them was House Bill 141, a measure to abolish capital punishment which had been knocking around in one form or another for some time. Prospects for passage were good. Newly-elected Governor Abraham A. Ribicoff had let it be known he would sign it. The Most Rev. Henry J. O'Brien, Archbishop of the Hartford Diocese, had raised his very influential voice in support. The *Hartford Courant*, Connecticut's only newspaper with any real statewide circulation, had been front-paging for seven days an exhaustive series on capital punishment under the title, *Should The State Kill?*, directing fresh and serious attention to the question and to the presence of the bill at the state Capitol.

Moreover, the state's formidable protagonist of capital punishment, Edward J. Hickey, the long-time and highly respected state police commissioner was now out of the picture. Hickey, who had died in late 1953, had always spearheaded the pro-capital punishment forces

at legislative hearings; his prestige at the Capitol had been enormous.

The state stood at a real crossroads. Despite the existence of a capital-punishment law, it had been seven years since Connecticut had put any of its convicted murderers to death. Tenacious lawyers, a succession of governors reluctant to signal an execution, as well as a celebrated, hard-won commutation case had all worked to increase uneasiness about using the waiting electric chair.

But by mid-July, just four months after the introduction of House Bill 141, William J. Lorain and two others who had shared death row with him were put to death in quite rapid succession.

THE REASONS, in the end, were quite simple.

The story the legislators considering H.B. 141 had to work with began roughly in April, 1948, when convicted murderer Robert Bradley of New Haven said, "It was nice of all you people to come and see me go," and settled back in the electric chair to die. Justice, up to and including Bradley's time, had been reasonably speedy. The twelve men put to death in Connecticut's history of electrocution had only an average time of ten and one-half months to wait for the chair.

But on June 7, 1950, a four-year campaign by West Hartford's Aaron B. Cohen began, and the business of getting men to the chair came to a dead halt. Cohen was convinced that the state, on that date, had wrongly convicted Francis C. Smith of slaying a Greenwich watchman. Cohen's crusade ended only when Smith's

sentence of death was commuted.

It was in the legislature which followed Smith's conviction that anti-capital punishment adherents achieved their first small victory. The Legislative Council had recommended abolition of the death penalty and its replacement by life imprisonment without parole. The legislature compromised, enacting a law allowing juries to recommend life sentences without pardon in cases of first-degree murder. Previously the death sentence had been mandatory.

Smith was not alone in death row at the time, nor was he alone in obtaining reprieves. The fact is that for seven years, from 1948 until the spring of 1955, when the legislators began debating House Bill 141, the state had called an informal moratorium on electrocutions. Governors Bowles and Lodge both had declined to let executions occur during their terms of office, commuting the death sentence of four men, including Francis C. Smith.

In the fall of 1954, Abraham A. Ribicoff became governor, inheriting the death row with seven convicts in it. Because of the imminent introduction of House Bill 141, Ribicoff ordered stays of execution for all seven.

The debate on the bill opened in late February, and it revolved, in large measure, around these seven men.

Included among them was George M. Dortch of Westerly, R. I. Dortch, then thirty-five, had stabbed a New London girl friend twenty-three times, killing her in the belief she had been unfaithful. His defense had been that he was drunk. On Feb. 23,

J. V. and L. L. HOPKINS are reporters on a Hartford newspaper.

1950, he was sentenced. On Feb. 23, 1955, as the legislature got underway, Dortch was still waiting to be taken to the electric chair.

For five years he had sat, stood and slept under the electric lights which forever keep death row from darkness. Guards were in constant attendance. Dortch, like the others, had nothing in his cell with which he could conceivably harm himself: not a radio or even his own shoes, which remained, with the others, in a neat row on one side of the block. When he wanted a cigarette he had to call for a guard to light it.

When what was to have been his final appeal failed, the execution date was set for Feb. 13, 1953, at 10 p.m. That evening, Dortch showered, shaved and received clean clothes. He asked for steak and french fries. Then he was taken to the waiting room off the electrocution chamber, where he settled down with the chaplain.

The chaplain, noting the time, began his talk, pacing it to put Dortch in the best of all possible spiritual conditions by 10 o'clock, when he would be led to the chair.

Upstairs in Warden George A. Cummings' office, newspapermen and official witnesses fidgeted and smoked too many cigarettes and waited.

As 10 p.m. drew near, the chaplain was still talking. Ten o'clock came and went, but nobody came for Dortch. The chaplain kept talking as the minute hand crawled around the clock. At 10:10, a messenger was dispatched from the death chamber to Warden Cummings' office. The messenger found that the warden was waiting for word from Governor Lodge. As had happened before under similar circumstances, the governor's office had phoned excitedly to "hold things up for a few minutes" while reports of new evidence were checked.

At 10:25, Governor Lodge ordered a stay of execution. Dortch, near collapse, was led back to death row.

Of Dortch's six condemned fellow-prisoners, two aroused particular repugnance among the legislators considering the anti-capital punishment measure. The two were Robert N. Malm, who had sexually abused and

strangled an eleven-year-old Hartford girl, and John B. Donahue of Arlington, Massachusetts, twenty-three-year-old former Boston College student, who killed State Trooper Ernest Morse on the Merrit Parkway, drawing a gun as Morse advanced to question him about speeding.

On March 10, hearings began on House Bill 141. The new state police commissioner, John C. Kelly, several chiefs of police and House majority leader Norman K. Parsells led the pro-capital punishment forces. The police argued that its abolition would invite hired killers and gangsters from nearby New York to take their victims "for



rides" on the parkway into Connecticut. Commissioner Kelly argued that the death sentence acts as a deterrent, discouraging criminals from carrying guns for fear that confusion or passion might drive them to kill. And Parsells, who was viewed as spokesman for both the state's prosecutors and for the Republican Party in the legislature, said capital punishment was needed for the reason that "mad dogs and scorpions" must be exterminated.

The anti-capital punishment forces drew their main strength from the clergy, lawyers and West Hartford's Aaron B. Cohen. A representative of the Connecticut Council of Churches hammered away at the inequities of capital punishment: "Poor and friendless criminals receive the full impact of the death law while the rich and influential can usually escape."

A few days later, the state's six morning newspapers carried the news that a joint judiciary committee had voted a favorable report on H.B.

141. But when the House, under Parsells, recommitted the bill, the picture suddenly changed. The senate judiciary committee issued a compromise proposal: capital punishment should be retained only for killers of police and prison guards. It was this bill which became the first anti-capital punishment measure to reach the floor of Connecticut's legislature. The senate debated it June 3. The vote, in the end, was 36 to 7 against. A companion bill in the House was promptly killed in committee.

THOSE WHO supported capital punishment—whether legislators or constituents—advanced a common, simple theme: capital punishment is a deterrent; it prevents murder. This belief was reflected over and over again in the legislative debates and in letters to newspapers. Only a small number defended it on the biblical ground: "an eye for an eye."

Capitol staff members were convinced that had the matter gone to a statewide referendum, capital punishment would have been overwhelmingly approved. *Courant* reporter Roger Dove, who spent long hours on his newspaper's *Should The State Kill?* series, found that most citizens—and especially the women—thought the threat of the electric chair was necessary.

One of the most illuminating comments made during the debate came from Stanley Turteltaub, a sociologist at the University of Connecticut. The question of abolition of capital punishment, Turteltaub said, is not dependent on evidence but on the strength of popular sentiment not easily influenced by scientific arguments. The facts, the evidence that homicide rates are unaffected by the death penalty, will be accepted only when the people react emotionally against killing by the state. Turteltaub said: "When society no longer 'likes' the death penalty for murder, it will be removed no matter what happens to the homicide rate. This has been true in the past with such laws as those concerning crimes against property. There is no reason to doubt that the retention or abolition of the death penalty depends almost com-



pletely in the way that the people feel."

And, Mr. Turteltaub might have added, it is also true that circumstances can conspire to help anti-capital punishment forces. It was no boon to them in Connecticut that at the time the issue came up for

debate, death row was filled with seven men convicted of murder—two of them "cop killers."

What happened to these men? Dortch, after being in death row for over five years, received a commutation to life imprisonment. Three—Lorain, Malm and Donahue—were

executed. Two others are still appealing their death penalties. And one, Joseph L. Taborsky of Hartford, after a four-year battle, got the State Supreme Court to concede that the evidence which convicted him was given by an insane man. He was freed Oct. 6, 1955.

## COURAGE IN ACTION:

# On a Florida Newspaper.. by DORA BYRON

*Atlanta, Ga.*

I **CROSSED** the bridge over the still, brown water of the Suwannee river and drove fifteen miles through the pine woods and corn fields to Madison, Florida. There was the town, as I remembered it from twenty years before . . . the courthouse square and the pleasant homes along the oak-shaded streets.

I thought of the year I taught in Madison county, and of the stile over which I climbed into the schoolyard, and of the soup that bubbled on the wood-burning stove in the schoolroom. I thought of Saturday nights when I watched the crowds milling about the stores on the square. I remembered that goods from the stores were piled on sidewalk tables, and I remembered the festive mood of the farmers—white and black—who came to town of a Saturday night. It was innocent and gay and folksy and a glimpse of the genuine rural South, I had thought romantically.

Now the square was the same, except for a bit more neon, a bit more fresh paint. Madison looked prosperous and neat, and parking meters marched in a silver line along the main street. Across from the yellow brick courthouse I saw the new monument, a memorial to local World War II hero Colin Kelly. Four winged marble figures representing the Four Freedoms leaned over the inscription.

The "hearing" for Dr. Deborah

Coggins was held in that courthouse, practically in the shadow of the monument, I realized. Young Dr. Coggins, mother of three children and wife of a Madison physician, had been health officer for three North Florida counties, including Madison. She was ousted by the three boards of county commissioners in late September.

I stopped at a restaurant on the corner.

"Is this where that county health officer ate with the Negro nurse?" I asked a waitress.

"No'm. That was next door. We don't serve niggers here." The woman looked at me uncertainly. Which side was I on?

"I'm from Atlanta," I explained. "I read about it in the paper."

"Oh." Relief spread over her face. She brought my order of fried chicken and hot biscuits. "That thing sure is getting us in the newspapers," the waitress offered. "Dr. Coggins is a fine doctor, but she didn't need to eat with a nigger that way. She could have talked to her at the office. We had another public-health doctor here who once worked in Africa. He said there wasn't any difference in white and black folks except that one was black and one was white. He soon went back to Africa where he belonged."

"Was that all Dr. Coggins did? Just eat lunch?"

"She never did anything else as I heard about. But I guess you don't eat with niggers up in Atlanta, do you?"

"There are some places in Atlanta where Negroes and whites may eat

together, if you know the places," I said. "How's the editor, Mr. Merchant—is that his name? I read that he defended her in his weekly paper, and appeared at the hearing before the Madison county commissioners. Is he losing business?"

"There's plenty that thinks he won't be able to stay here now," she shrugged.

The waitress joined another behind the counter. "That lady's from Atlanta," I heard her whisper. "She said there are places in Atlanta where white and colored folks can eat together."

"No kidding?" The other woman's tone was incredulous.

At the office of the Madison *Enterprise-Recorder* I found T. C. Merchant, Jr., and his father, publishers and editors of the sixteen-



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page weekly. Job printing and an office-supply business had pushed the editorial work into a dusty corner of the small shop. No one ever looked less like a crusader than the affable, heavy-set younger Merchant. He pumped my hand and introduced me to the elder Merchant, whose sage manner and intelligent face reminded me of the late Irvin S. Cobb.

Father and son insisted they were not losing business because of the paper's stand. "We lost four subscriptions, but gained several more; and none of the big advertisers have canceled. However, you know a paper like ours really depends on about fifteen people in a town."

I RODE through Madison with the younger Merchant. The car radio was playing hill-billy music from a local station. A Western movie was showing at the local theatre. I thumbed the latest issue of the *Enterprise-Recorder*. I read that Hunter Kelly had been fined for possession of one gallon of moonshine whiskey. The Assembly of God was planning Sunday School "expansion month." Henry Dickinson was injured in a tractor accident. Merchant pointed out the school, the churches and the pretty new restaurant where the fateful luncheon had taken place the month before. "Dr. Coggins had cleared the plan with the owner, the manager and the waitresses," he said. "She and the Negro nurse came in the back door. They ate alone in a private dining room. They wanted to discuss the problem of securing midwives for Negro patients in the area, and Dr. Coggins had such a busy schedule that it seemed the best time to talk. That was all. The complaints and gossip began. A petition was circulated, asking Dr. Coggins to resign. She apologized, promised that it would not happen again, but that wasn't enough." He pulled some letters from his pocket. "These came today. Since the newspaper stories I have been getting lots of mail . . . and some crank phone calls, too. No one has burned a cross on my lawn yet," he smiled.

One letter was from a friend who had been in service with the forty-year-old Merchant. It commended him for his courage. One was un-

signed, and began: "You nigger-loving slob." One was from a minister in Philadelphia, asking: "I would like to know what help the churches gave you on the issue?"

"The church members and the ministers have been quiet," said Merchant. "Everyone is quiet. I have lived in this town all my life, except for the years in Harvard Business School and in service. I thought I knew this town and the people. I don't. The town is like some place I have never seen, and the people I grew up with are strangers. They are scared to death. What are they all afraid of? I don't know, and I can't make them tell me. Madison is a nice town. I can earn a good living here. Even if many of our best young people do leave for the cities, and even if the population is still 4,000 — the same as it was in 1890 — it's still a nice town. I love Madison. It is the only home I ever had. But I wonder if I belong any more?"

We drove down the street toward his home, a modern brick-and-glass building in a row of fine frame houses, some over 100 years old. Across the way was the modern home of Dr. Coggins and her doctor husband. The two homes looked too new, as though they belonged to another time that was pushing into the town.

"Her husband is a native of Madison," said Merchant. "Deborah is an independent, outspoken girl, and the best health officer we ever had. She's from Duke University and the University of Washington, but she has tried to adapt herself to our social mores. She does not belong to the NAACP, or advocate integration in the hospital or the school." The controversial Dr. Coggins is taking a refresher course in obstetrics and plans to go into private practice with her husband, the editor told me. "They intend to fight it out right here, and I know they will both have all the patients they can handle." Then he said:

"When I made my speech to the commissioners October 3 the five men sat there with their hands over their faces. They wouldn't look me in the eye. Then I went home, and the first thing I saw was our Negro maid feeding our four-month-old

girl. It went all over me! That was all right! No one would object to that. But I knew at that minute Deborah was being fired because she ate a business luncheon with a Negro. I've never thought much about such things. If I thought at all, it was the way Madison thinks, I guess. Until this came along. Now I remember the town ran a Negro barber out in the thirties because he was making too much money, and I remember there was a lynching in nearby Greenville only ten years ago. Who are these people I live with? I have to argue with my neighbors and my relatives. The society editor of my paper is against me. Of course, I know small towns. They forget quickly. Perhaps this will all blow over, but it has done something to me. . . ."

"You are needed here. Please don't leave," I begged as we said goodbye.

I DROVE away, out onto U.S. 90, where the world whirls through Madison en route from Jacksonville to Tallahassee. I passed the Colin Kelly monument with its winged figures of the Four Freedoms, and passed the two restaurants, one of which once served a Negro woman and a white woman together. I remembered the futile appeal young Merchant had made to the Madison county commissioners: "A physician greater than Deborah Coggins was once criticized for eating with tax collectors and sinners. I am not attempting to make any irreverent comparison, but I sincerely believe that if you fire this girl today you will be doing an evil and unjust act. It is not too late to call a halt to mob pressure and treat this girl with the consideration and respect with which you would want your own wife treated. The eyes of the world are on Madison today. It is up to you, and you alone, to show the world what Southern white men are like."

The five Southern white men voted to fire Dr. Coggins, but another man was seen by the world that day. He was a country editor, T. C. Merchant, Jr. Southern white men can be like that, too, I told myself as Madison, Florida, became a speck in my rear-view mirror.



# BOOKS and the ARTS

## Optimism of Winston Churchill

*THE NEW WORLD: Volume II of A History of the English-Speaking Peoples.* By Winston S. Churchill. Dodd, Mead. \$6.

By George Dangerfield

IN THE second volume of his *History of the English-Speaking Peoples*, Sir Winston Churchill gallops in a lively though not undignified manner through two centuries of English history, from the victory of Henry VII in 1485 to the flight of James II in 1688.

His title, *The New World*, does not refer particularly, as Americans might assume, to the Western Hemisphere, but to the new horizons which opened out for the English in these centuries. In this it may strike the reader as being somewhat misleading, since Churchill has stoutly purged this world of many of the things on which rest its claims to novelty. It is odd to read about an England in which, so far as the author is concerned, there appears to have been no drama, no poetry, no music, no philosophy and no science. (Or, for that matter—since this book is innocent of social history—no English-speaking peoples.) All this submerged culture Sir Winston represents, grandly though perhaps inadequately, by Hakluyt's *Voyages* and the King James Bible.

Churchill has a flair for historical narrative, and even for historical generalization; but his most characteristic discourse is that of a patriotic statesman, exhorting the past to put its best foot forward, scolding it paternally when it seems to falter. The response is at first half-hearted. Tudor England moved from the edge to somewhere near the center

of the world map, changed its faith officially four times, knocked out the Armada, and otherwise manifested an active disposition. But its subtleties and refinements of taste, its alternations of Machiavellian and bourgeois statesmanship, its intermingling of melancholy and joy, do not engage Sir Winston's imagination, or suit themselves to his forthright narrative, his wit and his Augustan rhetoric. He produces a collage of pageantry, anecdote and conventional interpretation, and lets it go at that.

WITH THE early Stuarts and the Civil War he is on far more congenial ground. The history of this period can be reduced to certain grand simplicities—the struggle between Roman Law and Common Law, Royal Prerogative and Act of Parliament, Laudian despotism and puritan theocracy. There was always a story-book quality to this passionate phase in the development of the English Constitution, and Churchill does it full justice in a resonant and exciting narrative. He has a tactful, one might almost say a cheery habit of giving good marks to both sides; for *The New World* has now become a Constitutional story book, a tale of emerging liberty, and all the participants, even the most wrong-headed and anti-libertarian of them, can be seen as somehow striving together towards a common beneficent end. That end is the supremacy of Parliament.

Not that Churchill is a determinist; no man, surely, has more faith in the existence and decisiveness of free choice. But he is an optimist where the growth of English liberties is concerned. The ultimate free choice, after the bloodiest struggles, the most cynical and corrupt reactions, is always the best choice. There is much to be said for this point of view, so long as it is not the whole point of view. Churchill's flir-

tation with historical inevitability is glowingly successful because he ignores or winks at the grosser material factors in the emergence of liberty. The Royal Prerogative, after all, was something more than an offense to the free conscience and the Common Law; it was also a threat to the security of property and a clog upon business enterprise. The disputes between the Presbyterians and the Independents and sectaries were not simply matters of doctrine or religious polity; they were disputes between men who wanted to manage the Crown in their own interests and men who were looking for a radical redistribution of property.

The redistributionists had no chance of success in the seventeenth century; and what little influence they might have had on the subsequent course of events was snuffed out by the Protectorate of Cromwell, who led them in battle and turned against them in peace. The point which Churchill fails to emphasize is that with the Protectorate and on until the Revolution of 1688 the emergence of liberty was accompanied by an absolute suppression of democracy. The cynical awfulness of Charles II's reign, the slimy convulsions which produced the Whig and Tory parties, are responsible for some of his most telling prose, but do not affect his buoyant optimism. True, the convulsions were slimy, but did they not produce an enduring monument in the Habeas Corpus Act? The flight of James II left Parliament in the grip of a landed and commercial aristocracy; but was not Parliament supreme at last? The book ends with a benediction on the dishonest and fugitive James—"he carried with him into lifelong exile an air of royalty and honor." Thus everything turns out for the best in a bad world. In a Constitutional story book one does not speculate on the possibility that things may sometimes turn out for the second-best, if that.

GEORGE DANGERFIELD is the author of *The Era of Good Feelings*, which won a Pulitzer Prize in 1953, *Victoria's Heir*, *The Strange Death of Liberal England* and other books.

# Small Books for Young Minds

By Marjorie Fischer

I CONSULTED several experts about teen-age books. The first expert said: (a) it is not a legitimate form; (b) don't use my name; (c) you'll get in trouble with the publishers; (d) we didn't have teen-age books, but we had Ethel M. Dell. For the benefit of those who came in late, Ethel M. Dell was a novelist who did not write for young girls.

Another expert reminded me that there were a few books for older girls even then: *Anne of Green Gables*, *A Girl of the Limberlost*, two series about two girls named Patty. About fifteen years ago the spate of these books began and has been going strong ever since. I am told that one of the most successful sold 85,000 copies; it is certain that many bring in solid rewards for all concerned. In the beginning, as we emerged from the Depression, just about every career for women was put into a story. The facts were as accurate as research could make them, but the speed with which these girls got on could scarcely have been more misleading.

Today, teen-age books are supposed to supply a "bridge"—I quote—between books for children and books for adults. In the Donnell Library, in New York, there is a children's book-room and a young people's book-room; the same teen-age books, with rare exceptions, are in both rooms, read by children aged ten to thirteen or fourteen or even older. In the young people's reading-room, 80 per cent of the titles are books written for adults.

MOST of this special category of teen-age books has a "young romance," bearing almost no resemblance to reality. In addition, they deal with special problems of growing girls or (very rarely) growing boys. The girls' problems are usually

MARJORIE FISCHER is the author of five books for children (not teen-agers) and a spy novel. She reviews children's books for the *New York Times*.

December 1, 1956

social: how to get along with boys, how to attract boys, how to live through being temporarily unpopular with boys because of overweight, shyness, the wrong clothes, setting, family income or maybe there just aren't any boys around for a while—until the happy ending: *Will you wear my class ring? Do you know what that means? It means we're going steady*; and the awkward, brief, anything but full-blown kiss.

I read a raft of teen-age books, or it seemed that way. And it was a fair sampling because many of them were one of a series, some of which have no perceptible reason for ever ending. One heroine had four children in a book that was seventh or eighth in a popular and seemingly endless list about the same lady. Maybe she has more children by now; her husband was not present between the first and last chapters, having been off fishing or suffering from TB in the meantime.

Indeed, the incidence of TB in fathers is high, and so is the early death of one parent before the book begins. Such forcible separations vanished long ago from the standard adult-novel formula, but here they are, still going strong. The explanation I was given for the removal of one parent from the marriage bed is that "it puts the girl on her own" and "leaves her to solve her own problem." But in real life the problem is often her situation in the family, and most families include two parents.

Perhaps it is no accident that in a legitimate-on-any-count book called *Fifteen*, by Beverley Cleary (Morrow Junior Books), Jane's parents are both present, active and in good health. The girl's speech has some relationship to our time and her generation. Jane comes home from her first date and thinks that she "had had a good time in a miserable sort of way." When Stan is operated upon for appendicitis, she wonders about sending him some "masculine flowers," and finally consults her mother, though she never agrees with any of

her advice. This book is amusing, conveys a sense of reality, and is written in a style which does not loosen the teeth.

Most teen-age books have no style whatever: they are stuck together with any old words and phrases interspersed with vulgarisms lifted from the prose of the "glittery" advertising copywriters. The best thing a girl can be is "glamorous"; the best thing that can happen to her is to have the right boy "intrigued" with her. "The girl [is] as attractive as any magazine advertisement." Her formals are described to the nines; a good thing, too, for character delineation is almost non-existent, and how else could the author stretch the story to novel length?

IN A teen-age book published in 1941, there were Negro servants who had spent their lives tending to the welfare of the family they served; they spoke a made-up and degrading dialect. A book published in 1953 contained an elaborate and illiterate attack on contemporary painting (including most painting for the past fifty years). Sometimes, as I struggled through these books, I marveled at how little one needed to write them, except perhaps energy. A tin ear is no hindrance—"his black tie smirked perkily"—nor are ignorance, superficiality nor lack of talent. William Bolitho said that fairy tales teach the child that the world is a beautiful but not a cozy place to live in; I think it would be fair to say that most of these books teach the opposite.

Now I am coming to another good novelist whose heroines are teen-age girls: Mary Stolz. I read three of her books and found a scrupulous honesty, credible situations, wit and the courage to write about, for instance, a young boy's shame at the thought of meeting his older sister when she returns from her honeymoon. The language is fresh, the observation original and concrete; no sawdust here.

In general, boys are better served, if only because there are almost no books which try to deal with their problems as adolescents. I read with pleasure *Banner in the Sky*, by James Ramsey Ullman (Lippin-



cott), an exciting and graphic story based on the first ascent of the Matterhorn. In *Big Red* (Holiday House), Jim Kjelgard writes of a wise and strong boy of sixteen who knows what he wants but will take less if he must, of a stubborn, loving father, a magnificent red setter and a harsh and beautiful wilderness. Books like these (and I must surely have missed some others) have a certain spaciousness to them; here are no anxious little two-by-four admonitions to conform, conform, conform.

Adolescence is the tough time when we grow up piecemeal and may come home from the library with *Hamlet*, Grimm's *Fairy Tales* and a teen-age book with a father flattened by TB. Not one of these will do any harm; all three may even help, in various ways. I know of only one teen-age classic, and that is *Huckleberry Finn*, and I agree with my first expert that teen-age books are not a legitimate form of fiction. Too much must be left out in order to fit the book into this category. Terrible and tragic situations, stories about children of divorced parents, about Negro children, about real poverty, are given the once-over lightly; the convention calls for such treatment.

JOHN TUNIS, one of the best writers for boys, told a friend of mine this story, and I make bold to repeat it here. One time Mr. Tunis had agreed to speak to a high school where all the students were Negroes. He sat looking out at the eager, bright, brushed and polished children while the principal introduced him. Then he got up to speak, and suddenly he thought of all that these kids must go through during their lives, and he could not get out one word. He turned his back, trying to steady himself, but when he faced the auditorium he still could not speak. The principal rose and put his hand on John Tunis's shoulder, and together they walked up the center aisle out of the auditorium. As they went, all the children rose and applauded.

It seemed to me, reading away, that sometimes the better part might have been silence, instead of all this rushing in.

## The Crime of Our Age

*COMPULSION.* By Meyer Levin. Simon and Schuster. \$5.00.

By Charles Shapiro

DURING three days of August 1924, the aged Clarence Darrow stood in an agitated courtroom in Chicago and addressed Judge Caverly. His speech, a plea to spare the lives of two youthful murderers, Richard Loeb and Nathan Leopold, Jr., has since been recognized as a masterpiece of pleading for the social outcast. Read today, it still is charged with drama, for Darrow was groping with a strange, new idea—that psychiatric testimony was valid in a court of law, that the criminal must be studied with the same thoroughness as the crime.

But this case is now history, and the immediacy of the thrills which the trial gave America can be recaptured only by scanning the newspapers of the day. Even more vividly than the lurid prose, the photographs bring it all back.\* In one we see the two millionaire murder-

\*The photographs referred to are from *The Amazing Crime and Trial of Leopold and Loeb*. By Maureen McKernan. Plymouth Press.

ers seated on a bench, watched over by a guard whose face reflects the disgust and high interest which must have been felt by most Americans. Above all, he is quite obviously enjoying himself. His prisoners appear remarkably composed. Leopold Jr., so short that his feet barely tip the floor, is heavy-eyed, brooding. He seems almost the archetype of that fabled race, the Jewish college intellectual with his books, his ugliness, and his proud misery. Loeb is tall, hair glistening, with a sharp, eager look. Today, on any campus, you would immediately place him as a fraternity boy, probably majoring in business administration.

Other snapshots help bring the case alive. Nathan Leopold, Sr. sits straight-backed in the courtroom. One of Loeb's college sweethearts, in the witness chair, is a John Held, Jr. caricature in a cloche hat, except for the dazed eyes.

But the most telling photograph is of Darrow, for in a real sense it was his trial. We see him, tired and shaggy, his finger pointed straight ahead over the seated crowd. It is the classic courtroom pose. We have the photographs, and now we have a novel.

## Campaign Note

We had expected a long siege, and when  
No later than the second day, we saw  
Their faces panic and their arms abandon  
The wall to our assault, we gasped in awe

At our own strength; nothing could stop us  
And we rushed them. Alas, it was no ruse, their defection:  
Their defense went down before us, we carried the place  
And the day, and the war, it seemed, without opposition.

Yes, they formed behind us, but weaponless, and their faces  
Were friendly, our savageries already  
Forgotten; they made us laugh with their fat ways;  
How could we affront them with formal victory?

Magnanimity was the new vice  
They taught us that day, and it was not  
The last. Their wives knew tricks, but sons they bore us  
Whose features were ours grown soft and legitimate.

One of the fierce but vanishing races  
Whom they have absorbed—we should have waited,  
ringed round them,  
Deadly and patient in our dug places,  
And built the big pieces, and slowly crushed them.

W. S. MERWIN

The NATION

Meyer Levin, in his fictional documentation of this case did well to include the entire Darrow oration. It becomes the high point of an unusual book, and serves both as a summary and a sermon on the murder that Levin believes was the crime of our century. As Levin puts it:

Certain crimes seem to epitomize the thinking of their era. Thus *Crime and Punishment* had to arise out of the feverish soul-searching of the Russia of Dostoevski's period, and *An American Tragedy* had to arise from the sociological thinking of Dreiser's time in America. In our time, the psychoanalytical point of view has come to the fore.

So Levin retells the Leopold and Loeb story to recapture a sickness that is part of our times; retells this tale of murder and depravity to teach us about ourselves.

THE story is fascinating—the meeting of the two brilliant boys, one obsessed by the daydream of being a slave to a handsome, muscled master, the other playing with fantasies in which he stars as a criminal mastermind. Each, by himself, was quite functionless; but together, as lovers and friends, they saw themselves as Nietzschean wonders on whom it was impossible to fasten moral guilt.

Levin, like his fictional counterpart in the novel, was an acquaintance of the murderers and covered the trial as a young college reporter. His intimate involvement with his story provides for both the power and the failure of *Compulsion*. In his autobiography (*In Search*) Levin recalls that, for him, the crime and trial, with their ramifications of homosexuality and their reflections on the Jewish community (many Chicago Jews privately expressed relief that the victim was not a gentile), was more than a study of an abstract experiment in morality:

The murder stood before me as a personal lesson in morality.... In a confused and awed way, and in the momentary fashionableness of "lust for experience," I felt that I understood them, that I, particularly, be-

ing a young intellectual Jew, had a kinship with them.

And Levin recalls the father of one of the boys, shaking his head, muttering "Why me? I didn't do anything. Why does it come on me? What did I do?"

Through flashbacks, and especially through the detailed psychiatric evidence presented in court, the theme of the novel, the question of responsibility, comes out. The almost an-

tithetical personalities of the defendants are probed, discussed and analyzed. The terms used are now common to college freshmen, but to 1924 America the evidence was new and revealing.

Taken individually, I suppose everyone in the room would have agreed there was no excuse for the crime. And yet, it was clear that what all hoped for was to hear an excuse, an explanation. This could only be, I



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RANDOM HOUSE, N. Y.

CHARLES SHAPIRO, a member of the Department of English at Wayne University, edited with Alfred Kazin *The Stature of Theodore Dreiser*.



suppose, a reflection of some guilt that is in all of us, a fear that in the deepest unknown of ourselves there exist capacities for doing what the boys had done. And from the psychiatrists, from the sages of our time, we hope for what? Reassurance?

Levin is careful to make clear that this new way of looking at criminals brought with it remarkable excesses and over-simplifications. However, from then on Americans would have to face the findings of psychoanalysis as an active part of their lives. It would no longer be easy to brand a criminal as innately evil, nor would the pat sociological explanation seem to cover all the cases. Most frightening of all, Americans began to see, in their children, in their own lives, the potentialities for turning into Leopolds and into Loebs. And if we too could be judged guilty, how guilty were the defendants?

The crime had other meanings. While the arguments against capital punishment were not born in this trial, Darrow's plea for the two boys, in essence a plea against the execution of any unfortunate, was printed in full in many newspapers. Melodramatic, overly poetic, it still remains one of the great humanitarian documents of a battle that continues to be waged.

Levin also sees the crime as one typical of our century by nature of its severe intellectuality and its shocking impersonality. "The Kessler [i.e. Franks] murder was the first to show us how the victim can be chosen at random."

CHOOSING the crime of our time does not mean that you have written the novel of our time. Levin has slapped together a strong indictment of our ignorance, our malice, our inhumanity; but he has done so in what is often painfully awkward, stumbling prose. And the book fails on several other counts. The first half, leading up to the trial, is spotty, utilizing kaleidoscopic flashbacks where a straight bit of chronological reporting would have served. And as Dreiser often failed when he tried to recreate society talk, so Levin's characters are often stiff caricatures, talking like automatic dispensers of jazz age jargon.

The pseudo-documentary methods

used have their drawbacks, leading to such passages as: "Going home, Artie was half potted. Judd still felt querulous; the post-coital compound of disgust and remorse was on him, and with it some dreadful unidentifiable anticipation."

The book abounds with examples of annoying kindergarten popularization. "Judd would surrender himself to his excitement, at the same time cursing the terrible need that nature had forced upon an intelligent being, the tormenting, relentless sex need." Or "It is the sex urge that is causing him to endow his reactions with aesthetic value." And "then, when he was nine, Artie's little brother Billy was born. Today we all are aware of the intense difficulty this can make for a child at about this age, though surely not everyone who has a baby brother at nine turns out to be a murderer."

Despite its crudities and its sophomoric air of wisdom, *Compulsion* is a significant and moving work. For, as one of the driven sufferers in *Crime and Punishment* puts it, "though we do talk a lot of trash, and I do too, yet we shall talk our way to the truth at last." In his concern for his story, and in his understanding of the importance of the crime and the trial, Levin is writing his way to the truth. He has given us an important novel.

## Lost Man

GIOVANNI'S ROOM. By James Baldwin. The Dial Press. \$3.00.

By Nelson Algren

WEARIED of riding joyless seas of alcohol, of wandering through forests of desperate women, plagued by an ennui with a meaning he did not dare divine, David, an American of thirty, goes abroad to find himself; and becomes engaged to a girl named Hella.

While awaiting her return from Spain he feels himself horror-struck, yet strangely drawn, by an image walking through a bar's dull light:

Someone I had never seen before came out of the shadows toward me. It looked like a mummy or a zombie —this was the first, overwhelming impression—of something walking

after it had been put to death. And it walked, really, like someone who might be sleepwalking or like those figures in slow motion one sometimes sees on the screen. It carried a glass, it walked on its toes, the flat hips moved with a dead, horrifying lasciviousness. It seemed to make no sound; this was due to the roar of the bar, which was like the roaring of the sea heard at night, from far away. It glittered in the light; the thin, black hair was violent with oil, combed forward, hanging in bangs; the eyelids gleamed with mascara, the mouth ragged with lipstick. The face was white with some kind of foundation cream; it stank of powder and a gardenia-like perfume. . . .

An image of himself from which he had been in flight all his life, the American had found himself at last.

And though he battles the terrifying change in himself by going with a woman of the streets, the American loses the battle. When his fiancée returns, the death of love sets in:

Her underclothes, drying in the bathroom, which I had often thought of as smelling rather improbably sweet . . . now began to seem unclean. A body which had to be covered with such catty-cornered bits of stuff began to seem grotesque. . . .

His fingers involuntarily losing their hold on the girl, the American feels himself dangling from a high place, as if he had been clinging to her for his very life. As his fingers slip he feels the roaring air beneath him and everything in him contracting, crawling furiously upward against that long fall.

"Viens" says Giovanni.

And when David tells the boy they cannot live together because he, the American, is in love with a woman, the boy replies, "You do not love anyone. You love only your purity. You want to be clean."

This novel is more than another report on homosexuality. It is the story of a man who could not make up his mind. One who could not say Yes to life. It is a glimpse into the special Hell of Genet, told with a driving intensity, its horror sustained all the way.

NELSON ALGREN is the author of *The Man With the Golden Arm* and *A Walk on the Wild Side*.



# THEATRE

## Harold Clurman

*AUNTIE MAME* (Broadhurst Theatre) by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee, based on the novel by Patrick Dennis, is a series of blackouts or revue sketches in the spirit of *New Yorker* cartoons. It deals with an eccentric lady whose dizzy and slightly dazzling career is of little usefulness except for the amusing anecdotes her personality provides. Several of these sketches are funny and the show as a whole—with ingenious sets by Oliver Smith—is well produced, most of the casting being highly expert in its choice of types. I liked best Peggy Cass as a daffy secretary named Gooch and Joyce as a blonde pain-in-the-neck from Darien, Conn.

I found myself somewhat fatigued and depressed after the pummeling of so many gags, even though some were good. I have the impression, when a company of friends spend all their time telling one another jokes, that they have nothing to say to one another. The same is true of a show: this is comedy with a hole in it—where a head or a heart ought to be. *Auntie Mame* is held together by that expert, swanky comedienne and nice girl, Rosalind Russell.

I WAS interested and entertained by Rodney Ackland's adaptation of a play—*Diary of a Scoundrel*—by Alexander Ostrovsky—"father" of the Russian drama (1823-88). Such plays are very difficult for Americans: their combination of Slavic folksiness à la Gogol with touches of Molière and Balzac are remote in style and point of view from our playgoing public, and particularly from our reviewers.

Considering the hazards, the Phoenix Theatre production, directed by Alan Cooke, was remarkably good. The entire cast—and particularly Mike Kellin—managed very well the broad, highly colored strokes needed for such comedy.

It seems that the first night audience at Terence Rattigan's *The Sleeping Prince* (Coronet) froze with the kind of special snobbishness

which afflicts lowbrows when they are in the mood to be highbrows. They not only refrained from laughter, they behaved as if their common diet was Congreve, Wycherly, Shaw, Sheridan and Maugham. This harrowed the actors—with results which can be imagined.

*The Sleeping Prince* is a sort of charlotte russe comedy about royalty of a bygone era—I'm sorry I wasn't there—and a chorus girl from the jolly Broadway of 1910. It is certainly inconsequential and at its worst need arouse no one's indignation. I found a good deal of it pleasant and some of it witty. The physical production is not all it might be, and the casting is spotty. Michael Redgrave tends to strain (partly perhaps because of his dual responsibility as director-star) but there is much character sense to be admired in his performance. Barbara Bel Geddes is darling as the chorus girl, though she still has to learn how to employ her endowments to characterize beyond herself. Cathleen Nesbitt as a Grand Duchess has the most deftly written part, and plays it with canny assurance.

THE best acting of the season was offered by the cast (Luther Adler, Sylvia Sidney, Jack Warden, Jack Klugman, Will Kuluva, Carl Low) of *A Very Special Baby*—done to death after five performances by negligent reviews. The play by Robert Allan Aurthur (his first) was a rather primitive but respectably honest piece of realism about the effect of a selfish father on his Italian family. I am not much interested in such plays nowadays—for I seek poetry, ideas, theatrical vivacity from my drama—but in this instance I was held by the force, simple truth and palpable humanity of this company's playing under Martin Ritt's sound direction. Elia Kazan's name was mentioned in connection with Mr. Ritt's direction because the actors sometimes raised their voices and were intense. This sort of off-hand comment is irrelevant: one might

point out that people even outside of Italian (or Jewish) families have been known to raise their voices and become intense at critical moments of their lives. What I should like to add is that not only many contemporary American plays require such treatment as Mr. Ritt's company gave *A Very Special Baby*, but that elements of such acting might also benefit many a production of Shakespeare. The stage is not a drawing room.

Perhaps it will be no surprise to you, if you know Al Capp's *L'il Abner*, that its characters bear such names as Moonbeam McSwine, Earthquake McGoon, and Appassionata von Climax, or that they are to be found in the town of Dogpatch, U.S.A. A goofy musical has been made of it (St. James Theatre) with

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a book by Norman Panama and Melvin Frank and lyrics by Johnny Mercer.

It is a paean in praise of backwardness, idleness and general no-accountism. But its distinguishing feature is frenetic energy. As I watched the amazing people who dance, sing, crawl, fly and jump in it, I thought how an English or a French audience would react to it. They

would greet it with horrified delight. For it seems that with the energy expended in this show one might build a brave new world overnight. It is almost a pity to waste such whirling power on a mere show.

But it is a good show. Its hero is the dervish Michael Kidd who choreographed and directed it. Everyone is infected by his galvanic humor and contributes to the fun.

## TELEVISION

Anne W. Langman

WHEN a social scientist of the future examines the American scene of today, one of the reflections of us that will come under his scrutiny will be our television programs. And as he fits together the crazy quilt of mad money quiz shows, Elvis, super-spectaculars, Omnibus, news commentators and the rest of it, we will rise from our celluloid ashes to amaze him. For television does reflect us to a certain extent. It does not reflect our most advanced tastes or interests, but it is a measure of what concerns and interests most Americans. Planned many, many months in advance, TV programs are not idiosyncracies of the moment, but staples of our life.

When in the course of one week, two important CBS documentaries devote themselves to our preparations for atomic warfare, they indicate a trend of thought which is now taken for granted.

This is air power in the sixth decade of the twentieth century. Air power—the greatest threat to the civilized world. Air power—the guardian of the peace, and one of the greatest hopes of mankind.

The Nautilus is not simply another new submarine . . . she's a new weapon, and she may have just as profound an effect on naval tactics and strategy as the airplane has had on war.

Thus the power of the atomic age was argued in the opening show of the 26-part *Air Power*, and in *See It Now's* "Revolution in the Navy" which will be concluded in a second show in January. Both were important factual television that revealed

socio-political facts about us; both carried a heightened wallop, coming as they did in the midst of the Middle East crisis which made the possibility of the war they described seem so close.

"The Day North America is Attacked," *Air Power's* premiere, showed what would happen at the Continental Air Defense Command in case of a nuclear assault on this continent. Although reminiscent of Orson Welles' historic attention-getter, it was an effective exposition of how the air force works. I cannot judge how good or bad it showed our defenses to be; I do know that there seemed to be an inordinate amount of telephoning back and forth, complicated conversations, from echelon to echelon, in military gobbledey-gook—"Suntan angel over," "Roger over," etc. The top brass airmen were painfully subject to camera terror, but this is no doubt irrelevant to their performance in a shooting war. I have seen previews of some of the ensuing installments of the series in which it gets down to the business of telling the story of flight and twentieth century man. The premise is that what happens in the sky reflects the ground below. The airplane is, in effect, the narrator and the 20th century the subject. Such chapters as "Fools, Daredevils and Geniuses" and "The 1930s," to come later this month, seem contrived and stiff in their effort to support the thesis with shots of stunt pilots interspersed with dance marathons, baling-wire planes with flagpole sitters.

The best part of the series is the hard core films such as tomorrow's (Sunday) "Pearl Harbor," next Sunday's "The Battle of Britain" and the remarkable "Ploesti" which shows the costly errors of attack and the ultimate destruction of this single richest target in Europe. It is not hard to understand why talented young producer Perry Wolf sugar-coated his story; he was faced with weaning his audience away from the soporific pleasantries of Sunday night TV. But I think he would have done better to discard his rather fancy theme and gamble on the ability of the American mind to absorb his top-flight picture story without the diluting frills.

PERHAPS that is just the reason why *See It Now* is invariably enlightening and in this instance a brilliant picture essay. Producers Murrow and Friendly are not much for dressing up a story; their skill is in editing their material down to its essence, assuming that the viewer is entitled to dignified and decent journalism. Where *Air Power* does not quite dare to trust the basic goods to carry the series unsupported, *See It Now* always does and as a result is by far the most effective news show on TV. In "Revolution in the Navy," Murrow and Friendly have chosen a subject which holds much interest for a public whose money is buying the fantastic new tools of war, a gadget-minded public which would in any case be intensely curious about atomic wizardry. Within the limits of security, the show submits the Navy to the same skillful examination that it has given to many subjects. The report was electronic journalism at its highest level.

A penetrating Murrow interview with Admiral Hyman Rickover recalled the memorable one with J. Robert Oppenheimer. Far from the fruitless palaver of *Person to Person*, Murrow, in the setting of *See It Now* and with the guidance of Fred Friendly, has found ways to reveal the deep passion of a man's mind and at the same time let us know something of the kind of person he is. Unsmiling, hard-hitting, direct and thoughtful, the Admiral, who is

## 260 Years in Prison and \$130,000 in Fines

# For Opposing the Korean War

FROM 1945 to 1953 John W. Powell, an American newspaperman edited the *China Monthly Review*, which his distinguished father had helped establish in Shanghai 37 years before.

He was assisted by his wife, Sylvia Powell and by Julian Schuman. The magazine ceased publication in 1953 and the Powells and Schuman returned to the United States. Since then they have been harassed by government agencies and called before the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee. Pressure on the Justice Department was applied publicly by senators Jenner and Welker who demanded their prosecution. In April all three were indicted under the World War I "sedition" act.

Passed by Congress to silence *written and spoken criticism* of the First World War, this statute has been consistently opposed by the American Civil Liberties Union and other groups concerned with safeguarding our Constitutional freedoms.



THE *China Monthly Review* did not approve of the Korean conflict. (Neither did millions of other Americans.) The *Review* sought the most reliable news it could find, published it in good faith.

The *Review* stated that it believed the United States Government responsible for serious misconduct in Korea, thereby causing the needless deaths of thousands of Americans and Koreans. It published detailed charges on the use of bacteriological warfare and editorialized on them. It warned that unless there was a change in U. S. policy, America's good name in Asia would be blackened for years to come.

In the 13 counts against Powell under this highly penal statute, 10 charge that he knowingly published false material to interfere with the military effort in Korea. However, two of the counts do not make truth an issue but state, in effect, that publication of the material, whether true or false, would tend to hinder military efforts. One charge is that the *Review* said the Chiang Kai-shek government was "corrupt." An over-all conspiracy count accuses the Powells and Schuman with "conspiring" to commit all the offenses charged against Powell.

No acts are charged, other than publishing and circulating a magazine. No statements are charged, other than those published in the magazine. No military secrets are involved. The publication dealt only with topics upon which the public should be fully informed—material which was widely published in other countries.



THE STATEMENTS at issue cover a three-year historical period in world events in which charges and counter-charges were made in a heated way on both sides. In effect a period of history is on trial. The true facts about Korea may not be known for generations to come. Is a jury a competent body to give at this time a historical judgment?

This is a dangerous extension of the war-time sedition law for this is its first application to an undeclared war. The Department of Justice maintains that the statute is in effect whenever the United States is at war and the term "at war," it is argued, covers "all situations where the United States is actually involved in armed conflict. . . ."

If this interpretation is allowed to stand, *any* American who disapproves of the use of U. S. troops *anywhere in the world* and expresses his disapproval in a way which *may be construed* as "undermining morale," is liable to prosecution! You keep your opinions to yourself—or you face 260 years in prison and \$130,000 in fines, like John Powell.

If you believe in responsible journalism and the right to publish any honestly-held opinion, you must support the Powells and Julian Schuman—*They need your help*. You do not need to agree with their views. But they hope you will agree that they have a right to hold and express their own, independently arrived at opinions. This, they believe, is an American birthright.

Send your contribution today to the Powell-Schuman Defense Fund,  
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known as the father of the atomic navy, dealt with the significance of the new tools of war. Quite unexpectedly to those of us who did not know him, he came up with one of the most forceful statements I have heard about the importance of education in a society where "... for the first time in history, man holds in his own hands the possibility of changing his environment. He's attempting to do God's work and God help us if he does not do it wisely." The tour of the atomic-powered submarine "Nautilus" made Rickover's talk even more vivid, as did a breath-taking sequence of the sub "Barbaro," surfacing in less than a minute and releasing the guided missile Regulus.

Television is respected when it has the integrity of a *See It Now*; respected not only by the viewers but by the network which has long championed it, and by sponsors who have had the intelligence to demonstrate their sponsorship in the best sense of the word. Shulton Inc., toiletries manufacturers—hardly a dramatic subject—had the vision to buy *See It Now*. Pan-American Airways have bought it for 1957. The National Education Association has announced a new plan whereby classroom guides will be distributed in schools throughout the country for direction in discussing *See It Now* programs viewed at home. With such examples of good sense, TV and the public take a step ahead.

great singing: it hears Steber, Bjoerling, de los Angeles, Valletti.

The Vienna State Opera performance of *Così fan Tutte* on London XLLA-32 has excellent singing by Della Casa, Christa Ludwig, Loose, Dermota, Kunz and Schoeffler with the orchestra and chorus under Karl Boehm. But for every good singer in this performance last year's Angel recording offered an even better one—Schwarzkopf for Della Casa, Merriam for Ludwig, Lisa Otto for Loose, Simoneau for Dermota, Panerai for Kunz, Bruscantini for Schoeffler. Moreover, the Angel cast sings not only with more tonal beauty but with greater refinement of style; the Angel records reproduce the ear-ravishing vocal and instrumental textures with greater clarity and without the distortion of vocal sound that occurs a few times in the London recording; von Karajan's conducting gives the Angel performance more animation and grace; and this performance omits only Ferrando's aria "*Ah, lo veggio*," whereas the London omits two additional arias and cuts a number of other arias and ensembles.

In the *Don Pasquale* on Epic SC-6016 Bruna Rizzoli's soprano voice is unpleasantly sharp-edged and shrill; Valdengo's baritone has little of its former beauty; Capecechi's bass is more agreeable but constricted; and the one good voice of the performance is Munteanu's light tenor, which he uses with admirable phrasing and style. Molinari-Pradelli conducts the orchestra and chorus of Naples' San Carlo Theatre.

On Victor LM-6047 are two of Strauss's best pieces of operatic writing, the finale of *Salome* and the scene of *Elektra* and Orestes from *Elektra*, with two additional excerpts from *Elektra*, in which I still hear only prodigious technical mastery going through the motions, but not achieving the reality, of creation. The performances offer superb singing by the soprano Inge Borkh and, in the *Elektra* excerpts, good singing by Schoeffler but tremulous shrieking by Yeend, with powerful orchestral contexts provided by Reiner with the Chicago Symphony. On the fourth side is the orchestral suite from *Le Bourgeois gentilhomme*.

## MUSIC

### B. H. Haggin

THE much-written-about Maria Callas has made her first appearances at the Metropolitan, exhibiting a voice that has lost most of what caused so much to be written about her. The recordings of the last couple of years have documented the deterioration in that remarkable voice; and by now its original bloom and loveliness are gone, it has a bad wobble, and as often as not it produces a climactic high note off pitch. That is what one heard during much of the Metropolitan's third performance of *Norma*; but in an occasional quiet phrase employing its lower range the voice approximated its former beauty. And all the singing, whether agreeable or not in quality of sound, still exhibited Callas' unfailing sense and concern for continuity and shape of the musical phrase, which at times was very exciting.

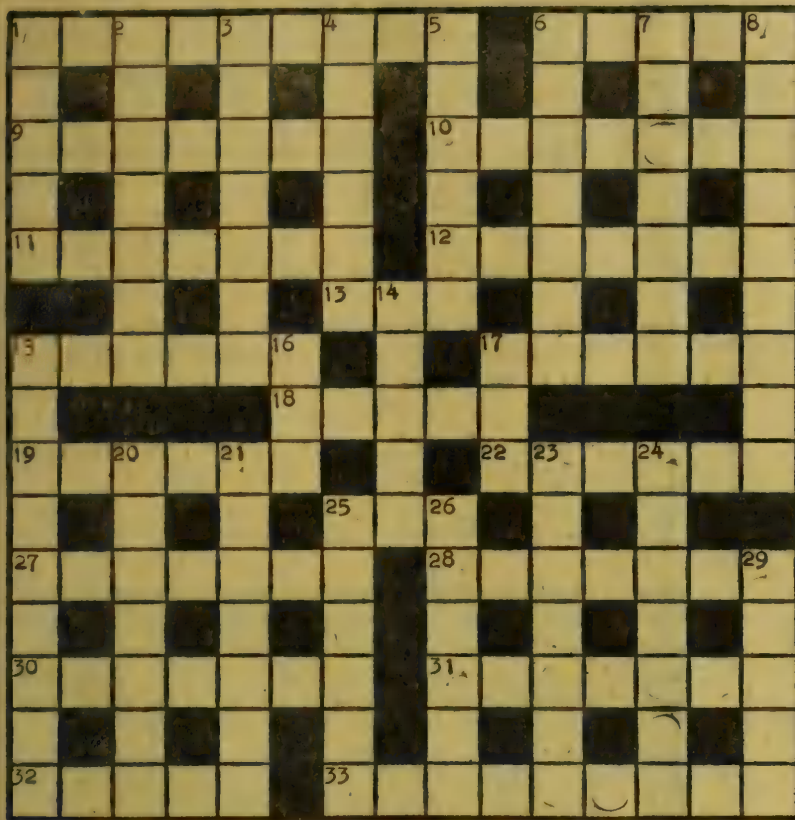
IN THE Metropolitan her singing did not project the compelling power that it does at microphone-range on records. Nor did she, on the stage, radiate any of the force of personal presence or dramatic projection that her carefully studied poses and movements were evidently meant to convey. They were meant also to

make the performance a *prima-donna-assoluta-grand-style* operation; and in this too they failed. All this was bad enough; but what was appalling was the audience's response to it: the same storms of applause, the same cheers and yells as for the successful operation of a Melba, a Lehmann, a Flagstad.

NOR DID this happen only with Callas. In the *Norma* performance one heard also the frayed, rough, coarse bass of Siepi, the unpleasantly rasping tenor of Del Monaco, the contralto of Barbieri, beautiful in quality, but shattered a good deal of the time by tremolo; and each elicited the storm of applause, the cheers and yells. We have, then, not only a deterioration in performance, but a deterioration in public taste that is to some extent responsible for it: not only does the Metropolitan offer performances with singers some of whom would not have appeared on its stage forty years ago, but it does so because, for one thing, the public goes into frenzies over a Del Monaco or a Harshaw today as it did over Caruso and Destinn forty years ago. Nor does the public behave in this way because it isn't acquainted with beautiful voices and

# Crossword Puzzle No. 700

By FRANK W. LEWIS



## ACROSS:

- 1 They control the direction of the shell. (9)
- 6 Relating to the third degree. (5)
- 9 A German diet consists of ground game. (7)
- 10 A piratical body might have hung around here. (7)
- 11 The sort of head-gear, apart from other things, found on the River Shannon. (7)
- 12 Noxious. (7)
- 13 Yield under pressure to a tale without a tail. (3)
- 15 You might find it nice and prompt. (6)
- 17 It has lens-shaped seeds. (6)
- 18 and 22 Such an engine might serve as a safety precaution for the hot-tempered. (5-2-4)
- 19 What might be stuck in the shelter is descriptive of 17 across. (6)
- 22 See 18 across.
- 25 Might be an eye-sore in more than one way. (3)
- 27 What a dog might do with a bird. (7)
- 28 Set forth. (7)
- 30 Just as much, and no more. (7)
- 31 Sending news, perhaps, that the royal family is about to get sick. (7)
- 32 Emblems of Wales sound as though they wouldn't be welcome in the boat. (5)

- 33 It's more rational to return to money, when reproduced. (9)

## DOWN:

- 1 Would Alice be Johnson's sort of girl? (5)
- 2 Yellowish. (7)
- 3 See 4 down.
- 4, 3, and 5 down Obviously the dumb thing leaves us like this. (2, 4, 7, 6)
- 5 See 4 down.
- 6 The running type is coming up in the bend. (7)
- 7 Confirm the listener in the contest. (4, 3)
- 8 Driven. (9)
- 14 To hand out arbitrarily. (5)
- 15 Unemployed big shot? (4, 5)
- 16 She might introduce an important occasion. (3)
- 17 A wreath of Romanian money. (3)
- 20 The jokester's guide to restrictive legislation? (3, 4)
- 21 Shown by some as lesions. (7)
- 23 Found in rings at times, but purely relative in sleep. (7)
- 24 Pimpernel has been so described. (7)
- 25 He might do away with one in relays. (6)
- 26 The old sign of attendants. (6)
- 29 One or two, for example, commonly understand it. (5)

(See solution to last week's puzzle at right)

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# ***RUSSIA'S BASIC STRATEGY***

**Facts Versus Illusions**

*by John Plamenatz*

## **German Youth Defies the Draft**

*by John R. Dornberg*

**The Most Valuable Men in the World**

*by David Cort*



# LETTERS

## They Planned It That Way

Dear Sirs: John Schneider's article, Biggest Flop in Show Biz, in your November 24 issue, seems to have missed the whole point of the Republican campaign. The GOP did not inadvertently omit to tie the rest of their line in with their showcase item, Mr. Eisenhower. Quite the contrary! They employed some high-priced psychologists who on the basis of a survey determined that of the people who voted for Eisenhower in 1952, 12 per cent did so because they believed he was independent and not a traditional Republican. It was on the basis of this study that the GOP master minds kept Eisenhower dissociated from the rest of the line—and succeeded overwhelmingly.

In retrospect, of course, they wished they had tied the line in, because the President's personal victory was large enough to have withstood whatever losses might have been incurred in trying to sell the party as well as the candidate.

HARVEY S. PROUST

New York City

## Norman Mailer and The "Village Voice"

Dear Sirs: Writing on Beckett in the November 10 issue of *The Nation*, Herbert Gold stated that Norman Mailer was "fired" by the *Village Voice* for what he wrote about *Godot*. Mr. Mailer was not fired for anything he wrote about *Godot* or for anything else. He discontinued his columns of his own volition for reasons clearly indicated by him at the time.

Furthermore, what Mr. Gold called Norman Mailer's "last despairing say on the subject" was not in any sense despairing, but was one of the few examples of genuinely significant criticism to come out of this critic-ridden milieu in many a day.

DANIEL WOLF

Editor, *The Village Voice*

New York City

Dear Sirs: If the word "fired" was too strong, I apologize. At the time it was clearly indicated in the pages of the *Village Voice* that Mr. Mailer was disturbed because he could not continue to speak his mind uninhibitedly and that the publishers believed that his column was out of place in the newspaper. Therefore their mutual farewells had the tone of an honorable discharge under pressure (perhaps this is a better phrase than "fired").

The phrase "last despairing say on the subject" meant no harm to Norman Mailer, who is a questing, curious, lively—that is, serious—novelist. Some subjects deserve despair and the emotion of despair is not at all a confession of failure when sufficiently justified.

HERBERT GOLD

New York City

## Statesmanship in Suez

Dear Sirs: In your editorial of November 24, you praise the wisdom of the President in respect to the Suez crisis. I agree that bringing the issue before the U.N. is in itself laudable; however, whether the decisions of that body are right is, to say the least, questionable. This issue can be settled, I am sure, if all sides agree to talk about it frankly. The issue is neither one of minorities nor of aggression, but surely of oil, of which nobody speaks. We will soon see whether it was right to force Britain and France to retract their steps.

Certainly it was wrong to invade; but what was the alternative? "We cannot subscribe in one world to one law for the weak," etc., says the President. But that is exactly what we are doing. If the President, a few days before Israel invaded Egypt, had included in his warning to the former a guarantee that the United States would act promptly through the U.N. to consider the complaints against Egypt, he would have acted with "wise statesmanship." Instead, he waited and "saw."

As to Hungary, how can that situation be compared? After all, it is a question of a foreign power suppressing the voice of the people. Nobody can believe that the uprising without leaders, without proper arms, was an intrigue from the outside. The length of the resistance, the fact that the general strike is still not settled, seems to indicate that the people want a change and certainly did not "invite" the Russians back. That matter should have had first call before the U.N.; the "wait and see" was pure hypocrisy. I cannot help recall, when reading the statement of the President concerning what he now calls "open rebellion," his statements during his 1952 campaign, which were in fact an invitation to just such rebellion.

The cynicism and hypocrisy practiced by all the great powers and the complete disregard for the weak, unless they serve in one way or another the interests of one of the big fellows, is something I would expect *The Nation* to uncover and fight with all its "guns."

WERNER LANDSHOFF

New York City

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## Editorials

### End of "The Lines"

For more years than one cares to count, opinion leaders have been saying that the time was close at hand for a thoroughgoing debate on American foreign policy. In the wake of each succeeding crisis, we have been assured that, at long last, the stage was being set for "the great debate." For the last four years the need for reappraisal has been voiced with mounting insistence and the intervals between the promises that a debate was about to start have shortened. But each time circumstances have conspired to prevent fulfillment.

The great novelty of the present situation is that momentous events in the Middle East and Eastern Europe have precipitated not the promise, but the debate itself. Events have moved so swiftly, opinion has divided with such sharpness, that there has been little time or inclination to invoke the admonition "politics stops at the water's edge" to cut off debate. As one might expect, this unplanned debate, catching the participants off guard, has resulted in some strange alignments. Ideological positions that seemed firmly established have been violently uprooted. Vested interests in pat slogans and catch phrases have been destroyed overnight. People are almost afraid to look about for fear of discovering that their new political bedfellows are too unpleasant to tolerate. Liberal critics of the Administration's policy on Suez find themselves aligned with the most implacable of British Tories. French "Socialists," such as Mollet and Pineau, are stoutly supported by the most reactionary sections of French opinion as well as by numerous spokesmen for a "liberal" American foreign policy. The key decisions of a "big business" Republican Administration are greeted with wild enthusiasm by the Left Wing of the British Labor Party; British pacifist publications write editorials under such captions as "Thank God for America!"

For some time now, spokesmen for "the radical right" and "the new conservatism" have been amusing themselves with much talk about "the liberal line," the implication being that American liberals are mostly disguised authoritarians who slavishly adhere to a "line" which is propounded for them by a small group of pundits, theologians and former "high officials" of the State Department. But if there is any single "line" being followed by liberals in the current debate, it has

escaped our attention. Yesterday's "peacemongers" have become "warmongers," "anti-colonialists" and "anti-imperialists" have become champions of the British Foreign Office, neutrals have emerged as interventionists, and strong advocates of collective security are being tagged as "appeasers." Newspapers which in 1952 clamored long and loud for the election of "a great military leader" who would keep us out of war are now distressed because he has kept us out of war. On the other hand, newspapers that argued editorially that the election of General Eisenhower would do violence to the American tradition of isolating military from civilian power, are now complaining that the President does not place sufficient reliance on the military.

We are being told simultaneously that the Administration should adopt a policy, that the country must close ranks, that the Western Alliance must be preserved at all costs; in short, that a new "official" line must be laid down firmly and quickly, otherwise most of the ideological positions of the cold-war period will have to be marked down for clearance or discarded. In this "other-directed" society, it is important that every one knows just what every one else is thinking and, by inference, it is unfair for groups to "change sides" or abandon "lines."

But the disarray and confusion that has accompanied the first phases of our adjustment to a new situation is a small price to pay for the benefits which could accrue from a free, open, unrestricted debate on foreign policy in which, for the first time in a decade, it has become almost impossible to smear the critics of "official" policy as neo-Communists or fellow-travellers. Already the debate has swept beyond the point at which name-calling substitutes for argument; indeed, we now face the almost intolerable necessity of having to think for ourselves about a new set of facts. We have reached, for the time being at least, the end of "the lines."

### From Manifesto to Declaration

Six Senate liberals have issued a self-styled "Democratic Declaration of 1957" as the first major move in a campaign to reconstruct and rehabilitate the Democratic Party. The sixteen-point legislative program it outlines will not quicken many pulsebeats; it is largely based on the platform adopted last summer at Chicago.



And, standing by itself, the proposal to amend Rule XXII to make it possible for a majority to limit debate is hardly revolutionary; a similar proposal was advanced in 1953 and defeated by a vote of 70 to 21.

Nevertheless, the Declaration is an important document. It should be read as a rejoinder to the Dixiecrat Manifesto issued on March 11. The Manifesto was signed by ninety-six members of Congress, including nineteen Senators; all of the Southern Senators signed with the exception of Lyndon Johnson. At the time, with conventions and a Presidential election in the offing, the liberals decided to ignore the provocative document. The current Declaration is not only a belated reply to it, but also a vote of "no confidence" in the leadership of Senator Johnson. Only a few liberal Senators, as individuals, rose to challenge the Manifesto; but the Declaration may command the support of twenty-five Democrats in the Senate. Moreover, eleven members of the Democratic Executive Committee, including such well-entrenched party leaders as Paul Ziffren of California, Mayor David Lawrence of Pittsburgh and Colonel Jacob M. Arvey of Chicago, by unanimous action in secret session, have instructed the national chairman to establish a high-level advisory board to shape legislative proposals—in itself a slap at the Congressional leadership.

IN ADDITION, the proposal to amend the rules is a direct challenge to the Republican-Dixiecrat coalition. The proposal will be put forward at the start of the new Congress, and Vice President Nixon will have to rule whether Rule XXII applies to the motion itself. But his ruling can be appealed to the Senate membership, which can uphold or reject it by majority vote. The question, therefore, is: how many Republicans are likely to join with the liberal Democrats in support of the proposal? Senators Ives, Case and Kuchel have already announced their support, but only strong prodding by the President is likely to bring other moderate Republicans into line. And the President's attitude may well hinge on which party finally organizes the Senate. Should the Democrats retain control, the Administration may feel that it has more to gain by appeasing the Dixiecrats, who chair the key committees, than by forcing a split in the Democratic Party and thereby improving GOP chances for the Negro vote in 1960.

But circumstances may yet occur which would place the Republicans in control of the Senate on January 3. It would be a good thing, in our view, if this did happen. For one thing, the Dixiecrats would be barred from the chairmanships of the key committees. A GOP-organized Senate, moreover, would be more likely to amend Rule XXII, since the Republicans would not want to be held responsible for failure to support a move making possible the enactment of civil-rights legislation. Adoption of the amendment would endanger the Republican-Dixiecrat coalition, which has

always been based on the ability of leaders such as the late Senator Taft to keep the Republicans in line on precisely this issue.

## The Dynamite Was Fear

A few days before the Supreme Court handed down its decision in the desegregation cases on May 17, 1954, Carl and Anne Braden transferred title to a residence in a predominantly white neighborhood in Louisville to a Negro for whom they had acted in making the purchase (see: Louisville's Braden Case, by Walter Millis, *The Nation*, May 7, 1955). On May 15, rocks were thrown through the window of the house, shots were fired and a fiery cross was burned. On June 27, a blast of dynamite demolished part of the house. The Bradens and four other persons were then charged with violating Kentucky's sedition statute and, subsequently, additional indictments of much the same type were secured. The theory of the prosecution seemed to be that since Braden possessed a library which contained some Marxist material, and since he was never at any pains to conceal his views about racial discrimination, his real motive in acting as a dummy in the transfer of title must have been to foment enough strife to overthrow the Commonwealth of Kentucky. However implausible, the theory sufficed to convince a jury and, in December, 1954, Braden was sentenced to fifteen years in prison and fined \$5,000. But this summer the Kentucky Court of Appeals set aside the conviction and, more recently, the remaining charges have been dismissed.

This fall, of course, the schools of Louisville and Jefferson County were desegregated with scarcely a ripple of protest; the community and its school officials won national acclaim for the skill with which the transition was effected. In retrospect it should be clear to all concerned that the Bradens were more or less accidental victims of a spasm of apprehension which had seized the community in the wake of the Supreme Court's decision. Fear of social change, not seditious thoughts acquired from the reading of seditious documents, provided the dynamite in the Braden case.

## Crime and Punishment

Orville Cupp is a twenty-year-old Air Force enlisted man who became a Jehovah's Witness after eighteen months in the service and refused to continue as a gunnery trainer due to religious conviction. That was his crime. His punishment is a court-martial, dishonorable discharge and a sentence of five and a half years in prison.

Our country and its politicians talk mightily of God and Freedom, but when it comes down to cases, both concepts can give way to gunnery without arousing the moral wrath of any public spokesman. Religion is all right, of course—in its place. Gunnery is transcendent.

# RUSSIA'S BASIC STRATEGY

## Facts Versus Illusions . . by JOHN PLAMENATZ

*Oxford, England*  
ONLY A SHORT while ago people were asking whether the cold war was ending. Now, impressed by recent events in Hungary and the Middle East, they are wondering whether it has started again. Both questions are prompted by illusions. There has been a cold war of varying intensity between Russia and the West ever since the Bolshevik Revolution; there has been, on both sides, suspicion and hostility so deep, as to give a quite special character to relations between them. This cold war has been through several phases, but it was never ended since it began—and is not likely to end for a long time to come. It is also unlikely, for reasons I shall discuss in a moment, to be more dangerous to peace in the future than in the past. We have misunderstood the danger of communism; we have been too much inclined to treat it as a danger of war, and have therefore, whenever that danger has seemed to lessen, been too ready to assume that all serious peril was passed.

From the end of the war until Stalin's death people used to say that Communist Russia aimed at dominating the world. Had not Marx and Lenin predicted the triumph of the proletariat everywhere? Was not the Communist Party, self-styled the party of the proletariat, centered in Moscow? Were not the Russians extending their power in many directions? The very people who put these questions before Stalin died were asking hopefully, not long afterwards, whether there had been a change of heart in Moscow. And now, once again, their fears are stronger than their hopes. But be-

fore we make up our minds what there is to fear, and what to hope for, we should look at East-West relations in long perspective.

It was in Lenin's time that the Russian Communists were keenest about world revolution. Their desire for world revolution was not then a disguised ambition to dominate the world, for at that time their country was obviously too weak. Had Germany gone the way of Russia, as Lenin hoped, Berlin and not Moscow would have been the center of world communism; this Lenin knew and accepted. The later adoption by the Communist Party of Stalin's doctrine that socialism could be established in backward Russia, though all the industrial West remained capitalist, was a sign that Moscow had given up, for the time being, serious hope of world revolution. Yet the Communist Party remained an international movement dangerous to the West, an instrument of Russian policy which could be used for purposes more immediate than promoting world revolution. Moscow has not abandoned the doctrine that the world will go Communist, but there is a vast difference between holding firmly to an article of faith and making it the heart and center of all policy.

MOSCOW, no doubt, is now more puffed up with pride than it was in Lenin's time. Since Stalin's consolidation of power, it has regarded itself as the only possible center of international communism. Though recent events have confused Moscow, putting it in two minds how it should act, its desire for hegemony within the Communist camp is probably as strong as ever. Yet this desire was always tempered by common sense. Even Stalin never treated the Chinese Communists as he did his European satellites, and Moscow's influence in Peking has been the greater for this self-restraint. And

Stalin never used force against Tito, though there was little chance that the West would have intervened.

We can explain everything that Russia has done since 1944 to shock and frighten us without assuming that she is actively engaged in trying to make the whole world Communist. It is reasonable to suppose that she forced Communist governments on her European satellites not as part of a design for conquest but as a means of buttressing herself against the West. It is as obviously in the Kremlin's interest to keep Germany divided as to make her Communist; and it is easier to achieve the first of these aims than the second. When Russia makes trouble for the West in the Far and the Middle East, it may be as much because she fears the West and wants to divide it as because she is eager to assist the triumph of communism abroad.

LIKE the faithful everywhere, the Russian Communists, though powerfully affected by their faith, take some parts of it more seriously than others. What they take seriously depends on past experience and present necessities. When we consider their behavior, we must avoid two mistakes: we must not dismiss their faith as altogether irrelevant, as a mere armory of excuses to justify policies already decided on other than doctrinal grounds; and we must not suppose that their policies can be explained in the light of faith alone. It is to their interest to control an international movement which believes in its eventual triumph everywhere—and yet not to take that belief too seriously. If world communism is an end, it is very much an ultimate end, and the ultimate is usually in practice less important than the immediate.

Moved as much by their experience since 1917 as by their doctrines, the Russians probably still believe

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that the Western Powers are deeply and irreconcilably hostile to them. They have created—so they believe, and the belief is necessary to their self-esteem — a powerful “Socialist” economy which is essentially superior to the “capitalist” West’s, and must therefore seem dangerous to the classes that dominate Western society. These classes, in their own interest, must desire the collapse of the Russian system. They desired it in Hitler’s time, as their feebleness towards him proved, and they still desire it.

THIS does not mean that the Russians suspect us of a serious intention of destroying their system by war, though they once may have done so. They must reason about us as we do about them, giving us credit for seeing that modern war has become too destructive to be used as an instrument of policy directly against a Great Power. But they still see us as implacable if cautious enemies. They still see their country exposed to the hostility of powers as strong as, or stronger than, itself and its satellites; they still think it their duty to play these powers off against one another and to use against them the peoples of Asia and Africa who, for one reason or another, mistrust or hate the West.

The Russian Communists have sought to justify all their domestic policies as parts of a gigantic and heroic enterprise calling for great sacrifices from every section of a people surrounded by enemies. Psychologically, the Soviet Union, even in time of peace, has many of the characteristics of a nation at war. Even the political vocabulary of communism owes more to Clausewitz than to Locke or Rousseau. Yet the Bolsheviks have never delighted in actual war as the Nazis did and as the Fascists pretended to do. In their anxiety to placate Hitler they were every bit as feeble and silly as the British and the French. If they were ruthless in the years just after the war, it was because Hitler’s invasion had badly shaken them; they wanted to make immediate provision for future security and quickly to restore a shattered economy. Flushed with victory, mistrustful of

their allies, they decided to take advantage of their opportunities in a chaotic, war-weary world. Today they feel much stronger, much nearer equality with the West. Yet they are, at bottom, just as much afraid of a major war as we are, having as much to lose by it as we have. Therefore they probably want to continue using against us the old tried methods—methods designed not to prepare for war but to keep us confused and divided.

These methods can, of course, also serve to spread communism. They have already been used for both purposes: for the first in China, and for the second in Europe and the Middle East. These two purposes sustain one another: the spread of communism helps to divide and confuse the West, and the more the West is divided, the easier the spread of communism. But that does not mean that the Russians are seriously engaged in a vast conspiracy to make the whole world Communist. There is a great difference between helping local Communists to get power in poor and backward countries and trying to do the same thing in countries like the United States or Great Britain, or even France. If all the world except the Americas, Australasia and Western Europe were to go Communist, the West would still, for a long time to come, be richer than Russia and her allies, and militarily no less formidable. It would still be as suicidal for Russia to attack the West as for the West to attack Russia.

If recent history has shown how easily the Communists can get power in underdeveloped countries, it has also shown how strong is the resistance to them wherever there is

a large middle class and the workers are literate. This is presumably as well understood in Moscow as in Washington or London. Moscow will do what it can, without any scruple, to destroy our influence in Asia and Africa, and to increase its own: it will be deterred only by the danger of precipitating a major war. It will also try to make trouble for the West in the West, but its hopes that the West can be made Communist must now be small indeed. It is, however, in Moscow’s interest that these hopes should remain alive in the breasts of Western Communists. By their repression in Hungary the Russians offend all Europe, and by their threats in the Middle East—which are more bark than bite—they woo Asia. They thereby show how much more they hope from Asia than from Europe.

THE regime in Russia is milder than it was. The masses are no longer so illiterate and are perhaps more easily led than driven. The terrible methods used to collectivize the peasants, or to remove “unreliable” nations and classes to the remoter parts of the Soviet Union, or to make good at frantic speed the ruin caused by war, are no longer as much needed as they were. Already before Stalin died, it was less profitable than it had been to use slave labor; and since his death, Communists in high places are less exposed to the caprice of insane suspicion. But if the regime is milder, it is still essentially the same. And to the extent that it is changing, there is no sign that it is moving towards democracy and freedom as the West understands the terms. The Russians are not coming closer to us, politically and morally, merely by making a smaller use of practices we find detestable.

It is likely that Moscow will deal more gently with its satellites than it has done in the past. The better it treats them, the greater its prestige among neutrals. Condemning oppression in others, Moscow stands to lose more than it gains by initiating what it condemns, unless it can find no other way of defending its interests. However much Communists outside Russia may want





independence of Moscow, they all share certain attitudes and ambitions. As long as Moscow does not make enemies of them by asking for more than they are prepared to give, it can rely on them for many purposes—and never more so than in its conflicts with the West. Tito has proved that Communists, when they cease to be puppets of Moscow, gain strength in their own countries without becoming any the less Communist.

There is, of course, the danger that local Communists, when they try to make themselves less dependent on Moscow, may find themselves swept out of power by popular movements too strong for them to control. How great this danger can be has been proved by recent events in Hungary. In the last few weeks, Russian policy towards the satellites has been an odd mixture of concession, threats and brutalities. There have clearly been differences of opinion in the Kremlin about what should be done. The advantages and the dangers of allowing greater autonomy to the satellites have no doubt been hotly debated. No one can foretell the issue. But my opinion is that the advocates of greater mildness will win in the end.

IT IS in the interest of Moscow to prevent by all means in its power, even by force, the destruction of a Communist government. But Moscow has seen how odious to their subjects Communists are when they are mere tools of the foreigner. It has also seen Tito, who became popular in his own country by defying Moscow, anxious to make his peace with Moscow as soon as he could do so without loss of self-respect. If Moscow could put relations with former satellites on a footing that satisfied Tito, he might even return to the fold; and if he did, the influence of Moscow over the "uncommitted" nations might be even greater. There would still be an international Communist movement; Communists in non-Communist countries would still be loyal to that movement rather than to their own countries; and Moscow could still use, perhaps more effectively than in the past, the subversive



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### *The Bear and the Tent*

methods dangerous to democracy and to friendly relations between the West and the peoples of Asia and Africa.

The Communists have never felt as the Nazis and Fascists did about international organizations. They find the United Nations useful as an insurance against war and as a place where they can play one power off against another and influence world opinion. They want to keep the peace and therefore to maintain some kind of world order. But the maintenance of this order, which was as much their object in Stalin's time as it is now, has always seemed to them compatible with the unscrupulous use of the international movement they control. They have always been—and probably still are—at once pacific and subversive. Their pacificism is as sincere as their subversion, for their methods are as effective in a world at peace as in a world at war. And another world war would destroy everything, even communism.

All these arguments depend on one assumption: that Moscow still looks upon the West as having, by historical necessity, interests irreconcilable with its own. This assumption is based on Marxist doctrine. Now, the Russians have already discarded several doctrines as essentially Marxist as this. Why, then, should we suppose this doctrine more sacred and less vulnerable than the others? The truth is that we suppose no such thing. For when the Communists abandoned other and equally

essential Marxist doctrines, they did so not out of respect for the truth, but only because they could not otherwise justify their behavior, even to themselves. Unless they had decided (though the decision made nonsense of Marxism) that they could make backward Russia Socialist while all the more advanced countries remained capitalist, they would have had no excuse for retaining power. They were unwilling to say: "The world revolution which was to have justified our otherwise premature October Revolution has not happened and is not likely to happen for years to come. We have miscalculated and it remains for us, as honest Marxists, to give up the power we cannot use for the purpose which alone could justify our having it." Instead, they kept their hold on Russia and adopted the Stalinist formula of "socialism in one country."

THE RUSSIAN Communists have never thought out Marxism anew in the light of their experiences since they took power. They have merely neglected or reinterpreted those parts of it which stood too obviously in the way of their doing whatever they felt they had to do to remain masters of Russia or to extend their influence abroad. On the other hand, they still need an orthodoxy to justify themselves to themselves and to the world, and also as a means of discipline. They have nothing to gain by ceasing to believe that Communist countries are "proletarian" and Western countries "bourgeois," and that the interests of the two are not to be reconciled. On the contrary, these false beliefs are necessary to them. They serve to excuse what they have done in the past, to justify the methods they must still use to retain their internal monopoly of power, to hold the "people's democracies" together and to keep the Communists in non-Communist countries loyal. These beliefs may indeed eventually go the way of the others, as Moscow's current profession of belief in "peaceful coexistence" would seem to indicate. But there is as yet no substantial evidence that Moscow is preparing to jettison yet another orthodoxy.



What is now happening in the Middle East and in Hungary could have at least one good effect. Perhaps it will persuade people who only a few weeks ago were facile optimists that relations between Moscow and the West will probably continue, for years to come, much what they have been since the war. To conclude that they will so continue is not, I think, pessimistic; for they have never been as bad as these

recent optimists, in the earlier period of their no less facile pessimism, tried to make them out. Our task—thank goodness—is not to prepare for an inevitable hot war, which the Russians are as eager as we are to avoid; it is rather to win a cold war which has never ceased since it began. We can win it only by making the non-Communist part of the world immune to communism. As this is not primarily a task for the soldiers,

we must take care not to be too much influenced by them.

It is good for the West and the Communists to understand that they are not as immediately and catastrophically dangerous to one another as both have been too often inclined to think. But it would not be good for the West to conclude that, because the Communists want peace as much as we do, they are not a serious danger to us.

# DEFYING THE DRAFT

## German Youth Rebels . . by JOHN R. DORNBERG

*Frankfurt, Germany*  
GERMANY'S rearmament program, one of the Adenauer government's biggest political headaches, ran into new snags this month as draft boards throughout the country reported that eligible nineteen-year-olds were not reporting for draft registration.

German boys born in July, August or September of 1937 were scheduled to appear for registration during the first two weeks in November. In Nuremberg, once the center of Nazi fanaticism, less than

25 per cent showed up by the deadline date. In Munich, cradle of the Third Reich, less than 10 per cent reported. In Cologne only half appeared. In Stuttgart, the total reporting was only 30 per cent. Only one youth out of seventy-five eligibles showed up in the town of Hanau near Frankfurt.

Even stranger than the draftees' reluctance, was that of the draft boards themselves. In the city of Dortmund, the fifteen city officials who had been transferred from their regular jobs to the registration office failed to show up for work. "We're not going to send our own kids into the army," said a spokesman for the group. "Our conscience would bother

us if we had to register these boys."

The reference to "conscience" was the key to the problem. The German constitution, drawn up in Bonn in 1949, has as one of its principal guarantees of freedom, this sentence: "No one can be forced to perform military service with weapons against the dictates of his conscience." Germany's rapidly growing group of conscientious objectors has latched on to this guarantee.

The German objectors are different from those in the United States; the difference is one of the major bones of contention. The German constitution not only guarantees freedom from military service, if such service conflicts with one's con-

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## A German Artist Looks at Militarism . . .



*"I still think he's faking!"*

*Discipline Is Everything*

science, but in another article specifies precisely that "conscience is an individual matter" and cannot be controlled by any law or any state.

Germany's conscientious objectors include not only the traditional religious objectors, such as Jehovah's Witnesses or the Quakers, but also those people who object on non-pacifist, non-religious grounds. Writing in a German trade-union paper, Werner Haak, one of the leading objectors, summed up his conscience this way:

It is Germany's responsibility, the responsibility of German youth in particular, to prove to the world that militarism is not an inborn cancer in the German mind.

We must prove to the world that there are Germans that represent a creative, peaceful and modern Germany. We must show that there are Germans who are ashamed of their generals and their landowners, ashamed of Kaiser Wilhelm, Ludendorff, Hindenburg, Hitler and their bandit gangs. There are Germans who are ashamed of the Bonn government which let a man like Pandit Nehru return to his homeland defeated.

There are Germans who deplore Auschwitz, Buchenwald, Oradour, Lidice, Rotterdam, Coventry and Sevastopol. There are Germans who hate weapons, uniforms, medals and the phrases and lies of our history. We consider ourselves united with the tortured Jews, Russians, Czechs, Poles and Norwegians.

We are indignant because we see

that the murderers, military judges, division chaplains and extortionists of yesterday are already celebrating their resurrection. We no longer want this hell.

West Germany today counts 100,000 active conscientious objectors, all busy peppering the *Bundestag* (lower house) with letters and lobbyists, providing draft-eligible youths with free legal service, holding meetings and parades, distributing propaganda. Three organizations make up the core. One is the International of War Service Objectors (*International der Kriegsdienstgegner*), made up primarily of war veterans, college professors and writers. Another is the League of Defense Service Objectors (*Liga der Wehrdienstgegner*), which has been branded as Leftist. The third and largest is the Group of Defense Service Objectors (*Gruppe der Wehrdienstverweigerer*), which numbers nearly 12,000 dues-paying members, mostly drawn from youth organizations, churches and unions.

THE Group merits special attention. Under the slogan, "Neither a People's Police nor Federal Soldiers," it maintains nearly seventy offices staffed with part-time secretaries and top-name attorneys who give advisory service for draft-eligible Germans. Its membership application includes a pledge that the member will "protect [the organization's] independence from special-

interest groups, in particular the Communist Party and its front organizations." Its chief is Hans Hermann Koeper, a fully disabled war veteran who started studying music after the war, but gave it up "when I saw that the whole idiotic business was starting all over again. I simply told myself that something had to be done about it."

With his pension as a financial backlog, Koeper founded the organization he now heads. He runs the group from a small office in downtown Cologne, directly across the street from the new German Army's recruiting office.

Heading the Group in Frankfurt and in the state of Hesse is Hans A. Nikel, a youthful publishing-house executive and former editorial staff member of Frankfurt's largest daily.

"I'm a product of your American reeducation program," states Nikel. "I was drafted into the German Army as a teen-ager and served until the Hitler regime collapsed. In 1945 you Americans told us that we should never again have an army. In 1950, your reeducation officers all packed their bags and went home. Coming in behind them were your generals and politicians who told us to get busy on rearmament. I'm sticking to the original lesson. It appeals to me, and besides I'm getting tired of being reeducated."

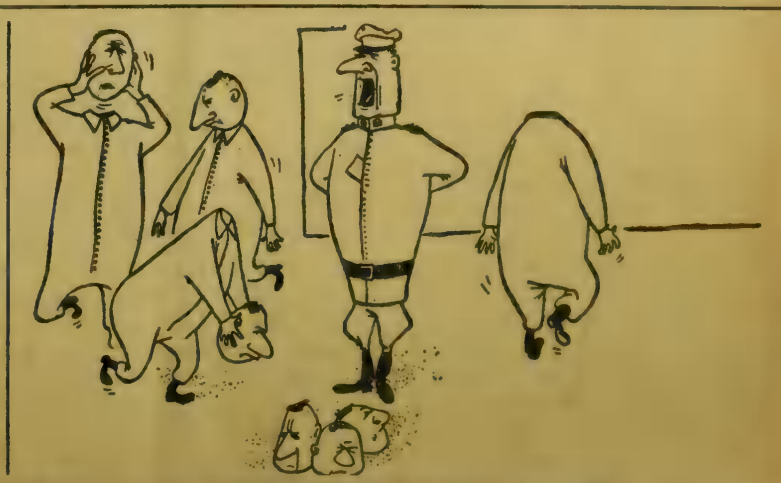
Nikel's publishing venture got off to a good start with a book of anti-military cartoons by Kurt Halbritter

... by Kurt Halbritter

Cartoons from *Discipline Is Everything*, Baermeier and Nikel, Frankfurt



Profile



"Deposit Everything You Don't Need Here!"



ter, called *Discipline is Everything*. Halbritter's cartoons now are used to illustrate the Group's handbills. (See cartoons on preceding pages.)

"Actually our organization didn't shift into second gear until the draft law was passed in September," explains Nikel. "Since then we've been so busy that I can't attend to the publishing job any more. We get about thirty membership applications every day, reporters call around the clock, people come in for advice, there are dozens of meetings to attend, leaflets to print, plus a million details to straighten out. But, of course, right now it's a little tough sledding because the draft law makes things difficult."

THE Group intends to take test cases to the German Supreme Court in Karlsruhe to prove that the new law is unconstitutional. Its argument revolves around the clauses concerning "conscience" and "conscientious objection" and the following additional provision in the law:

He who is opposed to every use of weapons between states on grounds of conscience, and thus objects to military service with weapons, must complete a term of service or civilian compensatory duty outside of the Federal Army. He can, on application, be admitted into the Federal Forces for duty without the use of weapons.

The conscientious objectors reject the phrase "every use of weapons," and they also reject the "conscientious objector screening boards" which the law establishes. "What the government is trying to do," explains Nikel, "is to limit conscientious objection to traditional pacifism. If you're a member of an established pacifist religious sect, you're covered. But if you object to military service on political grounds or in a particular situation, you're not protected. We consider this unconstitutional, because the constitution states specifically that no one can be forced to perform military service with weapons against the dictates of his conscience. Everyone has his own conscience; the constitution guarantees the individual his right to follow its dictates.

"The government has tried to lay

down a norm of conscience, and we are convinced this is illegal."

The German Defense Ministry has its answer: "It is understandable that there is no enthusiasm among the German people for a new army. After the way we lost the last war and the way German soldiers were defamed and insulted, that is a natural result. But the German people also must learn that they live in a free state, and one of the responsibilities of citizenship in such a state is the defense of that freedom. If we are given time, we feel that we can make militarism more palatable to the German people."

Nikel enters a rebuttal: "These canned statements to the press are unfortunate for us because they make us look as if we were anti-democratic, against freedom, against the constitution and whatever else is holy. Actually we feel we are the real democrats, the people who would really know what to fight for if things ever reached the point where fighting was necessary."

"There are many members in our organization who would gladly defend the constitution under which we seek protection, and who would probably defend Germany from attack. But only if they can be certain that it is *really* an attack. The experience of the last decades teaches us that plain soldiers and the general public can never know for sure whether a war is a defensive war or an aggressive war.

"Take the Suez crisis. Even countries not directly affected do not really know who attacked whom. The Israelis call it retaliation and a war to bring peace. The Egyptians call it an invasion; according to the French and British it was a police action.

"We have even more classic examples in Germany. Turn back history to 1938, 1939, 1940. Every German believed that Czechoslovakia and Poland were attacking Germany or at least planning to attack. Every German was convinced that England was waging an imperialistic war against Germany. What else could he believe? The German radio and newspapers screamed nothing but lies, and if you listened to BBC you were arrested by the Gestapo.

"Today there are even better propaganda methods than there were in the 1940s."

THE Group and its 12,000 members are trying to go straight down the middle in the present world crisis. They are opposed to all forms of government that advocate the use of force to settle international disputes. Though the majority are young, they represent all age groups. They come from nearly every walk of life.

Herr K., a thirty-six-year-old printing foreman, sums up his reasons for membership this way: "I was a first lieutenant in the last war, and I'm pretty disgusted with all I saw. I object to taking a weapon in my hand again to kill people who have as much right to live as I. Never again, for any cause."

A vice president of one of Germany's largest shoe factories has a somewhat different point of view: "I was a first lieutenant and tank-platoon leader in the last war and was awarded the Iron Cross First Class. But I come from the Soviet Zone where all my family is, and I certainly can't take up arms against my friends and relatives.

"Moreover, I am convinced that from a purely military point of view, there is nothing to be gained by the establishment of a West German army. And if we really want a democratic Germany, rearmament is taking place fifteen years too soon. The people who are reenlisting today are the same old Nazis who left the army in 1945. They haven't learned anything new. Von Manstein is in the Defense Ministry; former SS officers are being permitted to enlist. This is incredible to me.

"When you come right down to it, there's little in Bonn that really has to do with the defense of Germany. It's all just one big business undertaking. I'm a business man and I know who has his fingers in which pies."

A thirty-four-year-old bank employee explained: "I'm just opposed to any type of warfare as a means of settling international disputes. I don't think I'd defend myself because I wouldn't really know whether I'm being attacked. In 1939, when

I fought in Poland, I found out that Hitler took concentration-camp prisoners, dressed them up in Polish uniforms and made them attack us. One never knows the whole story. There is always the possibility for peaceful understanding between nations. Yes, I was in service. I was in for six years and got out a corporal."

THE organization is as active as its limited funds permit. Monthly dues are only 90 pfennigs (about 21 cents). Its latest publication is an explicit brochure entitled *How I Can Avoid Military Service*. It proved so popular that I found it impossible to get a sample copy at the organization's offices.

A monthly news bulletin goes out to all members and to interested persons. Bicycle and motorcycle parades, as well as mass meetings and other types of demonstrations, are held in various cities as part of a systematic propaganda campaign.

But perhaps even more effective than the straight propaganda is the fact that the organization has leading attorneys available in every major city who have volunteered their services to all members who require legal aid in applying for a conscientious objector's status with their draft board.

One of the Group's most popular campaigns is their handbill and sticker program which concentrates

on movie patrons. Moviegoers are likely to return to their cars to find stickers reading: "You can still enjoy a movie now, but think ahead to the times when you can't."

The Group is preparing a slander suit against Major General Paul Hermann, commanding general of the Fourth Military District in Germany, who recently told reporters that all conscientious objectors were either Communists or cowards. When his comment became public, he insisted that he had only quoted a high-ranking government spokesman. Hermann has been up for questioning before the defense committee of the *Bundestag*, which wanted to know the identity of the "spokesman."

The Group takes a lot of credit for the recent registration fiasco, which may force the German government to file police complaints against more than half of Germany's nineteen-year-olds. "Most of these boys," Nikel points out, "are the children of law-abiding parents; if there's anything a law-abiding German won't do, it's to refuse to show up at some bureau when ordered to do so. But, apparently, we've convinced these kids even beyond our intent. For we wanted them to show up for registration; they can't make a conscientious-objector's application until they've registered."

Although itself politically non-

partisan, the Group and the other objectors' organizations are being watched carefully by all German political parties. The Social Democrats (SPD) have latched on to the anti-draft and anti-rearmament proposals. This month they scored resounding victories in local elections in four German states.

A recent opinion poll revealed that 65 per cent of the German population is opposed to military service and the establishment of a new army. Another poll, taken about the same time, showed that SPD strength is running at 67 per cent of the total popular vote. Today the SPD is only a small, if vociferous, minority in parliament, but next fall's elections may show a change.

One German observer stated recently: "If the rearmament program and the military propaganda continues long enough, Germany will again become the Germany of earlier years. There is no real resistance against authority in our country. We tend to drift with the tide, and if the tide is left unchecked, history may repeat itself." The Defense Ministry agrees. Its press chief said recently: "The job is difficult at the moment, but in due time, I am confident, the new army and Germany's remilitarization will become more acceptable to the general German public."

"That," says Nikel, "is what we intend to avoid."

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## World's Most Valuable Men . . . by DAVID CORT

RECENTLY this magazine inquired into "the most interesting" people as indicated by gossip-column coverage [see *The Nation*, October 13]. A much more significant category would be "the most valuable" people in the present industrial society. At various periods in the past, both titles might have gone automatically to kings and courtiers, great captains, saints, writers, politicians or, more recently, financiers. There can be little doubt that today these

have all been superseded by the scientist.

Now and then various science executives, such as Admiral Strauss, warn the press that our "50 per cent shortage" of scientists imperils "all of our blessings, even our freedom." Maybe so. But no real progress can be made in this matter until we penetrate a little more deeply into the words "scientist," "research" and even "shortage."

Superficially, the United States (and Soviet Russia, too) is already a throbbing hive of scientists and researchers. The great corporations

spend five billion dollars a year (tax-deductible) on the industrial research pursued by nearly a million scientists, engineers and assistants (the last figure is, if anything, low). Since 1900, when General Electric's laboratory was Steinmetz's barn, G. E., Bell, U. S. Steel, Esso, etc., have hatched vast clutches of corporation scientists.

This year, G. M.'s new \$150 million Technical Center at Warren, Michigan, drew press hosannas that seemed to answer Admiral Strauss's warnings of "shortage." The center has 5,000 "scientists," 320 acres and

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DAVID CORT is a staff contributor.

December 8, 1956



buildings done in chartreuse, royal blue, tangerine, lemon and crimson; it also has luminous ceilings and "floating" staircases. It was stated that most of the program would be on product design and improvement, but part would be basic research and pure science, just for the fun of it.

These laboratories undoubtedly have a function in industrialization. Once a basic invention or discovery has been made, its potentialities can be explored by a team operation, the numerous dead-ends exhausted and blocked off and the useful developments hastened. Until proved otherwise, it may be assumed that for this purpose a number of brains are better than one. The real question is: who makes the *original* basic invention or discovery, and how?

Our definition of "the most valuable" scientist must be narrowed to the inventor-discoverer-scientist. All that the million others can do is to pick over his leavings. If this is so, some inquiry is justified into whether he is to be found in the G. M., G. E., Bell, U. S. Steel and Esso laboratories, whether his training or heredity "qualified" him, and whether he is the presentable, well-adjusted type that would impress the G. M. personnel office. The answers can only be found in a review of certified inventor-scientists of the past. To eliminate suspense, the answers seem to be in every case: No.

BUT IT will be a revelation how wildly unsystematic the incidence of genius has been. Beginning in 1752, what sort of man invented the lightning rod and bifocal spectacles? The latter might have occurred to a lens grinder, but both were the products of a political-minded printer, Benjamin Franklin.

Was hydrogen discovered by a professional chemist? No. It waited on the inspiration of a dilettante nobleman, Cavendish, nephew of the Dukes of Devonshire and Kent. (Professional proletarians ought to be warned that a good many well-born people have done thinking quite as brilliant as farm laborers.) The spinning jenny and spinning frame ought to have been invented by a weaver, wool-carder or tailor. Instead, they came from a carpenter,

## Great Inventors by Avocation

<i>Discoverer</i>	<i>Vocation</i>	<i>Discovery</i>
Lavoisier	Tax Collector	First list of chemical elements
Edgeworth	Country gentleman	Caterpillar tread
Priestley	Preacher and tutor	Oxygen, nitric acid
Bramah	Farm laborer, cabinetmaker	Water closet, hydraulic press
Bentham	Naval officer	Planing machine, explosive shell
Nicholson	Law clerk, pottery salesman, journalist	Roller printing-press, Electrochemistry
Whitney	Unemployed teacher	Cotton gin
Conte	Garden laborer, artist	Graphite pencil
Murdock	Miller's assistant	Gas lighting
Appert	Unemployed gentleman	Canning of foods
Dalton	Farm laborer, teacher	Modern atomic theory, meteorology, concept of color-blindness
Congreve	Law student, journalist	Ironclad warship
Young	Physician	Theory of light
Horrocks	Stone mason	Steam-powered loom
Fulton	Jeweler, painter	Steamship
Faraday	Bookbinder	The dynamo, steel alloys, solidifying and liquefying of gases
Stephenson	Stoker, clock-cleaner	Steam locomotive
Brewster	Theology student	Kaleidoscope

Hargreaves, and a barber, Arkwright. The practically limitless unpreparedness (in the formal sense) of other great inventors for the work which made them famous is shown in the table on this page.

Who discovered machine-tools, the knitting machine and the modern process of tunnelling? This one is no more unlikely than the others, but the inventor's career teaches us an ominous lesson. By birth he was a Frenchman, but because he was an aristocrat during the French Revolution he had to emigrate first to the United States, then to England. He was a naval officer and architect, the great Brunel.

Another great man, Benjamin Thompson, the accountant who created the science of metallurgy by first understanding the nature of heat, was lost to the United States because he was regarded as a Tory by New England patriots. The French Revolution cut off Lavoisier's head while it still had some good ideas in it.

I would hardly dare to suggest that masses of people are not en-

titled to their mob emotions, group-thinking and occasional revolutions. However, the price levied for these exhilarating exercises is invariably the loss of the group's most useful citizens, whether in Communist Russia, Nazi Germany or the United States. Nobody can cast the first stone. Each of us is fond of his prejudices. The question is only whether we can afford them at such a price.

Whether or not we would have disliked Lavoisier, Brunel and Benjamin Thompson, we want to know more about the habit of mind that made them great men. Oddly enough, I believe it to be the same habit that every ordinary man occasionally shares and intuitively understands. A man or woman sits alone in a room and simply thinks about his world. He does not have to believe anything that his society, his parents or bosses have tried to hammer into him; he is not impressing his wife, children or neighbors. He strips his mind down to its real fighting weight and wonders about the truth. People do this everywhere, though not especially in the

\$150,000,000 General Motors Technical Center, but the encouragement of the process varies in different times and places. In the United States today a man with an original idea learns that there are some groups where it would be foolish to voice it, but he is not afraid for his life, even at General Motors. In Communist Russia, an original idea passing through a man's mind is likely to scare him out of his wits because it may get him a ticket to Siberia. Yet even in America the pressures toward conformity are such that as people grow older and wiser they try to stop thinking, and corporate scientists especially grow older and wiser.

There is no use pretending that society is ever very enthusiastic about the original thinkers. The great men try to explain and justify themselves, usually in vain, and as a result a very high percentage of them become definitely anti-social. Cavendish disliked people so much that any maid in his house was automatically dismissed if he happened to lay eyes on her. Wollaston listened in silence to others advancing ideas he had already disproved. Many of the great men were virtual hermits. I conclude from this that as members of society we must face the fact that our indispensable benefactors may not like us any better than we like them. Why should they?

MOVING up to this century in the list of important inventions and discoveries given in Clarence Streit's *Freedom Against Itself*, we find some extraordinary changes in the apparent process of invention and discovery.

The farm laborers, dilettantes and craft apprentices seem to have vanished. Almost invariably the modern inventors have had exhaustive training in the great universities and done nearly all their work for corporate entities such as governments, universities and profit-making corporations. They are usually members of a team of scientists living and working and communicating together. Typically, they do not look eccentric or act eccentrically. They wear well-tailored flannel suits, inhabit well-made houses with well-

kept lawns and spend a good deal of time on social, administrative and educational duties.

Some of the inventors listed by Streit did not even exist as human beings. The monolithic brain of Corning Glass is credited with the invention of silica glass, the Standard Oil Development Staff with synthetic toluene, American Cyanamid with synthesized folic acid vitamin, Armour with ACTH. Nazi Germany's I. G. Farben is congratulated on its corporate invention of anti-malarial atabrine. However, Nazi Germany gives credit for the V-2 guided missile to von Braun rather than to the Third Reich, and the United States acknowledges Fermi, Zinn and Anderson as having had something to do with the atomic pile.

Expressing the new view of invention, Streit quotes J. F. Lincoln, president of the Lincoln Electric Company: "You of course understand that there is no discovery that is made by an individual." This statement is a model example of how to develop a disastrously false principle from a minor truism.

Some inventions evolve as competitive and progressively improved models; sometimes it is hard to determine which was the "key" model.



But most of the corporate "discoveries" of the past twenty years are routine developments of earlier revelations given only to individuals. These latter nearly always began as outsiders in the capitals of science.

The development of nuclear fission goes back to Einstein, the lonely Jewish clerk in the Swiss patent

office, to Lise Meitner, a refugee, to the cyclotron of Lawrence (a product of South Dakota), and to Fermi, the anti-Fascist Italian. The whole development of radio, radar and television depends on Marconi, the Italian dilettante, and the vacuum tube of De Forest, the cranky individualist from Iowa. The jet engine (1937) is descended from the gas turbine—which is not even listed among the great inventions and was made workable before the first World War by the Armangaud brothers in Paris. Einstein and Steinmetz, in particular, began their careers as outsiders *par excellence*.

LISTING of corporations as inventors must be read in the sense that no corporation or bureaucracy can think, create or invent anything. Such listing is usually the whim of a vice president in charge of public relations. In fact, an idea from one individual brain, such as Franklin's, can bring into being whole unimagined industries and give employment to unborn generations of vice presidents.

Furthermore, any contemporary list of "great" inventions must be taken as highly provisional. Today's list will be unrecognizable in 2,000 A.D. If, as some think, all motor vehicles of the future are powered by gas turbines, that will become a "great" invention. If Buckminster Fuller's hemispherical dwelling becomes a mass-production item, that will be another "great" invention of this century. And so on, as most of the present list is swept back into the drawer.

A recurrent phrase in scientific patents is "improvement of the art." An old saying has it that "A work of art will never be produced by a committee." That palace of creation, the G. M. Technical Center, is an attempt to substitute predictable solutions by committees for the old-fashioned, unpredictable explosions in the dark by individuals.

The lone inventor, without a corporation, is in trouble in America today. A headline of July 13, 1956, "U. S. Bars Inventor From Own Secrets," labels the story of Congressional subcommittee testimony about a scientist "... who keeps



coming up with secret and top-secret ideas. The results have been classified as secret and he no longer has access to them. But we can't seem to classify his head."

In the magazine *Mechanical Engineering*, Crosby Field writes, "In every one of the major lines I have pioneered, I have found my greatest obstacle to be the engineer [usually corporate], who always knows why a thing cannot be done, or if it can, why the doing of it is valueless." Mr. Field believes American science

to be entering an era of decentralization.

This belief takes a lot of faith, when faced with the corporate palaces of research. Even the tax laws are prejudiced against the individual inventor and in favor of the corporation's hollow gesture toward invention. I have yet to hear of any government action to defend and encourage the priceless individual, the ordinary man doing his own unincorporated thinking.

He alone, never boards of direc-

tors, Cabinet officers or faculty committees, chooses the subjects for investigation; he does so by a mysterious intuition. He alone senses the invisible doors to new worlds still unrevealed. He tugs at the door-knob and thinks the door gives a little. The future of our society trembles in that balance, as whole industries may be about to be born. The inventor-scientists do not even ask for our gratitude. All they really care about is "the improvement of the art."

# SUPREME COURT COLLOQUY

## Conversation on the Smith Act . . by WILLARD CARPENTER

*Washington*  
THE "MEMBERSHIP" clause of the Smith Act—guilt by association in its purest form—is now under consideration by the Supreme Court. Argued here early in October, the cases under advisement provide the Court with its first look at this part of the 1941 Smith Act. All other cases under the act which have been decided by the Court have dealt only with the "conspiracy" section (conspiring to advocate violent overthrow of the government). Under the "membership" clause, the government need prove nothing about the beliefs, advocacy or acts of the member, merely the fact of his membership, "knowing the purposes thereof," in a group conspiring to advocate violent overthrow of the government.

Eighteen indictments have been brought thus far against "members"; four have been tried and convicted. Two of these are now under review by the Court: the convictions of Junius Scales of North Carolina and Claude Lightfoot of Illinois. Both defendants admitted membership in the Communist Party, but both denied that the

Communist Party advocated violence. Telford Taylor, an American prosecutor at the Nuremberg trials, argued for Scales; John J. Abt, former general counsel of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, argued for Lightfoot. J. Lee Rankin, the new solicitor general, presented the government's arguments.

The defense attorneys told the Court that the "membership" clause punishes an individual not for *his* advocacy, but for that of *other* members of his organization. The clause requires proof of no act other than that of joining the group. "This," Taylor said, "is guilt by association—a doctrine abhorrent to Anglo-American jurisprudence." He was questioned sharply by Justice Felix Frankfurter.

*Q.*: Cannot Congress make mere membership a crime?

*A.*: No. The organization at issue here [i.e., the Communist Party] was not charged with a conspiracy to commit criminal acts, such as a conspiracy to overthrow the government, but with a conspiracy to advocate, to *speak*.

*Q.*: Whose speech is infringed?

*A.*: The organization's—it merely advocates; and speech is still infringed even if we were to grant that the member charged with the crime of membership is a silent member and says nothing.

*Q.*: This is not a free-speech issue, but free association.

*A.*: But speech is also an expression

through groups to which we may belong.

Solicitor General Rankin argued that the government had met the guilt-by-association question by adding proof of the personal intent of Scales and Lightfoot to overthrow the government by violence. Taylor, admitting such proof for the sake of argument, objected that the government could not make the statute Constitutional by rewriting it.

Justice John Marshall Harlan threw this one at Mr. Rankin:

*Q.*: Suppose a person received a letter which said: "Our party is dedicated to force and violence, and we want you as a member." Suppose he signs up and does nothing more. Could he be convicted under the "membership" clause?

*A.*: That is the reason we added proof of active work in the Communist Party to these cases.

*Q.*: You're talking about evidence; I'm talking about Constitutionality.

*A.*: Membership means genuine membership; an inactive member wouldn't legally be a "member." The Communist Party itself defines a "member" in its constitution. It says a party member accepts the aims of the party, belongs to a club, attends meetings, is active on behalf of the party's program, reads and circulates literature and pays dues regularly.

*Q.*: My question assumes a card-carrying member, but one who doesn't go around and preach. Suppose he

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has all the attitudes of mind expressed by that clause in the party's constitution, but is not active in all those senses; suppose that through inefficiency the party tolerates him as a member. Could he be convicted under the "membership" clause?

A.: We would have difficulty proving our case in court if he proved he was not active.

Q.: It must be remembered that the Smith Act does not name the Communist Party; it is against subversive organizations in general. It might be applied against a group without those particular bylaws defining membership. You read into the statute *active* membership?

A.: Yes. We asked ourselves how far Congress can reach in dealing with free speech, and we considered active membership essential to meet the Constitutional limitations.

The defense advanced the argument that Congress had in effect repealed the "membership" clause, at least for Communists, by passing the Internal Security Act of 1950. Section 4-F of this act states: "Neither the holding of office nor membership in any Communist organization by any person shall constitute *per se* a violation of [this or] any other criminal statute." Taylor pointed out that Congress was then weighing the advisability of requiring members of the Communist Party to register as foreign agents. Senator Kilgore and Congressman Celler argued at the time that since the Smith Act had already made membership a crime, the act of registering would constitute giving evidence against oneself. Congress, not wanting the Fifth Amendment to be available as a defense against registration, added the phrase "or any other criminal statute."

Mr. Rankin answered Taylor by urging that the words *per se* in Section 4-F provided the clue—membership *per se* is not a crime, but *knowing* membership still is, he said. To which Taylor retorted: "If we accept this interpretation offered by the solicitor general, it follows that all *knowing* [party] members can plead the Fifth Amendment and escape registration, and that Congress must have intended to register only ignorant Communists."

The paid informer was put in issue before the Court, too. John

Lautner, an ex-Communist whom the government has used in almost every criminal trial and administrative hearing involving Communists, had been a witness in both Scales' and Lightfoot's trials. At the Lightfoot trial, however, Lautner "must have forgotten his lines," Abt told the Supreme Court. "Usually," counsel said, "Lautner testifies that the party advocates real force and violence as speedily as circumstances permit. But in the Lightfoot trial he stated the position of the Communist Party to be for peaceful transition, with the anticipation that force would be necessary only as a counter-effort to meet the force of capitalists who would probably refuse to accept a majority vote of the American people for socialism. Compared to his testimony in other trials, this was like Hamlet without the soliloquies."

Another witness at Lightfoot's trial had testified that the defendant had given a lecture at a Communist Party school ending with the phrase: "If we have to spill blood, we will!" The witness said he had made a written report to the FBI on the contents of this lecture; the defense had then moved to require the government to produce the report. But the trial judge had denied the request.

Q. (Frankfurter): Isn't this a matter of discretion for the trial judge?

A. (Abt): Certainly, it is. The testimony might be trivial. But he had no discretion where the witness gave such material damaging testimony as talk about shedding blood.

Q. (Justice Hugo Black): How long after the witness left the stand did you make your motion to produce the written report?

A.: As he stepped down from the stand. The government claims this was too late.

Mr. Rankin argued that Abt, at the trial, had not laid the procedural groundwork necessary for requiring the government to produce the report. "The defense made its motion after the witness left the stand," he said, "and they had not shown any contradictions in his testimony. They did not ask the witness: 'Was there one word in your testimony today that was inconsistent with

the written report you gave the FBI?' And the reason the defense did not ask this was they really didn't want the report produced! It would have hurt their case tremendously to have the written report produced and find that it corroborated the oral testimony."

"If that were true," commented Justice Frankfurter, "I should think it would have been a good reason for the government's attorney to support the motion, rather than oppose it."

Q. (Black): Would the defense have laid a sufficient foundation to support its motion if the witness had answered that question, "No, there were no inconsistencies between my testimony today and the written report?"

A. (Rankin): Yes.

"If that's enough for a foundation, it's pretty ritualistic. Why go through that formula?" Justice Harlan asked as the hearings ended.

THE COURT has already ordered a new trial in one of the Smith Act cases—the Pittsburgh "conspiracy" case. In its reversal, the Court also showed concern with the problem of the paid informer. The government itself had admitted that its star witness at the Pittsburgh trial seemed to have, as Mr. Rankin put it, "a psychiatric condition."

Former Justice Sherman Minton heard the Smith Act arguments, but retired the following week when President Eisenhower's new appointee, Justice William Brennan, began serving. Consequently, only eight justices will participate in the decisions. Defense attorneys are hopeful of the results, partly because—they say—under Chief Justice Warren the Court has shown a new spirit.

Justice Harlan in particular seemed to question whether a member can be jailed for the actions and advocacy of others. On the other hand, Justice Frankfurter seems as disposed as ever to give more weight to the will of Congress than the Constitution. "Congress," he said at one point, "saw fit to make two categories of criminals under the Smith Act; the actual conspirators, and those who give strength to the organization by being members."



# BOOKS and the ARTS

## Apostles of the Rational Mind

*PORTRAITS FROM MEMORY and Other Essays.* By Bertrand Russell. Simon and Schuster. \$3.50.

*A PIECE OF MY MIND. Reflections at Sixty.* By Edmund Wilson. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. \$4.

By Maxwell Geismar

WHEN the present books came for review, I had just been reading the later works of Otto Rank and an interesting new volume by Ira Progoff on Freud, Adler, Jung and Rank. Depth psychology is the only study of man as individual which can hope to balance, and perhaps modify, the dominant social change of our period—the true emergence of the mass man. Against this background the careers of Bertrand Russell and Edmund Wilson are particularly illuminating just because they are among the few last apostles of the “rational mind” in a revolutionary ferment.

We have come to belittle the top of the iceberg in the modern psyche; but perhaps it is time to evaluate if not to stress it again. Russell is a mathematician and a logician by training; he is the typical product of late nineteenth century science, reason and “optimism.” His style, though praised for its simplicity, clarity and wit, is abstract and often flat. His sense of character and personality, as in the present series of profiles—Shaw, Conrad, his grandfather Lord John Russell, H. G. Wells, Santayana, Whitehead and the Webbs—is often deficient. Why in God’s name, we may wonder, was this very un-literary fellow ever given the Nobel Prize for literature? The early battle with D. H. Lawrence, who told Russell to stop

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preaching and talking so much, was another meeting of the contemporary “unconscious” and the rational moralist; and yet in the end Russell has had the best of it, as a thinker at least.

FOR WHETHER because his own inner growth has steadily continued, or because the social period itself has shifted so sharply, the outlines of Russell’s career, as he defines them in his eighties, are impressive. Rather like André Gide, his opposite number in France, he has come to stand as a symbol of the western European conscience. Well, at least he is a typical British aristocratic dissenter, and the dry, logical and ironical method of understatement, which displaces and minimizes all emotion, also claims dissent as an immutable and hereditary privilege of man, and hardly bothers to defend it. When Russell was a conscientious objector during the first World War, and his pacifist sermons were “somewhat unpopular in the neighborhood,” he calmly went to jail, and rather enjoyed it.

This first experience with “social reality” and mob violence did not embitter him; on the contrary, he attributes his whole spiritual development, and a further reaching towards dissent, just to this primary gesture of defiance. For much the same reasons, those of “proper thinking and right feeling,” Russell came out against the Russian experiment in the very dawn of the revolutionary utopia—and flatly opposing the intellectual opinion of the 1920s and 1930s as he had previously stood against popular prejudice. His prognosis of the course of communism was all too accurate—this skeptical intellect and apostle of pure logic was actually a brilliant observer and analyst of social and historical movements. With similar acuity the present volume describes

the abyss between the Victorian world of Russell’s childhood and the European scene of his old age.

He is still preaching and talking, while the unconscious forces of frustration, hatred and destruction, whose literary prophet Lawrence was in part, have swept over the modern world. Yet Russell has also devoted himself relentlessly, as in the concluding essays here, to describing the real situation of Europe today and the real choice of mutual tolerance or mutual destruction that still awaits the two rival power blocs of Russia and the United States.

I can think of no recent book which presents the imminence of this choice more effectively or impartially, while intellects in America have avoided the issue, or muffled the consequences. Is it partly in this light, too, that Edmund Wilson’s newest collection of essays seems rather too trivial, fragmentary, and self-satisfied?

AFTER THE success of his earlier collections, *The Shores of Light and Classics and Commercials*, on our literary scene from the twenties to the forties; and then the runaway journalistic scoop of *The Scrolls from the Dead Sea*, Wilson is perhaps entitled to a volume of minor pieces. He is still the best American literary critic we have, despite his exclusion from Stanley Edgar Hyman’s recent anthology of criticism for what reasons I know not. Indeed, he has only recently received the popular acclaim that he deserves, and that his critical work has always brought him in professional circles. And yet now, writing with his customary grace and wit on such extra-literary subjects as religion, war, education, science, sex and the Jews, on Russia, Europe and the United States, he seems to have reached the periphery of his career, rather than the center.

He is in fact peripatetic in most of these essays, walking around subjects that contain cultural and hu-

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man values which he has refused, deliberately or unconsciously, to consider. One might think, for example, that the whole purpose of Jewish history and culture was only to write the one great book that this critic admires. There is almost a deliberate reversion, which Wilson himself senses, to an eighteenth century classicism in his values as in his prose, just as he has returned to the role of country squire in his ancestral home at Talcottville, New York, and as his discussion of "modern education" centers upon the Greek and Latin poets.

Theodore Roosevelt, not Franklin, emerges as Wilson's political hero, and his reflections on the American social arrangement derive mainly from the epoch of the trust-busters. The problem of

sex, in life and literature, comes down to a discussion of the lyre-bird's antics in evolutionary biology. (Beneath the polished classical surface of these opinions, there is at best the "factual" world of nineteenth century science which Russell has repudiated.) What remains of romantic love, Wilson asks, after "the full circle of courtship, fruition, and relief"—and what a sanitary conclusion!

BUT THERE is a deliberate perverseness, I think, in this volume; a calculated astringency, a role-playing of "old-fogeyism" at sixty. Perhaps then at eighty, like Russell, Wilson will again move closer to the orbit of consequential choices, where the rational mind performs its true function.

against the Communists. In the 1930s a German training program under a military mission led by von Seeckt and von Falkenhousen set the style and pace for Chiang's military build-up to oppose Japanese aggression. Mr. Liu believes that, had this military and industrial assistance from Nazi Germany been allowed to continue for two more years, Japan's attack might have met a far more powerful military resistance.

AS IT turned out, the highly professional military doctrine and training provided by the Germans were ill-adapted to the needs of an unindustrialized country whose military potential consisted chiefly of peasant masses just awakening to nationalism. Nanking's crack divisions did well, but were too few and ill-supplied; China's real strength lay in the villages, where the central government failed to mobilize it and so left the field to the Communists.

Into this deteriorating situation came the American military missions in 1941 and after—chiefly that headed by Stilwell and then Wedemeyer, although Chennault was already leading the Flying Tigers before Pearl Harbor and a Navy-OSS mission was built up separately. Mr. Liu sees Stilwell as a failure in his over-all dealings with the Chinese scene but a success in his training of

## Chiang's Prussian Clique

A MILITARY HISTORY OF MODERN CHINA 1924-1949.

By F. F. Liu. Princeton University Press. \$6.

By John K. Fairbank

ONE ESSENTIAL ingredient in both the rise and fall of Chiang Kai-shek was his military support, the Whampoa clique. These were the generals who first became his followers as cadets at the Whampoa Military Academy in 1924-26 and who dominated the Nationalist armies for a quarter of a century thereafter. The remnant of them are still generals today on Formosa, but their history as a group has remained largely unknown to Western journalists and diplomats. The military side of the Kuomintang, in short, though one base of its power, was seldom fully visible to outsiders.

Frederick F. Liu, a former Nationalist officer with an honorable combat and staff record, has now

given us a critical and highly illuminating inside account of the Chinese Nationalist military machine—its early formation under Soviet inspiration following Chiang's trip of 1923 to Moscow; its later reorganization, after the Nationalist unification of China in 1928, on the lines of the German Reichswehr; its eventual performance as underdog against the Japanese and as overdog

## Soundings

Through the night, the dark morning hours,  
Hours of awakening and rain,  
Hours of noises,  
I hear the bouncing of a ball  
Back and forth  
Between a wall and a wall.

Through the loss of sister and father  
The taking of wife  
The newness of child not yet born  
Not yet named,  
Through loss piled not upon loss  
But upon gain, loss and gain intermingled  
Blasphemously, unfairly,  
A devil's scratch upon my days,

Through the bitter, stupid breakings  
The wild throwings, the quiet,  
I stand in league with breath  
And await my full circling  
In the dark alley  
Beneath the frozen moon.

GEORGE CUOMO

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December 8, 1956



Chinese combat infantry in India and Southwest China. Wedemeyer, on the other hand, he sees as successful because he "tried a little bit of honeyed diplomacy along with the decisiveness and strength that were needed"—a judgment which reflects the general Nationalist view, although its simplicity may not entirely satisfy the historian.

Mr. Liu's factual survey of the Nationalist war effort and strategy leads him to the inevitable harsh conclusion—it was "incompetently

managed . . . cumbersome and corrupt . . . riddled with patronage and bureaucracy . . . incapable of learning from the Communists, who excelled in organizing the people." This detailed indictment of Chiang and his generals points an interesting moral for American readers—not only that militarism of the German and Japanese type can lead only to ruin, but that post-war Nationalist China, as the American public failed to realize, was based essentially on that same type of militarism.

## Cocteau à la Mode

### JOURNALS OF JEAN COCTEAU.

Edited by Wallace Fowlie. Criterion Books. \$6.

By Kenneth Rexroth

THIS BOOK is the result of a publisher's notion. "The Gide journals made a lot of money. If we published *Reminiscences of a Horse*, all the horses would read it. Why not *The Journals of Jean Cocteau*? Cocteau has never published any journals, but that can be remedied. Get a ranking expert on modern French literature to put together the more intimate passages from his more intimate books and call it *Journals* anyway." I object.

Furthermore, I object to Mr. Fowlie's special slant on French literature. Briefly, back in the days when the Maritain-Cocteau correspondence was all the rage, a certain clever Neo-Catholic dodge was fashionable on the cafe terraces. The angle—every notorious evil liver in French literature was really a Catholic apologist. It went like this: He sinned. Therefore he believed in sin. Therefore he believed in the Devil. Therefore he believed in God. Therefore he believed in Catholicism. Claudel made quite a thing of this with Rimbaud. Using the same routine, T. S. Eliot was able to convince the less bright undergraduates back in his native corn belt that Baudel-

laire wrote like Racine and "believed" like Bossuet. This has led in our day to imbecilities like "Sade (or Genet) belongs to us!" I can assure you that amongst over-worked curates and militant atheists both, the natural response is, "Oh, come off it."

Cocteau himself is the perfect exemplar of, not French, but Frenchy—International Set—culture. He early found the right people and has long stuck close to them. He cultivated, with secret circumspection, an elaborately gaudy career, a glittering "personality." His poetry is not just brittle, it is glassy and transparent. Within the conventions of the cubist generation it is thoroughly conventional. The dissociation of Apollinaire, the imagism of Reverdy, the metaphysical clownery of Jacob, the a-logical dialectic of Salmon, Cocteau combined them all in a *chic* collage. Now the *avant garde* of Caracas and Des Moines are saying, "One of ours has been made a member of the French Academy!" Let the *fumistes* of the outlands rest easy in their fuming. The Academy still knows its own.

THE PLACE for a conventionally spectacular personality is, of course, the movies, and all the world knows that it is as a movie maker that Cocteau "found himself." In America his movies are considered somehow deep and very *avant garde*. They are not. It is just a slightly different idiom. They are Hollywood, French Hollywood, through

and through. *Escargots au beurre* at the Brown Derby. Their *moderne* cinematographic qualities are largely due to the technical poverty of the French film business.

Anyway—here is an insubstantial collection of personal exhibitions edited out of six books by Cocteau. It's considered all right to be an exhibitionist if you can show off something poignant, or awful, or both. I for one am neither awed nor pierced.

Some years back I escorted, on demand, an old friend, a lovable, elderly, international, intellectual gad-about, to the Fourth of July party given every year by a famous Paris dressmaker. As I handed in my friend and turned to go, the hostess said, "Aren't you staying?" "No—I think not." She gazed at me, the regard of a middle-aged, immensely weary and civilized female harlequin, and said, "I understand. How would you like to have to do this for a living?"

## Voices of Power

HEMCOMING. By C. P. Snow.

Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.95.

By Max Cosman

THE LATEST to practice that sequence of interrelated novels in which individual, group and period fuse into saga is C. P. Snow. The era he covers is that formed by the two world wars. His characters range from lower middle class rag and bobtail to top echelon administrators. His surrogate, and crystallizer of narrative, is Lewis Eliot, observer or participator as occasion warrants, but perceptive in either role.

Mr. Snow has had ample preparation for his task. He has been a struggling young man and a Cambridge don, a government servant in war and a civil service commissioner in peace, a utility company director as well as a newspaper literary critic. When he writes about his fields of interest, it is with relevance and

MAX COSMAN has written articles and reviews, principally on the modern English writers, for *The Pacific Spectator*, *Theatre Arts*, *The Arizona Quarterly* and other magazines.

KENNETH REXROTH will bring out this month 100 Chinese Poems and a collection of his own verse, *In Defense of the Earth*.

authority. There is a penalty though. His assurance at times plays hob with motivation of action and he will substitute ingenuity for insight.

This is seldom true when he deals directly with Lewis. *Homecoming*, the sixth of a proposed ten or eleven volumes, gives as did the earlier *Time of Hope*, a large installment of that Public Man's private life. We see his untenable marriage to Sheila end in her suicide. The struggle with her schizoid nature has nevertheless unfitted him for psychic adjustment. Thus when Margaret shows up, he cannot wholly commit himself to her love or his own. What happens thereafter, especially when he has been married to her awhile and his son almost dies of meningitis, makes poignant reading. But all ends well: finished with withdrawal, Lewis is able to break down the barrier between Margaret and himself, and in that sense he truly has come home.

A *L'Education Sentimentale* is,

however, not the whole of *Homecoming*. The theme of power, a theme which is obsessional with Mr. Snow — see how he turns it over and over in the homely rooms of *Strangers and Brothers*, in the cloistered halls of *The Masters*, in the research laboratories of *New Men* — also is subjected to a scrutiny that may yet turn out to be his hail and farewell to an old inclination.

For it is obvious that though he still admires "the steady, confident voices of power" which must be listened to, he cannot help but note their underlying "dilemmas of conscience and egotism." There is something more than coincidence, then, in the way his Lewis feels the urge to power waning before the desire to become a novelist.

The fact is that in Mr. Snow the man of letters no longer intends to truckle to the man of affairs. *Homecoming*, among other things, is notice to that effect.

olies, not as a necessity of Christian tolerance, but as a way of insuring the solidarity of the nation during the Napoleonic wars. In advising a bookseller against specializing in the works of freethinkers, he used as his strongest argument the warning that it would be bad for business.

Smith's real deities were moderation and common sense. He never demanded from his readers any emotion stronger than amusement. Within that limit, however, he used a powerful battery of entertaining rhetorical weapons. Like Swift and Molière, he could laugh an absurd premise out of existence by following it remorselessly to its absurd conclusion. Observing that the poor were denied an attorney's services on the ground that they could not afford them, Smith pointed out that the law in effect sent them to the gallows in order to save them the expense of legal fees. Perhaps his most potent instruments of mockery were his analogies. He compared the

## Modest Proposals

**THE SELECTED WRITINGS OF SYDNEY SMITH.** Edited and with an Introduction by W. H. Auden. Farrar, Straus and Cudahy. \$6.50.

**By Jacob Korg**

SYDNEY SMITH was a stout, jolly clergyman contemporaneous with the English Romantic poets and famous in his own day as a wit, controversialist and joint founder of the *Edinburgh Review*. These selections from his articles and reviews show that Smith addressed himself to the vital issues of his time without courting the recognition of posterity; but they also make it clear that posterity is indebted to him as an early exponent of liberal views and defender of what would today be called civil liberties.

Nearly every reform advocated by Smith was unpopular with his contemporaries, but has become an established fact today. His most fa-

mous work, the Peter Plymley letters, is an energetic attack on religious intolerance. In them Smith, himself an Anglican, demonstrated the folly of denying Catholics their full rights as English subjects. He argued vigorously for the Parliamentary reform of 1832, which liberalized voting requirements. He favored giving women a good education, teaching public school students subjects other than Latin and Greek, and allowing poor men legal counsel in court, a right they were denied by law.

Smith was invariably humane, but he was also inflexibly reasonable and realistic. He never invoked general principles or spiritual values, even when his arguments called for them. His views were genuinely noble and generous, but he seems to have been almost ashamed of these qualities, and always based his cases on the most prosaic and pragmatic grounds. He positively enjoyed the challenge of making the silk purses of liberal reforms out of the sows' ears of self-interest or expediency. He urged the emancipation of Cath-

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JACOB KORG is assistant professor of English at the University of Washington.



politicians who resisted the Reform Bill to an old woman trying with a mop to keep the ocean from flooding her house. Those who favored keeping Catholics out of public life while the country was at war were like the captain who made the rounds of his ship before the battle, putting all his Catholic sailors in irons, examining the others in religion, and making sure that no one took part in the fighting without first taking communion.

A keenly analytic liberal thinker who could use a certain frivolous wit to advantage, Smith may be de-

scribed as a combination of John Stuart Mill and Lewis Carroll. In spite of the sharpness of some of his attacks on what he called fanaticism, he was essentially mellow, kindly and tolerant. He could point out, for example, that America was far ahead of England in its educational development, and that the land-grant system of providing income for the support of colleges showed the Americans to be "a wise, a reflecting and a virtuous people." Few of his countrymen were capable of taking so generous a view of America.

together and which is said to recapture the unique personality of Anthony J. Drexel Biddle. If Mr. Biddle was unique he had trite ways of showing it—alligators in the conservatory, prize fights in the drawing room, and loud-mouthed, cocksure, warm-hearted bullying all over the lot. Mr. Biddle, as portrayed, is a character wisely cut from *You Can't Take It With You*, and his wife is the lady Philip Wylie calls mom. Walter Pidgeon can literally be seen throwing himself into the title role; he continually demonstrates its risibility instead of playing to the script and letting the laughs fall where they will. This betrays a lack of confidence in the material for which he cannot be blamed. Ruth Matteson as Mrs. Biddle is so tolerant that I came in the end to feel she was being tolerant of me. The play is best served by Diana van der Vlis as Cordelia Biddle herself and by Don Britton and Dana White as her brothers. They treat the whole affair as an exhausted and hysterical Christmas afternoon, which is astute of them and produces a style suitable to their ages.

## THEATRE AND FILMS

### Robert Hatch

THE CRITICS for the New York press must have access to an ideal theatre season that is not available to less-favored playgoers. How otherwise explain their very grudging reception of N. Richard Nash's *Girls of Summer* (Longacre)? Mr. Nash has written a serious and generous play on a theme that most people will recognize as germane to their own experience. He has constructed it with skill, building emotional tension through a series of varied and vivid events, and keeping his solution very ably in doubt. His work has been admirably staged by Jack Garfein, who directs in a bold, unequivocal style that permits the actors to command the stage without strutting. And his principal roles are occupied by Shelley Winters and Pat Hingle, who share a gift for accenting a part so that it becomes more brilliantly lucid than life ever is, but without being distorted into an actor's vehicle. All this, I should suppose, is not an everyday achievement on Broadway.

What Mr. Nash talks about is the honesty needed to make oneself understood and the resolution needed to cast oneself off into the stream of experience. His heroine, thoroughly frightened by the demands that events have made on her, is hiding behind her own competence, escaping from life by dealing with it forthrightly and at arm's length. His hero

is able to rout her out of her cave of fear because he is himself on a holiday from reality and can ask the sort of impertinent questions that comes easily to masqueraders. Perhaps disappointment is felt around town because Mr. Nash is in Chekhov territory, but certainly no second Chekhov.

Omniscience is Mr. Nash's weakness. He works from a psychological blueprint which, however valid it may be, deprives his play of the wonder that is the true life of the theatre. He is a superintending playwright and thus he gets his characters safely through crises where Chekhov found he could be no help at all. He pays the price that characters so carefully attended and manipulated do not assume an independence and stature of their own. So *Girls of Summer* is good workmanship, not great art, but to those who enjoy watching the theatre working hard and usefully at its trade, Mr. Nash's play is nevertheless recommended.

THE HAPPIEST MILLIONAIRE, on the other hand, is recommended to those who believe the theatre is a place for bubbling nonsense and who can still detect the bubble after one full act of the nonsense. It is adapted by Kyle Crichton from a book, *My Philadelphia Father*, which he and Cordelia Drexel Biddle wrote

THE EVOLUTION of myth is an irreversible process. It may be that our heroes and legends derive from real progenitors and real exploits, but it is not possible now to rescale them to historical experience. Attempts to do so are common in the popular arts and they invariably result in sentimentality and inadvertent burlesque.

DeMille's *The Ten Commandments* is the longest (three and a half hours) and probably the most elaborate true life story of this sort ever to come from the cameras. The idea—a romantic screen biography of Moses—is inherently ludicrous and irreverent, and the producer-director, himself something of a legend, has exercised a heroic bad taste to create an epic of balderdash. Pharoah and Moses are in love with the same girl (Anne Baxter as a Folies Bergère Nefretiri); the burning bush is one of those artificial open fires you find in movie lounges; the voice of God, declaring "I Am that I Am," is a radio announcer speaking into a rain barrel, and

Moses comes down from the mountain with his hair luxuriously marceled and lightly tinted with white. I am not going into the details of Cedric Hardwicke's cuteness as the elder Pharoah, of Yul Brynner's grease-paint villainy as Moses' rival, of the touching coincidence attendant upon Moses' discovery of his true mother, of the process photography that reduces God's wrath to vaudeville legerdemain (no way, apparently, was found to produce a plague of frogs), or of the resemblance of Charlton Heston, as Mr. De Mille's sturdy hero, to the frontier marshal in a typical Western. It is all of a piece—banal acting, cheap plot contrivance, the reduction of great poetry to colossal showmanship. De Mille, as he intended, has produced his enduring monument.

THE NEW Japanese film, *The Magnificent Seven*, is also in the fashionable new length—two and a half hours, approximately. It was directed by Akira Kurosawa, who was responsible for *Rashomon*, but it is much more easily accepted by Western audiences than was the earlier film, or for that matter any of the major Japanese films that have been shown here.

It is being defined as an Oriental Western, which I think is about as helpful as calling a bullfight a Latin rodeo. It doesn't need to be defined

—it can very easily be described. Some five hundred years ago (I take this in the sense of "once upon a time") a remote Japanese village, grown desperate from repeated plunder by a robber band living in the nearby hills, determines to hire some samurai (professional warriors) to destroy this plague. Samurai are expensive and normally work for princes, but by persistent search the agents from the village are able to find seven who, from temporary poverty, interest in a new kind of fight, or appreciation of the villagers' misery, are willing to accept the job.

The picture, then, is the story of how these professionals prepare to defend a defenseless position against improbable odds, the relationship between the elegant, sophisticated warriors and their almost savage employers, and finally the battle itself which takes the form of repeated onslaughts, each more desperate and deadly than its predecessor. This is melodrama, romance, knight errantry—universal material. In this particular picture it is excellent because the characters are admirably differentiated and thoroughly interesting and because the details working up to the decisive encounter are engrossing and skilfully timed to pull the tension tight. I am not persuaded that samurai as a class were as amiable, high-minded, inventive or entertaining as this group (one of the seven, a pseudo-samurai, is even a brilliantly athletic clown), but Kurosawa and his cast share an image of chivalry that is exceedingly winning. Beyond that, the picture is beautifully photographed: the village, the enticing, dangerous woodlands, the bandits' stronghold, meticulous details of defense and drill, horses in wild flight, close-order battle and quiet scenes of mourning, even a lightly-sketched love affair, are all photographed with a direct, uncluttered vision that shows a delight in the clarity and flexibility of the camera. It is not remarkable camera work, except that it is remarkably good. And *The Magnificent Seven*, for all it will be shown in art houses, is not an arty or even a remarkable film. Except that good story-telling is always worth remarking.

## MUSIC

### B. H. Haggin

SUBJECTS like the difficulties of the New York Philharmonic or the New York City Opera are invitations to fancy or pretentious ideaspinning that usually has no relation to fact. Thus, in explanation of the Philharmonic's poor performances last season one critic argued that it resulted from the orchestra's having to play under a group of conductors—Mitropoulos, Walter, Monteux, Szell and Cantelli—"far too numerous and disparate in its methods of conducting." Very impressive—until one remembered the beautiful performances last season of the London Philharmonia, whose manager has made it a point to have the orchestra work under a large number and variety of conductors. Concerning Cantelli in particular the critic I have mentioned remarked that his "claims to distinction as a symphonic maestro have always seemed to me rather dim"; but the claims that were dim to him were impressively clear to the not easily impressed Toscanini and musicians of the NBC Symphony; and the true reason for the Philharmonic's poor work under Cantelli was talked about among informed orchestra men: "The orchestra has stopped playing for him." This is something which the Philharmonic could not possibly admit, and which the public may find it difficult to believe; but I believe it and write it because I got it from sources I consider completely reliable, and because it has

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happened before in the orchestra's history. I was reliably informed that it was the reason for Stokowski's withdrawal a few years ago; and in the thirties the Philharmonic played like a great orchestra under Toscanini one week, and the next week one saw it sit back and take things easy under another conductor and produce playing in which one could not recognize the orchestra that had played under Toscanini.

I have thought it advisable to go into all this in explanation of what I have to say about the recent Philharmonic concert I attended—that from the first slow measures of Haydn's Symphony No. 96, sharply outlined and continuous in tension, one could hear that Paul Paray and the orchestra were in real contact and that this time the orchestra was producing what the conductor asked for. In this instance what he got it to produce was an excellently paced and shaped performance of the symphony; but in Debussy's *La Mer* it was a brilliant-sounding performance in tempos much too fast for the detail to be clearly heard and articulated and to be organized in right proportions.

At this concert the pianist Clara Haskil made her first appearance in New York, playing Mozart's Concerto K.466. She was already known to the American public through her recordings; and except for some performances of Scarlatti sonatas with powerful phraseological tensions, her playing on records had been sensitive but lacking in force. This had been true of the performance of Mozart's K.466 on a Westminster record several years ago; and I was

therefore entirely unprepared for her powerful phrasing and projection of the piano's opening statement in the dramatic first movement, and the similar force of her playing throughout the work. It was the performance of a first-rate musician and pianist, which deserved the warm applause it would have got in normal circumstances, but did not, in my opinion, justify the cheers it got because it had been produced by a stooped, frail, white-haired old lady. Another pleasant surprise was the excellent cadenzas written for the concerto by Nikita Magaloff.

The foregoing review was written before the tragic death of Cantelli, which I will comment on later.

THE Concert Society of New York began its season with a recital by the German baritone Hermann Prey, who sang Schubert's *Die schoene Muellerin* with Leo Taubman at the piano. Prey brought to his task high musical intelligence and impressive dedication, but not a beautiful voice, without which intelligence and dedication weren't enough.

On the other hand the Canadian contralto Maureen Forrester, at her Town Hall recital, exhibited a very fine voice with a mezzo-soprano's bright timbre and high range, which she had under absolute control in every register and at every level of volume, and which she used with admirable musical and expressive understanding in several Dorums-gaard arrangements, a group of Schubert songs and Wagner's Wesendonck songs. The one thing her singing lacked was communicative intensity and projection, which could be a matter of the increased confidence that may come with further public performance. John Newmark provided excellent piano support.

The New York City Opera's concluding production was a *Rigoletto* in which the dramatic goings-on made even less sense than usual on the permanent set that didn't provide the house and walls which those goings-on involve—for example the wall in the second act which would have been a reason for the ladder that was carried onto the stage and then carried off unused. Cornell MacNeil in the title role and Sylvia

Stahlman as Gilda sang and acted very well; Barry Morell, the Duke, has a good voice but an insecurity in pitch which brought him to disaster a few times. Julius Rudel paced and shaped the performance effectively, but didn't get from the orchestra the fine playing that Morel and Leinsdorf did.

## TELEVISION NEXT WEEK

December 9 through 13

(See local papers for time and channel)

Sunday, December 9

THE AMERICAN CAMPUS (NBC; Wide Wide World). An exploration of many forms of education available to Americans, from log-rolling at the University of Washington to Frank Lloyd Wright's combination house and school in Phoenix, Arizona.

MAMA (CBS). Renewal of a series which has been absent without leave all season. Mama and her family have always been believable, lovable, warm and gentle people. A welcome return.

NATIONAL AUTOMOBILE SHOW (CBS). This is the first time the National Automobile Show will be televised. Produced by Paul Levitan, who won an Emmy award for coverage of atomic-bomb tests.

Monday, December 10

FESTIVAL OF MUSIC (NBC; Producer's Showcase). S. Hurok lends his impresario talents to corraling some distinguished musical artists—Marian Anderson, Artur Schnabel, Richard Tucker, Segovia and others. (Color).

Tuesday, December 11

VICTOR BORGE'S COMEDY IN MUSIC (CBS). Comedian-pianist extraordinary. Mr. Borge's first TV appearance last spring was a smasher success. "Anybody can do it," he says. "I talk until I don't know what else to talk about. Then I sit down and play, and if I feel there is something I should say, I say it. . . ."

Thursday, December 13

SINCERELY, WILLIS WAYDE (CBS; Playhouse 90). J. P. Marquand's best-seller, adapted for TV, will star Peter Lawford, Charles Bickford, Sarah Churchill and even Rudy Vallee, who will essay a straight dramatic role.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL (CBS; Shower of Stars). Repeat of '54 and '55 musical adaptation by Maxwell Anderson of Dickens' classic with Fredric March and Basil Rathbone, a choir and orchestra. (Color). A. W. L.

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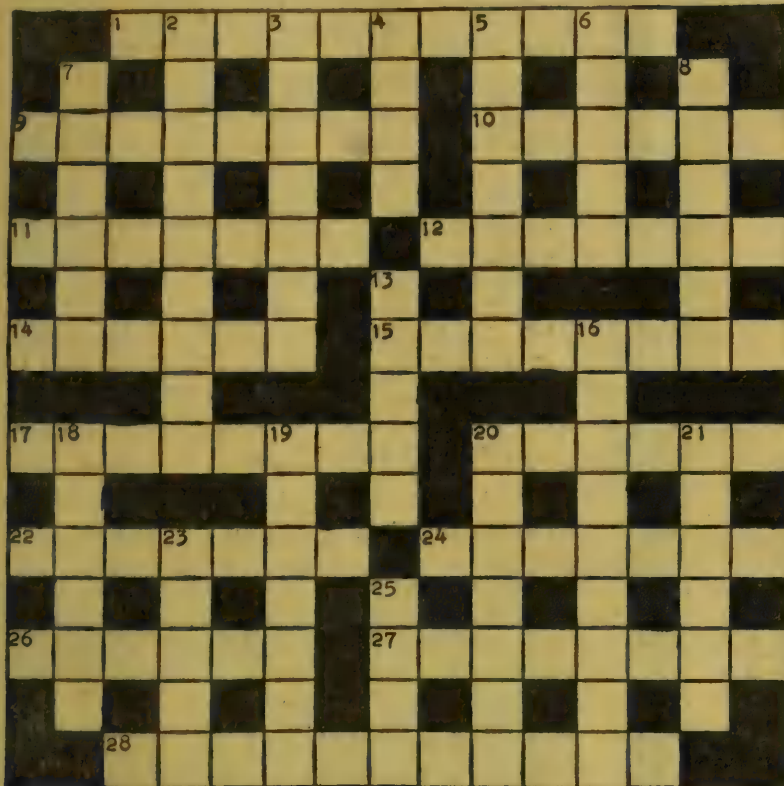
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# Crossword Puzzle No. 701

By FRANK W. LEWIS



## ACROSS:

- 1 and 6 down With a different division, the redcap stores expensive wood—but it isn't always rare. (11, 5)
- 9 Sizes up what some tread. (8)
- 10 Sit down at table in an attempt to make a diplomatic agreement. (6)
- 11 Perhaps big game around it, all together (to count another clue)! (8)
- 12 Supports closely or draws away from? (5, 2)
- 14 Noticed our years are not spent in foolish talk! (6)
- 15 Not applicable once the majority is passed. (8)
- 17 Could I make it pull me more than once? (8)
- 20 Much more than the equivalent of a red cent! (6)
- 22 and 24 See 4 down.
- 26 You might find it bent as a result of incisive action. (6)
- 27 Confection formed in pearls. (8)
- 28 and 7 down The game in the books that went the most innings? (It should have been around 33!) (4-7, 6)

## DOWN:

- 2 The attack seems to be coming along thus. (9)
- 3 Bondsmen. (7)

- 4, 22 and 24 across Strangely enough, they shouldn't make you see red! (4-7, 7)
- 5 Extrinsic. (7)
- 6 See 1 across.
- 7 See 28 across
- 8 Both pearls and fiddles might be. (6)
- 13 It takes quite a few pies to make it (5)
- 16 Pardon me, if I ask for it! (9)
- 18 One of Gilbert and Sullivan's last operas was limited to this. (6)
- 19 One of many that make the mark. (7)
- 20 Doesn't jump near a solid fence? Quite the contrary! (7)
- 21 Rather odd it's not on the level! (6)
- 23 Surpass. (5)
- 25 Girasol makes such a friendly invocation. (4)

## SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 700

ACROSS: 1 COXSAINS; 6 CUBIC; 9 LANDTAG; 10 YARDARM; 11 ATHLONE; 12 NOISOME; 13 SAG; 15 INCITE; 17 LENTIL; 18 AND 22 VALVE-IN-HEAD; 19 LEGUME; 25 STY; 27 WAGTAIL; 28 EXP-POUND; 30 EQUALLY; 31 MAILING; 32 LEEKS; 33 RENASCENT. DOWN: 1 CELIA; 2 XANTHIC; 4, 3 AND 5 IT GOES WITHOUT SAYING; 6 CURSIVE; 7 BEAR OUT; 8 COMPELLED; 14 ALLOT; 15 IDLE WHEEL; 16 EVE; 17 LEM; 20 GAG RULE; 21 MEASLES; 23 NAPKINS; 24 ELUSIVE; 25 SLAYER; 26 YEOMEN; 29 DIGIT.

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LETTER FROM LONDON

## **The Big Ditch Splits England**

*by Paul Johnson*



# LETTER FROM LONDON

By Paul Johnson

London, December 6. FOR THE past four weeks, nobody, it seems, has talked about anything here except Allied intervention in Egypt. At cocktail parties and lunch parties, in clubs, buses, public houses and coffee bars, sooner or later the conversation gets back to the inevitable subject. Is Eden a hero or a national disaster? Are we aggressors or peacemakers? The tension, at any rate in middle-class circles, is terrifying, without parallel in recent British history, and comparable only, I think, to what France must have gone through at the height of the Dreyfus Affair. Families are split from top to bottom. Opinions cut right across the normal class and party barriers. Many hostesses, in desperation, have tried to ban the subject from their dinner tables, but without success. Inexorably, the aching tooth is prodded, and the guests are aflame. I know a number of couples who, in order to preserve what remains of their fraying friendship, have agreed not to meet until the whole thing is over.

The fact is, Eden's action has driven a large and painful wedge straight into the sizable crack which separates the British middle class conscience from its sense of loyalty. For the moment, at least, the two are locked in irreconcilable conflict. On the one hand, there is that very

PAUL JOHNSON, assistant editor of the *New Statesman* and *Nation*, will henceforth contribute a regular *Letter from London*.

large and influential section which is passionately concerned for Britain's good name in the world, and for our reputation as an upholder of treaty obligations and international institutions. Most people with college educations—teachers, doctors, lawyers, civil servants and journalists—belong to this group, and they are supported by a majority of the independent "quality" press: *The Observer*, the *Manchester Guardian*, the *News Chronicle*, the *Economist* and, belatedly, *The Times*. They are prepared to conduct the discussion in a rational manner, and can produce facts, figures and a certain amount of background knowledge. Most of them agree that Eden deliberately used the Israeli invasion of Egypt as an excuse to retake the Canal, even if he did not actually encourage the Israelis to move. They say this was wrong in itself, and that, in any case, there is now what Sir Eyre Crowe called "ocular evidence of the failure of a policy." The canal is blocked, our pipeline has been blown up, Nasser is still in power, we are being forced to withdraw our troops ignominiously, we have lost our remaining friends in the Middle East, our economy is lurching towards disaster, and we are being obliged, in the most humiliating manner possible, to get poor relief from the United States.

The arguments of what might be called the "loyalist" faction are more difficult to describe, because they change from day to day. The

one we heard immediately after the ultimatum—that we were putting out a "forest fire"—has now been dropped. So also has the theme that our action has "put teeth into the U.N.," since it is evident now that the U.N.'s recently-acquired teeth, if they are doing anything at all, are snapping at the hindquarters of

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On December 29 *The Nation*, for the first time in its ninety-one years of publication, will devote an entire issue to an article by one man. Its title is *Science and Human Values*; its author, J. Bronowski, is one of Britain's most brilliant scientists and men of letters. The editors of *The Nation* are certain that Mr. Bronowski's essay represents a profound contribution to contemporary thought in this dawn of the atomic age.

## Editorials

### The Bill of Rights: 1791-1956

The most important civil-rights development in the year that is drawing to a close was the Montgomery bus boycott movement, the anniversary of which was observed in an impressive ceremony in Montgomery on December 5. Visitors from all parts of the country joined with Montgomery's 50,000 Negroes in trying to find standing room in the Holt Street Baptist Church to hear the Reverend Martin Luther King, Jr. open a week-long observance and inaugurate the first annual Institute on Non-Violence and Social Change. The Montgomery bus boycott, as the Reverend King and other speakers made clear, heralds the demise of Jim Crow in the South. Said the Reverend King:

Let nobody fool you. All of the loud noises you hear today from the legislative halls of the South in terms of "interposition" and "nullification" and of outlawing the NAACP are merely the death groans of a dying system. The old order is passing away, and the new order is coming into being. We are witnessing in our day the birth of a new age, with a new structure of freedom and justice . . .

The next great chapter in the struggle to establish civil rights in the South will be written by "white" Southerners. The development is clearly foreshadowed in the stories of T. C. Merchant, Jr., the Madison, Florida, newspaper editor (*The Nation*, December 1), Sarah Patton Boyle of Charlottesville, Virginia (*The Nation*, September 15), the residents of the Koinonia Farm in Georgia (*The Nation*, September 22), and, more recently, of the Reverend Paul Turner of Clinton, Tennessee, who redeemed the Protestant clergy of the South by his decision to escort six Negro youngsters through a mob of hecklers to the Clinton High School. The simplicity of his statement, after he had been beaten by members of this same mob, that he had decided to walk the Negro children to school because he had been forced to conclude that they had a moral right to attend, will echo in the Southern conscience for a long time to come. As J. A. Bryant, Jr. points out in this issue (p. 514), the South would have been caught up in a crisis of conscience and culture at about this time even if the Supreme Court had not precipitated one by its decision in the desegregation cases.

Self-discovery is a painful process for a people as well as for individuals particularly when, as in this instance, it involves the rejection of false values which

have become closely interwoven, over a long period of time, with the enduring aspects of a great tradition. As the "white" South sorts out the true from the false elements in its tradition, it will participate, along with Southern Negroes, in the building of a new structure of freedom for the region and for the nation.

### Propaganda Is Not Private

Much of the criticism of Radio Free Europe is misdirected. Anna Kethly, exiled president of the Hungarian Social Democratic Party, has said that "Radio Free Europe has gravely sinned by making the Hungarian people believe that Western military aid was coming when no such aid was planned." This is a serious charge and one that warrants the most thoroughgoing investigation. But the activities of Radio Free Europe pose a policy question of greater long-range significance. The question relates to the role of so-called "private" organizations which, without formal State Department approval, are permitted to broadcast propaganda and carry on a variety of activities, some of which have never been fully disclosed, quite without direct governmental supervision or control. The attempt to deny that these activities are in reality government-sponsored is disingenuous. The Free Europe Committee was set up precisely because it was thought that a "non-governmental" propaganda agency might, for certain purposes, be more effective than an official agency. But a principal is responsible for the activities of his agent acting within the scope of the agency.

Few consider Radio Free Europe and Free Europe Press to be "private" organizations; they are universally regarded as designated instrumentalities for the dissemination of certain types of American propaganda. The two agencies employ about 2,200 people. Radio Free Europe operates twenty-nine powerful transmitters in West Germany and Portugal. Free Europe Press has dispatched nearly half a million plastic balloons, containing millions of propaganda leaflets, into Eastern Europe since 1954. Much of the money for the Free Europe Committee, which operates both agencies, has been donated by such corporations as Standard Oil of New Jersey, U. S. Steel and Ford Motor Company. The government has encouraged these donations just as it has encouraged the public to support Crusade for Freedom. It may be technically accurate to char-



acterize these agencies as "non-governmental," but Washington's disclaimers of responsibility will simply not be accepted when, as appears to have happened in this case, their propaganda backfires. Propaganda has a direct and vital bearing on foreign policy; it should never be entrusted to a "private" agency even if that agency is accountable, in some covert manner, to one of the intelligence services or to the State Department.

## The New Anti-Americanism

Another wave of anti-American sentiment is sweeping both Britain and France. But if Europe is indeed anti-American today, it is for all the wrong reasons. It is no longer the anti-Americanism of the days of McCarthy and MacArthur; it is essentially nationalist, obscurantist and right-wing. America is the spoil-sport that refused to support the war in Algeria and the invasion of Egypt in the realization that here were dangerous adventures, which might well lead to World War III. There is a strange ring to these lamentations about American "disloyalty" to the Free World, coming as they do from the whole right-wing press in Britain and France as well as the greater part of the French Socialists, who have now fully identified themselves with the nationalism of the French-Algerian diehards.

Now that the folly of the Suez operation is making itself felt in everyday life in Britain and France—inflation, insecurity, jitters, shortages in gasoline, coal and wood, the hoarding of sugar, flour and canned foods—the press is stepping up its efforts to divert the mounting discontent from those responsible for it to big, rich, lazy Uncle Sam. *Combat*—which used to be a reasonable liberal paper—is now fuming and raging at the United States and demanding that France quit the U. N. The fact that Habib Bourguiba was received by President Eisenhower has, of course, further upset the French diehards, who are still glorying in the "kidnapping" of the five Algerian leaders who, en route to a conference in Tunis, might have worked out a reasonable modus vivendi between France and North Africa had they been allowed to continue their journey.

The paradox of the present state of Europe is that never has there been so much vociferous anti-Americanism; but, at the same time, never has Europe been in more desperate need of America.

## Dissent and Discussion

The editors of *Dissent* magazine, a quarterly of Socialist opinion, recently sponsored a forum in New York City on the developments in Eastern Europe. A stimulating group of speakers, including A. J. Muste, Lewis Coser and Milton Sachs, presented different aspects of the situation, and the floor was then open for discussion. Sadly enough, there was no discussion—only recitation and harangue. Strewn through the

audience were the deadwood representatives of official Socialist "splinter groups" who rose to the day's occasion with the worn-out phraseology of their own particular sect, shaking their fists as of old, condemning the discussion for being only discussion, for being a "wake," a display of soul-searching and a harbor of heresy from their own splintered orthodoxy. As the fists waved and the afternoon wore on, most of the people who had come out of interest to hear—and not to harangue—had left the hall.

Irving Howe, of *Dissent's* editorial board, got up to give the closing remarks and said that "most of the people I wanted to talk to have already gone." They were, he pointed out, driven away by the "professionals" who hoped to use the occasion for singing their old tired tunes again. Mr. Howe speculated that "even if we had come here to discuss the novels of Henry James and Edith Wharton," the "old pros" would have said the same lines that they did that afternoon.

It was a discouraging experience to watch one of the few honest attempts at dissenting discussion dry up in the stale language of the splinter-off-of-splinter groups. The hall had been filled; there were people who had felt the need for an honest, Socialist-oriented discussion of the world-shaking events in Eastern Europe. The *Dissent* forum would plainly have filled a vital need—if only the splinters hadn't gotten there first to block the way.

## A Loather of Wiretapping

An attorney general who has defended Communists and is firmly opposed to wiretapping is uncommon enough these days to warrant special mention. Such a man has just been appointed to the job in Pennsylvania by Governor George M. Leader. He is Thomas B. McBride, chancellor of the Philadelphia Bar Association. He takes his oath December 17, succeeding Herbert B. Cohen, who moves to the state Supreme Court. McBride is known primarily as one of the best criminal lawyers on the Atlantic coast, but he has also taken civil-liberties cases for years. When nine Philadelphia-area Communists were charged with violating the Smith Act a few years ago and were unable to find counsel, McBride volunteered to defend them. He served as counsel for eight of the nine. He took the case, he says, because any accused person has a right to counsel and because of the old adage that "the United States wins the case when justice is done."

McBride describes himself as a "loather of wiretapping" because "It is a big step in the direction of a police state. Wiretapping is worse than illegal search and seizure because when your house is searched you know it. When your wires are tapped you don't." Last year Mr. McBride represented actress Gale Sondergaard when the House Committee on Un-American Activi-

ties invaded Philadelphia (see *The Nation*, September 22, 1956).

One might expect that such an appointment would invite opposition; but it hasn't. The *Bulletin*, which has opposed nearly every move of Governor Leader's, topped its editorial page three days after the appoint-

ment was made with praise for Mr. McBride. "A skilled master of criminal defense," the *Bulletin* said, "he has gone far beyond that accomplishment to lead in over-all defense of personal liberties and in devising means to correct the clutter and abuses that sometimes afflict the courts."

## Letter From London

(Continued from inside front cover)

our retreating troops. A further argument, and for a time a very powerful one, was that we were already committed to action, and that "you don't shoot the colonel in the back, especially when he's leading a charge." But the charge is now over; it was manifestly a failure; two of the colonel's subalterns have resigned and gone over to the other side, and the colonel himself is in the sick tent, suspected of malingering. The next argument, which is still used, though with increasingly less conviction, is that we went in to uncover a "Red plot." The evidence for this, it was alleged, was the discovery, by the Israelis, of enormous dumps of iron-curtain arms in Sinai. But *The Times* was quick to point out that the figures of Czech arms delivered to Egypt, published in a sensational manner by the Ministry of Defense on November 11, were exactly the same as those disclosed in *The Times* on October 29, the day before the British ultimatum; and Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, the Foreign Secretary, has since been forced to admit that this is so. Indeed, there seems no doubt that the government possessed full and detailed evidence of iron-curtain arms deliveries all through the summer, even during the period when the Labor Party was pressing the government to send more arms to Israel to redress the balance, and when government spokesmen, in reply, were refusing on the grounds that the situation was not "serious." So the government was either lying early in the summer, or it is lying now.

With the exposure of this line of defense, the "loyalists" have fallen back on what, it seems, is their final bastion: anti-Americanism, helped on powerfully by President Eisen-

hower's adamant refusal to be friends again until we leave Port Said. This argument is not, I hasten to add, a rational one. Its inadequacies, in fact, are neatly summed up in this week's *Spectator*, a Tory weekly of independent views. The breakdown in Anglo-American relations, it writes,

is the calculated fault of the British Government. At the end of October and the beginning of November the government decided that the Anglo-American alliance was something that could be switched off like a tap. So it switched it off. Almost immediately, it got thirsty and tried to switch it on again. It has found that it could not do so and has been relieving its feelings by kicking the tap.

However, this argument can, unfortunately, be sustained with very little recourse to reason and logic. Beneath the skin of British political life there lurks a deep vein of hatred for America, compounded of envy and distrust: envy of America's power, distrust of her ability to use it wisely. Our economic and military dependence on America has, paradoxically, increased rather than diminished this feeling; and in recent months the vacillations of Mr. Dulles—which have been criticized by people here of all political beliefs—have raised it to a hysterical pitch. The knowledge that, as a result of our own folly, we are now more dependent on America than ever before has scarcely helped matters; and the government has now been forced to allow its supporters, for the first time since the war, to give formal expression to their anger. Like most forms of anger, it is both irrational and transient. But, for the moment, it is the dominant fact in British politics.

How all these arguments and counter-arguments will affect the basic political situation here re-

mains to be seen. The government still has a solid majority in the House of Commons, and though half a dozen or more Tories may now vote against it, the mass of the party has made it quite clear that it will put loyalty to party before principles. The left wing will swallow defiance of the U.N., even "collusion"; the right wing will swallow our ignominious withdrawal. But what of the country as a whole? Certainly, the Tories have lost, probably for a long time, a large and important section of their middle-class supporters. They may have gained some lower-class votes. But the Chester by-election, the first to be held since the ultimatum, showed that the electorate as a whole had not yet made up its mind about Suez. Since then, public opinion polls have been oscillating in a disturbing fashion. During the first two weeks of the crisis there was a marked swing towards Eden, and for the first time this year the Tories topped Labor in popularity. But petrol rationing and cuts in industrial fuel supplies, leading, as they must, to curtailed working hours in a large number of factories, are beginning to do their work. This week, Labor once more edged the Tories out of the lead (according to the *News Chronicle* Gallup Poll) and the opinion here in political circles is that, now the process has begun, it will swiftly turn into a landslide swing in favor of Labor. The government has yet to decide on what course of action it will take; indeed, it has yet to decide on whether Eden will come back as its leader. But it becomes increasingly likely that it will be forced to dissolve parliament at an early date—perhaps in February and March—and go to the country. If it does so, Britain will face one of the fiercest elections for many, many years.



# OIL FOR PROGRESS

## Mexico Shows the Way . . by JULIAN HALEVY

*Mexico City*  
A FEW WEEKS AGO, with the Arab world furious over the invasion of Egypt, the Syrian army cut off a major oil supply by the simple expedient of blowing up three pumping stations on the Iraq Petroleum Company's pipeline across Syria. It is estimated that this will throttle 90 per cent of Iraq's petroleum exports for six months and cost the Iraq treasury eighty million dollars in royalties. Nevertheless, anti-Western feeling is so strong in those parts that the Iraq government swallowed the injury with no more than faint protest.

A renewal of hostilities in Egypt would release further violence against Middle East oil companies—unless some cooler Arab head points out that there are more profitable ways than by destruction of accomplishing the same anti-Western ends. With the precedent of Nasser's nationalization of the Suez Canal still glowing in Arab minds, what would happen, for example, if a Nationalist like Mossadegh were once again to raise the slogan of oil expropriation? The possibility has occurred to Western observers. Indeed a U. S. news magazine recently thought it appropriate to publish an article on the nationalized Mexican oil industries, archetype of the species, citing facts and figures to demonstrate the folly of nationalization to all Arabs within reading distance.

Folly or no, it's highly possible that one or more Arab nations will decide to take over foreign-owned oil properties, and it's worth while at the moment to evaluate the accomplishments of *Petroleos Mexicanos* (Pemex), Mexico's government-owned oil company, during the eighteen years since President Cardenas reluctantly signed the order

expropriating what is today the sixth largest oil industry outside the Soviet sphere.

In 1938, Lazaro Cardenas was trying to carry through his basic program of agrarian reform in the face of a dangerously anarchic domestic situation. To take over an industry for which Mexico lacked equipment, personnel and capital, and to risk international boycott and foreign intervention, seemed incredibly foolhardy; in fact, the decision to do so came as a complete surprise to the foreign-owned oil companies.

The expropriation was the culmination of a prolonged strike in the industry. It was precipitated by the refusal of the foreign oil companies to accept a decision of the arbitration boards and of the Mexican Supreme Court awarding more pay to the workers. After the expropriation decree, the companies, (of which there were about a score), capitulated, but by then the oil was in the fire, and President Cardenas refused to backtrack. The government was launched on a stormy career as producer, refiner, exporter and distributor of oil.

WHAT kind of job has Mexico done with the oil industry? U. S. oil-industry economists are inclined to take a dim view. The case against Pemex has been made as follows:

Since the government took over from private enterprise, production has fallen off drastically. In 1921, output of crude oil and natural gasoline reached a peak of 29 million (metric) tons per year; during the last three years, production has averaged about 13 million tons.

Income from exports of crude oil and products is far less than during the roaring twenties, when 500,000 barrels a day left Mexican ports. Current exports are edging up towards 100,000 barrels a day.

Refinery output fails to keep pace

with domestic needs. For the last three years the country has been importing about 30,000 barrels per day of petroleum products at an annual cost of nearly seventy million dollars—a heavy charge on Mexico's vulnerable balance of payments.

Insufficient refinery capacity is only a symptom of Pemex's most serious problem: lack of investment capital. This dearth of funds manifests itself also in a crippled exploration program, antiquated and inadequate transportation and lack of equipment for the development of proved resources. All this in turn boils down to the simple economic fact that Pemex doesn't earn enough profits, either to plow back into the business or to attract outside investment.

Why doesn't Pemex make money? The answer lies in a price policy that eschews what private-enterprise economists would call reasonable profits and, in effect, subsidizes the Mexican economy at the expense of the oil industry. The price of leaded gasoline, including taxes, is less than 18 cents (U.S.) per gallon. Kerosene, major fuel in a country with little water power, no coal and exhausted forests, is 4 cents a gallon. Fuel oil has been supplied to the nationalized railways for many years at extremely low prices.

The net effect of this price policy is that the per-barrel return, in the form of direct profit on sales, is probably lower for Pemex than any other oil company in the world. Prices have been kept so low that when Pemex imported seventy million dollars worth of petroleum products last year and distributed them through its regular marketing channels, the net loss to the company was twenty-one million dollars.

As long as Pemex maintains this unbusinesslike price policy, it will be unable to earn the capital necessary for expansion, and the gap between production and consumption (in-

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creasing about 9 per cent annually) will continue to expand. Instead of being a net earner, Pemex will be a net spender—a sad state of affairs for what was once a flourishing business.

This, in substance, is the case made by critics of nationalization, and it supports their contention that Mexico would have been far better off if foreign oil companies had kept control of the industry. Colonial nations, take heed!

THE CHARGES are met here with indignation. Almost to a man, the Mexican is loyal to what he feels is his industry, and underlying his attitude are the material evidences of another set of facts and figures:

It is true that production has dropped since the boom days of 1921. It is also true that it had dropped long before expropriation; from 200 million barrels in 1921 to less than thirty-five million in 1932. Nowhere else, not even in revolutionary Russia, did production ever decline so much so quickly.

The initial drop has been attributed to foreign business men reducing their investment in the face of union harassment. Far more significant, however, is the fact that in 1921 almost all the 200 million barrels came from the amazingly rich Golden Lane area on the gulf coast—an area which a few years later was producing mainly salt water because of over-exploitation. The fabulous Dos Bocas well in this region couldn't be controlled; it was permitted to spout 259,000 barrels a day onto the landscape until it exhausted itself.

Another factor contributing to the decline was lack of investment in exploration and development of reserves. During the pre-expropriation era (1901-1937), four major zones were discovered and development was confined to these established areas. But under Pemex's regime, concentrated exploration has resulted in the discovery of four new major producing areas, equivalent in potential to those already exploited. These new areas include almost a hundred oil fields, and reserves have climbed to 2,886 million barrels.

Despite lack of capital, boycotts and almost insuperable difficulties in securing personnel and equipment, production has risen since 1937 from forty-six million barrels to last year's ninety-one million. Drilling last year was highest in history, 639,414 meters, compared to the previous high of 538,000 meters in 1926.

As regards the drop in exports, part of the explanation lies in the development and industrialization of Mexico. During the twenties, almost all production was exported; last year the domestic market consumed sixty-five million barrels, leaving only twenty-five million for export. Other significant factors in export decline were a lack of tankers, limited market for Mexico's major surplus of heavy crudes and an international boycott against Mexico's oil during the years immediately following expropriation.

Necessity for imports of refined products is due less to lack of refinery capacity than to inadequate transportation facilities between population centers and refineries, which were originally located for the convenience of export-minded private companies without regard for domestic needs. Previous to 1938, all Mexican refineries were on the Gulf coast with the exception of Atzacapotzalco, supplying Mexico City. This refinery, which in 1938 had a capacity of 14,000 barrels per day, now produces 100,000 barrels. Total refinery capacity, mostly developed since expropriation, is now 225,000 barrels per day.

Pemex has been concentrating a major part of its admittedly inadequate investment capital on coping with the problem of imports and dollar drain. New refineries have been built in strategic locations and pipelines connect coastal refineries with industrial centers inland. A single lubricants refinery recently completed at Salamanca, in the state of Guanajato, is saving fifteen million dollars annually. Projects to be completed this year will cut forty million dollars from the annual bill for imports. Mexico's aim of oil autonomy is close to realization.

It is true that Mexico's task has been made infinitely more difficult by the low-price policy. No one is

more aware of this than the Mexicans. It would have been very convenient for Pemex to raise its prices along with the 548 per cent rise in cost of living since 1939. That it did not indicates that values other than profits determine its policy. *Industrialization here depends on cheap oil.* There is inadequate water power and no coal. The impetus given industry and agriculture by eighteen years of subsidies from the government oil monopoly is incalculable. As a domestic fuel, kerosene is replacing charcoal and wood,



natural resources almost exhausted in Mexico. *To aid a reforestation program, Pemex sells kerosene below cost.*

In 1937, the price of gasoline in Mexico City was 20 per cent higher than the average price in the United States. Today, the U.S. price is 80 per cent higher than the Mexican.

It's worth noting that as regards labor conditions in Mexico, the average wage in privately-owned manufacturing industries during 1955 was about a dollar a day; in the oil industry it was over four dollars. This contrasts sharply with pre-expropriation wage scales, when oil worker salaries were equal to or lower than prevailing inadequate wages. Pemex has a program of worker benefits unique in Mexico. It includes free schooling, free medical care for workers and their families, pensions and a savings fund. Last year, the company spent five million dollars on medical care and schooling for the 35,000 oil workers and their families.

Finally, there is the question of direct taxes paid by the industry to the federal treasury. In terms of national gain, it is revealing to com-



pare the figures for the periods before and after expropriation. From 1900 to 1937, private companies produced 1,895 million barrels of oil, mostly for export, on which federal taxes were paid amounting to 77 million pesos. From 1938 through 1955, Pemex produced 1,005 million barrels, mostly for national consumption, on which taxes were paid amounting to 5,000 million pesos.

It is this kind of responsibility to its workers, to the public and to the nation that makes Pemex popular here. Most Mexicans think that the government's expropriation of the oil industry is one of the best things that ever happened to the country. A return to private ownership is unthinkable.

The exploitation of Mexico by private companies before 1938 can-

not be compared with modern investment procedures in the Middle East; nor can Arab rulers, taking a fifty-fifty split of fabulous profits, be compared with Mexico's progressive President Cardenas. Nevertheless, Arab leaders studying the history of Mexico's government-owned and operated oil industry might find something in it other than a warning.

# The MYTH in the MIRROR

## The South Looks at Itself . . by J. A. BRYANT, JR.

THE SOUTH is in a predicament from which it can emerge only by its own efforts. Although encouragement and tactful criticism by outsiders may be moderately helpful, rebuke will not. What the South needs most of all is to learn to see itself for what it is, so that in self-knowledge it may move past the crisis with which it would have been confronted today even had there been no Supreme Court desegregation decision. For the crisis in the South is real and bred in the bone; it has to do with something far more fundamental than the fate of the Negro, however tragically he may be involved in it; and the alternatives are maturity for the region as a cultural entity or extinction.

To understand the nature of this crisis, we must be prepared to admit one thing. The South as we now know it—a region roughly limited by the old Mason and Dixon line and Ohio River on the North, by the open sea on the East and South, and by the high plains of Texas on the West—came into being as a region only during the conflict of 1860-65. Whatever the causes of that conflict, it compelled the inhabitants of a territory only recently snatched from the wilderness and the Indian to stand together. At points along the fringe of that region established societies already existed: Virginia

had a distinct culture, as did parts of South Carolina and New Orleans; the rest of the region was still mainly frontier in spirit, energetic, uncomplicated, rapidly developing and extravagantly imitative. What the South gained from the war of rebellion was existence itself, an identity. Forced into being by violence, it survived a bloody birth and has somehow continued to survive, independent and distinct, throughout the almost a century that has elapsed since. It has developed what amounts to a national consciousness, buttressed and supported—as adolescent national consciousness usually is—by a structure of myth.

MOST NATIONS, like most people, fall back on some support during their youth. Modern England, soon after it had emerged from the civil wars of the fifteenth century, found it useful to revive the stories of a Trojan Brutus who had founded the nation and a Prince Arthur who had established it in Christian glory. The legends were harmless, and Englishmen at that point sorely needed the feeling of majesty that the legends had created. So it was with the infant South; for the South, having very little past of its own, had much greater need than most nations to make recourse to the majesty of myth. The materials it used were an intermingling of truths and pardonable falsities. For one thing, it traded heavily upon the "glorious antiquity" of its established societies;

Virginia and South Carolina, and to a less extent New Orleans, suddenly became very important to thousands of second-generation frontiersmen. In many instances they quickly and effectively submerged their consciousness of being frontier, of being "Southwest," and proceeded to prove their identity with the cultivated societies of the coast by assiduous genealogical probing. A vast section which up to the eve of the war in 1860 had been in spirit and fact a New South now began a rapid transformation into the Old South. Among some groups, the romantic novels of Walter Scott, which provided abundant examples of a belated chivalry and a compelling analogy with Scottish nationalism, offered an opportunity to throw blood lines even farther back and claim a more ancient heritage for a new Southland. Other people, far more numerous and considerably less literate, could and did point to a heritage of song and folklore as evidence of their ties with older and more established cultures.

In more recent years, to be sure, a good many substitutions in the Southern national myth have proved necessary. The growth of historical scholarship and its influence on popular education have made it increasingly difficult for the "Old South" to identify itself with Old Virginia, South Carolina and New Orleans. A quick glance at telephone directories in most Southern communities will show that the Southerner's general claim to a Scottish

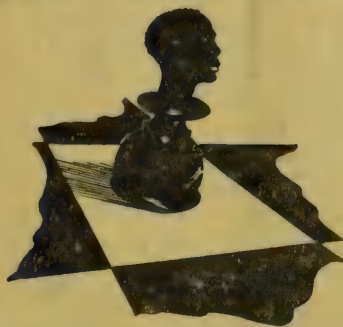
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heritage is seriously open to question. Nowadays less is heard about magnolias, white columns, darkies caroling at dusk, chivalry and Walter Scott; and Southerners can speak again of the "culture of the Old Southwest," of pioneer folkways in Tennessee, Georgia and Alabama, and of the almost forgotten usurpation of Indian lands. But the substituted myths have proved less virile than the old. The "scientific" researches of folklorists remain the reading matter for specialists, and the image of the Southerner as English squire, holding a modest piece of land and pursuing a life of intellectual leisure, has never caught on. One reason is perhaps that the South has outgrown the first stages of its development and no longer needs the solid myth to support its national consciousness. It is enough that Southerners have inherited the land and speech of their fathers, along with the memory of boys in gray who fought under gallant generals during those glorious and sad years of 1860-1865. The "War" itself, much talked of but faintly understood, is now firmly established as the Southerner's national myth.

THE CRISIS of 1860 was a crisis for the nation as a whole, not merely for the Southern part of it. Had that year passed without war, the nascent South might have gone on to lose its identity in a United States that would have been poorer for its relative homogeneity. But the crisis today is peculiarly Southern. Either the South will complete its growth as a people and contribute to the parent nation that wisdom and leadership which, as the productions of some of its men of letters prove, it is capable of giving; or it will turn bitter, decay and lose the identity which it now imagines itself so ardently defending. Whatever it does, the South must supply its own motive.

The specific occasion for the crisis which the South now faces happens to be the Negro, and the difficulty with the Negro is that he, like the rest of the South, is alive and changing. When the Southern region emerged as a nation during the last century, it was already on the de-

fensive about the Negro in its midst. Northern abolitionists in their fervor had all but made the Negro the supreme issue in a contest that was already so complex that few could understand it. In 1865 the South refused, rightly, to take upon its collective conscience a blot of guilt for its treatment of the colored man. The feeling was then, and is now, that the South had done as well as any other region in this regard, perhaps better than any other region. The unfortunate thing was that the South, in the early myth-making



phase, accounted for the colored man, insofar as it accounted for him at all, in only one way. All the images of itself that the South managed to construct or appropriate during those crucial years fixed the Negro so firmly in the status of a servant that the Negro could not change his status without shattering them. He was black and readily distinguishable. He could not, like the white servant, change neighborhoods and shake off his past. As long as he remained in the South, he found it mandatory to keep the same place in an arbitrary and initially fragile Southern cosmology; and as that cosmology hardened, he found himself trapped.

FOR A LONG time Southerners found it easy to justify their treatment of the Negro by insisting that he was subhuman. In the present century it has become increasingly difficult, however, to maintain this illusion and the argument for keeping the Negro in his place has shifted to other grounds. The Negro, it is now said, has no history, no culture, no sense of the past. Even the tradition of song and folk literature which Southerners once cheerfully ascribed to him has proved, upon examination

by ardent Southern folklorists, to be only a grotesque distortion of the white man's more ancient heritage. The Negro, it would seem, can at best become a cultural parasite. Granted that he is racially the white man's equal, he can upon admission to equal political and social status with the white man only debase the white man's culture. He may even in time begin to intermarry with white women and produce a mongrel people, contemptuous of all tradition, history and culture. The irony of this point of view is that it betrays the same faulty sense of history that the Negro is accused of having. As often as the Southerner describes himself as the transplanter of a more ancient culture—Virginian, Cavalier, highlander or what not—just so often must he reveal to the detached observer his own historical naivete. What he did bring to his "new ground" was the memory of some of these things, and some of what he brought he was able, by virtue of his literacy and position of mastery, to retain. The Negro, it is true, being illiterate and in an inferior social status, by and large lost even his memories. But the Southerner with his fragmented memories never transplanted a more ancient culture in the way in which he himself described it. And if he did not transplant a culture, neither did he create one in that half century during which he inhabited his region before the war. For most Southerners that brief period was one of conquest—of taming the land, of displacing the genuine Indian culture which flourished there, of buying and selling and trading, of exploiting and of building. The fact of a civil war gave the Southerner an opportunity to forge a culture, and he seized upon it. The rest is a story of infancy and adolescence—of the creation of a past which the Negro now rejects because it denies him dignity as a man.

The Negro has not always rejected the past which the white man gave him. Even today in many parts of the South Negroes are fearful of their own people's attempt to step out of livery and wear a plain man's clothes. But collectively the Negro has developed



to a point of self-awareness from which he can retreat only at the price of racial suicide. He has lately learned his own potentiality for human dignity and, for the most part, has accepted the heavy responsibilities of his knowledge with becoming courage and grace. It is perhaps unfortunate that the American Negro could not grow up without posing a challenge to the Southerner's long-cherished myth, but he need feel no compunction on that account. The historicity of the Southerner's myth was certain to be challenged sooner or later, by the Southerner himself if not by someone else. That it has been challenged constitutes the present crisis in the developing mind of the South. Whether he likes it or not, the Southerner must now reexamine his collection of myths and learn how to use it in a different way. He must abandon his adolescent insistence upon his rights to arbitrary individuality according to the letter of the law as interpreted by himself and accept the responsibility of a genuine individuality which was forced

upon him in 1860. He must learn how to preserve the important differences which belong to him by virtue of the culture within a culture which is now uniquely his, and learn also to abandon those differences which, if insisted upon, will ultimately cause him to deny his own dignity as well as that of the Negro.

Unfortunately the Southern scene does not seem to give much grounds for optimism. Until recently the South had too many poor people in it for its own good, and many of these were descendants of several generations of poor people whose only claims to superiority were their pioneer independence and the color of their skin. Thus in many parts of the region city, county and even state governments still reflect the will of large and unenlightened segments of the population whose background is one of economic and social rivalry with the Negro. These people inherit the Southern tradition mainly as prejudice, which is often as fierce as it is unreflective. But the Southerner also has much

that may help him survive his crisis. He has first of all those partially discredited myths, which in spite of all their shakiness as history present a laudable image of human worth. He has, secondly, a profound respect for law and order, which, even if it seems frequently to express itself as childish legalism, is nevertheless there and ripe of development. Finally, he has religion—for the most part simple, uncomplicated and unreflective, and embraced by him with the same youthful enthusiasm with which he defends his chivalric and legal codes. His mythology tells him that man is capable of glory; the Constitution which he so ardently defends tells him that the Negro is a man; and his religion tells him that all men are brothers. In these concepts, he has the means to all the mature knowledge and understanding he needs, if he can only begin to see them as means to self-knowledge, not as ends to be defended against mortal destruction at the hands of subversives within his borders and infidels without.

# POLAND'S EXPERIMENT

## One Party, Two Candidates . . by CLAUDE BOURDET

*Warsaw*

POLAND must have freedom and democracy, or its people will soon lose their enthusiasm for their new government. And it must have socialism, for a return to capitalism would not only create economic problems of unthinkable magnitude, but would also bring back a class of employers of the obsolete and reactionary type responsible for this country's primitive prewar economy. Even without the proximity of Soviet Russia, Poland would then be heading towards a dangerous new

era of internal and external strife.

But can there be democracy within a system which is mostly one-party? Can there be socialism with a dominantly individual agriculture? Poles answer that the essence of democracy is representation and competition, not necessarily multiple parties; and that the aim of socialism is to end the exploitation of men by other men, not necessarily to impose everywhere and immediately collective methods of production.

In a country like this the collectivization of agriculture makes sense only if it means higher production. But to date the result has been just the opposite. Moreover, collectivization provoked fanatical hatred against the regime on the part of a peasantry which, in prewar time,

was progressive and, indeed, often branded as "leftist."

Most Communists I have met here feel that if the peasants are permitted to organize as they wish, they will quickly rally to the support of a system which can give them the advantages of general planning, fixed prices, marketing boards and technical help from both the state farms and the more efficient collective farms which will not be dissolved. Obviously the new regime will have to legislate against any possibility of the revival of an agrarian capitalism.

If these calculations are correct, there is reasonable hope that the new freedom which pervades Polish life and Polish institutions will not tend towards the revival of an anti-socialist force based on the peasants,

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who today represent the only large group of private owners of the instruments of production. However, the Polish Communists are taking no chances; they are not ready, apparently, to accept a true multi-party political system. They believe that in present world circumstances, and given the natural anti-Soviet reaction of the people, a powerful Peasant Party—however progressive at the outset—might become quickly a refuge and a tool for reactionaries. Yet they are prepared to go a long way towards giving the peasants the means of political expression. Peasant leaders like Wycech and Zaleski (the latter was deputy to the former peasant leader and Polish president Mikolajczyk, who fled in 1948) are being brought back to positions of prominence. These men enjoy the full confidence of the peasants. Many progressive-minded organizers of the old Peasant Party are likewise reinstated in positions of authority.

THE United Workers (Communist) Party is itself undergoing a thorough change. In earlier articles I described the "workers' committees" which are springing up everywhere, kicking the Stalinists out of local party branches and forcing in new men who enjoy the workers' confidence. Many of the new men are members of the old Socialist Party, which was absorbed by fiat into the United Workers Party. Some had quit all militant activity in 1948; others had never joined the "united" party. They are joining now. I have spoken to some; they feel that the new trend allows for a large degree of party democracy and don't believe that the creation of a rival Socialist Party would serve any purpose under present circumstances. Gomulka favors this "reactivation" of Socialists, many of whom are able and experienced politicians who, because they quit political life before the big Stalinist purges of 1948-1950, escaped prison and the dire physical and psychological consequences of imprisonment suffered by "Gomulka" Communists.

All this, however, does not change the fact that the ultimate power, in Poland, still rests in the United Workers Party and particularly in its top working group, the Political

Bureau. Since 1948, the parliament has been little more than a body of "yes-men"; at best, it has served as a technical advisory council. But some interesting changes are being prepared.

UP TO NOW, elections were entirely "cooked" as in other Communist states (and in French colonies). A single list of candidates, chosen officially by the National Front (which includes the Communists, the peasants and various "independents", but is actually dictated by the local Communist bosses), was offered to the electors who, in the main, voted openly (voting booths were provided for those who insisted on balloting secretly, but the names of all who used the booths were duly noted—with unhappy results).

Today such pressures are unthinkable. Yet, for reasons described above, there will be no actual competition between parties; and the system of the National Front list will be maintained. But two major changes are going to be made. First, electors will be able to choose their members of parliament out of *twice as many* candidates. Second, the list itself will no longer be "fixed" by the local party bosses, but will emerge out of meetings of local "activists"—that is, people interested enough in politics to attend a nominating caucus. The system has some interesting resemblances to that of the American primary.

Most people here think these changes may lead to a kind of democracy which is different from what we know in the West, but quite respectable in its way. At any rate, after the general election next month, the Polish parliament will be full of real representatives of the people, instead of creatures of the Communist machine. It will necessarily play a major role in the political life of the country, and the government will have to take account of its decisions.

These, then, are the general lines of the Polish experiment. The Poles like to call it a revolution, and I think they are right. Everything here is changing from day to day, and the work being done is worth following not only by Socialists but

by all students of representative government. True, the success of the experiment depends greatly on Russian attitudes; but the Hungarian tragedy, the strong national unity of the overwhelming majority of the Polish people, the strength and at the same time the cleverness of Gomulka's leadership, have made it very difficult for the Russians to intervene—unless, of course, a crisis arises, and the Poles are being very careful in this regard.

For the time being, the leaders of the USSR appear to have accepted the new course in Poland; Gomulka's visit to Moscow was a success crowned by a not negligible Russian loan, promises of Russian wheat and the payment of old Polish debts by a reevaluation of the price paid for Polish coal during the years 1948-53. Here is a sign that the Russians are not planning to sabotage Poland economically; that, on the contrary, they are prepared to go some way to retain the friendship of an independent Poland.

NOW what will the West do? If the cold war is to be ended, if Stalinism is not to be revived, Gomulka *must* be a success. And this depends largely on the amount of consumer goods he can offer to his destitute workers until they and the national economy can be revived; it depends on the amount of fertilizer Poland can afford to distribute among the peasants; it depends on the number of new machines that can be given to Polish industry.

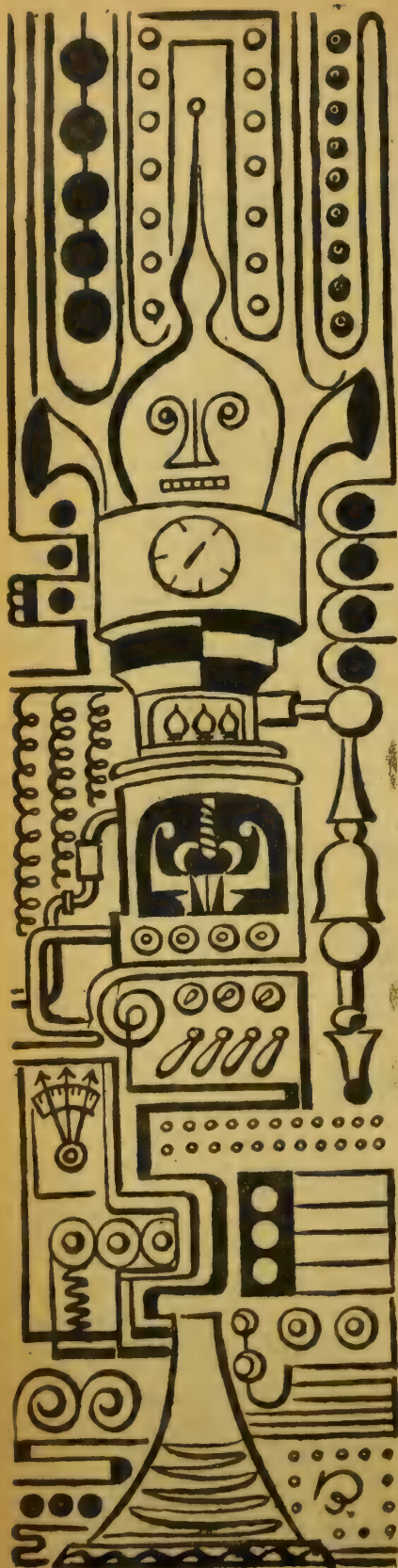
Altogether, the financing which would be involved doesn't run into billions of dollars or sterling. Most certainly it would cost the West less than trying to occupy Egypt, or building the strongest air force in the world. Poland—as many of its present leaders have told me—is ready to accept any Western aid, provided there are no political strings whatsoever attached.

The West has helped Tito for purely military reasons. Here is a more subtle opportunity—a chance not to help fight Russia, but to help *change* her. This requires a minimum amount of political intelligence. Unabashed by previous experience, let us hope for the best.



# THE ROBOT REAL

by DAN WAKEFIELD



A NON-SCIENTIFIC visitor to the Third International Automation Exhibit was likely to leave with two things in his head: a low, insistent buzzing sound and an urgent desire to ride Paul Revere-style from village to farm and rouse the good folk to the challenge of an imminent, automatic future.

Ladies and gentlemen, the robots are coming—and no one seems to care but the robot-makers.

There are probably as few people aware that the last of November was officially proclaimed "Automation Week" in New York City as there are those who know that this January will be national "Super Market Month." The doors of the Trade Show Building on Eighth Avenue, where nearly 200 companies put their automatic wares on exhibit, were open only to visiting professionals from here and abroad. To be sure, the show was highly technical, but the most electronically ignorant layman could have learned a good deal merely walking in and out of the booths, listening to demonstrators, and generally absorbing the atmosphere. It was hard to stay in that humming palace of clicks and whirrs without understanding that the nature of tomorrow's life was cranking ahead unobserved by most of the men who are going to live it. Most of us non-scientific humans vaguely accept the presence and increasing importance of "automation" and hope for the best, much in the spirit of Mayor Wagner's proclamation of Automation Week, which ends with his urging

... my fellow citizens and the visitors [who came to the Automation Exhibit] to take heed so that maximum advantages will accrue to us all and that there will be greater security and comfort in the world of the future.

Hear, hear. But the creators of automation are not necessarily com-

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mitted to seeking security and comfort—and this does not mean that they are monsters with test-tubes, plotting against us. It merely means that they are scientists, not sociologists, and that their job is to create what will satisfy the market that consumes their production. The particular market in this case is big business in contemporary capitalism, and it is not necessarily geared to the cause of individual welfare. For example, it can find use for a new product known as an "operations recorder," which was put on exhibit at the Automation show.

A spectator paused to stare at this device—a glass-enclosed instrument with a metal arm making lines on graph-paper that suggested a weather meter—and asked information of the proud, smiling man who stood by it.

"What does this do exactly?"

"Well," said the demonstrator, "You see that gentleman who just walked by? This instrument has recorded that. It has, in fact, recorded that you have just walked up here, and it will record how long you stay and when you walk away. This 'eye,' he pointed, 'catches the movements and they are then recorded on the machine.'

"But why?" asked the visitor. "Who cares?"

"Companies use these for 'efficiency' purposes," the man explained. "You can put it by a person's desk, or a machine, or by a water fountain, and know about comings and goings at the end of the day."

"You mean—it's a sort of a spy?"

The demonstrator smiled.

"Let's call it a Tattle-Tale," he said.

"And companies buy large quantities of these and set them all around the place?"

"We hope so—it's only been on the market four months now."

The spectator walked away with a pamphlet on the "operations recorder," and learned that it could



# ES FOR A COKE

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be had for a mere \$59.50. The literature noted that the gadget could be "important for piece-work, production and cost-studies." To add to its rather super-human aura, it reportedly does its job with "no ink, no lead, no electricity." Just sits there and keeps an eye on you—which seems unlikely to add to the "greater security and comfort of the world of the future."

BUT THIS is singling out an untypical example of what is being done by automation. The bulk of the show was a spectacle of automated elimination of tasks that have dulled and dried human beings since the last great industrial revolution. The new revolution of automation can display such wonders as a "slave typewriter" which records instrument readings and scientific and business data at the rate of eleven characters per second by electrical-magnetic means. And who cannot welcome a "slave typewriter" to take the place of a "slave typist X?"

One corporation exhibited a model of "The first completely automatic electronic savings bank system," which is now being prepared for installation in three different banks. It replaces file cards with magnetic storage units of ledgers, and cuts out the bleak business of looking up information in a ledger file.

ONE OF THE new presentations at the exhibit in fact went farther in the same direction. The "Random Access Memory" machine, according to its makers, "has been designed to replace the file cabinet—and file clerk." The handling of great masses of data in business requires the storage of up to hundreds of millions of pieces of information, and although this had been possible up to now, the major problem in effective use of such storage machines has always been quick access to a particular piece of the information. The new "Random Access Memory" machine can not only store 500 million "bits"

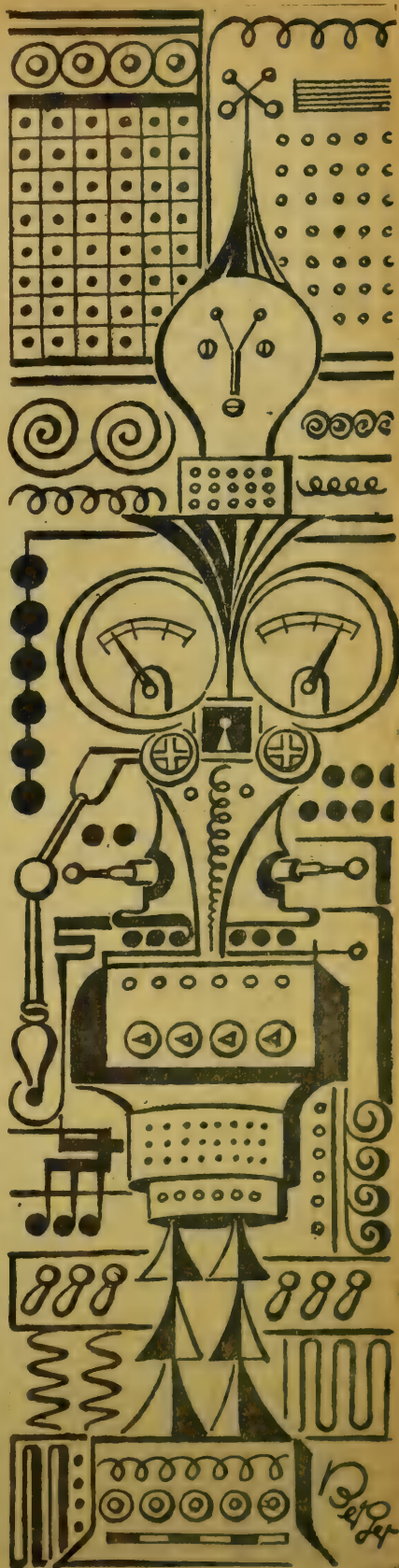
of information, but bring out any specific item in an average time of half a second.

*Instruments and Automation*, a magazine of the trade, commented that the quick access was "a major technological advance." And who can argue that it is not a major social advance to eliminate the career of file clerk from society?

Milling machines were to be seen in several places around the Exhibit, grinding away without any guidance from human hands. This is done by "magnetic tape control" which is coming into vogue in aircraft plants in the West. By this method, any office worker can read decimal dimensions straight off of a blueprint, record them on an ordinary adding machine keyboard which translates them onto magnetic tape, which in turn is placed in the machines to guide them through the operations of cutting some particular part.

THE MAN who once guided the cutting tools themselves now acts as "overseer" to tend the machine that does his old job. This pattern of the worker as an overseer of mechanical creators is the dominant trend of the whole automatic revolution. The mechanization has, in a sense, come full circle from the time of the first mechanization in the industrial revolution. The original worker who created the whole object—the whole shoe, for instance—became a man on the assembly line who merely did the stitching, or nailed on the heel, or inserted the shoestrings. Now he has moved on from that role to become a guardian of the process which does the whole job mechanically. This worker is released from specialized duty and watches the complete process—though removed from it by the iron curtain of the new machinery.

This of course is not the same as the self-creation of the whole product, done directly as it was before mechanization. Perhaps it is a healthier process for the worker than





the middle step of creating one part on the assembly line; or perhaps it is worse because it removes the worker even farther from the reality of participation in the making of the product. The point, however, is academic—the new process, for better or worse, is here to stay and in more places every day.

It is not only the giant of industry who is moving into automation. The smaller factories have learned already that to automate is to survive, and all sorts of plans are developing to give the less-than-giants a chance for automation. Whether or not such schemes are really answers to the new threat of monopoly by means of the automation available to giant plants remains to be seen, but they are making a current bid for practicability. A manufacturer of tape-control tools at the Automation exhibit predicted that not only the big plants but “the shop around the corner” would soon be using automatic tape-run machines. Its system, says this manufacturer,

... Provides great flexibility, economy of operation and reduction in tooling expense. . . . The system has been designed to satisfy the mass market for automatic controlled machine tools. It fits the small and medium-sized shop as well as the large manufacturer. It simultaneously satisfies the economic, technical and psychological requirements that industry is facing today and will be demanding tomorrow.

A large order for a piece of tape.

WHAT seemed to be the most practical plan for giving that little shop around the corner a chance to automate itself was offered by a company that used its booth at the exhibit for an explanation of “Pay-As-You-Go Automation.” Under this plan a small shop calls in the “Pay-As-You-Go” people, who figure out its needs and possibilities for automation and then proceed to lease it the automatic equipment. The leasing presents the smaller plant with the “opportunity to modernize without large capital outlays.” Equipment is leased for periods of from one to fifteen years, with options for renewal and options for eventual purchase of the equipment.

The fellow in command at the pay-as-you-go booth was quite enthusiastic, and happy to explain the workings of his plan to an uninitiated visitor. He pulled out a leaflet with a picture of a large machine which was (like bears we used to see on exhibit in Michigan) reaching out an arm and opening itself a Coca Cola.

“For all practical purposes,” the pay-as-you-go man said, “This is a robot. Its arms can reach out and take an object from one machine and put it into another, as well as a man could. The difference is, you pay \$10,000 for one of these ‘robots’ instead of just hiring it and giving it the first weekly salary check. But once you have it, you can work it twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week. And after that first big investment, you’re through paying it to do the job. It pays for itself in the first year, and the second year, you don’t have to pay it a salary again as you would a man. What we’re trying to do is make these things available for smaller plants, so they can keep up too. A company like GM of course can buy them right off, but a new company, just starting up, hasn’t got the capital. What we do is go to those companies, and, if they have good credit—they have to have real good credit—lease them machines like this which they can pay for by the month.”

THAT “robot” opening the Coca Colas was apt to make a liberal-arts visitor a bit nostalgic. The fellow’s explanation of its twenty-four-hour efficiency was pretty conclusive of its work-superiority over mere man workers (or for that matter, bears). This fact of machine supremacy over the flesh was inescapable to any stroller at the Automation exhibit. One electronics company, pressing the point home, had brought in a complex computer which was set up for the show purpose of “juggling” a steel rod for the entertainment of the visitors, and for any who missed the point of the demonstration a handy leaflet explained that

The Electronic Juggler, unlike the human juggler or the trained seal, but like his brothers in automa-

tion serving industry and commerce, never wearies of his task, never falters, but is able to continue his performance repetitively and endlessly until his human creators again ordain interment in the packing case.

Rather than dwell on the weird sensation that lengthy contemplation of the untiring juggler can bring, the non-scientist can better devote his thought to the consequences. Last March the director of economic research for IBM was reported in the *New York Times* as predicting a 20 per cent increase in the national average income and a four-day work week by the 1970s. The four-day work week, which already flitted across the political scene in the recent campaign, and the nature of the work that the bulk of men will be doing in those four days, means a qualitative change in our way of life. Yet few outside the scientific and business world have given real thought to the prospects of automation.

SURPRISINGLY enough, one of the few non-scientific bodies to express the tremendous need for creative thinking along these lines has been the Christian Church—or at least, a public organ of it, *The Christian Century* magazine. In an editorial this fall the *Christian Century* declared that “it is time to ask what automation means to the churches.” It perceptively stated that

In the age of automation . . . the problem of means is so interesting and absorbing, we are all caught up in trying to solve it. An increasingly important function of the churches is therefore to help Christians ask “Why? To what end?”

These are questions that we all must ask of automation. It is too bad the Third International Automation Exhibit could not have stayed open another week for exploration by the general public. The most complacent could hardly leave without the sense of how fast automation is coming on, and how slowly we are rising to meet it. Robot-machines are opening Coke bottles, science is reaching for the moon, and the rest of us are doing crossword puzzles, watching Ed Sullivan, and hoping for the best.

# BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS

IN QUICK retrospect 1956 does not seem to have been a memorable publishing year, either for works of the imagination or for books of instruction or exhortation. Nevertheless, in those fifty-two weeks, *The Nation* reviewed some two dozen books (an average of about one a fortnight) whose momentum continues at least beyond the first hopeful shove given them by their publishers. The books we recall here are ones that, whatever their eventual stature, reflect the temper and preoccupations of the times.

*The Pattern of World Conflict* by G. L. Arnold. Dial Press.  
*Years of Trial and Hope* by Harry S. Truman. Doubleday.  
*The Loyal and the Disloyal* by Morton Grodzins. University of Chicago Press.

*The Theme Is Freedom* by John Dos Passos. Dodd, Mead.  
*The Lord of the Rings* by J. R. R. Tolkien. Houghton Mifflin.  
*The Quiet American* by Graham Greene. The Viking Press.  
*The Power Elite* by C. Wright Mills. Oxford University Press.

*A Walk on the Wild Side* by Nelson Algren. Farrar, Straus and Cudahy.

*The Hero in Eclipse in Victorian Fiction* by Mario Praz. Oxford University Press.

*The Mandarins* by Simone de Beauvoir. World.

## Kay Boyle

*The Burnt Offering*. By Albrecht Goes. Pantheon. \$2.50.

*The Setting Sun*. By Osamu Dazai. New Directions. \$3.

*The Fatal Decisions*. Edited by Seymour Freiden and William Richardson. William Sloane. \$4.

*The Great Migrations*. By Georges Blond. Macmillan. \$4.

## Edmond Cahn

*James Madison: The President*. By Irving Brant. Bobbs-Merrill. \$6.50.

*Procedure and Democracy*. By Piero Calamandrei. New York University Press. \$4.50.

*Individual Freedom and Governmental Restraints*. By Walter Gellhorn. Louisiana State University Press. \$3.75.

*Compulsion*. By Meyer Levin. Simon & Schuster. \$5.

*Harlan Fiske Stone: Pillar of the Law*. By Alpheus T. Mason. Viking. \$8.75.

## O. Edmund Clubb

*United States Foreign Policy 1945-1955*. By William Reitzel, Morton A. Kaplan, Constance G. Coblenz. Brookings. \$4.50.

December 15, 1956

*A Discord of Trumpets* by Claud Cockburn. Simon & Schuster.  
*Goodbye to Uncle Tom* by J. C. Furnas. William Sloane Associates.

*The Transformation of Man* by Lewis Mumford. Harper and Brothers.

*In Search of Heresy* by John W. Aldridge. McGraw-Hill.

*Over the Bridge* by Richard Church. E. P. Dutton.

*The Outsider* by Colin Wilson. Houghton Mifflin.

*Russia Leaves the War* by George F. Kennan. Princeton University Press.

*Gallipoli* by Alan Moorehead. Harper and Brothers.

*Anglo-Saxon Attitudes* by Angus Wilson. The Viking Press.  
*Prospero and Caliban: The Psychology of Colonization*, by O. Mannoni. Frederick A. Praeger.

*France: 1940-1955* by Alexander Werth. Henry Holt.

*An Historian's Approach to Religion* by Arnold Toynbee. Oxford University Press.

*Compulsion* by Meyer Levin. Simon & Schuster.

For a further picture of the books which have made an effective impression in 1956 we have, as in previous years, asked some of our contributors to submit five titles which entertained or instructed them in that period. These we print below, and we offer the two lists as a digest of the year just ending. R. H.



*The Unadjusted Man: A New Hero for Americans*. By Peter Viereck. Beacon. \$5.

*France: 1940-1955*. By Alexander Werth. Henry Holt. \$6.

*Bernard Shaw: His Life, Work and Friends*. By St. John Ervine. Morrow. \$7.50.

## David Cort

*Memoirs of a Cross-Eyed Man*. By James Wellard. St. Martin's. \$3.

*The Financial Expert*. By R. K. Narayan. Michigan State College Press. \$3.

*Night in Babylon*. By James Wellard. St. Martin's. \$2.75.

*Man's Role in Changing the Face of the Earth*. Edited by William L. Thomas, Jr. University of Chicago Press. \$9.

*Ambassador Extraordinary*. By Alden Hatch. Henry Holt. \$3.75.

## Waldo Frank

*The Power Elite*. By C. Wright Mills. Oxford. \$6.

*An International Economy: Problems and Prospects*. By Gunnar Myrdal. Harper. \$6.50.

*Communism and Nationalism in the Middle East*. By Walter Z. Laqueur. Praeger. \$6.50.

*Japan's Modern Century*. By Hugh Borton. Ronald. \$7.

*Science and Civilisation in China*. Volume II, History of Scientific Thought. By Joseph Needham. Cambridge. \$14.50.

## Harold Clurman

*The Birth of Britain*. Volume I of History of the English Speaking Peoples. By Winston S. Churchill. Dodd, Mead. \$6.

*The Crucial Decade: America, 1945-1955*. By Eric F. Goldman. Knopf. \$4.

Illustrations on this and following page from a set of seventeenth century Dutch woodblocks. Courtesy New York Public Library Picture Collection.



*Was Justice Done? The Rosenberg-Sobell Case.* By Malcolm P. Sharp. Monthly Review. \$3.50.

*The World of Mathematics.* Edited by James R. Newman (4 volumes). Simon & Schuster. \$20.

*The Dead Sea Scriptures.* In English translation by Theodor H. Gaster. Doubleday (Anchor). 95 cents.

*Orocco.* By Alma Reed. Oxford. \$6.

### Mark Gayn

*Russia Without Stalin.* By Edward Crankshaw. Viking. \$3.75.

*Lonely Passion of Judith Hearne.* By Brian Moore. Little, Brown. \$3.50.

*The Letters of Thomas Wolfe.* Edited by Elizabeth Nowell. Scribner's. \$10.

*France: 1940-1955.* By Alexander Werth. Henry Holt. \$6.

*The Sacrifice.* By Adele Wiseman. Viking. \$3.95.

### Maxwell Geismar

*The Mandarins.* By Simone de Beauvoir. World. \$6.

*A Walk on the Wild Side.* By Nelson Algren. Farrar, Straus and Cudahy. \$4.50.

*Nuni.* By John Howard Griffin. Houghton Mifflin. \$3.75.

*The Letters of Thomas Wolfe.* Edited by Elizabeth Nowell. Scribner's. \$10.

*Memphis Jackson's Son.* By Mary Beechwood. Houghton Mifflin. \$3.75.

### Gordon Harrison

*Arms and Men.* By Walter Millis. Putnam's. \$5.75.

*Pork Chop Hill.* By S. L. A. Marshall. Morrow. \$5.

*Eisenhower: The Inside Story.* By Robert J. Donovan. Harper. \$4.95.

*Memoirs: Vol. I: Years of Decision; Vol. II: Years of Trial and Hope.* By Harry S. Truman. Doubleday. \$5 each.

*The Crucial Decade: America 1945-1955.* By Eric F. Goldman. Knopf. \$4.

### Jacob Korg

*Thackeray: The Uses of Adversity.* By Gordon N. Ray. McGraw-Hill. \$7.

*Two Worlds.* By David Daiches. Harcourt, Brace. \$3.50.

*Speculative Instruments.* By I. A.

Richards. University of Chicago. \$4.50.

*The Hero in Eclipse in Victorian Fiction.* By Mario Praz. Oxford. \$11.

*The Orwell Reader.* Introduction by Richard H. Rovere. Harcourt, Brace. \$5.95.

### Joseph Wood Krutch

*A Mormon Chronicle.* The Diaries of John D. Lee, 1848-1876. 2 volumes. Huntington Library. \$15.

*Autumn Across America.* By Edwin Way Teale. Dodd, Mead. \$5.75.

*Bernard Shaw: His Life, Work and Friends.* By St. John Ervine. Morrow. \$7.50.

*George Bernard Shaw.* By Archibald Henderson. Appleton-Century-Crofts. \$12.



*The Search for Captain Slocum.* By Walter Magnes Teller. Scribner's. \$3.95.

### Kenneth Rexroth

*Science and Civilization in China.* (2 volumes). By Joseph Needham. Cambridge. \$24.50.

*The Ancient Maya.* By S. G. Morley and G. W. Brainerd. Stanford. \$10.

*A Pictorial History of the American Negro.* By Langston Hughes and Milton Meltzer. Crown. \$5.95.

*Bibliotheca Historica of Diodorus Siculus.* Translated by John Skelton. Edited by Salter and Edwards. Early English Text Society. Oxford. \$6.75.

*Howl and Other Poems.* By Alan Ginsberg. City Lights Pocket Book Shop. 75 cents.



### M. L. Rosenthal

*The Collected Poems of W. B. Yeats.* Definitive edition with the author's final revisions. Macmillan. \$6.

*Hypnos Waking.* By René Char. Translated by Jackson Mathews and others. Random House. \$5.

*One Foot in Eden.* By Edwin Muir. Grove Press. \$1.

*New and Selected Poems.* By Kenneth Fearing. Indiana University Press. \$3.95.

*Poetry Now.* Edited by G. S. Fraser. Faber and Faber. \$3.25.

### May Sarton

*A Way of Looking: Poems.* By Elizabeth Jennings. Rinehart. \$2.50.

*The Last of the Wine.* By Mary Renault. Pantheon. \$4.50.

*No Traveller Returns.* By James Lord. John Day. \$3.50.

*Over the Bridge.* By Richard Church. Dutton. \$3.75.

*The Autobiography of Michel de Montaigne.* Selected by Marvin Lowenthal. Vintage. 95 cents.

### Charles Shapiro

*Seize the Day.* By Saul Bellow. Viking. \$3.

*The Setting Sun.* By Osamu Dazai. New Directions. \$3.

*The Man Who Was Not With It.* By Herbert Gold. Little, Brown. \$3.75.

*Things of This World.* By Richard Wilbur. Harcourt, Brace. \$3.

### Edgar Snow

*Freedom Is as Freedom Does.* By Corliss Lamont. Horizon. \$3.95.

*Men of No Property.* By Dorothy Salisbury Davis. Scribner's. \$3.95.

*China: New Age and New Outlook.* By Ping-Chia Kuo. Knopf. \$3.75.

*Report on Blacklisting.* Volume I: Radio and Television; Volume II: Movies. Fund for the Republic. Meridian Books, distributors. \$1.25 each.

*The Great Road.* By Agnes Smedley.  
Monthly Review. \$6.75.

### Dan Wakefield

*The Power Elite.* By C. Wright Mills. Oxford. \$6.

*Selected Plays of Sean O'Casey.* George Braziller. \$5.

*The Muses Are Heard.* By Truman Capote. Random House. \$2.75.

*A Piece of My Mind.* By Edmund Wilson. Farrar, Straus and Cudahy. \$4.

*The Great World and Timothy Colt.* By Louis Auchincloss. Houghton Mifflin. \$3.75.

### William Appleman Williams

*Atomic Weapons and East-West Relations.* By P. M. S. Blackett. Cambridge. \$2.

*The Quiet American.* By Graham Greene. Viking. \$3.50.

*An International Economy: Problems and Prospects.* By Gunnar Myrdal. Harper. \$6.50.

*Science and Civilisation in China.* Volume II, History of Scientific Thought. By Joseph Needham. Cambridge. \$14.50.

*Was Justice Done?* The Rosenberg-Sobell Case. By Malcolm P. Sharp. Monthly Review. \$3.50.

## Japan's Unknown Literature

*ANTHOLOGY OF JAPANESE LITERATURE* (\$6.50). *MODERN JAPANESE LITERATURE* (\$4.75). Compiled and Edited by Donald Keene. Grove Press.

### By Kenneth Rexroth

FOR MANY years the only Western anthologies of Japanese literature have been W. G. Aston, *A History of Japanese Literature*, published in 1899, and Michel Revon, *Anthologie de la Littérature Japonaise*, about 1930. Both have been translated into practically all European languages of importance. Neither is reliable for modern times. Both could stand considerable improvement of their translations. There is still only one comprehensive study of Japanese poetry of all periods, Georges Bonneau, *Yoshino*, not yet completed, in French. This is an extraordinary situation, for not only is Japanese one of the world's most important literatures, it is one of the most engaging. One of the great obstacles to the widespread appreciation of Japanese has been the vulgarity of most translators, especially those who have found it necessary to use rhyme. Japanese poetry is, like Mallarmé or Anyte of Tegea, a poetry of sensibility. In the hands of a literary oaf sensibility turns instantly into senti-

KENNETH REXROTH will bring out this month 100 Chinese Poems and a collection of his own verse, *In Defense of the Earth*.

mentality, just as subtle verse turns into doggerel. Japanese literature contains the greatest work of prose fiction in any language, *The Tale of Genji*; dozens of poets the equal of Mallarmé; two of the best books of pensées, the *Hojoki* and the *Tsurezuregesu* one of the very greatest erotic novelists, Saikaku; a whole species of drama of sensibility, the *No*, and one of the finest romantic dramatists, Chikamatsu.

Donald Keene has managed to gather all this, and much more, into one volume of 450 pages without making a collection of snippets and fragments. He really gets across the meaning and flavor of Japanese literature, in each example and as a whole. He even conveys some sense of its scope. He has selected translations, many of them his own, which are both accurate and in good taste. There are sizable chunks of the novels and "notebooks"—a favorite form in Japan—whole plays, and many pages of poetry, almost all of it still poetry in English. Certainly there is no better introduction to Japanese literature in any language except Japanese, and few better in that.

MODERN JAPANESE LITERATURE is, as a job of editing, equally judicious, equally comprehensive, with the same high standards of translation. Unfortunately, Japan has produced no major writer, in any medium, in the last hundred years. By major I mean, like Horace

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or Baudelaire, not like Eliot or Hemingway. Few of her writers have risen above the dead level of Western popular reputations. Again, the modern Japanese writer operates under certain disabilities. His tradition is one of sensibility. However great, *Genji* does seem a little hysterical in comparison with the vastly humane Chinese novel, *The Dream of the Red Chamber*, let alone *Don Quixote*. Classical Japanese literature conspicuously lacks guts. It is not, cannot be, salty. I will be told that the haiku writers of the Yeddo Period had this—especially Basho and Issa. But you have to be Japanese to believe that Zola's *La Terre* can be condensed into seventeen syllables.

NOW IT is very easy, in literature as in life, to cross from sensibility to neurasthenia and sentimentality, and this is the besetting sin of most modern Japanese literature derived from the native tradition. There are still others that handicap the forming of a new tradition derived from the West. Not least is a kind of utter misunderstanding, the sort of failure of intercultural communication we know for instance in Pope's Homer. For this reason Western influences tend to operate on the level of the least common denominator, the formula, the stereotype. Possibly that is why the Japanese are so good in the media of the mass culture where nothing but stereotype is expected—photography, movies, commercial art, sex novels. There is one thing

about Western culture—you can't take it at its face value without making yourself ridiculous. I think there is no doubt that the primary problem for Japan is not the assimilation of the West—it has been sufficiently assimilated—but the restatement of the native tradition in terms that would make possible a totally new cultural synthesis. Of course this is such easy advice to give from the sidelines, but it is nonetheless true.

So the stories and poems with the deepest roots in Japanese soil are usually the best. On the other hand, there is too large a class of pseudo-archaistic writing, of which the popular retelling of the *Heike Monogatari* by Eiji Yoshikawa, which I reviewed recently, is an example—this is just conventional costume romance, not refounding of a tradition. That is the trouble, most Japanese literature of the past hundred years is conventional. If it is naturalistic, it is conventional naturalism. If it is surrealistic or proletarian, it is conventionally so. Most of it is just plain conventional. I suppose the word for this is provincialism, and by and large Japanese culture today is still a provincial outlier of Paris and New York. Still, there is something else, a core of Japanese sense and sensibility which is almost always there, however thin, ultimately irreducible, and at least sometimes the creative cen-

ter of the work. This means that although Japan may be provincial now, she will not, barring international catastrophe, be so forever.

My only criticism of Donald Keene's second volume is that he does not give adequate representation to Japanese surrealism and other modernist idioms, and to the proletarian school of prewar days. True, they are derivative; but that granted, they are very good, better than much of the conventional, in the ordinary sense, poetry and prose he does give. I would have printed some Katue Kitasono, a modernist poet very well known in the West, more of the exquisite traditional poetess Yosano Akiko, more of the wry modern haiku; in fact, more poetry generally. Inadequate or dated as it is, Bonneau's *Yoshino*, Volume 10, "Lyrisme du Temps Présent," is much better, at least for the prewar period. The best prose on the whole is traditional in feeling, Takaboku's *Romaji Diary*, Junichiro's *Thin Snow*, Fumiko's *Tokyo*, the famous shocker by Osamu, *Villon's Wife*, and the selection from Takiji's *Cannery Boat*, the best Japanese proletarian novel, often compared with Traven's *Death Ship*.

I should say that the first volume was practically perfect. The modern collection is more than adequate, but it is more easily disagreed with.

## Roundup of Art Books

By S. Lane Faison, Jr.

### The Angels

(from the German of  
Rainer Maria Rilke)

They all have weary, weary mouths,  
Bright souls, without a stitch or seam,  
And a nostalgia, as for sinning,  
Goes often through their dream.

They are almost identical,  
And in God's gardens silently  
Make many and many an interval  
In His might and melody.

Only when they spread their wings  
They waken mighty rushing winds  
As if God went, with His wide hands,  
Hands like a sculptor's, through the  
pages

In the dark volume of Beginning.

ROLFE HUMPHRIES

THE STREAM of art books continues unabated. Even to make a sensible listing of a dozen and a half selected items demands a degree of ingenuity. They leap from Rameses to Wright, from Chartres to Charlot, from Antonello to Aalto, from Goya to Gauguin, from Catalonia to California. Lavish picture books threaten to extinguish the thoughtful writer and the scholar, but there are thoughtful and scholarly books too, with and without good reproductions. The only excuse for a picture

S. LANE FAISON, JR., is chairman of the art department at Williams College.

book is good pictures; and the comments which follow suggest that elaborate format and high price are no guarantee of quality. In the present art-book boom there is a high percentage of duplication, and the danger is that the bad ones may run the good ones out of business by diverting customers from them. Moreover, the good ones without text seduce too many readers from good ones with good texts.

In the present state of plethora the critic has an unusual opportunity to be helpful by exercising a consistent standard of judgment. It is hoped that, despite their extreme brevity, the following reactions will

give the reader some useful leads and put him on guard.

**EGYPT: ARCHITECTURE. SCULPTURE. PAINTING IN THREE THOUSAND YEARS.** By K. Lange and M. Hirmer. Phaidon Publishers (Garden City Books). \$12.50. A model of its kind, this general book combines an admirable text with superb plates both in color and in black and white. Intensive notes at the back give depth to the broad panorama opened up by the introductory essay. Quality more than justifies the cost.

**ROMANESQUE ART.** By Juan Eduardo Cirlor. Philosophical Library. \$10. The title is misleading for this picture book deals only with the special, but superb, development of Romanesque painting and sculpture in Catalonia. Most of the examples are in a museum in Barcelona. The text is negligible and the plates are generally indistinct. Recommended only because the subject is too little known to American readers, though one of the masterpieces of the style, an apsidal painting of the Madonna, is at The Cloisters.

**ITALIAN PAINTING.** Twelve Centuries of Art in Italy. Text by Edith Appleton Standen. New York Graphic Society. \$20. The eighty-six color plates in this big volume contain many inaccuracies, and there are even discrepancies between plates of the same work, *i.e.* Piero's fresco cycle at Arezzo. Many others have an unpleasant greenish and chalky cast. The Antonello (No. 37) is absurdly unlike the plate of the same picture in the same publishers' volume on Antonello (No. 43). Miss Standen's excellent survey deserves a better setting.

**ANTONELLO DA MESSINA.** By Stefano Bottari. New York Graphic Society. \$18. The forty color plates are of fine quality and may help to persuade serious students that Antonello was an artist of great stature. The text will not, but it ploddingly covers the recent scholarship about this Sicilian painter.

**LOUVRE: Masterpieces of Italian Painting.** Text by Germain Bazin. New York Graphic Society. \$18. The color plates are uneven, though some are acceptable. The text describes briefly how the collection was formed.

**IRAN: Persian Miniatures in the Imperial Library.** Preface by Basil Gray, Introduction by André Godard. New York Graphic Society, by arrangement with UNESCO. \$16.50. The thirty-two very large color-plates are of superb quality, as has generally been the case in this fine series. The text is an illuminating introduction to the history of this art and its cultural context.

#### A CYCLE OF GOYA'S DRAWINGS.

**The Expression of Truth and Liberty.** By Jose Lopez-Rey. Macmillan. \$12.75. A penetrating study of 113 drawings made by Goya about 1820 and numbered by him to form a cycle. The author brilliantly traces Goya's thought as a liberal caught in a sinister world, and shows how this major example of Goya's art, hitherto unstudied as a whole, extends the range of his earlier *Caprichos*.

**POST-IMPRESSIONISM:** from Van Gogh to Gauguin. By John Rewald. Museum of Modern Art. (Simon and Schuster) \$15. This history of seven crucial years in modern painting, 1886-1893, is a sequel to the author's unsurpassed study of Impressionism; it



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is as intensive and as extensively illustrated. Van Gogh, Seurat, and Gauguin are the chief protagonists, but a full account of the lesser figures is presented.

**MEXICAN PAINTING IN OUR TIME.** By Bernard S. Myers. Oxford University Press. \$15. The relation to social background after the 1910 revolution is stressed. Unfortunately the text is overloaded with description and the illustrations are of poor quality.

**PICASSO.** Critical comment by Frank Elgar, biography by Robert Maillard. Frederick A. Praeger. \$5. For the price, the 400 illustrations are a bargain, though the seventy-five colorplates are just passable. An attempt has been made to interlard the two separate texts, one in italics, with the same illustrations. The effect is of a footnote that never ends. Elgar's comment is comprehensive and clear; and it covers sixty years of work.

**THE EYE OF MAN.** Form and Content in Western Painting. By Selden Rodman. Devin-Adair. \$10. A pugnacious look at Western art to emphasize the primacy of expressive content. From this base Rodman launches an attack on Matisse, Picasso and non-objective art, but skillfully protects his flanks against charges of philistinism. I wish there were space to explain why I think Rodman's mind has run away with his eye.

**THE CHANGING FORMS OF ART.** By Patrick Heron. Macmillan. \$5.75. A wide range of essays on modern art, with British work in the foreground. Well written and acutely observed.

**ART AND ARTIST.** University of California Press. \$3.75. Sixteen statements written by artists in the hope of expanding the conditions for public understanding of modern art. Rico Lebrun initially suggested this volume and is among the contributors.

**ARCHITECTURE IN BRITAIN: The Middle Ages.** By Geoffrey Webb. Penguin Books. \$10. Part of the Pelican History of Art, this volume continues brilliantly the high standard of the series as a synthesis of recent scholarship in its field. The illustrations include many interesting novelties. Coverage runs from the seventh century to past 1530, where John Summerson's earlier volume picks up and carries the story to 1830.

**THE GOTHIC CATHEDRAL.** By Otto von Simson. Pantheon Books

Bollingen Series XLVIII). \$6.50. The subtitle, *Origins of Gothic Architecture and the Medieval Concept of Order*, describes the scope of this well-written and scholarly study. After two introductory chapters on Gothic form and on "measure and light," the text considers in detail Suger's abbey at St. Denis, Sens Cathedral, and the Cathedral of Chartres. An appendix by Ernst Levy proposes, through elaborate mathematical study of the south tower of Chartres, that Gothic architects worked from established systems of proportions; thus Gothic architecture is brought ever closer to Gothic scholasticism.

**THE STORY OF THE TOWER.** By Frank Lloyd Wright. Horizon Press. \$6. For once in a book by Wright,

his architecture does the talking. The Price Tower in Bartlesville, Oklahoma, is presented in photographs from original plans and model through the whole process of construction. There is an introduction by Wright's client, who seems pleased, and Wright adds a little auto-ecumium.

**ARCHITECTS' HOMES.** By Robert Winkler. Heinhold Publishing Co. \$10. Presents the homes which forty-four architects from thirteen countries have built for themselves in recent years. Europe, Brazil, Mexico, Japan and the United States are included. Each house is presented in photographs, plans, and drawings; the text is in German, French and English. The sense of quality that ruled this selection is not unerring.

## THEATRE

### Harold Clurman

**CRANKS** (Bijou Theatre) is a little revue from London. The four members of its cast sing, dance, make fun and change the stage properties. Anthony Newley is the comedian, Hugh Bryant has the voice, Gilbert Vernon dances best, Annie Ross is helpful and owns attractive legs.

I liked the intimacy of the show: our musicals suffer from elephantiasis. A kind of dainty wackiness—including the décor of John Piper and the musical arrangement by John Addison—gave the evening style. There is a certain pleasant amateurishness in spots, there are traces of personal wit, off-beat British humor skirting the fringes of surrealism, which at moments are perilously close to preciousity. All in all—and even with numbers that are totally blank—it was an evening of cordial entertainment.

**BELLS ARE RINGING** (Shubert Theatre), a musical about a big-hearted girl in an answering service, shouldn't be a good show but manages to become one. On the debit side are a silly, silly story, some embarrassing dialogue, the lack of any real score. More disappointing than all this, Jerome Robbins and Bob Fosse—who are gifted choreographers—haven't done anything like their best work.

On the credit side is the wholly winning performance of Judy Holliday (aided by the good looking, modest, and sympathetic presence of Sydney Chaplin) and the lovable spirit which constitutes the surprising gift of Betty Comden and Adolph Green.

Judy Holliday has no "voice"; she is no dancer. But she is such a wonderful person on stage that her singing and dancing become more attractive than that of performers technically much better equipped. She combines a feeling for the fundamental camaraderie of the popular theatre—the happy exchange between performer and audience—with the kind of old-time professionalism which distinguished the troupers of vaudeville days like Eva Tanguay, Trixie Friganza, Sophie Tucker: they seemed ready to do anything and everything to give the folks out front a good time. Only Judy Holliday is softer, more touching: she knows something of the shadows of life; her elders knew only the dynamics.

Betty Comden and Adolph Green are frequently crude and gauche. Yet once in a while they can burst into a crazy improvisation which replaces judgment with the bubbling enthusiasm of kids who are wholly delighted to discover that not only the emperor but the entire court is

naked. Betty Comden and Adolph Green just can't get over the exhilaration of not being grown up.

**CANDIDE** (Martin Beck Theatre), labelled "a comic operetta based on Voltaire's satire" with book by Lillian Hellman, score by Leonard Bernstein, lyrics by Richard Wilbur, John Latouche and Dorothy Parker, is very grown up, but unfortunately indecisive in its intention. It felt to me much longer than Voltaire's story, and although many separate bits may be individually admired, the composition of the whole hardly seems to have been planned.

The setting by Oliver Smith, the costumes by Irene Sharaff are handsome and lavish, the voices are superior (Barbara Cook is a charming ingenue who sings exceptionally well), the comedienne Irra Petina is funny, and there are some clever directorial touches by Tyrone Guthrie. Lillian Hellman's tart realism of mind and capacity for sharp statement sometimes serve to focus attention on the point of the enterprise and sometimes—because of the spectacular, extravaganza-like nature of the show—strike one as a wicked intrusion. Leonard Bernstein's music, at times very pretty, runs down all the paths of the production, but there are so many of these that we are left in doubt whether he has captured anything in the process—except for some moments of pure spoof and the exuberance of the race.

In the end I was not certain which of the talented people who fashioned this "operetta" had refused to yield to the other. It looked as if everyone was sticking stubbornly to his own conception of what the production should be. My guess is that in view of the original material (I refer to Voltaire) a sharp, polished, spare, economic "Brechtian" treatment might have served. Instead we have what is probably the most costly production in town. The total effect of the show—if it can be said to have one—is of an enormous, splendid pastry, at the center of which is a hard, bitter pit. The theatre is a collective art, which is not the same thing as an accumulation of artistic contributions.

December 15, 1956

## TELEVISION NEXT WEEK

DECEMBER 16 THROUGH 22

(See local papers for time and channel)

Sunday, December 16

**THE LITTLE FOXES** (NBC; Hallmark Hall of Fame). Lillian Hellman's highly-charged parable on the rise of the industrial South finally comes to TV, having made full circle of Broadway (1939), film (1941) and operetta *Regina* (1949). Directed by George Schaeffer who recently turned in *Man and Superman*, it will star Greer Garson and Franchot Tone, and is an admirable way to begin exploding the blacklist terror. (Color)

**THE BOING-BOING SHOW** (CBS). Premiere of a regular half-hour cartoon series hosted by the whimsical Gerald McBoing Boing. The series, designed to amuse the whole family, will lead off this week with a fable based on the life of Raoul Dufy and a vignette called "A

Horse of Course", (Color)

Tuesday, December 18

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Thursday, December 20

**THE FAMILY NOBODY WANTED** (CBS; Playhouse 90). Nanette Fabray and Lew Ayres will deliver the Christmas spirit for this series in a story about adoption by George Bruce.

Saturday, December 22

**HOLIDAY ON ICE** (NBC; Saturday Spectacular). Sonja Henie (who else?) will climax her show with an ice ballet of *The Nutcracker* in which she will skate the part of the Sugar Plum Fairy. The show will include brief film clips of the star with her first pair of skates, etc., and some variety acts, under the non-glide aegis of Art Linkletter. (Color)

A. W. L.

## RECORDS OF THE YEAR

B. H. Haggin

HEREWITH my customary listing of the year's outstanding records. Where the record includes a work or performance I don't recommend I list it within the parenthesis that contains the manufacturer's symbol.

A: Angel; C: Columbia; CA: Capitol; D: Decca; E: Epic; L: London; M: MGM; O: Oiseau-Lyre; S: Scala; V: RCA Victor; VA: Vanguard.

**ALBINONI**: Concertos; Pierlot, oboe, and strings under Froment (O).

**ARNE**: *Comus*; Ritchie and others under Anthony Lewis (O).

**BACH**: Concerto in D minor; Landowska with orchestra under Bigot (shrill sound requires reduction of treble) (V; with Two-Part Inventions). *Goldberg Variations*; Glenn Gould (C). *Passacaglia, Toccata and Fugue in D minor, Prelude and Fugue in E flat* (Prelude not clearly reproduced) from *Clavieruebung*, *Prelude and Fugue in A* for organ; Litaize (L). *Violin Concertos in A minor*, played by Stern, and *E major*, played by Oistrakh, with Philadelphia Orchestra under Ormandy (C; with Vivaldi *Concerto Op. 3 No. 8*).

**BEETHOVEN**: *Nine Symphonies*; Toscanini with NBC Symphony (V LM-6901). *Symphony No. 2*; von Karajan with London Philharmonia (A). *Piano Sonata Op. 111*; Katchen (L; with poor performance of *Sonata Op. 57*). *Violin Concerto*; Milstein with Pittsburgh Symphony under Steinberg (CA).

**BERLIOZ**: *Les Nuits d'été*; de los Angeles with Boston Symphony under Munch (V). *Harold in Italy*; Toscanini with NBC Symphony (V).

**BLOCH**: *Quintet for piano and strings*; Johana Harris and Walden Quartet (M).

**BOCCHERINI**: *Quartets Opp. 1 No. 2, 40 No. 2, 58 Nos. 2 and 4*; New Music Quartet (C).

**CHERUBINI**: *Requiem Mass in C minor*; Toscanini with Shaw Chorale and NBC Symphony (V).

**CHOPIN**: *Nocturnes Opp. 9, 15, 27 and 32*; Katin (L).

**COPLAND**: *Music for the Theatre, Music for Radio, Music for Movies*; orchestras under Solomon and Winograd (M).

**CORELLI**: *Concerti Grossi Op. 6 Nos. 4, 7, 8 (Christmas), 9 and 10*; Società Corelli (E).



DEBUSSY: *Nocturnes*; Ormandy with Philadelphia Orchestra (C; with Ravel's *Daphnis et Chloé* and poor performance of Debussy's *Faun*).

DONIZETTI: Excerpts from *La Favorita*; Formichini and others under Curiel (A).

DOWLAND: Four of *Lachrimae* and other instrumental pieces; Geneva Chamber Ensemble (EMS).

DVORAK: *Slavonic Dances*; Kubelik with

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HANDEL: *Semele*; Vyvyan and others under Anthony Lewis (O). Concerti Grossi Op. 3; Neel Orchestra (L).

HAYDN: Quartets Opp. 33 No. 3 (*Bird*) and 76 No. 4 (*Sunrise*); Quartetto Italiano (A). Symphonies Nos. 101 (*Clock*) and 102; Markevitch with French National Radio Orchestra (A).

JANACEK: *Mradi* Suite for wind sextet, Concertino for piano; Philadelphia Woodwind Quintet and others with Firkusny (C).

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MUSORGSKY: Two choral excerpts from original version of *Khovantchina*; chorus and orchestra of USSR Radio

under Kovalev (VA; with excerpts from Rimsky-Korsakov version).

PERGOLESI: Concertini etc.; I Musici (A).

PROKOFIEV: *The Prodigal Son* (complete score); Barzin and New York City Ballet Orchestra (VOX). *The Love for Three Oranges*; National Opera of Ljubjana (EP).

RESPIGI: *Suites, Old Airs and Dances for the Lute and The Bird*; Littschauer with Vienna State Opera Orchestra (VA; with *Trittico Botticelliano*).

ROSSINI: *La Cenerentola*; Glyndebourne Festival (V). Overtures; Gamba with London Symphony (L). Sonatas for two violins, cello and bass; I Solisti di di Zagreb (VA).

SCHUBERT: *Die Winterreise*; Fischer-Dieskau (flawed performance) (V). *Schwanengesang*; Hotter (A). Piano Sonata in B flat, Laendler Op. 171; Fleisher (C). Fantasy Op. 103 for piano four hands; Helen and Karl Ulrich Schnabel (E; with Brahms Hungarian Dances). Impromptus Opp. 90 and 142; Engel (flawed performance) (E).

STRAUSS: *Don Quixote and Till Eulenspiegel*; Toscanini with NBC Symphony (V).

STRAVINSKY: *The Firebird* (complete score), *Apollon Musagètes and Pulcinella* Suite; Ansermet with L'Orchestre de la Suisse romande (L). *Le Baiser de la fée* (complete score); Stravinsky with Cleveland Orchestra (C).

TCHAIKOVSKY: Symphony No. 4; Argenta with L'Orchestre de la Suisse romande (L).

VERDI: *La Forza del Destino*; Tebaldi, Simionato and others, chorus and orchestra of Saint Cecilia Academy under Molinari-Pradelli (L) *Rigoletto*; Callas, Di Stefano, Gobbi, chorus and orchestra of La Scala under Serafin (A).

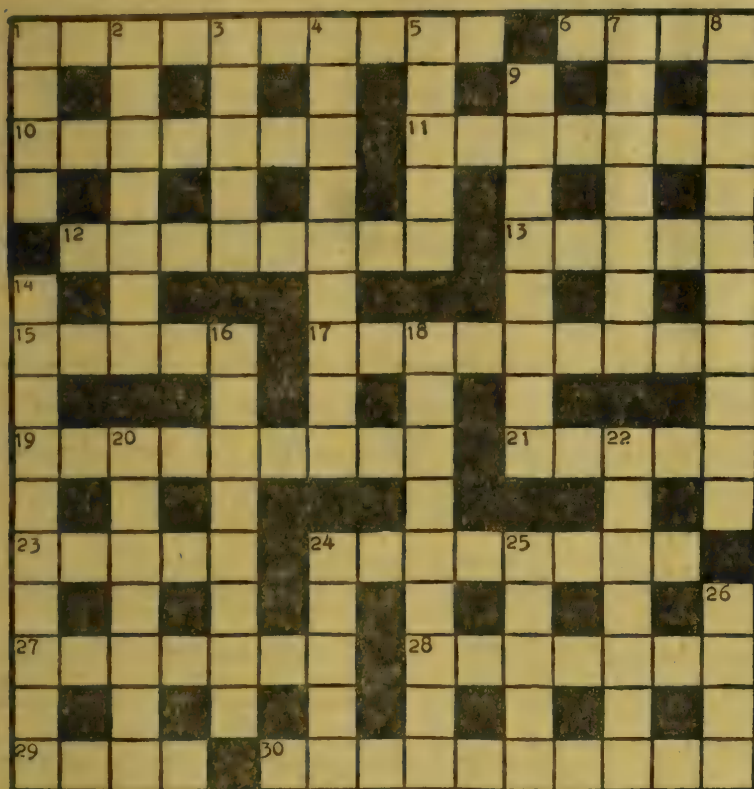
VIVALDI: *The Four Seasons*; I Musici (E).

COLLECTIONS: *An Evening of Elizabethan Verse and Music*; Auden and New York Pro Musica Antiqua (C). *Masters of Early English Keyboard Music*; Dart (O). English Madrigals; Deller Consort (VA). Durante, Vivaldi, Salieri; Schippers with Scarlatti Orchestra of Naples (A). Arias; Corena (L). Arias; Onegin (S). Arias and songs; Slezak (S).

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# Crossword Puzzle No. 702

By FRANK W. LEWIS



## ACROSS:

- 1 Where original American documents are stored one by one? (6, 4)
- 6 See 2 down.
- 10 and 14 down No room for the posse in foreign legislature! (7, 2, 8)
- 11 Would jams be typical of such adolescent attachments? (7)
- 12 They keep 5 down in their place. (8)
- 13 This wood is not quite fir. (5)
- 15 Fake candy? (5)
- 17 Made lower blue. (9)
- 19 Perhaps the persuasive power of Queen Cole! (9)
- 21 In this case, one has to go either up or down. (5)
- 23 Evidently hasn't met its match. (5)
- 24 Thesaurus. (8)
- 27 Such a nail goes in wrong! (7)
- 28 Statement applicable to the ready singer? (7)
- 29 Partisans might be found on one. (4)
- 30 The one who starts rioting, or ■ disturbance. (10)

## DOWN:

- 1 See 25 down.
- 2 and 6 across Nevertheless, there is a handy method of communication in this state. (4, 3, 4)
- 3 The basis for fine varnish calls for

- a certain amount of caution. (5)
- 4 Does it make the bride fond of fruit, perhaps? (9)
- 5 The safe type might have 9 down. (5)
- 7 Supports should get confused with the sign for "quiet". (7)
- 8 Are we supposed to be for the station break? (10)
- 9 Would they be appropriate for serving "flips"? (8)
- 14 See 10 across.
- 16 The balance of the terms on ■ quiet settlement. (8)
- 18 If things follow, something must have been this. (9)
- 20 Constrained. (7)
- 22 Song isn't raised by it, but some essentials might be dropped. (7)
- 24 More or less of ■ pitcher. (5)
- 25, 26 and 1 down Does it involve keeping up to scratch for a long time? (5-4, 4)

## SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 701

ACROSS: 1 and 6 down PORTERHOUSE STEAK; 9 MEASURES; 10 TREATY; 11 TOTALLY; 12 BACKS UP; 14 ADAGES; 15 UNDERAGE; 17 MULTIPLE; 20 WAMPUM; 26 BITTEN; 27 PRALINES; 28 and 7 LONG-PLAYING RECORD. DOWN: 2 ONSLAUGHT; 3 THRALLS; 4, 22 and 24 ROSE-COLORED GLASSES; 5 OUTWARD; 8 STRUNG; 13 RUPEE; 16 REMISSION; 18 UTOPIA; 19 PENNIG; 20 WALLABY; 21 UNEVEN; 23 OUTDO; 25 OPAL.

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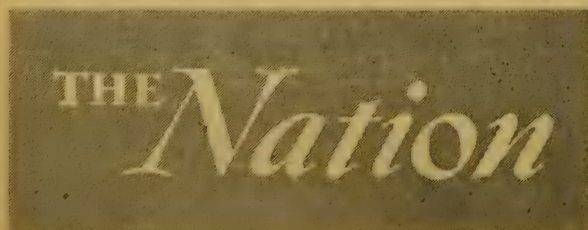
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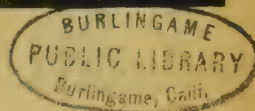
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EVERY WEEK SINCE 1865

THE *Nation*

DECEMBER 22, 1956

20c



**COURAGE IN ACTION**

**In Clinton, Tenn.**

*by Wilma Dykeman and James Stokely*

**CLOSEUPS U.S.A., 1956**

**You, Too, Can Drive a Juke Box**

by David Cort

**Siobhan McKenna at the NAM**

by Dan Wakefield

**The Halfback Carries the Mortgage**

by Roger Kahn



# LETTERS

## U. S. and Suez

*In the following letters, two views are presented on U.S.—and The Nation's—policy in the Suez crisis. The correspondents are Frederick L. Schuman, noted historian and professor of government at Williams College, and David Weissman, New York attorney on constitutional law and a close observer of international developments. The Nation will print more letters on this important subject.*

Dear Sirs: Herewith a letter of dissent from your editorial of November 24, which begins "By and large the Administration has acted wisely in meeting the grave crisis which has arisen..." and goes on to praise Ike for "avoiding taking the issue from the U.N., where it belongs, to a Big Power conference," with praise tempered only by anxiety lest Ike revert to "defense of colonialism."

Help! Never did I expect to find myself in accord with the Alsop brothers, Edgar Ansel Mowrer, David Ben-Gurion and the right wing of the British Tories against *The Nation*. What you have written is nevertheless quite wrong. The policies you are praising are almost mathematically certain to lead to irreparable calamity.

The advisers of the "Hitler of the Nile" include the ex-Grand Mufti of Jerusalem, a Nazi agent during World War II, and the escaped war criminal, Dr. Johann von Leers, whose contribution to the murder of 6,000,000 Jews was at least as decisive as that of his boss, Paul Joseph Goebbels, and of Alfred Rosenberg and Julius Streicher. Colonel Nasser is as dearly beloved by the rulers of Russia as was *Der Fuehrer* of the Third Reich between 1939 and 1941—with results for Russia too painful to require recall. I am not endorsing "guilt by association." But Nasser has made his intentions as clear as Hitler did in *Mein Kampf*.

No issue of "colonialism" is even remotely involved. Shepilov's demagoguery, Mao's understandable anti-Americanism and Nehru's confusions need not be echoed by Eisenhower or by *The Nation*. Nasser is sworn to destroy Israel and all Anglo-French interests and influence throughout Africa and Western Asia.

It was precisely the Eisenhower-Dulles policy of sponsoring the absurd Baghdad Pact, appeasing Nasser, refusing arms to Israel and forbidding Britain

and France to lift a finger to avert threatened national ruin which left London, Paris and Tel Aviv with no alternative, as the price of survival, to their mismanaged and abortive effort to cut Nasser down to size. This, in turn, precipitated the Russian horror in Hungary where Washington's long-standing promises of "liberation" constituted a cruel deception of the Hungarian people.

With the fat in the fire, our policy-makers, thus far, have been so totally lacking in realism and imagination that they have done nothing save support the efforts of Dag Hammarskjold, the Soviet bloc and the Asian-Arab irresponsibles to restore the *status quo*—which, if restored, spells the destruction of Israel; an immense political victory, snatched from the jaws of military defeat, for Nasser; the reduction to impotence of France and Britain; the end of NATO; and the delivery of all the Middle East into Russian hands with ultimate results threatening World War III—since the global equipoise of forces on which peace depends will then have been fatally disrupted.

These are policies of catastrophe, as coming events will show. Nothing short of a Big Power conference and an East-West accord can save the situation. Only through a hard-headed bargain among equals can any "liberation" of the satellites be achieved (via the necessary "neutralization" of Central Europe), any security for Israel be assured, any freedom of passage through Suez be guaranteed and any alleviation of the desperate poverty of the Arabs be attained. In all of these matters the U.N., since it possesses none of the attributes whatever of a world government, is a fiction, a fraud and a shabby device to enable The Great Powers to evade their obligations.

The men of Moscow, I believe, would respond favorably to any serious proposals for bargaining and would gladly come to terms on a basis of *quid pro quo*. Whether the Eisenhower Administration is capable of any such desperately needed initiative remains to be seen. Meanwhile let *The Nation*, please, not confuse irresponsibility with statesmanship and disaster with success.

FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN  
Williamstown, Mass.

Dear Sirs: *The Nation's* editorial comment (November 21) on the present direction of United States policy in Eastern Europe and the Middle East is welcome proof that not all liberals have lost their balance. Your praise of President Eisenhower's leadership, cour-

age and actions seems to me just and right.

Last summer, Secretary of Defense Wilson remarked before a Congressional committee that the West constantly speaks of its fears of the Russians, but never seems to realize that the Russians may be frightened of the West. To us, conscious of the purity of our purposes,  
(Continued on Page 541)

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## Editorials

### International Morality and the U.N.

Critics of the Administration's policy of using the U.N. as its main reliance in dealing with the Suez crisis can be grouped in two broad categories: the cynics who feel that Washington turned to the U.N. because it had no policy of its own and elected to join the Russians in forcing the British out of the oil-rich Middle East; and the erstwhile idealists who have suddenly become advocates of the unilateral use of force. It is one of the odd aspects of the criticism directed at the Administration that so many of the critics should be liberals who now denigrate morality as a force in world affairs.

Is their bitterness justified? Having signed the U.N. Charter, the British and the French acted in bad faith in attempting to seize the canal. A large section of influential British opinion promptly condemned the action, as did a preponderant section of world opinion. Noting the alignment of domestic and world opinion, the British and French governments then reverted to their role as morally responsible members of a world community and announced their withdrawal from Suez. By doing so they cut their losses and managed to salvage some prestige. Regardless of other considerations which may have been involved—lack of power, Russian threats, oil sanctions, etc.—British and French acquiescence in the U.N. mandate represented, on its face, a victory for international morality and the U.N. But far from being hailed as such, it has been described as a “disaster”—and by former proponents of moral force as the prime instrument of policy.

These same critics set up a great hue-and-cry about the failure of the U.N.—and the Administration—to come to grips with the “realities” of the grim tragedy in Hungary. At the outset, *The Nation* suggested that the Administration might be well advised to concentrate on the Suez issue and secure some commitments on it before tackling the much tougher Hungarian problem. The wisdom of this policy is now apparent. The Russians have suffered a humiliating, crippling and richly deserved defeat at the U.N. But this defeat is not sensed by the liberal critics of the Administration as a

vindication of the policy of acting through the U.N.; quite the contrary, they imply that a unilateral ultimatum of some sort might have “saved” Hungary. But it is precisely because the magnificent courage of the Hungarian people made such an irresistible appeal to world opinion that Hungary will be saved and the Soviets, sooner or later, forced to withdraw from Eastern Europe.

THOSE WHO discount morality as a force in world affairs overlook two revolutionary pressures at work in the present situation. One is the volume and velocity—the cumulative force—of world opinion *now* as distinguished, say, from the late 1920s or early 1930s. Six hundred million people in three Asian countries alone—India, Pakistan and Ceylon—now speak in their own right, not to mention millions of recently liberated peoples in Africa and Asia who were the silent victims of aggression in the 1930s. The presence of the U.N. in New York assures that its deliberations will be carried by press, radio and television to the ends of the earth in a matter of hours. When focussed by effective leadership on an issue with clear moral implications, world opinion will today whiplash an aggressor with force and swiftness.

The other “unseen” factor at work is the role of youth. A generation born in the years of Munich and Spain and Manchuria is now crossing the fragile, ever-shifting borderline between late youth and early manhood. In most parts of the world and particularly in Eastern Europe, this generation is politically wise beyond its years, rebellious and impatient with the double-talk and follies of its elders. The youth of Hungary sparked the revolt there. In East Germany, quisling Walter Ulbricht is constantly snapping and snarling at university students. In Spain, Franco has been unable to silence their protests. The college press of this country has shown more interest, enthusiasm and unanimity on the Hungarian revolt than on any issue in the post-war period. The ferment of a new generation at the base of the population pyramid is now shaking the entire structure. A new generation is taking over; the Churchills, the Adenauers and the other octogenarians are being



displaced. The best way *not* to appeal to these new forces is to adopt a cynical old-style "power-politics" position. Far from having ceased to be a factor in world affairs, international morality is a more powerful factor than in the cynical days when Spengler could refer to the League of Nations, and with some justification, as that "little group of parasitic holiday-makers on the Lake of Geneva." It is in part because of this change in the international political landscape that the United Nations is a great deal more than "a fiction, a fraud and a shabby device to enable the Great Powers to evade their obligations" (see comment by Dr. Frederick L. Schuman in the letters column).

## The Agony of Hungary

The political struggle in Hungary has now reached the critical phase, with Soviet prestige and power at stake. Responsible observers estimate that the Kadar regime can muster no more than five per cent of the Hungarian people. It is absurd to suggest that a popular uprising of this magnitude could have been touched off by the leaflets of Radio Free Europe, or the remnants of the Horthy Iron Guards, or by the "spies and agents" of "imperialist" powers. An entire people has revolted. Not since the outbreak of the Spanish Civil War or the Nazi persecutions has an issue touched world opinion so deeply.

But the agony of the Hungarian people might be shortened if the Administration, in addition to the actions it has initiated and supported at the U.N., were to take advantage of the opportunity that now exists to make the Soviets a bold offer, linked perhaps to the latest Bulgarian proposal, to create a new security system in Europe based on as large as possible a grouping of neutral states between Russia and the NATO powers. If the initiative came from the West, it might make it easier for the Soviets to accept some such solution to the problem of Eastern Europe and of European security and, incidentally, of the German problem. The Russians must realize that they have lost Eastern Europe; they should therefore be willing to withdraw their troops, particularly if they were to gain some additional security by doing so. The Russians are fearful. But it would be a grave mistake to exploit this fear. It must be allayed if possible, and quickly. The greatest single danger in the present situation is that fear might prompt the Soviets to make a miscalculation which could result in irreversible and fateful consequences. Decisions promoted by panic are irrational by definition.

## Spitting in the Wind

Another little dictator has gone to his little exile. Early this month, Paul Magloire was asked to pack his tassels, medals and uniforms and *get*.

Here's how it happened. His electoral term was over. Timorously, shyly, modestly, other candidates for President of the Republic of Haiti put themselves forward—including one who seemed to be Magloire's creature. But Magloire's feelings were hurt by their hints of corruption and brutality, and so one morning suddenly he resigned. Quit. However, ten minutes later, "by popular request," he assumed dictatorial powers as "Chief of the Army" and "Chief of State." He clapped all the candidates for president into jail except those who went into hiding.

Police vans and army cars flitted through Port-au-Prince; the prisons were filled. Meanwhile, a general strike grew up—not particularly organized, just happening, out of the shame and disgust of ordinary people. Magloire appeared with his boys, waving submachine guns, at the largest department store in town and made the owner promise to open up. But no one came to work. The department store stayed shut. No clerks, no lawyers, no markets—nothing. The nation stopped, pondered and waited.

Magloire was bewildered. This man for six years had terrified the public, repressed his opposition, closed newspapers, looted and plundered the treasury and once congratulated the police for shooting down two men, armed only with paper and glue, caught pasting a cartoon of him on a wall. He raged and roared. Within a few days after the general strike began, however, he must have remembered what happened to one of his predecessors, the President Guillaume Sam, who was torn limb from limb by a mob which thus expressed its disapproval of dictatorship. Magloire began quietly to pack.

IS THERE a lesson in this familiar story?

The United States supported this character, Magloire, for years. He was given loans and all sorts of help—money which went mainly, not to help the suffering Haitian people, but to line the pockets of a ruling clique while the people sank deeper into their misery. He was welcomed when he visited the States and even invited to address Congress, where he talked about the Great Democracy of the Caribbean, etc., Joins Hands, etc., To Defeat the Communist Conspiracy, etc., Please give us another loan.

Now what? Haiti is nearly bankrupt. Its people are groaning. The resentment toward America is all that the Communists could desire. What did the United States gain?

The only ones to come out with dignity are the Haitian people, who without violence even under threat and rant, simply refused to let the machinery of society run and made their protest effective. Will we now help the ruling bourgeoisie set up another "strong man" who—as the Haitians said of Paul Magloire—"spits in the air and doesn't realize that eventually it will land on his nose"?

## Courage in Action

# IN CLINTON, TENNESSEE

by WILMA DYKEMAN AND JAMES STOKELY

*Clinton, Tennessee*  
ANYONE WHO HAS spent his life in a small Southern town can remember a soft summer evening when the day's work and worry were temporarily stilled and in that moment just between twilight and darkness the soothing music from a Negro church on the fringes of town floated effortlessly across all the visible and invisible barriers, pleading: "Just a closer walk with Thee—"

Many who still live in the Southern towns but have not forgotten the message are discovering that it is not always effortless or peaceful to find a closer walk with their consciences, their Christianity or their citizenship. But there are those who keep walking—taking the decisive first steps, the cumulative long strides. Those who live outside the South and register only despair over its dilemma should find a measure of wonder and joy in the enormous courage these everyday citizens are displaying every day. Their fortitude is doubly admirable in a region which stresses sociability and where their adversaries are not foreign invaders but next-door neighbors beside whom they will probably continue to spend the rest of their lives.

Such a one is the minister in Clinton, Tennessee, who recently gave new meaning to the words of that old spiritual. As one townsman said, "When we all got up here that Tuesday morning, we had two big questions nobody was very anxious to face, much less answer: what about the Negro kids who had stayed out of high school since the Wednesday before because they'd taken

about all the petty torment they could? And what about the city election we were holding that day, with the White Citizens' Council in its first test of strength? By that night, those questions were on the way to being answered, or at least a lot better clarified in our minds. And Turner was the biggest reason why."

LATE IN November a stalemate had been reached in the desegregation situation at Clinton High School. A small gang, estimated by teachers at between forty and fifty out of the more than 700 white students in school, had concentrated on making life unbearable for the dozen Negro pupils. Some of the gang had been out of school since early autumn and had apparently returned only for the purposes of the recently organized White Youth Council. As the school faculty pointed out in a joint statement: "The activities of this small group in our school have been of a vicious nature, obviously prompted by a mature person." But by the last Wednesday of November they had achieved part of their goal—the Negro children were staying away from school.

"We'd had all we could bear," one Negro mother said. "We wanted some assurance our children wouldn't be harmed before we let them walk into that school again."

Principal D. J. Brittain, Jr. gave the Negro youngsters the same stalwart personal support he had given since school opened, but the school board said it could not make the guarantee the Negro parents wanted. Local police seemed ineffective and federal authorities made no public move to meet the crisis. The Negro children were out of school and the White Citizens' Council members were triumphant.

Then, on Monday, December 3, the Reverend Paul W. Turner sent word to the Negro children that if

they wanted to return to school he would come and walk with them. The next morning the thirty-three-year-old minister walked past the big solid First Baptist Church where he has preached for eight years, down the main street decorated with lights and garlands and good-will greetings for the Christmas season, around the corner at the old brick courthouse where segregationist-agitator John Kasper had only recently been acquitted in his second trial for inciting to riot, and down the street to the high school which serves both Clinton and surrounding Anderson County. A block beyond the school building a steep hill rises. The Rev. Turner now had two fellow townsmen walking with him: Sidney Davis and Leo Burnett, and the three of them climbed about halfway up the hill. There they were met by six Negro boys and girls. The little group went down the hill, past a huddle of perhaps fifty jeering white people, and the children went safely into the school. Davis and Burnett went back about their day's business, and Turner started for his church. Some of the gang outside the school followed him. A block away a half-dozen of them closed in. In the broad daylight of an unseasonably warm winter morning, on a downtown sidewalk in front of a small, well-occupied office building, the minister of the town's largest church was beaten up. Before the police arrived his blood had splattered the car near which he stood and stained the sidewalk.

NEWS of the attack blazed through Clinton like a leaf-fire. There were two immediate results. School was closed (a teacher had also been shoved around by two non-students who had entered the building during the morning and asked where they could find one of the Negroes). But the city polls stayed open—and instead of activity dwindling during

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*WILMA DYKEMAN is the pen name of Mrs. James Stokely; she is the author of The French Broad, one of the Rivers of America series. JAMES STOKELY, whose family has lived in Eastern Tennessee for generations, is a farmer and a poet.*

December 22, 1950



the afternoon as is usual in small-town elections, there was actually a waiting line at times. The man and the event and the moment had met with rare fortuitousness that morning.

Trying to discover what happens when a man takes the right step at the right time, we talked with some of the people here.

"Remember, we're not called the Bible belt without reason. Turner wasn't just anyone getting mauled. He was a symbol, too. What happened, happened to us all—and it waked us up."

"Somebody had to do it. And it wasn't going to be my husband and it wasn't going to be any of the others that have businesses here in town. Most of us had shaken our heads over the Citizens' Council and what it stood for, but we'd gone right ahead pussy-footing and passing-the-buck. Paul Turner stuck his neck out for all of us."

"We don't think niggers ought to be mixed in the school or preachers mixed in any of it. The whole thing is that people here was raised to associate with niggers in their place. I ain't got nothing against them but they don't have no right to associate 100 per cent with white folks. We want them to have an education, it would be sure bad enough to have them running around like a bunch of heathens."

"They's a lot of white folks around here in league with that NAACP. White niggers is worse than black."

"The Communist Jews are behind it all. Frankfurter and Baruch and all them. They want an excuse to get things all tore up."

"You might call Paul the catalytic agent we needed to bring this whole thing into the open. The whole White Citizens' Council ticket for mayor and aldermen was defeated four to one. People who'd been afraid to speak up before spoke out with their ballots."

THESE men in their small-town offices and stores, these women in their neat yards and living rooms, these casual conversationalists along the streets, made vivid the fact that sometimes the most important step a citizen of a democracy can take

is that short walk to the voting booth.

We went to see Paul Turner. His modest red brick house was filled with the buoyant sound of two small children, three years and eighteen months, and the pungent odor of dinner cooking in his wife, Jane's, kitchen. Six-feet, blue-eyed, friendly and relaxed, he did not talk glibly nor heroically about what had happened.

"Back in the fall when the first violence came, I didn't see what I could do to be effective except through my pulpit. The community didn't realize what was happening. We were all caught off guard. Action at the state level was the only answer. But this time we knew bet-



Victor Volk

*The Reverend Paul Turner*

ter what was going on. The hour had come when someone had to make a move or these people would win the day. Someone had to step out—and I guess I was elected. As things developed during the week and the Negro children were intimidated out of school, I began to think what I could do. First, of course, I could preach to my congregation about it on Sunday. Then on Monday I could act. And that's what I did."

"Was your congregation behind you?"

"A minister and his congregation have to move together. Mr. Davis, one of the men who went with me,

is the chairman of my Board of Deacons. The superintendent of our Sunday School and his wife came down here and slept at our house the night after this happened. If I walked back up the hill now I think I'd have a good crowd with me." He smiles a slow, broad smile.

"Why did they beat you and not the other two who were with you?"

"I'm not sure. Maybe they thought the other men might have pistols," he grins again. "They know a minister wouldn't be armed—at least with firearms."

We asked a young lawyer in town about the two men who had walked with the Reverend Turner. "Sid Davis is an attorney here in Clinton. He was on his way over to Knoxville that morning when he heard his minister was going to go bring the Negro children back to school. Sid is absolutely fearless. Maybe foolhardy. But he just went over and told Turner he'd go along. As for Leo Burnett, he's an accountant down here at the hosiery mill, not a member of Turner's church. But he got an idea of what this was all about before most of the rest of us. He was one of those John Kasper talked with when he first came down from Washington to stir up trouble back in August. Leo was out mowing his yard and this stranger came up and asked him if he believed in integration. Leo said no. Then Kasper went on to tell him about the tyranny of the Supreme Court, that it was like it was back in the days of England against the colonies. Leo told Kasper he might be against integration but hell, he didn't want to start a revolution and for Kasper to get out of his yard."

MANY OF the complexities of the Clinton situation are involved in that encounter. Chief among them is the dilemma of the great immobilized group, not only in Clinton but throughout the South, which does not want integration but does want to abide by the law. Faced on one hand with the immovable object of federal law, and on the other with the apparently irresistible force of elements which are always ready to resort to violence, they have been caught in a vacuum, without leader-

ship and perhaps without precedent.

Probably 90 percent of the people of Clinton prefer segregation in the schools. Yet the overwhelming majority of their children accepted the Negro students into their midst with good will: they elected one Negro girl vice president of her class and when the school was closed the Student Council passed a resolution asking that classes be resumed as soon as possible and on an integrated basis. The parents themselves rejected the segregationist organization at the polls.

For those who can accept the reality that democracy is not perfection but a process working on the premise of perfectibility, it may not be premature to say that the unfolding story of Clinton reveals cause for quiet optimism.

"I used to think of myself as a segregationist," one man confides. "Now I'm not so sure. It's come to more than a matter of labels here, anyway. Whatever else I may or may not think I am, I know I'm for law and order."

Another man says: "A little while ago everybody around here started everything they said with, 'Now I'm not for integration, understand, but I don't like what these folks are doing—.' Now there's none of that prefacing' and—but' business. We just say, 'I'm against that crowd.'"

It seems clear that here, in the showdown, the organized segregationist movement has demonstrated the extremity of violence to which it will resort. The White Citizens' Council, which have always asserted they stood for peaceful means, must have found here that it is hard to be *a little bit* lawless. In a region which has always flaunted an individualistic attitude toward the law, it must be a thoughtless man or group indeed who sanctions disregard for the nation's highest tribunal.

AS FEDERAL authorities arrested sixteen of the alleged ringleaders among the troublemakers, Deep South segregationists realized that successful integration at Clinton would threaten their whole program and they launched a clever campaign of sympathy for "Clinton's citizens." Some of the newspapers pointed out

that integration cannot be enforced if "the citizens" don't want it; Seaboard Citizens' Council leader John Kasper said in Washington that segregationists will spill their blood before bowing "to a creeping federal dictatorship"; a well-known Georgia attorney accused the Tennessee federal judge of "establishing a government of fear, rather than law"; "Ace" Carter of the North Alabama White Citizens' Council protested to Attorney General Brownell that in Clinton "Christian, God-fearing 'men, women and children are handcuffed and thrown into prison"; Governor Griffin of Georgia sent a personal check contributing to a legal fund for the "oppressed citizens" of Clinton. These self-appointed spokesmen cannot afford to admit that they have already been repudiated four-to-one by this citizenry. In fact, the people of Clinton have learned at first-hand that the high-flown language of nullification is kissing-kin to the brutal fist that smashes into a minister's face because he protects law-abiding children.

If outside agitators will leave Clinton to work out its own problems, if the Deep South will permit the border South this boon it is always demanding for itself from the North, the story of this town may well become one of the meaningful episodes in our national history. As school principal D. J. Brittain, Jr. said a few days ago: "We're not fighting these people for Clinton or Anderson county. We're fighting for the entire South." And if the struggle at Clinton is resolved in justice, no man will deserve higher honor from his town, his county, the South or the entire nation than Principal Brittain. Thin, bespectacled, almost frail in appearance, this man has withstood with iron determination, for better than three months, the daily onslaughts of those who would wreck his school.

The student body as a whole has supported its principal with rare devotion and steadfastness. Tired and disillusioned by some of the citizenry he feels has failed to step out and support him when he often seemed to stand alone, Principal Brittain hopes that with federal intervention

in bringing the troublemakers to account his school may have a chance to do its job: educate all the children of its community without fear or favor.

There are others who have shared his hope and worked to make it real, too: editor Horace Wells, who has used his weekly newspaper to prick the consciences of Clinton and defy the rabble-rousers; young lawyer Buford Lewallen who, with attorney Leo Grant, Jr. from nearby Oak Ridge, led in forming the Home Guard when violence erupted at the opening of school, and who has since been attacked both verbally and physically.

THE Negro community knows who these people are. "Principal Brittain and all the teachers—they've been fine to the children," one Negro woman says.

Or one of the Negro girls who walked to school December 4: "Rev. Turner was wonderful. When we came down the hill and saw some people waiting there outside the school he just kept saying to us, 'Don't be afraid. Don't be afraid. I won't let them hurt you.'" The girl's mother listens with tears brimming in her wide brown eyes. "He knows courage all right. But I think he must have had something else too. Mr. Turner must know love."

This time of decision in the South may force America to abandon the romantic fiction that all her heroes walk in twenty-league boots with never a misstep. Those who are leading the way to law and order in Clinton wear ordinary human shoes—and sometimes falter. But if, during the coming months, they win their struggle, we may all be brought into a closer fresher walk with that weary phrase, "grass-roots democracy."

On December 10 Clinton High School reopened. The Negro students were once more in their seats; the hoodlums were gone and peace reigned. What was it the teacher of Paul Turner's conscience said? "Suffer the little children, of *whatever color*, to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such are the kingdom of God."



# You, Too, Can Drive a Juke Box

DAVID CORT

THERE WERE things going on in the United States this Christmas season that just could not be reconciled. On the one hand, at the National Automobile Show in New York—the first since 1940—grown men and women stared with the drunken eyes of children at the great tin gauds with “swept wings” (they fly?), “starflight styling” (oh, interplanetary), “tail fins” (no, they swim) and “anti-dive devices” (ah, submarines!).

On the other hand, elsewhere were symptoms of the seeing realism which gloriously comes to the top of the American character a little way short of disaster. Those who despair of the American destiny need to be reminded of Abraham Lincoln’s data on fooling all the people some of the time, etc.

Let us look at the fatuous part first—the \$10,000,000 Automobile Show.

It’s a fine show. A very noisy floor show goes on six times a day, loaded with several dozen dancers and singers. But these girls are not as elegant as those scattered around or inside the exhibits. These latter dolls are much too good for the common people unless of course one buys the car on display. The men customers kept speaking to them hopefully and the smiles froze on the exquisite Gothic faces.

The cars are beautiful too. As objects to install in the parlor or back yard, there can be no cavil about their long, low, sneaky charm. I could understand a man who

wanted to be buried in one. But as something to take down the street to get a coke, they are nearly as implausible as a four-horse Carthaginian chariot.

Consider that American cars are already eating up gasoline at an annual rate of a billion and a quarter forty-two-gallon-barrels, requiring something like three billion barrels of petroleum. And all new cars require high-octane gas. Proved United States oil reserves are currently only ten times the annual consumption, and have dropped as low as six times. And so the new cars boost power as high as 375 h.p. with greatly increased appetites for high-octane gas. Many go 140 miles an hour, but Buick supplies a buzzer to warn you when you exceed sixty. If you can’t use that extra eighty miles an hour, what good is it? One answer is that your motor is always idling, even at sixty, and wasting more gas. Another answer is fast acceleration to get out of, and into, trouble on the road.

AS FOR the increased car lengths, city parking is already a nightmare and the nation’s road system already congested, even though the road surface is 40,000 square miles, equivalent to five New England states. The new cars will clog the streets with luxurious, empty luggage compartments.

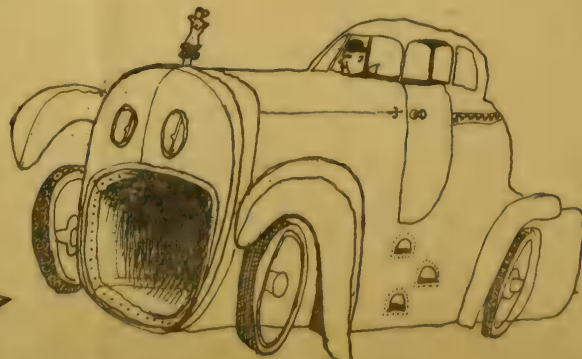
Every American man is a car expert, like the small boys of 1914

who first began mounting those lovely words, “horsepower,” “carburetor,” “ignition” etc., around the first garages. Yet even horsepower is not yet clearly understood.

On a car with an advertised 375 h.p., the textbook’s indicated horsepower would be something over 400 h.p. The 375 represents “brake horse power” at maximum r.p.m. or speed, say, of 140 miles an hour. This is cut about 25 percent by the time it gets past the differential to the rear wheels—or 300 h.p. The great torque of an American car is what produces the “thrust” that makes it dangerous. A racing driver would know enough to take the options (axle ratio, special springs, etc.) that gave him something he could handle. He would be afraid of the showroom car.

THE tolerant British are very kind to the new American cars. *The Economist* writes, “The pattern of American design strategy depends, of course, on the general acceptance of one particular shape and size of automobile by the great majority of its customers—a roomy six-seater with a large trunk . . . automatic transmission; independent suspension in front and a beam axle behind; a structure in which most of the strength is concentrated in a frame below the body and comparatively little contributed by the body itself.” Automatic transmissions “mass-produced in very high

DAVID CORT claims that, in regard to automobiles, his status is strictly that of the Man from Mars—or Missouri.



Sydney King

*The Tunnel Car makes it possible, says the artist, to drive into oncoming traffic without actually hitting it.*

volume can nowadays be had for no great increase in price, and the 250 pounds they may add in weight are easily lost in the massive, powerful automobiles of Detroit. . . . In the United States, where freedom from noise and vibration is at a premium, and where most roads are so good that road-holding is at a discount . . . independent rear-springing has made no impact at all."

Detroit's conservatism has a reason; the industry has never forgotten Chrysler's almost fatal mistake in the thirties of offering the advanced Airflow to public apathy.

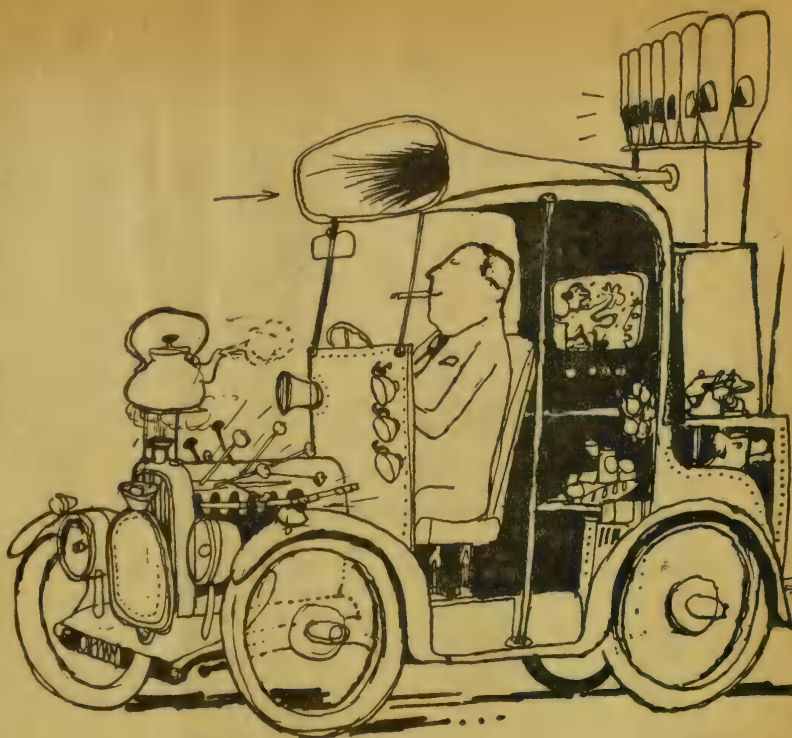
But the result is a car conceived as a featherbed on which the owner floats through life buoyed by feelings of enormous relaxed power. There would be no harm in selling these feelings to somebody in a seat at the movies, but selling them to him when he is in a two-ton vehicle moving at sixty m.p.h. is not nice. The driver's problem in reality is to maintain contact with the road and his vehicle, as if he were riding a horse. The American automobile's problem is to convince him that he is floating along one foot above the road. The two problems are in fatal conflict. The second sells the car; the first may kill the driver or somebody else. If the driver knowingly takes the chance, all right; but if he is surprised when it happens to him, as he usually is, his end is truly tragic.

THE NEW cars make the driver feel as if he were at home in his favorite armchair, with the heat on, the radio playing and the landscape as unobtrusive as a TV screen. This is all an escape from a volatile reality—a vehicle rolling along a curving road at sixty m.p.h. Thus, cold sober, in broad daylight, on a little-traveled thruway, he has the illusion of "flowing" around another car when his car is actually at seventy m.p.h., describing a self-made curve that his soft-sprung car cannot take without danger of rolling over or going out of control.

People do not necessarily buy a foreign car for the gasoline savings, the low upkeep or the durable little engine. The foreign car also holds

the road and handles like a well-broken horse. It has used the know-how of modern engineering—no mystery to Detroit—to produce the most efficient light engine possible, the most effective suspension and the best road-holding qualities. On curving roads or city streets, I am told, a 375-h.p. showroom Chrysler could not catch an old, sixty h.p. Rolls-Royce. Within five minutes the Chrysler would be on its back, wheels spinning. Yet the Rolls Royce would be three feet shorter and two feet higher than the Chrysler, and have only one sixth the horse-power.

As against such a performance, the American car's more famous faults are secondary. So it has too much power; so it uses too much gas; so the new engines are so arranged that you can hardly get at your own spark-plugs; so the smallest dent in one of the idiotic fins means a \$50 replacement (it can't be hammered out); so its length needs twice the road-room to make a turn; so its chrome stripes merely fake new design; so it has ten motors



Sydney King

### *The Home-Comforts Car*

*Overhead organ, with xylophone accompaniment, is powered by slipstream. There is a built-in TV, stove, telephone, radio and small rear compartment for pet dog. Note bunsen burners for winter driving.*

that can get out of order (transmission, brakes, windows, seats, steering, etc.); so nothing can be repaired by the owner. Most of this has been described as "built-in obsolescence." All, all, are forgivable; but it is not forgivable that this gorgeous juke-box, with all its lights flashing, may be taking the driver to his death. At the moment when he feels safest and most powerful, he may die. A million and a quarter have already been killed at the moment of power (some of them pedestrians); an undetermined percentage of another fifty million have died later of their injuries.

DETROIT expects to sell at least 6.3 million cars in 1957 against 1955's top 7.2. It had spent over a billion dollars over the past three years in tooling up. Probably the last great decisions were the new colors. These remind one of the colors in military service ribbons and are often properly metallic-looking. "Cutlass bronze, rose mist, artesian blue, desert glow, ice green"



are some Oldsmobile samples. The Lincoln offers an ominous "Presidential black."

THE DAZED look did not blanket America. American realism was also on the job.

Preparatory to the Automobile Show, Dave Garroway and an audience of industrial designers were actually encouraged to badger the chief designers of these beautiful monstrosities. GM offered a ruddy, poker-playing Good Time Charlie, Ford a very talkative tennis-player, Chrysler a grey-faced, competent non-Ivy Leaguer, American a hoarse, straight-talking farmer, and Studebaker a balding Reserve Intelligence Major.

I was informed privately that most Detroit designers would as soon be seen in a zoot suit as in the cars they design. But it was soon evident that the new cars were a joke.

All the designers seemed to resent the fact that Garroway had put a 1952 Jaguar XK-120 engine into his old 1934 SS Jaguar body, but a Big Three designer drives a 1934 racing Studebaker. At this gathering a tone of ridicule of the new cars seemed correct. Garroway asked, "I'm building a place in the country—how long should I make my garage? What's the future of the fin? What do you plan for the low car—how low can you get?" The audience's questions were in the same disenchanted vein. Raymond Loewy, asked to make a comment, rose gravely and pronounced "I wish you all a very Merry Christmas."

The answers of the five designers charged with the idiocy of their designs, function-wise, boiled down to one answer: "The American public is to blame. If they want it, who are we not to let them have it?" The public, it seems, is not captive but captor; the automobile industry is not the creator, but the helpless creature, of its market. The stylists or designers had utterly accepted the sales department's thesis that every American car-owner wants something orthodox but slightly different, want to feel like a king for three months and will pay a high price for the feeling. He brings to

a car-purchase something of the emotion he brought downstairs on Christmas morning when he was six years old. The new car looks like a Christmas tree, not so much in his eyes (he will be inside it most of the time) as in the eyes (as he imagines) of his wife, children and neighbors. The long slinky look, the unrepairable dozen motors, the chrome and the extras are childhood's miracles under the tree. Noel! Noel!

I do not believe in this cynical appraisal of the American citizen, which marches with the opinion of the slick magazine editor. Certainly American advertising and Communist propaganda are persuasive, but I do not believe that all the people are as foolish as Detroit and Moscow think. An annual turnover of seven million unpaid-for cars, swelling the citizen's present thirty billion dollar debt, is not really the foundation of American democracy.

The policeman at the Yale Bowl this year, faced with the worst traffic jam in his life, remembered that in the old days every car had held four or five people, but now the average car brought one or two. The larger, more powerful new cars transport only one third the number of people as did the old cars. The car-owners are growing less, not more, sociable; the traffic and the road system are alienating the people from their society. A man's pride in his car seems to be an anti-social emotion. On a mass-production level, it seems somehow related to the Egyptian Pharaoh's reasons for building a pyramid tomb.

At 42nd Street and Madison Avenue, a hundred citizens are crossing the street, at the intersection, with the lights. One more unimportant citizen is added, going down the street for a beer, and the hundred fall back and let the 101st through, in sudden fear for their lives. Ridiculous? No, for the last man has a two-ton casing and even without glancing at you can kill you stone-dead. The hundred know this well.

BEFORE I finish with the new cars, I cannot resist quoting a little from *Consumer Report*, January, 1955, on how to buy a used car. It seems

that the cost of owning and operating a car is \$1,316 the first year, \$1,182 the second, \$942 the third, \$922 the fourth. The ideal buy is a three-year-old car that has been driven only 20,000 miles (but don't believe the speedometer).

Some of the recommended tests deserve to be described:

1) If the used car shows collision damage, abuse or high mileage, go away. Worn floor mat or brake pedal may indicate high mileage. Try to poke pencil through paint over small bumps or pits.

2) Jump on each corner of bumpers. Shock absorbers are defective if car shakes both up and down to normal.

3) When you shake top of front tire, clanking shows worn suspension or loose wheel bearings.

4) Suspension is out of line if front wheels, sighted from thirty feet away, are not perfectly perpendicular.

5) Steering gear linkage needs work if front wheels do not move before you have turned steering wheel two inches.

6) Clutch pedal needs work if resistance to your foot does not sharply increase after one inch.

7) The hydraulic brakes have a leak if foot brake sinks slowly after fifteen seconds of pressure.

8) If starter clanks, teeth may be missing in ring gear.

9) Big puff of blue smoke from exhaust after racing, idling, racing engine indicates very expensive job needed on valves or rings.

10) Trade your car before August, and get a car bonded by National Bonded Cars, Inc., at a cost of \$35.

And so on.

Such sharp advice is particularly refreshing after one has been bemused by the dream-boats at the Automobile Show. It is very Yankee, and the Automobile Show is certainly very un-Yankee.

#### NEXT WEEK

*The December 29 issue of The Nation will be devoted to a brilliant essay, Science and Human Values, by J. Bronowski, British scientist and man of letters. We believe you will want to keep this issue as a permanent addition to your library.—Editors.*

# Siobhan McKenna at the NAM

DAN WAKEFIELD

IN THE three short days of its sixty-first convention, the National Association of Manufacturers was exposed to the assorted heretical doctrines of God, the Irish poets and American youth, in that order. It is not so frivolous to say that the NAM, after those frightening visitations, owes its collective sanity to the lavishly padded interior of its meeting place, the Waldorf-Astoria, where nothing that happens seems to bear any relation to reality; and the speakers drawn from its own membership, who managed in spite of the convention theme of "New Dimensions for America" to convey the warming impression that everything was still as it always was and ever shall be—except, of course, for the growing menace of labor and socialism (and they, after all, are old and comfortable menaces to the NAM). The real menaces were the guest outsiders (religious, poetic and young), for the logical conclusion of their combined messages could only be the dissolution of the NAM and a mass return to the soil by all its members.

These subversive messages came at the rate of one each day—each more surprising than the last. The first was from God, who is rather expected to throw a note of warning around at such occasions. It was delivered this time by The Very Reverend William A. Donaghy, S. J., president of Holy Cross, who turned out to be an unusually articulate and menacing messenger of the Word. He took as his text the decline and fall of Rome, Carthage—and possibly New York. He quoted to the manufacturers from Polybius:

The Romans do not trouble about the moral decline of the empire. All that they ask is that it should be prosperous and secure. "What contents us," they say, "is that everyone should be able to increase his wealth so that he can afford a lavish expenditure and can keep the weak in subjection."

He recounted the tale of the tank-

corps soldiers in the African campaign of World War II who rumbled past the mute sign in the wasted desert that read "Carthage"; and warned that if America did not return to the ways of the Spirit there could some day be "a similar bleak deserted plain and a similar pathetic sign—New York." He called for a new dimension of Faith and a rejection of the purely materialistic way of life which put men in "a world bounded on the East and West by birth and death, on the North and South by Dun and Bradstreet."

THE NAM applauded warmly as the Father finished, and one delegate was heard to remark as the session broke up for lunch that the Father was "a very forceful speaker." Technique, not philosophy, was all that had left its impression. The prophet was accepted by the business men as a competent—nay, talented—craftsman. The message itself was blunted by the reality of a manufacturing magnate's life and by the mass of words which had preceded the Father's speech and had affirmed that the delegates were there once again to beat the old drums.

"... I wonder," said NAM president Cola G. Parker in the keynote address that began the day, "what is meant by such expressions as 'enlightened capitalism.' To the extent phrases like this mask a retreat from the ancient virtues of self-reliance, self-determination and self-responsibility, I for one cannot go along with them."

Let no one be deceived by the title of the keynote speech and the convention theme, "New Dimensions for America." The boys were back for their annual return to the nourishing earth for root-holds in the ancient values.

But respect for the theme did stimulate some real soul-searching among several of the NAM's own gospel carriers. Imagine the moral agony of Merle G. Jones, president of the Store-Kraft Manufacturing Company, as he sat in his study in the God-forsaken flats of

Beatrice, Nebraska, this fall and got his mandate to speak in New York on "New Dimensions for America." Introduced to the assembly as a Sunday School teacher as well as a successful manufacturer, Mr. Jones took the stand, unbuttoned and rebuttoned his blue double-breasted suitcoat and began with this thought that must have come to him at the time of agony in Beatrice: "I am told that Abraham Lincoln once gave a very simple analytical outline that could be applied to many situations. He asked these questions: 1. Where are you? 2. In what direction are you going? 3. How will you get there?"

Mr. Jones asked himself the first question, and wrenched out this conclusion: "Well, at least we are not in the past. Whenever I am tempted to live in the past, I am reminded of a comment that was often made by W. B. Morton, the founder of the Store-Kraft Manufacturing Company: 'Things aren't what they used to be and never were.' No, we are not living in the past."

THE New Dimensions for America were taking shape, and the NAM pressed on down the trackless red-carpeted frontiers of the Waldorf, rising Thursday morning to the Starlight Roof for a session of the wives sternly titled "Women Mean Business." The Starlight Roof suggests the scene of a funeral that might have been staged by Jay Gatsby in his headier days. The ladies, heavily hatted and furred, moved in quietly to expose themselves to the promised enlightenment.

They were told in the twanging tones of Walter G. Koch, president of the International Steel Company, that "Women Mean Business"—didn't they own 54 per cent of all stock, 65 per cent of all savings accounts and the deeds to 40 per cent of all homes in America? In recognition of their great role in the economy, president Parker would speak to them on the subject "You and Your NAM" and pull no punches—it was time for women to share the

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December 22, 1956



responsibilities and know the truth. He told them that the NAM "stands for freedom."

The ladies raised no argument to that, and seemed willing enough to accept Mr. Parker's subsequent challenge that they learn about economics, politics and such matters, and keep right up there with the menfolk. As a first step in their education, a style show was presented with costumes "from many lands," and a chatty commentary informed the girls as a model floated up the aisle in a German peasant costume that "Germany is a land of romantic scenery and wonderful castles—seemingly unchanged through the centuries." So much for Germany.

BUT THE hard facts of current problems were brought to the fore at the end of the session by Henry J. Taylor, radio commentator and prophet. Mr. Taylor rambled around the Suez question without much response and finally got down to Korea, which drew a good hand from the ladies in praise of General Douglas MacArthur. After a rather sketchy summary of the world's pressure centers, Mr. Taylor prophesied that business, in general, would be good next year. There would be "some uncertainties in certain industries," he said; but he felt that there was "no need to spell it out."

Thus armed, the ladies exited for lunch in the Grand Ballroom, evidently meaning business.

THE program had said that Siobhan McKenna, then starring downtown in *St. Joan*, would be the "feature" of the luncheon entertainment. It did not say what she would do. And who among us, either the NAM folks or we few visitors of little faith, suspected that she would read to the National Association of Manufacturers from the poetry of James Stephens and William Butler Yeats?

With waiters still rattling silver in the background, the spotlight struck the darkened stage and the figure of Miss McKenna, straight and poised in a plain black suit, appeared before the manufacturers armed only with the volumes of Stephens and Yeats. The room gradually quieted and the audience sat

in respectful silence, applauding at appropriate intervals. It was, after all, being "entertained." Miss McKenna pronounced to this concentration of country-club, Junior League, Chamber of Commerce leadership the words of James Stephens that "all that is lonely is beautiful"; and out of Yeats, from *The Ballad of Moll Magee*, the notion that "God lights the stars, his candles, and looks upon the poor."

In the main section of the ballroom, the audience continued their mechanical cycle of silence and applause, but around the tables at the edges certain gentlemen began to show signs of restlessness. They were the older ones, who resembled *Pravda*-conceived cartoons of fat-cat capitalists, red-necked and recently heavy with poppy-seed rolls, no doubt wondering what the state of the world had come to. A gentleman whose name card placed him as a citizen of Two Rivers, Michigan, asked a colleague from Marion, Indiana, "What's this all about, anyway?" The Hoosier gentleman evidently wasn't up on his early Yeats, and suggested they "get outta here," which they did. A man whose tag identified him as the president and treasurer of the Abrasive Machine Tools Corporation of East Providence, R. I., wondered when the main speaker would come on. It was then that Miss McKenna was reading her final selection, which ended with the lines

But I, being poor, have only my dreams;

I have spread my dreams under your feet;

Tread softly because you tread on my dreams.

The lights went on, chairs shifted and the main speaker, Keith Funston, president of the New York Stock Exchange, was reminded of a story before plunging into his text ("Needed: A Fair and Warmer Investment Climate"). It seems there were two fellows in some pretty hot spot, and the first fellow said to the second fellow, "Gimme something ta., cool and loaded with gin," and the second fellow said, "Careful what you say, you're talking about my wife."

Yeats was gone; the program was back down to business.

But the sixty-first convention of the NAM was not yet free of the voices of heresy. On the third morning the student winners of the NAM's annual scholarship awards were billed on a panel discussion with six industrialists to discuss "New Dimensions for America." The official program reported that "These students were invited to attend all sessions of the three-day meeting so that they could observe at first hand industry's thinking and philosophy."

The six industrialists were evidently unprepared for the possibility that the kids might not have dug the "thinking and philosophy" of the industry which they had just observed at first hand. After all, they were getting their scholarships, a trip to New York and a chance to talk to these prime movers of production. But the questioning had no more than gotten underway when it turned out that Alexander M. Clarke of Virginia Military Institute had some grave worries about the future of capitalism.

"We know that another depression would ruin capitalism," he said. "If we fall down like they did in the thirties, the plants'll close up and we won't be able to open up again. NAM says it doesn't like government centralization, but without government controls, what does NAM propose to do about the business cycle going another way? If the government takes off controls, what does NAM propose to do in place of them?"

CADET Clarke was assured by one of the industrialists that the NAM "has more confidence in a free market than it has in the decisions of the bureaucrats"; that it has "tremendous faith in the overall ability of the American consumer to spend his money."

One of the panelists, becoming aroused, asked Cadet Clarke if they didn't teach him over at that military academy how to get out there and fight for what he wanted, and not have the other fellow do it for him. Cadet Clarke, replied that at the military academy they taught him to obey his officers. The matter was dropped.

It was then that Rosemary Lee

of Chatham College, Pittsburgh, wished to put the question of federal aid to education before the industrialists. She wished to quote from Peter Marshall that "Liberty is not the right to do what you please, but the opportunity to please do what is right." "Would it," she asked the panel, "be more democratic for a certain business to decide what is right—or for a whole government, representing all the people, to say if we need federal aid to education and ought to support it?"

Dr. Ralph Robey, economic adviser to the NAM, explained that he had no use for federal aid to education, that it would mean complete government control and that students ("just like you!") would be told what to study and would have to do it, just as they did in Russia.

This evaluation drew the wrath of a young man listed as Lloyd G. Becraft, a student at Montana State College. "I disagree with you," he said. "I go to school at Montana State College and we get federal aid and our president says there are no strings attached and we do what we want, study what we want, think what we want. As for me, I'd be in favor of accepting money from the Communist party as long as there were no strings attached to it."

The audience was suddenly shifting, buzzing and laughing. The industrial panelists were beginning to raise their voices more than was necessary to be heard on the public address system. One blurted out that "Your parallel between taking money from the Communist party and the federal government is very apt."

THE interlocutor, sent for the occasion by NBC, looked for the next question. It came from Daniel S. Kemp of Reed College, Portland, Oregon. He wanted to know about the dangers of overproduction and its consequences to future generations. Wasn't it the responsibility of the manufacturers to consider these consequences now? One of the industrialists answered him with the words of a popular song: *Que sera, sera*, the man said.

Feeling perhaps that this was not enough, Cola G. Parker leaned to the microphone and explained to the lost young man from Oregon that the reason businesses failed, after all, was that they didn't do what the consumer wanted.

Dr. Robey, getting more excited, moved to the fore and pounded out the philosophy of mass consumption. There was no need to worry about overproduction, he said, because of the wonderful phenomenon of con-

sumption, which resulted in this saving line of thought, as summed up in a little story: "Anything I have one of, I'd like a second one of—at the right price—including my wife."

Thus introduced to the mystique of the American economy, the college students were told by the NBC man that the game was up, thanks for the questions.

The audience was loudly astir as the curtains closed. What was it creating with its national scholarships? One NAM staffer who has been through several of these annual rites said they always had the student quiz, but the students had never been so "enthusiastic" before. There was the feeling that given another hour of questioning the industrialists would have had no choice but to ring down the curtain and revoke the scholarships.

The world of the NAM conventions, usually bounded so safely (to use the imagery of Father Donaghy) on the East and West by Lexington and Park avenues, on the North and South by the laws of supply and demand, below by the Grand Ballroom and above by the Starlight Roof, had been badly violated. God and William Butler Yeats might be dismissed as "unrealistic." But who could account for Lloyd G. Becraft, the boy from Bozeman, Montana?

## Halfbacks Carry the Mortgage...by ROGER KAHN

FOR A TIME this autumn, college football seemed to be caught in one of the waves of public morality which have been advancing for a decade or so. It is hard to argue with a good, loud vow to be pure, but carried into college football this sort of thing could have been tragic, at least to those of us who like football skillful, fast and exciting.

Drive out the tramp athletes, as a California athletic official promised in September, or stop recruiting farmhands, as a Midwestern educator pledged in October, and what have you got left to play football?

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You've got students, that's what, and once you've seen one student play, you've seen them all.

Fortunately for us spectators, by now it has become clear as a golden autumn afternoon that the colleges did not intend to drive the halfbacks out of their admission offices, after all. They were only pretending out there on the Pacific Coast and at Ann Arbor, Michigan. For after such phrases as "dual morality must be eliminated" echoed into silence early in the season, students once again were confined to classrooms and the distinction between football players at ambitious colleges and the professionals in the National Football League remained small: the college

players would never accept checks.

Occasionally someone suggests that it is not proper to be flippant with a problem which has moved half the big colleges in America to cheat, connive and break rules. Occasionally someone suggests that there is nothing wrong with subsidizing college athletes. Well, it seems to me that there is a great deal wrong with paying muscular "C" students to go to college, and as for flippancy—the idea of a college president rounding up prospects as eagerly as a boxing promoter is as flip as anything that comes to mind.

From a great professional football player out of Texas comes a story, only slightly atypical, which shows



the lengths to which the presidents and their recruiters are presently willing to go. Several scouts from the University of Oklahoma were looking for backfield prospects in the oil country of Texas, the pro star reports, and the best they saw was the son of a man who owns a few dozen wells. They made an introductory offer of room, board, books, tuition and \$40 a month expenses, but the boy laughed them off.

"My daddy can afford to send me to college," the boy said, "and he wants me to go to Texas."

"Can you think of something you'd really like to have?" one of the scouts asked.

"Nope," the boy said, gesturing shyly toward six derricks in the distance.

"Say," the second scout said in a flash of inspiration. "You got any real close friends on your high-school team?"

"Sure," the boy said. "My two best buddies."

"Tell you what," the scout said. "You come on up to play at Oklahoma and we'll give your two buddies scholarships so's they can come along, too. What do you say?" Ultimately, this boy said no, but Oklahoma scouts usually hear yes, which in part explains why the Oklahoma football team has not been defeated in four years.

COLLEGES first branched into the sideline of professional football during the 1920s and the reason put forth most often concerns mortgages. After World War I, it appears, countless colleges erected stadiums as memorials without fully realizing what they were getting into. Long after the last eulogy had been delivered, there remained sizeable bank notes to be paid. Track, soccer and girl's field hockey drew few spectators to the expensive stadiums, but football meant cash customers. Since good football teams drew more fans and more money than ordinary ones, it was only a question of time before the colleges were doing all they could to attract the best football players alive.

Meanwhile, universities which had neglected to build memorial stadiums gazed in wonder at football

gate-receipts and started their own construction at the first thaw. Ever since, colleges have not attempted to stop attracting good players. Instead, they have tried to find rationalizations which would make such a policy gibe with a philosophy of education.

With potential income running over a million dollars a year for a good team, competition has been rough. Some schools, such as N.Y.U. and Fordham, which tried and failed to compete at a reasonable profit, have dropped football altogether. Others, such as Notre Dame, succeeded at the cost of developing a Hamlet's Mother Complex. Invariably, they protest too much; ask an innocent question about the way a Notre Dame fullback runs and you are told immediately what a whiz he is at organic chemistry.

VIRTUALLY every college currently involved in football is a member of a sprawling supervisory organization called the National Collegiate Athletic Association, which successfully worked out the limited television contract that is in operation but has been less successful in policing its recruiting "sanity code." Actually, the teams in the NCAA fall into

more specific categories and each has been somewhat different in its reaction to the morality wave.

*The Ivy League:* These eight wealthy Eastern universities, aloof and proud because most of their football players are literate, this year banded into a formal league after fifty years of consistent but informal competition. Yale, beaten only by Colgate, a non-league member, won the championship rather handily. All the Ivies have agreed to prohibit athletic scholarships and in practice good athletes get only a slightly disproportionate number of their academic grants.

Harvard, Princeton and the rest do not have to make lavish offers. Bright high school athletes seldom miss the significance of an Ivy League diploma, and the point is stressed by many alumni who offer post-graduate jobs as lure. The caliber of football is only fair, but the Ivies are a happy, stuffy world unto themselves.

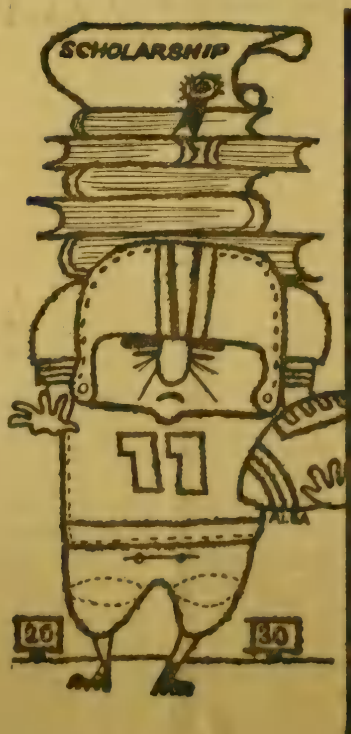
*The Big Ten:* Over the last twenty years, this group of large Midwestern colleges has played the best football in the country. Concerned about recruiting getting so far out of hand that two decades of sharp practice might come to light, the Big Ten investigated itself for most of this year. In October the investigating committee reported a series of complaints:

1. The coaches, whose jobs depend on winning, constantly evaded the rules on recruiting and financial aid to athletes. But, the committee conceded, the rules were not as clear as they should be. Aid, for example, is to be based on need and, citing "need," Michigan was giving \$560 a year for pocket money out of a scholarship fund to a star end who was a "C-minus" student.

2. One school spent \$13,600 to entertain football prospects last year. This year at least 500 prospective student athletes will visit each Big Ten school at the school's expense.

3. "Make-work" jobs have increased four-fold in ten years—and there were quite a few around ten years ago.

4. Despite a rule that athletic departments must file statements on financial aid to athletes, one college



had no statement in the file for the past five years.

Good Big Ten athletes have gotten room, board, books, tuition, tickets and subsistence. The report is an admirable document, but star athletes will continue to receive room, board, etc.

*The South and Southwest:* Whether these teams are grouped in leagues is meaningless because their league rules are so loose. Traditionally, anything the NCAA can't prove goes.

*Notre Dame:* This school's poorest season since 1933 was only a terrible accident. Notre Dame will de-emphasize its football about the same time the New York Yankees decide to de-emphasize baseball. Athletes at Notre Dame must maintain a 77 average, but getting first crack at nearly every Roman Catholic high school in the country, Notre Dame has little trouble finding recruits who are bright as well as strong.

*The Pacific Coast Conference:* Here morality hit home hardest. For

a while, in fact, Governor Goodwin Knight was urging the California schools to form their own private league. Practices similar to those of the Big Ten flourished here, but somewhat more openly and somewhat less smoothly. Colleges swiped athletes from one another, jealousies grew fierce and last year the schools eagerly began to blow whistles on each other. As a result, Victor O. Schmidt, commissioner of the conference and an ambitious, serious lawyer, found himself hip-deep in evidence embarrassing to everybody.

When Schmidt tried to investigate the athletic programs of U.C.L.A. and Washington at first hand, the two colleges refused to hold still. He then banned U.C.L.A. from the Rose Bowl for three years and Washington for two, moves that could cost each university almost \$100,000. When he turned on California and Southern California, both admitted over-active recruiting. He fined California \$25,000 and banned

U.S.C. from the Rose Bowl for three years, in addition to fining that school \$10,000.

Already there is talk in coast athletic circles that Schmidt wants to become a governor. "He'll get tired of playing cop," a friend from U.S.C. has been telling me bitterly.

More than twenty-five years ago, John Kieran proposed a solution to college football's numerous emphasis problems. "Stop charging admission," Kieran urged. It is significant that in the last twenty-five years both prices and emphasis have been stepped up.

I'm not a destructionist, but short of the elimination of money I can see no end to large-scale commercial college football. Pending that development, I intend to go on enjoying the games without bothering to find out whether the quarterback is driving a Cadillac or a bicycle. I don't approve of intercollegiate hypocrisy, but it is senseless to begrudge the quarterback his living.

## LETTERS

*(Continued from inside front cover)*

such Russian fears look irrational; but to them, with their historical memories of universal hostility and the continued clamor of an influential minority, their fears are real. I am convinced that their recent ruthlessness in Hungary and the Middle East is in the main their reaction to such fears.

Again we may think it irrational, but to the Russians (and the Poles and the Czechs also) a reunited, rearmed Germany is a nightmare. There are many indications that, since the death of Stalin, the Russians have been seeking to disengage themselves from Eastern Europe and were groping for a safe way to do so. The events in Hungary coming as they did in the midst of those in Egypt, threw them into a panic. The *New York Times* of November 11 reported: "Mr. Khrushchev promised that the Soviet Union would seek a Middle Eastern settlement because it realized the situation in Egypt was serious and 'the fire must be put out'." The last few words hold the key to an understanding of the violence of Bulganin's notes to Britain, France and Israel. Even a Westerner of good will finds it hard to believe that the Russians saw in the Egyptian

adventure, into which they were afraid we might be sucked or voluntarily enter, a springboard for an attack on them. But they did, and, seeing it as such, and conjuring up their nightmarish vision of a reunited, rearmed Germany on the march following a revolt in East Germany if the Hungarian example were allowed to succeed, they acted as they did.

Their actions were horrible. But it serves no one's real interest, and least of all that of peace, to call for action which may involve nuclear war. What is needed are measures that will remove these (insane, if you like) fears and will at the same time create a climate which will enable the new, progressive forces in the USSR to gain the mastery of affairs they are striving for and direct the revolutions of our time into democratic channels.

In Europe, that can best be achieved by reuniting and neutralizing Germany in the framework of a general security treaty, with United States participation.

In the Middle East, it can be accomplished by an acknowledgment that the Russia of the twentieth century is a mighty power; the Middle East is its backyard and not a Western preserve; it, too, has legitimate interest there; and, as the President said in a recent press conference, you cannot eliminate

its influence in that area entirely. This means an abandonment of the misbegotten Baghdad Pact and our bases there; an embargo on all arms to the area; cessation of all unfriendly propaganda; and an adequate program of economic aid with, as your editorial states, plenty of American dollars, all within the framework of the United Nations.

Such a climate in the Middle East holds the greatest promise for Israel. The well-wishers of Israel must once and for all learn that it cannot thrive or even survive unless the whole area is pacified and stabilized. And that simply cannot be done without Russian participation.

The West has legitimate interests in the Suez Canal and Middle East oil. But it must reconcile itself to the fact that these interests can be served only on a normal commercial basis and not by domination and exploitation. It is deceiving itself if it thinks that the Arab masses will quietly continue to endure poverty, hunger, disease and ignorance in order to supply the West with cheap fuel. And Russia is likewise deceiving itself if it thinks that the new order means no more than the substitution of its domination and exploitation for the old.

DAVID WEISSMAN

*New York City*



# BOOKS and the ARTS

## Orwell: Pessimistic Liberal

*THE ORWELL READER.* Introduction by Richard H. Rovere. Harcourt, Brace. \$5.95.

*A STUDY OF GEORGE ORWELL.* By Christopher Hollis. Henry Regnery Company. \$3.75.

By Jacob Korg

A CHARACTERISTIC that George Orwell shared with Swift, a writer he admired and to whom he is often compared, was a sense that misery and debasement lie close to the surface of life. As a genuinely representative selection from his works, *The Orwell Reader* reflects his oppressive awareness of the fragility of human dignity. To Orwell the possibilities of existence were as ambiguous as the elegance of the Paris dining room, described in *Down and Out in Paris and London*, where food was brought in from a filthy scullery separated from it by no more than a swinging door and a straightening of the waiter's shoulders.

In the political variant of this pattern, the one that most concerned him, Orwell saw the serpent of totalitarianism lurking in the garden of democratic socialism. His work as a political writer constitutes a judgment, part negative and part affirmative, of the powerful egalitarian tradition founded by Jean-Jacques Rousseau. Although he remained a Socialist until the end of his life and passionately supported the classic liberal aims of freedom and equality, Orwell was convinced by some of his experiences, especially those of the Spanish Civil War, that the practical methods available for making liberty a political reality were bound to go astray. He learned that governments which begin as crystallizations of the general will are particularly vulnerable to power-

hungry despots eager to turn them into instruments of oppression. Liberalism has generally been associated with the optimistic belief that the revolution, if it can only be achieved, will solve all problems. Orwell, however, was a new kind of liberal, a pessimist, who thought it inevitable that the revolution would betray the energies that shaped it and effect a final disastrous subversion of the idea of liberalism.

SINCE so much of his work arises from his feeling of horror at the actual or possible dehumanization of man, it seems logical to ask what Orwell considered the essential human qualities to be. He did not fear tyranny simply because it threatened happiness. Happiness, he observes in "Politics vs. Literature," is not a normal condition, and the question whether life is worth living at all is an open one. Why, then, is freedom important?

There are, I believe, two answers that Orwell can be imagined as giving to this question, in spite of his pessimism. "The essence of being human," he once wrote, "is that one does not seek perfection. . . ." His sympathy with imperfection is obvious from his devoted observation of derelicts, the morally and physically inferior heroes of his novels, and his interest in such humble representatives of popular taste as cheap fiction and comic postcards. Totalitarian systems enforce their discipline by making a striving for perfection the price of social acceptance. They seek to deprive people of their fallible humanity. Under such systems the weak, the criminal and the inefficient are not merely punished, but cast out. Orwell felt that forbidding people to be stupid, inadequate, selfish or aimless was a violation of their humanity.

A second threat posed by totalitarianism that would have mattered

to Orwell was that it denied the weight of immediate impressions. One of Orwell's greatest talents was his ability to convey sensuous experiences accurately and vividly, a gift that obviously arose from a love of observation. The nearest thing to a spiritual revelation in his work is the scene in his novel, *Coming Up For Air*, where the unimaginative insurance agent, hemmed in by the tedium of suburban life, suddenly realizes that there is a Wordsworthian joy in examining such commonplace things as a dying fire or a pool of water. He decides that the real value of life lies in simple sensuous experiences of this kind. "It's the only thing worth having," he says, "and we don't want it." In an essay in *The Orwell Reader* the author wonders if it is "politically reprehensible" to enjoy the spring while the capitalist system still exists. From the totalitarian point of view, of course, it would be.

MR. HOLLIS' study of Orwell raises the question of whether personal acquaintance combined with fundamental disagreement is the best qualification for a critic. Mr. Hollis was at Eton with Orwell, met him during his policeman days in Burma, and knew him again in England after 1931. His book is lively and contentious; it contains some good personal impressions and ranges actively over the wide field of Orwell's interests. Unfortunately, Mr. Hollis seems unable to resist the temptation of passing gratuitous judgments on Orwell's opinions. Large portions of his book are devoted to debates on such topics as the effect of caning at school, non-conformity at Eton, capital punishment, the atmosphere of an Anglican rectory and the merits of Monsignor Knox. All this is exactly like a rambling argument between two old grads at a class reunion.

Mr. Hollis seems bent on making Orwell the subject of a posthumous conversion. Admitting that Orwell

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was critical of religion, Mr. Hollis nevertheless seeks to draw him into the fold of believers by using two methods. First, he undertakes to refute Orwell's objections to religion in general and Catholicism in particular. Orwell classed Catholicism as one of the orthodoxies that suppress free thought by contending that "the truth" has already been revealed through itself. Mr. Hollis casuistically strikes an attitude of flat denial, and then explains that Catholic doctrine holds that God's "gift of faith" is given to some and withheld from others. But since those chosen for faith are presumably none other than the saints and leaders of Catholicism, Mr. Hollis' description of the Catholic attitude actually confirms Orwell's.

His second method of converting Orwell is to show that many of his convictions imply a religious orientation. For example, he asserts, on insufficient grounds, that Orwell's objection to capital punishment

makes sense only if it is based on a belief in immortality. Similarly, he argues that an "autonomous individual" can have no reason for caring about the truth. Only if God is accepted as Truth, says Mr. Hollis, can there be any motive for seeking it. "Of course," he adds, "Orwell half-understood all this."

Nothing could make it clearer that Mr. Hollis' bias prevents him from grasping Orwell's essential quality. Orwell said that to be a liberal was to choose Man instead of God. To him, as to independent thinkers in general, the only proper motive for seeking truth is personal, not collective, salvation. That Orwell valued "autonomy" above everything is shown by the fact that he repudiated causes to which he had grown attached because they belied his own perceptions. He was not a saint, but he was one of the few men who have been courageous enough to seek the truth simply because they wanted to live with it.

## The Sack of Venice

*VENICE OBSERVED.* By Mary McCarthy. Reynal and Co. \$15.

By Dawn Powell

HERE IS one of those synthetic spectaculars produced by publishers at this season, not quite literature, not quite art, not quite travel, but definitely Gift-Book. Rich aunt, neglected old friend, potential customer or boss are bound to be appeased by the printed price if they are not stupefied by the lavish beauty.

Georges and Rosamond Berniers, the shrewd publishers of the new art review *L'Oeil*, have assembled 200 pages of text, photographs and colored reproductions of Venice and Venetian art treasures in a volume companionable in size to your bound *Fortunes*. Although Professor André Chastel of the Sorbonne supplies lucid and fresh but scholarly comment on Venetian civilization and art, he

is relegated to the Appendix, while an American author, Mary McCarthy, is gallantly accorded sole text credit on the cover. Indeed, turning the pages with Bellini in four colors on one side and Miss McCarthy in bright American voice on the other, the viewer gets the impression that she is the tourist for whose okay Venice has waited all these centuries.

AS HINTED on the cover, the intrepid Miss McCarthy will not take second place to any city or old masters; this is to be a bout. Bursting with research, laden with notebooks, goaded by deadlines, she doughtily matches herself against Venice, the reprobate of cities. And once again Venice, ever complaisant, permits herself to be trounced, scolded, kissed and forgiven as one more traveler plunders her legends, berates her commercialism, and pins good-boy badges on Giorgione, Veronese, Tintoretto, Tiepolo, *et al.* The lady journalist, benignly prepared to shake hands with Ruskin, Herbert Spencer, possibly Sarpio, is annoyed to find herself lumped in-

stead with other tourists en route from Harry's Bar, Venice, to Harry's Bar, Torcello—Germans, at that, and crassly engaged in taking notes and pictures. The inconveniences of travel and the foreignness of foreigners add to the irritation. In her apartment Miss McCarthy notes that her co-tenants are pilfering her Joy, using up her Pepsodent and Lifebuoy, and above all watching every move she makes in their officious Venetian way. It is indeed hard for a girlish dreamer with her head in the upper brackets to make an honest buck writing about Venetian materialism if the natives persist in spying on her all the time. Is it possible that they are reserving the last blank page in this sumptuous book for a "Yankee Go Home"?

## Roarers in a Ring

Snow fell as for Wenceslas.

The moor foamed like a white  
Running sea. A starved fox  
Stared at the inn light.

In the red gridded glare of peat,  
Faces sweating like hams,  
Farmers roared their Christmas Eve  
Out of the low beams.

Good company kept a laugh in the air  
As if they tossed a ball  
To top the skip of a devil that  
Struck at it with his tail,

Or struck at the man who hold it long.  
They so tossed laughter up  
You would have thought that if they  
did not  
Laugh, they must weep.

Therefore the ale went round and round.  
Their mouths flung wide  
The cataract of a laugh, lest  
Silence drink blood.

And their eyes were screwed so tight,  
While their grand bellies shook—  
O their flesh would drop to dust  
At the first sober look.

The air was new as a razor,  
The moor looked like the moon,  
When they all went roaring homewards  
An hour before dawn.

Those living images of their deaths  
Better than with skill  
Blindly and rowdily balanced  
Gently took their fall

While the world under their footsoles  
Went whirling still  
Gay and forever, in the bottomless black  
Silence through which it fell.

TED HUGHES

DAWN POWELL, novelist and critic, is the author of *The Locusts Have No King* and *The Wicked Pavilion*, among others.

December 22, 1956



# Escape and Involvement

*THE INSURGENTS.* By Vercors.  
Harcourt, Brace and Co. \$3.95.

By Dachine Rainer

*THE INSURGENTS* is a work of existentialist science fiction, and it was at first difficult to see what I saw in it. With the exception of pioneers like Jonathan Swift, Mary Shelley, H. G. Wells, and only recently Bertrand Russell, I abhor science fiction; as for existentialism, I expressed myself on this subject at least a decade ago in an article entitled "The Emperor's New Clothes". Consequently, I was surprised that in spite of Vercors' philosophical speculation, which was sometimes dull, I enjoyed this new novel very much. It may be that although Vercors' ideas are neither profound nor original, his characterization and his style, and more than either of these, his emotional intensity—for it is a great pleasure these days to read a prose writer who feels deeply, to whom people and ideas *matter*—move and involve the reader.

The doctor, Egmont, a leading character, embarks on an experiment to free himself from the human condition. He revolts against disease, old age and death, and in a series of Yogi-like exercises, almost succeeds in eluding the fate of his species. A rather curious, passionate, perverse and quite French love interest is maintained by Olga, who is also a doctor and Egmont's ex-mistress; she hovers, with a quaint and touching fidelity, over him and his terrifying departures into the recesses of his unconscious.

There is a second and interlocking story, in which a research scientist, a satiric writer and a labor organizer figure in a strike. Vercors thus indicates the two paths open to scientists and intellectuals: that of removing themselves, like Egmont, from affairs of the world, or living with a suffering sense of immediacy and

*DACHINE RAINER, novelist and poet, is the author of A Room at the Inn, the first published section of a longer work.*

working toward the amelioration of the evil men do. *The Insurgents* ends on an upbeat note; the strike is largely victorious and Egmont returns from months of unconsciousness to the universe of action.

It is a great pity that social satire, in which high moral values are implicit, has been replaced by science fiction in which ingenuity and an alarming preoccupation with tech-

nological progress rule the form; this is another example of spiritual decline in the face of materialist encroachments. Vercors may be on the path of restoring the balance, particularly in his present treatment of man as both an animal (and not a slightly more wonderful machine than a cash register) and as the most remarkable of the primates in his ability to modify an unreflective opportunism by the occasional suspicion of the existence of right and wrong.

## LETTER FROM MOROCCO

Paul Bowles

THE MOST important single element in Morocco's folk culture is its music. Since it always has been a land where illiteracy is the general rule, its production of written literature is negligible. On the other hand, like the Negroes of West Africa, the Moroccans have a magnificent and highly evolved sense of rhythm which manifests itself in the twin arts of music and the dance. Islam, however, does not look with favor upon any sort of dancing, and thus the art of the dance, while being the natural mode of religious expression of the native population, has never been encouraged here. At the same time, the very illiteracy which through the centuries has precluded the possibility of literature has abetted the development of music: the entire history and mythology of the people is clothed in song. Instrumentalists and singers have come into being in lieu of chroniclers and poets, and even during the most recent chapter in the country's evolution—the war for independence and the setting up of the present pre-democratic regime—each phase of the struggle has been celebrated in countless songs. It is a moot question whether this state of affairs will obtain once the French are really out and the nation is on its feet. It seems likely that since the Moroccan way of life has already begun to suffer drastic alterations, the conditions under which music is born will change accordingly and

with ever-increasing speed. For the time being the need for new propaganda songs still persists.

The process of Europeanization which in most other economically "backward" countries of Asia and Africa (however regrettably from an esthetic point of view) is a natural concomitant of awakening nationalism and of the emphasis placed on mechanization, in Morocco is being hastened by a planned "deculturizing" campaign. This project for the destruction of Moroccan culture has been under way for the past three decades, but is only now attaining its full impetus, since the men who have been directing it in more or less clandestine fashion have at last come to power. Why, according to them, must that which is specifically Moroccan be suppressed? Why must there be no more street processions with drums and *rhaïtas*, no more Chleuh music and dancers in the markets, no more flutes in the cafés, no more religious ceremonies with choruses and dancing at the tombs of the saints in the country—in short, no more traditionally Moroccan entertainment of any kind? They will tell you that all these things are barbarous, that they are outward signs of a feudal way of life which

*PAUL BOWLES, long a resident of North Africa, is a composer and a novelist, the author of The Spider's House, The Sheltering Sky and other books.*

must be extinguished in the people's consciousness as well as in objective fact, and somewhat impatiently, that in any case living conditions are a more important consideration than music. To these propositions one would readily agree if they were truly germane to the argument, but since they smack of speciousness, one is justified in seeking a more cogent reason for the prohibitions.

The most immediately satisfying explanation is that Moroccan popular culture is not preponderantly Arabic, but Berber, and since it is practically impossible to find a literate urban Arab here who considers that the Berbers have any culture at all, the general opinion is that the autochthonous population must at all costs be Arabized if it is to share in the benefits of independence. No one seems ever to have conceived of the possibility of an independent Berber Morocco; in fact, to mention the Berbers at all qualifies one as a pro-French reactionary. At present, to become modern means to become Egyptian. For "nationalism" in Morocco is a misnomer; it does not imply the forging of a political, economic, ethnic or cultural entity in the land, so much as it proclaims Morocco's support of the aims of the Arab League (as contrasted with the wider and less well-defined interests of the Moslem world.) This adherence being still merely a concept held by a tiny but articulate minority, the "nationalizing" of the coun-

try can be effected only through an intensive and lengthy campaign on all fronts, a campaign which to succeed requires a thoroughgoing revolution. It entails the urbanization of a pastoral and agricultural people living under conditions which were normal in Europe some fifteen centuries ago. Inasmuch as there is no discernible immediate necessity for the metamorphosis they are expected to undergo, the majority of Moroccans cannot cease being what they are, a vestige of antique civilization, until they have been forcibly transformed into something else.

THE MUSIC, apart from its contemporary function as a fairly accurate cultural barometer, has a very real esthetic value in itself. Morocco has been a crossroads where the musics of Asia, Africa and Europe have met, repulsed one another, merged, divided, re-met and re-merged. Just as the cult of Pan is still extant in the mountains here, so there are elements in the rural music of the entire North African littoral which defy strict classification as to geographical source, vestigial elements of an extremely ancient Mediterranean musical culture, perhaps already here when the Phoenicians arrived, and yet not necessarily indigenous to North Africa.

The neolithic Berbers have always had their own music, and they still have it. It is a hieratic art (neither Arabic nor Mediterranean), highly percussive and with complicated

juxtapositions of rhythms, limited scalar range (often of no more than three adjacent tones) and a unique style of vocalizing. Like most Africans, the Berbers developed a music of mass-participation, one whose psychological effects were aimed more often than not at causing hypnosis. When the Arabs invaded the land, they brought with them music of a very different sort, addressed to the individual, seeking by sensory means to induce a state of philosophical speculativeness. In this hostile region they built their great walled cities, where they entrenched themselves, and from which they sent out soldiers to continue the conquest, southward into the Sudan, northward into Europe. With the importation of large numbers of Negro slaves the urban culture ceased being a purely Arabic one. (The child of a union between a female slave and her master has always been considered legitimate.) Across the strait in Spain, at the apogee of Moroccan power, a court music was developed which, using the texts of the local contemporary Islamic poets, combined Arabic prosody, West African (and to a lesser extent Berber) rhythms, with the melodic tourture and loose polyphony of the medieval Europeans. The idiom was brought back to Morocco by Moslem refugees when Castille invaded Andalusia, and is still a living tradition in the larger cities. Because this music, called Andaluz, is considered to be of primarily Arabic inspiration, it, along with the popular ditties of the day (which have political texts and often use familiar folk-melodies of Berber origin), is the only Moroccan music which receives the endorsement of the powers that be. Each Friday one can still hear it over the radio, whereas the few regular broadcasts of music in other Moroccan idioms have ceased. Not that Andaluz music is in favor with the masses, either urban or rural: a generation ago the city people turned to Egypt for their musical and cinematic entertainment, and have remained with it ever since, while the country people up until now have made their own music.

The *idée fixe* of performers here today is that music must be written

### Storm Windows

People are putting up storm windows now,  
Or were, this morning, until the heavy rain  
Drove them indoors. So, coming home at noon,  
I saw storm windows lying on the ground,  
Frame-full of rain; through the water and glass  
I saw the crushed grass, how it seemed to stream  
Away in lines like seaweed on the tide  
Or blades of wheat leaning under the wind.  
The ripple and splash of rain on the blurred glass  
Seemed that it briefly said, as I walked by,  
Something I should have liked to say to you,  
Something . . . the dry grass bent under the pane  
Brimful of bouncing water . . . something of  
A swaying clarity which blindly echoes  
This lonely afternoon of memories  
And missed desires, while the wintry rain  
(Unspeakable, the distance in the mind!)  
Runs on the standing windows and away.

HOWARD NEMEROV



out in European notation, as in Egypt. Even if this were possible in the case of Moroccan music, which it manifestly is not, the tension formed by simultaneous improvisatory freedom and strict adherence to traditional form, which as in jazz is the very soul of the music, would still be destroyed. The solution, according to the Egyptian musicians who have been arriving in Morocco during the past year, is to write new music. Mambos and tangos are the most popular forms; rhythms are basic and harmonies startlingly inept. The difference in quality of both musical ideas and workmanship between the old and the new products is roughly that which exists between a page of illuminated manuscript form a tenth-century Koran and a souvenir pennant from Atlantic City.

IN connection with this program of cultural liquidation, the astonishing fact is not that no influential Moroccan has as yet raised his voice against the destruction of one of his country's most precious possessions (for, after all, the statesmen and politicians of a new nation struggling for survival have other things to be concerned about besides the preservation of an art to which they have never given a thought in any case), but that no musicologist from any country has made an effort to capture the music on tape or disc before its disappearance. Astonishing, because so much recording has been done in other parts of the world where the music is often of less beauty and less actual value to the student of musicology. Twenty-five years ago it was sometimes possible to find in the souks of Fez a battered record containing an arbitrarily truncated three minutes' worth of Andaluz music; a few Chleuh songs are obtainable on records, but apart from these two categories (plus, of course, the modern commercial material) nothing is available, or ever has been. No *q'sida* (Arabo-Berber prototype of the medieval Spanish *casida*) has to my knowledge ever been recorded, yet until as recently as 1950 they were still being sung and played by wandering minstrels outside the gates of Fez and occasionally in the Djemaa el

Fna of Marrakech. No Riffian music of any sort exists in recorded form, nor does any of the splendid music of the various (now forbidden) religious brotherhoods. Nor is anything available from the tribes of the Middle Atlas or from the south of Morocco, where the Draoua, for instance, have a music which is unique in Northwest Africa, and calls to mind the songs of Ethiopia. Nor have I ever discovered a single recorded example of the extremely beautiful cantorial art of the Moroccan Jews, of an early Hispanic cast,

and utterly different from what we are accustomed to hear in Europe, America or the Middle East.

Now it is too late to take down some things, because they have ceased to exist; but in the hinterlands, providing he were astute enough to overcome the obstacles which might be placed in his path by the self-appointed censor in the population, the intrepid field musicologist would still find enough material left to make even a partially successful attempt well worth his effort.

## TELEVISION

Anne W. Langman

THE TOUGHEST THING to have and hold in the TV business is integrity. Although theirs may some day be the Kingdom of Heaven, integrity-holders rarely get even an inside office on Madison Avenue. A few survive in what Webster defines as "the unimpaired state," but most are eventually dropped if they find it impossible to accept the compromises pressed by audience-conscious sponsors and sponsor-conscious networks. The heat is put on when ratings drop, regardless of the quality of the program. It is the rating system that decides—and ratings, whose accuracy nobody can prove, are based on quantity alone. It's a mass medium, and Heaven help those who prefer their validity to their Nielsen.

At the year's end, NBC applies the axe to *Ding-Dong School*—its one live weekly half-hour for nursery-age children. Its audience has steadily dwindled (or so say the rating oracles) and its sponsors have taken flight for pastures where there are greener wallets. Dr. Frances Horwich, creator and star of the show, was invited to remain at NBC as supervisor of children's programs, although two weekly half-hours are all there would be to supervise. Dr. Horwich was understandably doubtful that NBC intended to use her abilities, did not thrill at the prospect of supervising *Howdy-Doody*, and resigned from NBC. She wanted to

do a sound educational show which could be completely believable to her audience; she held out against accepting a sponsor who would require her to do otherwise. "I just couldn't implore the children to eat candy every day and maintain my principles," she said. Her office is stacked each day with thousands of protesting letters from mothers and children who believe in *Ding-Dong School* and say so; much as the young in heart for many decades have been saying "Yes, I believe" in response to Peter Pan. They've saved Tinker Bell's life, but voices raised for Miss Frances cannot be heard above the rating computers.

NBC says it is determined to do a show for the penny-spending little viewers: "Something new, different, imaginative and exciting." It even proposed that Dr. Horwich go to Europe to see if she couldn't dig up something to fit the bill. Dr. Horwich resisted the temptation, preferring to start afresh elsewhere to prove that there's nothing very new and exciting under the sun for little people who, from time immemorial, have enjoyed the simple pleasures of paper, paint, scissors and clay—and the quiet security of a loving woman.

ANOTHER recent victim of the rating system is Walter Winchell. He says it is "a racket," has launched a white-heat campaign to get Con-

gress to investigate, has announced Bishop Fulton J. Sheen (whose show is rated a slow third against *Medic* and *I Love Lucy*) as his star witness. I doubt that even this socko combination could get the legislators to accept rating as a major national issue, particularly when Winchell's righteous indignation strangely coincides with the demise of his NBC show, his brand of vulgarity having failed to compete successfully against the films of the *Zane Grey Theatre* and *Crossroads*.

The danger of depending on the rating system is that it doesn't differentiate between Miss Frances, who got the gate for being too good, and WW who got it for being too unbearably bad. When will NBC have the courage to choose for itself, to encourage the Frances Horwichs of this world, to throw its weight behind a bit of daily learning for little people—or big ones for that matter—even if it doesn't make the maximum sales pitch to a maximum audience? NBC might be pleasantly surprised to discover that, although quality may not sell as fast as mediocrity, it makes firmer friends and influences people a lot longer.

IN PAST columns I have cited some examples of this; another is Herbert Brodtkin, the young TV dramatic producer who holds fast to his determination to present valid plays. Brodtkin has just signed a two-year contract with CBS, where his first assignment will be a series of ten *Studio One* plays. He believes that controversy is great drama and has done a wide variety of shows which are controversial in the sense of presenting problems of contemporary life—"Tragedy in a Temporary Town," "Thunder in Washington," Thurber's "13 Clocks," among others. But he firmly resisted my attempt to label him as a crusader: "Sure, I have a reputation for doing controversial shows. But I don't do them because they are controversial, but because they are great drama."

It has been by no means easy for Brodtkin. Ever since his army days, when he produced USO shows, he has run up against employers who say "Do a great show—but don't hurt anybody and don't get into any

problems." Brodtkin, believing that this order cancels itself out, has largely ignored it and has been right enough times to get away with his independence. He finds the challenge stimulating and is always prepared to stack his ability against the current directive. His intensity spills over to writers working with him. Watch the coming *Studio One* series for David Davidson's "Hungarian Rhapsody," which will dramatize the life of a Hungarian family from dawn to dusk of the first day of the revolution and for "The Commentator," which will tackle the right of a network to editorialize. John Secondari, ABC Washington bureau chief and author of *Coins in a Fountain*, is writing it. Brodtkin looks forward, with a healthy mixture of courage, humor and honesty to building, in the encouraging atmosphere at CBS, the greatest drama hour on the air. Judging from his plans, and from his proved integrity, I am sure he will.

The network executives have placed their trust in ratings, it is true. But there is always hope that they will also respond to qualitative reactions. It may be more trouble to write a letter of commendation—or even honest opinion—than it was to say "Yes" to Mary Martin but the viewer who does may well encourage networks and those who create their programs to believe in the value of quality. It would certainly make it a happier New Year—televisationally speaking.

## TELEVISION NEXT WEEK

December 23 through 28

(See local papers for time and channel)  
Herewith selected doses of electronic Christmas spirit.

Sunday, December 23

A CHRISTMAS CAROL (NBC; Alcoa Hour). The new medium gives an old favorite a slight twist—calls it "The Stingiest Man in Town," makes it a 90-minute musical with Basil Rathbone singing Scrooge. The cast includes the Metropolitan's Patricia Munsel, Gilbert and Sullivan's Martyn Green, Hollywood's Vic Damone.

MEDICAL HORIZONS (ABC). Christmas party for small fry patients at Morristown (N.J.) Memorial Hospital. Don Goddard as Santa Claus.

OMNIBUS (ABC). Highbrow look at the Star of Bethlehem. Scientific and religious exploration from the Hayden Planetarium, N.Y.C.

Monday, December 24

CHRISTMAS EVE SPECIAL (CBS). CBS cameras will visit Hungarian refugees' barracks at Camp Kilmer, after bringing us Holy Communion from Washington's National Episcopal Cathedral.

CHRISTMAS EVE SPECIAL (NBC). Pontifical Midnight Mass from St. Patrick's Cathedral, N.Y.C.

CHRISTMAS EVE SPECIAL (ABC; Voice of Firestone). Eleanor Steber in a program of sacred music and carols, and the "Mickey Mouse Club" taking a look at Christmas in Denmark. Also midnight masses from St. John the Divine, N.Y.C., and the Shrine of the Sacred Heart, Washington, D. C.

AM AHL AND THE NIGHT VISITORS (NBC; Robert Montgomery Presents). Seventh annual showing of Menotti's TV classic. With Rosemary Kuhlman, and Kirk Jordan as Amahl. (Color).

## Radio

December 23

THE MESSIAH (CBS). Oratorio Society's annual presentation of the Handel work.

December 24

CHRISTMAS SING WITH BING (CBS). Another traditional program of the season in which Crosby invites the audience to join in.

December 28

U.N. TASK FORCE (ABC). Last of special documentaries on crisis in Egypt and Hungary. No Christmas spirit included.

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# MUSIC

## B. H. Haggin

BERLIOZ, who was one of the great musical creators, was also a great critic; and I use the word "great" to indicate not only the magnitude of his critical perception and literary gift but the personal qualities which shine through the writing. The perception that formulates itself with literary brilliance and delightful gaiety and wit is at the same time one that deals rigorously with the work of art before it; and in addition to this integrity there are intensity, passion and nobility which, expressing themselves in a rhetorically heightened style, are very moving.

Berlioz did daily musical journalism that he hated, in order to earn the living he could not earn by writing the music he loved; and since the French public that was indifferent to his music enjoyed his criticism, he published collections of his prose writings to earn additional money. Of these collections one, *Les Soirées de l'orchestre*, has an unusual and amusing framework: the author spends a number of evenings in the orchestra pit of an opera house; and when a worthless opera is performed the members of the orchestra read, tell stories or talk about music, providing the opportunities for Berlioz to introduce his articles. Though the volume includes pieces of serious criticism, like the long study of Spontini or the report on music in London, its contents are mostly the lighter, sometimes extravagantly fantastic or satirical, but always accurately perceptive writings, like the pieces on the art of the claque, the life-cycle of the opera tenor, the miseries of being a critic. *Les Soirées* is the only one of the collections that has been published in this country: a translation by Charles E. Roche appeared in 1929; and now we have *Evenings with the Orchestra*, translated by Jacques Barzun, the title-page informs us, "at the request of the Berlioz Society" (Knopf, \$6).

When it announced the project to its members the Society said its first idea had been a re-issue of the Roche

version, but it had decided, "after consultation with Jacques Barzun and other authorities, to . . . work for a completely new translation." Presumably it was influenced by Mr. Barzun's opinion, stated in his book on Berlioz, that Roche had translated *Les Soirées* "so clumsily and with so many blunders . . . that it ought to be done over." And though Mr. Barzun, in a note on his translation, now concedes that the Roche version "had occasional merit, and wherever it contained a happy turn of phrase this has been preserved," he still contends that "as a whole the rendering was inaccurate and unidiomatic." Actually, Mr. Barzun's version is only a little less old-fashioned in its English than Roche's and is less accurate. For it is not the "completely new translation" which the Berlioz Society commissioned; instead it is largely the Roche translation with an occasional word or phrase by Mr. Barzun which as often as not replaces a happy or correct turn of phrase with something less good or less correct.

THERE IS space for only a few typical examples. Where Roche has "He took unto himself a wife" instead of "He married" for Berlioz' "*Il se maria*," Mr. Barzun only makes it "He took a wife." On the other hand, where Roche translates "*ton jeune courage*" simply as "your young courage" it is Mr. Barzun who makes this "your fledgling valor." When Berlioz asks the tenor dizzy with success not to condescend to the composer: "*Quand, du haut de votre élégant cabriolet, vous apercevrez dans la rue, à pied, Meyerbeer, Spontini . . .*" Roche keeps Berlioz' image in "When, from the height of your elegant carriage, you see in the street Meyerbeer, Spontini . . . afoot . . ." but Mr. Barzun changes it with "When, from the depths of your elegant carriage . . ." And when Berlioz has Cellini exclaim: "*Il est donc vrai! tu composes pour le grand-duc! Il s'agit même, dit-on, d'une oeuvre plus vaste et plus hardie . . .*" — "So it is true! You are composing for the Grand Duke! Even, they say, a grander and bolder work . . ." — Roche weakens this a little with "It is, then, true

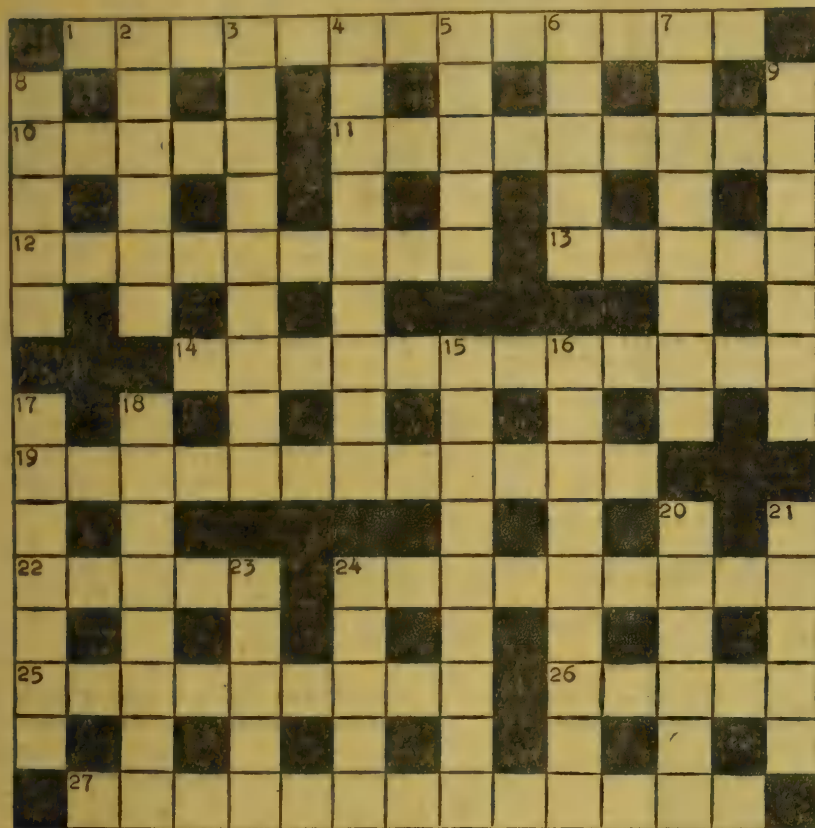
that you are composing music for the Grand Duke! Even, as they say, a work . . ."; but Mr. Barzun waters the impassioned outburst down to "If what I hear is true, you are composing for the Grand Duke; composing a work . . ." This illustrates an important fact: Mr. Barzun's renderings tend toward a prissy urbanity which is not Berlioz'.

This brings us again to Mr. Barzun's note on his translation, which is his answer to the criticism of his volume of Berlioz letters two years ago. His way of translating, he says, is a "re-composition" to achieve what "would express precisely this thought in English today"; as such, he foresees, it will disappoint those who like to be aware of a foreign author's foreignness, and will annoy those "who in a text can see only words," not "atmosphere and continuity of thought, rhythm and emphasis, allusion and local intent," and who consequently will "make an outcry when they compare the original 'meaning' revealed to their college French with equivalents of the kind I have tried to give."

I cannot speak for the possessors of college French; but I can speak for myself. I happen to have learned French as a boy of eleven in Vienna, with the result that today, although I cannot speak it with any ease, it is for me, when I read it, a living language, a medium of communication of "atmosphere and continuity of thought, rhythm and emphasis." Not, of course, to the degree that English is, but enough for me to be able to perceive that Mr. Barzun's "If what I hear is true, you are composing for the Grand Duke . . ." does not achieve in English the rhythm and emphasis and atmosphere of Berlioz' "*Il est donc vrai! Tu composes pour le grand-duc! . . .*" I admit that when I read a French writer I think I should be aware that he is French; certainly when I read Berlioz I want to receive a communication of the mind and personality of Berlioz. Mr. Barzun contends this is achieved in English by his re-composition—which amounts to saying that if Berlioz wrote in English today he would write the prose of Mr. Barzun. And this seems to me rather unlikely.

# Crossword Puzzle No. 703

By FRANK W. LEWIS



## ACROSS:

- 1 To insert abusive remarks shouldn't be characteristic of such a non-participant. (5-2-3-3)
- 10 Ten to ten in the morning, as an established principle. (5)
- 11 A morbid state in the process of painting. (9)
- 12 10 across should follow this—particularly placed around a soldier. (9)
- 13 See 24 down.
- 14 A reciprocal action concerning strikers in the band. (12)
- 19 A rather crafty profession for a president! (12)
- 22 Likely to make a sloppy job when the paint is spilt! (5)
- 24 Give Tom a pick-me-up, if he's subject to such alternate periods of stupor and activity. (9)
- 25 Although he started out as an enlisted man, he was commissioned! (9)
- 26 Country whose make-up could suggest a link with another. (5)
- 27 Evidently the airship has a mind of its own! (8, 5)

## DOWN:

- 2 They're supposed to go "bump" in the night. (6)
- 3 Don't appear dirty, admit! (4, 5)
- 4 Humoring, but untangled. (9)

- 5 Testify, if not present, and somewhat snappish. (5)
- 6 Possibly straightens things out through the medium of the press. (5)
- 7 Unversed? (8)
- 8 Would she be likely to have a successful "coming out?" (5)
- 9 Showing a certain amount of feeling in the search. (7)
- 15 Is it the red car hired for exclusive use? (9)
- 16 Like pacts? It's somewhat doubtful! (9)
- 17 Doesn't provide for very much. (7)
- 18 A bar is no place to be wearing a disguise. (8)
- 20 and 21 down The Red Sea? Far from it! (6, 5)
- 23 Wake, perhaps. (The hearing seems to be disturbed.) (5)
- 24 and 13 across Made by a new broom? (5, 5)

## SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 702

ACROSS: 1 INDIAN FILE; 10 and 14 CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES; 11 CRUSHES; 12 HAIRPINS; 13 BALSA; 15 FUDGE; 17 DEPRESSED; 19 BLOQUENCE; 21 STAIR; 23 UNLIT; 24 TREASURY; 27 INGROWN; 28 INTOICE; 29 SIDE; 30 ORIGINATOR. DOWN: 2 and 6 DEAF AND DUMB; 3 AMBER; 4 FORBIDDEN; 5 LOCKS; 7 UP-HOLDS; 8 BYSTANDERS; 9 TIMBLERS; 16 EQUATION; 18 PRECEDING; 20 ORLIGED; 22 AIRLIFT; 24 TUNER; 25, 26 and 1 down SEVEN-YEAR ITCH.

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SPECIAL YEAR-END ISSUE

# THE *Nation*

DECEMBER 29, 1956

20c

THE COMPLETE TEXT OF

SCIENCE and HUMAN VALUES

*by J. Bronowski*

I. The Habit of Truth

II. The Creative Mind

III. The Sense of  
Human Dignity





# LETTERS

## More About Suez

Dear Sirs: The Suez crisis has produced many political casualties, but none more distressing than the pathetic breakdown of liberal thought concerning it. *The Nation* and *The New Statesman and Nation*, both liberal journals, shortsightedly view the Egyptian-Israeli situation as merely a tug of war between two equally competing nationalisms, with the right casually tossed to one or the other as events dictate. But a liberal point of view would present a far different picture, one whose dominating theme is the war, in all but name, between the United States and the USSR over control of the oil resources of the Middle East.

To speak of the Arab world is to gloss over the essential questions of the Middle East: 1) Do Nasser and his imitators represent the genuine aspirations of the peoples of the Middle East? 2) If they do, are these aspirations which liberals can approve? 3) If they do not, whom should liberals support? For it is now altogether beyond doubt that Nasser and his like are shamelessly using the slogans of colonial emancipation not to go forward to democracy, but to prop up feudal dictatorships.

To accept uncritically the present demands of the colonial nationalisms of the Middle East is as naive historically as it is morally blind. The question which we have to face now is not which of these nations should be guaranteed its geographical integrity, since none of them, including Israel, is anything more than the creation of political expediency; but rather, which of them has used its sovereignty to build the road to democracy? In terms of this question Israel alone deserves liberal support as the only nation in the Middle East which has consistently and courageously pursued a democratic line. For is it Egypt or Israel which made the land available to its people? Is it Egypt or Israel which has imaginatively tackled the water problem? Is it Egypt or Israel which prohibits the movement of UNESCO personnel because of their religion? Is it Egypt or Israel which retains the barbarous custom of taking hostages? Is it Egypt or Israel which mercilessly exploits its workers and enslaves its women? Is it Egypt or Israel that the USSR will penetrate into the Middle East? Is it Egypt or Israel which has sold out the West?

But even the rights and wrongs of a few nations are insignificant before the

rights and wrongs of people everywhere. For what has the oil war given us? To the Israelis, the threat of extinction; to the Arab peoples, betrayal and continuing grinding poverty; to the peoples of the West and East alike, a finger's breadth from the trigger on the hydrogen bomb. Instead of fulminating against the Israelis and buttering up the Arab leaders, and instead of advising the English people to knuckle down to the United States in return for a few drops of oil, the liberal journals should be relentlessly exposing the politics of the oil war.

HERBERT WEISINGER

East Lansing, Michigan

## "French Hollywood"?

Dear Sirs: I like Kenneth Rexroth's pieces as a rule, but there is no justice in his review [December 8 issue] of Cocteau's position as an artist. Any artist has the right to be judged by his best, and Cocteau has given us four or five films which are a permanent contribution to the treasury of art. Describing them as "French Hollywood" is just the sort of pseudo-sophistication that Rexroth condemns elsewhere in his essay. In the bleak forties, it was perhaps Cocteau more than anyone else who, through his films, kept alive the spirit of the *avant-garde*. In these films he managed to transcend the conventional limits of the *avant-garde* and work a metamorphosis upon popular images and legends. If the work and even the idea of the *avant-garde* has become boring to so many people, it is just because of the lazy contentment within its ghetto. Cocteau has shown us one way (of course, it is not the only way) of breaking out. And it was no dilettante or poseur who overcame the "technical poverty" of the French film industry to do it.

JACK JONES

New York City

## The "Yea" and the "Nay"

Dear Sirs: In his article, *Branding the Eggheads*, in your issue of November 24, Dan Wakefield, while referring to *Time's* list of intellectuals, includes the name of Paul Tillich as one of the "yea-sayers." This is an injustice to Tillich that can only stem from an inadequate understanding of him; a reading of his brief book, *The Courage To Be*, uncovers thinking which is diametrically opposite. The core of his reasoning is his thesis on the anxiety of meaninglessness. In essence he is saying that *only by asserting the self* does one have meaning. Those who have the courage to

stand by the values beyond the ephemeral ones may give up temporary comforts—a few give up their lives—but theirs is the *gurdon* that their lives have meaning. *They have the courage to be*. All this is Tillich, and the logic of it is to live the very contrary of your "yea-sayer."

One further comment: some "nay-sayers" leave the impression that their "nays" are opposition for the satisfaction of opposing. In another context, Howard Mumford Jones on page 463 of the same issue of *The Nation* touches on the same point when he says of Godkin that his "independence" was often mere "oppositeness." To Mr. Wakefield, on his acid attack on intellectual uniforms, one can only wish a hearty *Alück' Auf*. But to say "nay" for the sake of the "nay" is only to put on another uniform. And a uniform is a uniform is a uniform.

S. J. BECK

Department of Psychology  
University of Chicago

Chicago, Illinois

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## A Note About This Issue

NEVER BEFORE in its ninety-one-year history has *The Nation* devoted practically an entire issue to the publication of a single manuscript. Here is sufficient gauge of the importance which the editors attach to J. Bronowski's Science and Human Values.

Most of the attempts to characterize the age in which we live have been in terms of symptoms rather than of root causes. We are living, of course, in an age of science. But it is with the uncommon implications of this commonplace that Mr. Bronowski concerns himself; what counts with him is not so much the science as the scientist, not so much the scientist as the man and his relations to society. For the impact of science is greater than the sum of its impacts on our physical environment, however great these may be; there is also its impact on ethics, on human values, on the universal and unchanging need of mankind for truth, justice, freedom, dignity.

Towards that conclusion Mr. Bronowski builds brilliantly: first, the scientist as creator, even as is the artist; second, the habit of truth which alone makes cohesive the work of scientist and artist alike; third, science as the creator not of man's comforts, but of his dignity. Implicit in his argument is a credo for a new liberalism and a new humanism. "Science," writes Mr. Bronowski, "has nothing to be ashamed of even in the ruins of Nagasaki. The shame is theirs who appeal to other values than the human and imaginative values which science has evolved." And again: "Dissent is the native activity of the scientist. If that is cut off, what is left will not be a scientist, and I doubt whether it will be a man." Could we not say the same of the writer, the politician, the ordinary voter? Is there not here an ethic which transcends its immediate application?

Born in Poland, Bronowski went to England in 1920 and has lived there since. His training as a mathematician led him into government research during World War II; as Scientific Deputy to the British Chiefs of Staff Mission to Japan in 1945, he wrote the classical British report: *The Effects of the Atomic Bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki*. He is now Director of the Coal Research Establishment of the British National Coal Board on leave this year as Carnegie Visiting Professor at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Science and Human Values was presented as a series of lectures at M.I.T.

But Bronowski as scientist is only half the man. He has written two widely-known books on literature: *The Poet's Defense* and *William Blake: A Man Without A Mask*. He is the author of *The Face of Violence*, a radio drama first presented over the BBC which won the Italia Prize for the best dramatic work broadcast throughout Europe in 1950 and 1951. He is also the author of *The Common Sense of Science*, of which James Newman, author of *The World of Mathematics*, wrote: "[This] small book, like a fine glass of brandy, is a rich and satisfying distillment."

AT A time when hitherto uncritical attitudes towards so many ideologies and social dogmas are being shaken by violent explosions, Science and Human Values gives us a new frame within which to view the basic concepts of our society. Readers may agree or disagree; either way, they will have had the benefit of watching a fine mind working on some of the moral problems which have vexed mankind for centuries. "The act of judging," writes Mr. Bronowski, "is more critical than the judgment." In this spirit, this issue of *The Nation* is commended to thoughtful people everywhere.



# SCIENCE and HUMAN VALUES

## I. The Creative Mind

ON A FINE November day in 1945, late in the afternoon, I was landed on an airstrip in Southern Japan. From there a jeep was to take me over the mountains to join a ship which lay in Nagasaki Harbor. I knew nothing of the country or the distance before us. We drove off; dusk fell; the road rose and fell away, the pine woods came down to the road, straggled on and opened again. I did not know that we had left the open country until unexpectedly I heard the ship's loudspeakers broadcasting dance music. Then suddenly I was aware that we were already at the center of damage in Nagasaki. The shadows behind me were the skeletons of the Mitsubishi factory building, pushed backwards and sideways as if by a giant hand. What I had thought to be broken rocks was a concrete power house with its roof punched in. I could now make out the outline of two crumpled gasometers; there was a cold furnace festooned with service pipes; otherwise nothing but cockeyed telegraph poles and loops of wire in a bare waste of ashes. I had blundered into this desolate landscape as instantly as one might wake among the mountains of the moon. The moment of recognition when I realized that I was already in Nagasaki is present to me as I write, as vividly as when I lived it. I see the warm night and the meaningless shapes; I can even remember the tune that was coming from the ship. It was a dance tune which had been popular in 1945, and it was called, *Is You Is Or Is You Ain't Ma Baby*?

This dissertation was born at that moment. For the moment I have recalled was a universal moment; what I met was, almost as abruptly, the experience of mankind. On an evening some time in 1945 each of us in his own way learned that his

imagination had been dwarfed. We looked up and saw the power of which we had been proud loom over us like the ruins of Nagasaki.

The power of science for good and for evil has troubled other minds than ours. We are not here fumbling with a new dilemma; our subject and our fears are as old as the tool-making civilizations. Men have been killed with weapons before now: what happened at Nagasaki was only more massive (for 40,000 were killed there by a flash which lasted seconds) and more ironical (for the bomb exploded over the main Christian community in Japan). Nothing happened eleven years ago except that we changed the scale of our indifference to man; and conscience, in revenge, for an instant became immediate to us. Before this immediacy fades in a sequence of televised atomic tests, let us acknowledge our subject for what it is: civilization face to face with its own implications. The implications are both the industrial slum which Nagasaki was before it was bombed, and the ashy desolation which the bomb made of the slum. And civilization asks of both ruins, *Is You Is Or Is You Ain't Ma Baby*?

THE MAN whom I imagine to be asking this question, wryly with a sense of shame, is not a scientist; he is civilized man. It is of course more usual for each member of civilization to take flight from its consequences by protesting that others have failed him. Those whose education and perhaps tastes have confined them to the humanities protest that the scientists alone are to blame, for plainly no mandarin ever made a bomb or an industry. The scientists say, with equal contempt, that the Greek scholars and the earnest explorers of cave paintings do well to wash their hands of blame;

but what in fact are they doing to help direct the society whose ills grow more often from inaction than from error?

There is no comfort in such bickering. When Shelley pictured science as a modern Prometheus who would wake the world to a wonderful dream of Godwin, he was alas too simple. But it is as pointless to read what has happened since as a nightmare. Dream or nightmare, we have to live our experience as it is, and we have to live it awake. We live in a world which is penetrated through and through by science, and which is both whole and real. We cannot turn it into a game simply by taking sides.

And this make-believe game might cost us what we value most: the human content of our lives. The scholar who disdains science may speak in fun, but his fun is not quite a laughing matter. To think of science as a set of special tricks, to see the scientist as the manipulator of outlandish skills—this is the root of the poison mandrake which flourishes rank in the comic strips. There is no more threatening and no more degrading doctrine than the fancy that somehow we may shelve the responsibility for making the decisions of our society by passing it to a few scientists armored with a special magic. This is another dream, the dream of H. G. Wells, in which the tall elegant engineers rule, with perfect benevolence, a humanity which has no business except to be happy. To H. G. Wells this was a dream of heaven—a modern version of the idle, harp-resounding heaven of other childhood pieties. But in fact it is the picture of a slave society, and should make us shiver whenever we hear a man of sensibility dismiss science as someone else's concern. The world today is made, it is powered, by science; and

for any man to abdicate an interest in science is to walk with open eyes towards slavery.

My aim in this essay is to show that the parts of civilization make a whole: to display the links which give society its coherence and, more, which give it life. In particular, I want to show the place of science in the canons of conduct which it has still to perfect.

There is a likeness between the creative acts of the mind in art and in science. Yet, when a man uses the word science in such a sentence, it may be suspected that he does not mean what the headlines mean by science. Am I about to sidle away to those riddles in the Theory of Numbers which Hardy loved, or to the heady speculations of astrophysicists, in order to make claims for abstract science which have no bearing on its daily practice?

I have no such design. My purpose is to talk about science as it is, practical and theoretical. I define science as the organization of our knowledge in such a way that it commands more of the hidden potential in nature. What I have in mind therefore is both deep and matter of fact; it reaches from the kinetic theory of gases to the telephone and the suspension bridge and medicated toothpaste. It admits no sharp boundary between knowledge and use. There are of course people who like to draw a line between pure and applied science; and oddly, they are often the same people who find art unreal. To them, the word useful is a final arbiter, either for or against a work; and they use this word as if it can mean only what makes a man feel heavier after meals.

There is no sanction for confining the practice of science in this or another way. True, science is full of useful inventions. And its theories have often been made by men whose

imagination was directed by the uses to which their age looked. Newton turned naturally to astronomy because it was the subject of his day, and it was so because finding one's way at sea had long been a practical preoccupation of the society into which he was born. It should be added, mischievously, that astronomy also had some standing because

have in effect become forms of power. These inventions have been directed by social needs, and they are useful inventions; yet it was not their usefulness which dominated and set light to the minds of those who made them. Neither Newton nor Faraday, nor yet Professor Norbert Wiener, spent their time in a scramble for patents.

What a scientist does is compounded of two interests: the interest of his time and his own interest. In this he behaves as does any other man. The need of the age gives its shape to scientific progress as a whole. But it is not the need of the age which gives the individual scientist his sense of pleasure and of adventure, and that excitement which keeps him working late into the night when all the useful typists have gone home at five o'clock. He is personally involved in his work, as the poet is in his, and as the artist is in the painting. Paints and painting too must have been made for useful ends; and language was developed, from whatever beginnings, for practical communication. Yet you cannot have a man handle paints or language or the symbolic concepts of physics, you cannot even have him stain a microscope slide, without instantly waking in him a pleasure in the very language, a sense of exploring his own activity. This sense lies at the heart of creation.

The sense of personal exploration is as urgent, and as delightful, to the practical scientist as to the theoretical. Those who think otherwise are confusing what is practical with what is humdrum. Good humdrum work without originality is done every day by every one, theoretical scientists as well as practical, and writers and painters too, as well as truck drivers and bank clerks. Of course the unoriginal work keeps the world going; but it is not therefore



Michelangelo

it was used very practically to cast horoscopes.

In a setting which is more familiar, Faraday worked all his life to link electricity with magnetism because this was the glittering problem of *his* day; and it was so because his society, like ours, was on the lookout for new sources of power. Consider a more modest example today: the new mathematical methods of automatic control, a subject sometimes called cybernetics, have been developed now because this is a time when communication and control



the monopoly of practical men. And neither need the practical man be unoriginal. If he is to break out of what has been done before, he must bring to his own tools the same sense of pride and discovery which the poet brings to words. He cannot afford to be less radical in conceiving and less creative in designing a new turbine than a new world system.

Man masters nature not by force but by understanding. This is why science has succeeded where magic failed: because it has looked for no spell to cast on nature. The alchemist and the magician in the Middle Ages thought, and the addict of comic strips is still encouraged to think, that nature must be mastered by a device which outrages her laws. But in four hundred years since the Scientific Revolution we have learned that we gain our ends only *with* the laws of nature; we control her only by understanding her laws. We cannot even bully nature by any insistence that our work shall be designed to give power over her. We must be content that power is the byproduct of understanding. So the Greeks said that Orpheus played the lyre with such sympathy that wild beasts were tamed by the hand on the strings. They did not suggest that he got this gift by setting out to be a lion tamer.

WHAT IS the insight with which the scientist tries to see into nature? Can it indeed be called either imaginative or creative? To the literary man the question may seem merely silly. He has been taught that science is a large collection of facts; and if this is true, then the only seeing which scientists need do is, he supposes, seeing the facts. He pictures them, the colorless professionals of science, going off to work in the morning into the universe in a neutral, unexposed state. They then expose themselves like a photographic plate. And then in the dark-room or laboratory they develop the image, so that suddenly and startlingly it appears, printed in capital letters, as a new formula for atomic energy.

Men who have read Balzac and Zola are not deceived by the claims of these writers that they do no more

than record the facts. The readers of Christopher Isherwood do not take him literally when he writes "I am a camera." Yet the same readers solemnly carry with them from their schooldays this foolish picture of the scientist fixing by some mechanical process the facts of nature. I have had of all people a historian tell me that science is a collection of facts, and his voice had not even the irony of one filing cabinet reproving another.

It seems impossible that this historian had ever studied the beginnings of a scientific discovery. The Scientific Revolution can be held to begin in the year 1543 when there was brought to Copernicus, perhaps on his deathbed, the first printed copy of the book he had written about a dozen years earlier. The thesis of this book is that the earth moves round the sun. When did Copernicus go out and record this fact with his camera? What appearance in nature prompted his outrageous guess? And in what odd sense is this guess to be called a neutral record of fact?

Less than a hundred years after Copernicus, Kepler published (between 1609 and 1619) the three laws which describe the paths of the planets. The work of Newton and with it most of our mechanics spring from these laws. They have a solid, matter-of-fact sound. For example, Kepler says that if one squares the year of a planet, one gets a number which is proportional to the cube of its average distance from the sun. Does any one think that such a law is found by taking enough readings and then squaring and cubing everything in sight? If he does, then as a scientist he is doomed to a wasted life; he has as little prospect of making a scientific discovery as an electronic brain has.

It was not this way that Copernicus and Kepler thought, or that scientists think today. Copernicus found that the orbits of the planets would look simpler if they were looked at from the sun and not from the earth. But he did not in the first place find this by routine calculation. His first step was a leap of imagination—to lift himself from the earth, and put himself wildly, specu-

latively, into the sun. "The earth conceives from the sun," he wrote; and "the sun rules the family of stars." We catch in his mind an image, the gesture of the virile man standing in the sun, with arms outstretched, overlooking the planets. Perhaps Copernicus took the picture from the drawings of the youth with outstretched arms which the Renaissance teachers put into their books on the proportions of the body. Perhaps he knew Leonardo's drawings of his loved pupil Salai. I do not know. To me, the gesture of Copernicus, the shining youth looking outward from the sun, is still vivid in a drawing which William Blake about 1800 based on all these: the drawing which is usually called *Glad Day* [see next page.—Ed.].

Kepler's mind, we know, was filled with just such fanciful analogies; and we know what they were. Kepler wanted to relate the speeds of the planets to the musical intervals. He tried to fit the five regular solids into their orbits. None of these likenesses worked, and they have been forgotten; yet they have been and they remain the stepping stones of every creative mind. Kepler felt for his laws by way of metaphors, he searched mystically for likenesses with what he knew in every strange corner of nature. And when among these guesses he hit upon his laws, he did not think of their numbers as the balancing of a cosmic bank account, but as a revelation of the unity in all nature. To us, the analogies by which Kepler listened for the movement of the planets in the music of the spheres are far-fetched; but are they more so than the wild leap by which Rutherford and Bohr found a model for the atom in, of all places, the planetary system?

NO scientific theory is a collection of facts. It will not even do to call a theory true or false in the simple sense in which every fact is either so or not so. The Epicureans held two thousand years ago that matter is made of atoms and we are now tempted to say that their theory was true. But if we do so, we confuse their notion of matter with our own. John Dalton in 1808 first saw the structure of matter as we do to-

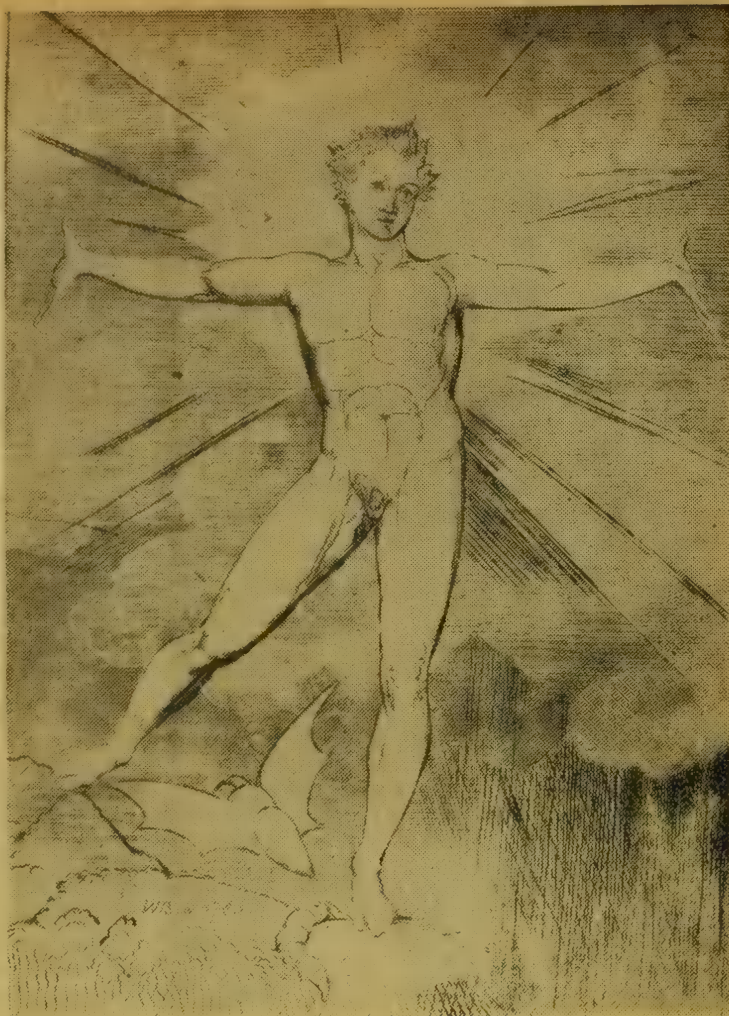


day, and what he took from the ancients was not their theory but something richer, their image: the atom. Much of what was in Dalton's mind was as vague as the Greek notion, and quite as mistaken. But he suddenly gave life to the new facts of chemistry and the ancient theory together, by fusing them to give what neither had: a coherent picture of how matter is linked and built up from different kinds of atoms. The act of fusion is the creative act.

All science is the search for unity in hidden likenesses. The search may be on a grand scale, as in the modern theories which try to link the fields of gravitation and electro-magnetism. But we do not need to be browbeaten by the scale of science. There are discoveries to be made by snatching a small likeness from the air, too, if it is bold enough. In 1932 the Japanese physicist Yukawa wrote a paper which can still give heart to a young scientist. He took as his starting point the known fact that waves of light can sometimes behave as if they were separate pellets. From this he reasoned that the forces which hold the nucleus of an atom together might sometimes also be observed as if they were solid pellets. A schoolboy can see how thin Yukawa's analogy is, and his teacher would be severe with it. Yet Yukawa without a blush calculated the mass of the pellet he expected to see, and waited. He was right; his meson was found, and a range of other mesons, neither the existence nor the nature of which had been suspected before. The likeness had borne fruit.

THE SCIENTIST looks for order in the appearances of nature by exploring such likenesses. For order does not display itself of itself; if it can be said to be there at all, it is not there for the mere looking. There is no way of pointing a finger or a camera at it; order must be discovered and, in a deep sense, it must be created. What we see, as we see it, is mere disorder.

Science finds order and meaning in our experience. It sets about the task as Newton did in the story which he himself told in his old age, and of which the schoolbooks give



Glad Day: William Blake

only a caricature. In the year 1665, when Newton was twenty-two, the plague broke out in Southern England, and the University of Cambridge was closed. Newton therefore spent the next eighteen months at home, removed from traditional learning, at a time when he was impatient for knowledge and, in his own phrase, "I was in the prime of my age for invention." In this eager, boyish mood, sitting one day in the garden of his widowed mother, he saw an apple fall. So far the book's have the story right; we think we even know the kind of apple; tradition has it that it was a Flower of Kent. But now they miss the crux of the story. For what struck the young Newton at the sight was not the thought that the apple must be drawn to the earth by gravity; that

conception was older than Newton. What struck him was the conjecture that the same force of gravity, which reaches to the top of the tree, might go on reaching out beyond the earth and its air, endlessly into space. Gravity might reach the moon. This was Newton's new thought; and it might be gravity which holds the moon in her orbit. There and then he calculated what force from the earth would hold the moon, and compared it with the known force of gravity at tree height. The forces agreed; Newton says laconically "I found them answer pretty nearly." Yet they agreed only nearly: the likeness and the approximation go together, for no likeness is exact. In Newton's sentence modern science is full grown.

It grows from a comparison. It



has seized a likeness between two unlike appearances; for the apple in the summer garden and the grave moon overhead are surely as unlike in their movements as two things can be. Newton traced in them two expressions of a single concept, gravitation: and the concept (and the unity) are in that sense his free creation. The progress of science is the discovery at each step of a new order which gives unity to what had long seemed unlike. Faraday did this when he closed the link between electricity and magnetism. Clerk Maxwell did it when he linked both with light. Einstein linked time with space, mass with energy, and the path of light past the sun with the flight of a bullet; and spent his dying years in trying to add to these likenesses another, which would find a single imaginative order between the equations of Clerk Maxwell and his own geometry of gravitation.

WHEN Coleridge tried to define beauty, he returned always to one deep thought: beauty, he said, is "unity in variety." Science is nothing else than the search to discover unity in the wild variety of nature—or more exactly, in the variety of our experience. Poetry, painting, the arts are the same search, in Coleridge's phrase, for unity in variety of human experience. What is a poetic image but the seizing and the exploration of a hidden likeness, in holding together two parts of a comparison which are to give depth each to the other? When Romeo finds Juliet in the tomb, and thinks her dead, he uses in his heartbreaking speech the words,

Death that hath sucked the honey of thy breath.

The critic can only haltingly take to pieces the single shock which this image carries. The young Shakespeare admired Marlowe, and Marlowe's Faustus had said of the ghostly kiss of Helen of Troy that it sucked forth his soul. But that is a pale image; what Shakespeare has done is to fire it with the single word honey. Death is a bee at the lips of Juliet, and the bee is an insect that stings; the sting of death was a commonplace phrase when

Shakespeare wrote. The sting is there, under the image; Shakespeare has packed it into the word honey; but the very word rides powerfully over its own undertones. Death is a bee that stings other people, but it comes to Juliet as if she were a flower; this is the moving thought under the instant image. The creative mind speaks in such thoughts.

The poetic image here is also, and accidentally, heightened by the tenderness which town dwellers now feel for country ways. But it need not be; there are likenesses to conjure with, and images as powerful, within the man-made world. The poems of Alexander Pope belong to this world. They are not countrified, and therefore readers today find them unemotional and often artificial. Let me then quote Pope: here he is in a formal satire face to face, towards the end of his life, with his own gifts. In eight lines he looks poignantly forward towards death and back to the laborious years which made him famous.

Years fol'wing Years, steal something ev'ry day,  
At last they steal us from our selves away;  
In one our Frolicks, one Amusements end,  
In one a Mistress drops, in one a Friend:  
This subtle Thief of Life, this paltry Time,  
What will it leave me, if it snatch my Rhime?  
If ev'ry Wheel of that unweary'd Mill  
That turn'd ten thousand Verses, now stands still.

The human mind had been compared to what the eighteenth century called a mill, that is to a machine, before; Pope's own idol, Bolingbroke, had compared it to a clock. In these lines the likeness goes deeper, for Pope is thinking of the ten thousand Verses which he had translated from Homer: what he says is sad and just at the same time, because this really had been a mechanical and at times a grinding task. Yet the clockwork is present in the image too; when the wheels stand still, time for Pope will stand still forever; we feel that we already hear, over the horizon, the defiance of Faust which Goethe had not yet written—let the clock strike

and stop, let the hands fall, and time be at an end.

Werd ich zum Augenblicke sagen:  
Verweile doch! du bist so schön!  
Dann magst du mich in Fesseln schlagen,  
Dann will ich gern zugrunde gehn!  
Dann mag die Totenglocke schallen,  
Dann bist du meines Dienstes frei.  
Die Uhr mag stehn, der Zeiger fallen,  
Es sei die Zeit fuer mich vorbei!

I have quoted Pope and Goethe because their metaphor here is not poetic; it is rather a hand reaching straight into experience and arranging it with new meaning. Metaphors of this kind need not always be written in words. The most powerful of them all is simply the presence of King Lear and his Fool in the hut of a man who is shamming madness, while lightning rages outside. Or let me quote another clash of two conceptions of life, from a modern poet. In his later poems, W. B. Yeats was troubled by the feeling that in shutting himself up to write, he was missing the active pleasures of life; and yet it seemed to him certain that the man who lives for these pleasures will leave no lasting work behind him. He said this at times very simply, too:

The intellect of man is forced to choose  
Perfection of the life, or of the work.

THIS problem, whether man fulfills himself in work or in play, is of course more common than Yeats allowed; and it may be more commonplace. But it is given breadth and force by the images in which Yeats pondered it:

Get all the gold and silver that you can,  
Satisfy ambition, or animate  
The trivial days and ram them with the sun,  
And yet upon these maxims meditate:  
All women dote upon an idle man  
Although their children need a rich estate;  
No man has ever lived that had enough  
Of children's gratitude or woman's love.

The love of women, the gratitude of children: the images fix two philosophies as nothing else can. They are tools of creative thought, as coherent and as exact as the conceptual

images with which science works: as time and space, or as the proton and the neutron.

All the discoveries of science, all works of art, are explorations—more, are explosions, of a hidden likeness. The discoverer or the artist presents in them two aspects of nature and fuses them into one. This is the act of creation, in which an original thought is born, and it is the same act in original science and original art. But it is not therefore the monopoly of the man who wrote the poem or who made the discovery. On the contrary, I believe this view of the creative act to be right because it alone gives a meaning to the act of appreciation. The poem or the discovery exists in two moments of vision: the moment of appreciation as much as that of creation; for the appreciator must see the movement, wake to the echo

which was started in the creation of the work. In the moment of appreciation we live again the moment when the creator saw and held the hidden likeness. When a simile takes us aback and persuades us together, when we find a juxtaposition in a picture both odd and intriguing, when a theory is at once fresh and convincing, we do not merely nod over someone else's work. We reenact the creative act, and we ourselves make the discovery again. At bottom, there is no unifying likeness there until we too have seized it, we too have made it for ourselves.

How slipshod by comparison is the notion that either art or science sets out to copy nature! If the task of the painter were to copy for men what they see, the critic could make only a single judgment: either that the copy is right or that it is wrong. And if science were a copy of fact,

then every theory would be either right or wrong, and would be so forever. There would be nothing left for us to say but this is so, or is not so. No one who has read a page by a good critic or a speculative scientist can ever again think that this barren choice of yes or no is all that the mind offers.

Reality is not an exhibit for a man's inspection, labelled "Do not touch." There are no appearances to be photographed, no experiences to be copied, in which we do not take part. We remake nature by the act of discovery, in the poem or in the theorem. And the great poem and the deep theorem are new to every reader, and yet are his own experiences, because he himself recreates them. They are the marks of unity in variety; and in the instant when the mind seizes this for itself, in art or in science, the heart misses a beat.

## II. The Habit of Truth

THE creative act is alike in art and in science, but it cannot be identical; there must be a difference as well as a likeness. For example, the artist in his creation surely has open to him a dimension of freedom which is closed to the scientist. I have insisted that the scientist does not merely record the facts; but he must conform to the facts. The sanction of truth is an exact boundary which encloses him in a way in which it does not constrain the poet or the painter. Shakespeare can make Romeo say things about the look of Juliet which, although they are revealing, are certainly not true in fact.

O she doth teach the Torch to  
burne bright.

But soft, what light through yonder  
window breaks?

It is the East, and Juliet is the Sunne.  
And Shakespeare himself is aware that these statements differ from those made by exact observers. For he exploits the difference deliberately for a new poetic effect in the sonnet which begins, tartly:

My Mistres eyes are nothing like  
the Sunne.

This takes its point and pungency from being unpoetic. Shakespeare

designedly in this sonnet plays the finicking scientist straightfaced—

Currall is farre more red, then her  
lips red,

If snow be white, why then her  
brests are dun

—in order to say at last, overwhelmingly, that even in plain fact his love is unbounded. No doubt Shakespeare would have been willing to argue in other places that the poetic image can be called true: the parable of the Prodigal Son is true in some sense, and so is the pursuit of Orestes and the imagery of *Romeo and Juliet* itself. But the sonnet proves that Shakespeare did not think this meaning of truth to be the same as that which he met in Holinshed's *Chronicles* and William Gilbert's *De Magnete*, and which now dogs the writer of a thesis on electronic networks.

We cannot shirk the historic question, What is truth? On the contrary: the civilization we take pride in took a new strength on the day the question was asked. It took its greatest strength later from Renaissance men like Leonardo, in whom truth to fact became a passion. The sanction of experienced fact as a

face of truth is a profound subject, and the mainspring which has moved our civilization since the Renaissance.

THOSE WHO have gone out to climb in the Himalayas have brought back, besides the dubious tracks of Abominable Snowmen, a more revealing model of truth. It is contained in the story which they tell of their first sight of some inaccessible and rarely seen mountain. The Western climbers, at home with compass and map projection, can match this view of the mountain with another view seen years ago. But to the native climbers with them, each face is a separate picture and puzzle. They may know another face of the mountain, and this face, too, better than the stranger; and yet they have no way of fitting the two faces together. Eric Shipton describes this division in the account of his reconnaissance for the new route to Everest on which the later ascent in 1953 was based. Here is Shipton moving up to a view of Everest from the South which is new to him, but which his leading Sherpa, Angtarkay, had known in childhood.

As we climbed into the valley we



saw at its head the line of the main watershed. I recognized immediately the peaks and saddles so familiar to us from the Rongbuk (the North) side: Pumori, Lingtren, the Lho La, the North Peak and the West shoulder of Everest. It is curious that Angtarkay, who knew these features as well as I did from the other side and had spent many years of his boyhood grazing yaks in this valley, had never recognized them as the same; nor did he do so now until I pointed them out to him.

It is the inquisitive stranger who points out the mountains which flank Everest. The Sherpa then recognizes the shape of a peak here and of another there. The parts begin to fit together; the puzzled man's mind begins to build a map; and suddenly the pieces are snug, the map will turn around, and the two faces of the mountain are both Everest. Other expeditions in other places have told of the delight of the native climbers at such a recognition.

All acts of recognition are of this kind. The girl met on the beach, the man known long ago, puzzle us for a moment and then fall into place; the new face fits on to and enlarges the old. We are used to make these connections in time; and like the climbers on Everest, we make them also in space. If we did not, our minds would contain only a clutter of isolated experiences. By making such connections we find in our experiences the maps of things.

There is no other evidence for the existence of things. We see the left profile of a man and we see the right profile; we never see them together. What are our grounds for thinking that they belong to one man? What are the grounds for thinking that there is such a thing as the one man at all? By the canons of classical logic, there are no grounds: no one can deduce the man. We infer him from his profiles as we infer that the evening star and the morning star are both the planet Venus: because it makes two experiences cohere, and experience proves it to be consistent. Profiles and full face, back and front, the parts build a round whole not only by sight but by the exploration of the touch and the ear and the

stethoscope and the X-ray tube and all our elaborations of inference. Watch a child's eyes and fingers together discover that the outside and the inside of a cup hang together. Watch a man who was born blind and who can now see, rebuilding the touched world by sight; and never again think that the existence of a thing leaps of itself into the mind, immediate and whole. We know the thing only by mapping and joining our experiences of its aspects.

THE DISCOVERY of things is made in three steps. At the first step there are only the separate data of the senses: we see the head of the penny, we see the tail. It would be mere pomp to use words as profound as true and false at this simple step. What we see is either so or is not so. Where no other judgment can be made, no more subtle words are in place.

At the second step, we put the head and the tail together. We see that it makes sense to treat them as one thing. And the thing is the coherence of its parts in our experience.

The human mind does not stop there. The animal can go as far as this: an ape will learn to recognize a cup whenever and however he sees it, and will know what to do with it. But all that has been learned about apes underlines that they find it hard to think about the cup when it is not in sight, and to imagine its use then. The human mind has a way of keeping the cup or the penny in mind. This is the third step: to have a symbol or a name for the whole penny. For us the thing has a name, and in a sense *is* the name: the name or symbol remains present, and the mind works with it, when the thing is absent. By contrast, one of the difficulties which the Sherpas have in seeing Everest is that the mountain goes by different names in different places.

The words true and false have their place at the latter steps, when the data of the senses have been put together to make a thing which is held in the mind. Only then is it meaningful to ask whether what we think about the thing is true. That is, we can now deduce how the thing

should behave, and see whether it does so. If this is really one mountain, we say, then the bearing of that landmark should be due East; and we check it. If this is a penny, then it should be sensible to the touch. This is how Macbeth tests the thing he is thinking about and seems to see.

Is this a Dagger, which I see before me,  
The Handle toward my Hand?  
Come, let me clutch thee—

Macbeth is using the empirical method: the thing is to be tested by its behavior.

Come, let me clutch thee:  
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.

Art thou not fatal Vision, sensible  
To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but  
A Dagger of the Minde, a false  
Creation?

"A Dagger of the Minde, a false Creation"; both the word false and the word creation are exact. What the human mind makes of the sense data, and thinks about, is always a created thing. The construction is true or false by the test of its behavior. We have constructed the thing from the data; we now deduce how the thing should behave; and if it does not, then our construction was false.

I HAVE described so far how we think about things. The view I have put forward also looks beyond things to the laws and concepts which make up science. This is the real reach of this view: that the three steps by which man constructs and names a mountain are also the steps by which he makes a theory.

Recall the example of the work of Kepler and of Newton; the steps are there to be retraced. The first step is the collection of data: here, astronomical observations. Next comes the creative step which Kepler took, which finds an order in the data by exploring likenesses. Here the order, the unity is the three laws by which Kepler described the orbit, not of this planet or of that, but simply of a planet.

Kepler's laws, however, put forward no central concept; and the third step is to create this concept. Newton took this step when, at the

center of astronomy, he put a single activity of the universe: the concept of gravitation.

There is of course no such thing as gravitation, sensible to the touch. It is neither seen nor heard; and if it seems to be felt, this now appears to be a quirk of space. Yet the concept of gravitation was real and true. It was constructed from the data by the same steps which fuse two views of Everest into one mountain, or many conversations into one man. And the concept is tested as we test the man, by its behavior: it must be in character. Newton was doing this in his garden in 1666 when he computed the force which holds the moon in her orbit; like Macbeth, he was testing the creation of the mind.

This creation was a concept—a connected set of concepts. There was the concept of a universal gravitation, reaching beyond the tree tops and the air to the ends of space. There was the concept of other universal forces in space, which try to pull the moon away as a whirling stone pulls away from its string. And there was the concept which put an end to the four elements of Aristotle: the concept of mass, alike in the apple and the earth and the moon, in all earthly and all heavenly bodies.

All these are real creations: they find a unity in what seemed unlike. They are symbols; they do not exist without the creation. Solid as it seems, there is no such thing as mass; as Newton ruefully found, it cannot be defined. We experience mass only as the behavior of bodies, and it is a single concept only because they behave consistently.

THIS sequence is characteristic of science. It begins with a set of appearances. It organizes these into laws. And at the center of the laws it finds a knot, a point at which several laws cross: a symbol which gives unity to the laws themselves. Mass, time, magnetic moment, the unconscious: we have grown up with these symbolic concepts, so that we are startled to be told that man had once to create them for himself. He had indeed, and he has; for mass is not an intuition in the muscle, and

time is not bought ready-made at the watchmaker's.

And we test the concept, as we test the thing, by its implications. That is, when the concept has been built up from some experiences, we reason what behavior in other experiences should logically flow from it. If we find this behavior, we go on holding the concept as it is. If we do not find the behavior which the concept logically implies, then we must go back and correct it. In this way logic and experiment are locked together in the scientific method, in a constant to and fro in which each follows the other.

This view of the scientific method is not shared by all those who have thought about it. There are two schools of philosophy which are suspicious of conceptual thinking and want to replace it wholly by the ma-



William Blake

nipulation of facts. One is that offshoot of the English empiricist tradition which goes through Bertrand Russell to Wittgenstein and the logical positivists. This school holds that a rigorous description of all nature can be pieced together, like a gigantic tinker-toy, out of small units of fact, each of which can be separately verified to be so. The other is the school founded by Ernst Mach in Austria, and led more recently by Percy Bridgman in America, which holds that science is strictly an account of operations and their results. This behaviorist school would like to discard all models of nature and

confine itself always to saying that if we do *this*, we get a larger measurement than if we do *that*.

THESE accounts of science seem to me mistaken on two counts. First, they fly in the face of the historical evidence. Since Greek times and before, lucid thinkers and indeed all men have used such words as space and mass and light. They have not asked either Russell's or Bridgman's leave, yet what they have done with the words belongs to the glories of science as well as philosophy; and it is late in the day to forbid them this language.

And second, both schools fly in the face of the contemporary evidence. We have good grounds to believe, from studies of animals and men, that thinking as we understand it is made possible only by the use of names or symbols. Other animals than man have languages, in Bridgman's sense; for example, bees signal to one another where to go in order to find nectar. Bernard de Manville, who wrote *The Fable of the Bees* in an eighteenth-century parable, would have thought this the height of rational behavior. But no active scientist sees it so, because he knows that science is not something which insects or machines can do. What makes it different is a creative process, the exploration of likenesses; and this has sadly tiptoed out of the mechanical worlds of the positivists and the operationalists and left them empty.

The world which the human mind knows and explores does not survive if it is emptied of thought. And thought does not survive without symbolic concepts. The symbol and the metaphor are as necessary to science as to poetry. We are as helpless today to define mass, fundamentally, as Newton was. But we do not therefore think, and neither did he, that the equations which contain mass as an unknown are mere rules of thumb. If we had been content with that view, we should never have learned to turn mass into energy. In forming a concept of mass, in speaking the word, we begin a process of experiment and correction which is the creative search for truth.

In the village in which I live there



is a pleasant doctor who is a little deaf. He is not shy about it and he wears a hearing aid. My young daughter has known him and his aid since she was a baby. When at the age of two she first met another man who was wearing a hearing aid, she simply said, "That man is a doctor." Of course she was mistaken. Yet if both men had worn not hearing aids but stethoscopes, we should have been delighted by her generalization. Even then she would have had little idea of what a doctor does and less of what he is. But she would have been then, and to me she was even while she was mistaken, on the path to human knowledge which goes by way of the making and correcting of concepts.

I SHOULD be unjust if I did not grant that the positivist and operational schools of philosophy have had reason to be wary of the appeal to concepts. Russell and Bridgman shied away from the concept because it has a bad record which still befuddles its use. Historically, concepts have commonly been set up as absolute and inborn notions, like the space and time which Kant believed to be ready-made in the mind. The view that our concepts are built up from experience, and have constantly to be tested and corrected in experience, is not classical. The classical view has been that concepts are not accessible to empirical tests. How many people understand, even today, that the concepts of science are neither absolute nor everlasting? And beyond the field of science, in society, in personality, above all in ethics, how many people will allow the sanction of experienced fact? The common view remains the classical view, that the concepts of value—justice and honor, dignity and tolerance—have an inwardness which is inaccessible to experience.

The roots of this error go down into the closed logic of the Middle Ages. The characteristic and distinguished example is the method of St. Thomas Aquinas. The physics which was current for three centuries before the Scientific Revolution derived from Aristotle by way of Arab scholars and had been formed into a system by Aquinas. But it did not share

the test of truth of modern physics. Between the years 1256 and 1259, Aquinas held about 250 discussion classes, all on the subject of truth. Each class lasted two days. The questions discussed belong to a world of discourse which simply has no common frontier with ours. They are such questions as "Is God's knowledge the cause of things?" "Is the Book of Life the same as predestination?" "Do angels know the future?"

I do not dismiss these as merely fanciful questions, any more than I regard *Tamburlaine* and *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell* as fantasies. Yet it is plain that they have no bearing on matters of truth and falsehood as we understand them, inductively. These debates are scholastic exercises in absolute logic. They begin from concepts which are held to be fixed absolutely; they then proceed by deduction; and what is found in this way is subject to no further test. The deductions are true because the first concepts were true: that is the scholastic system. It is also the logic of Aristotle. Unhappily, it makes poor physics, for there the gap between the intuitive and the corrected concept is gaping.

MODERN science also began by hankering after purely deductive systems. Its first model, of course, was Euclid. One of its historic moments was the conversion of Thomas Hobbes, some time between 1629 and 1631.

He was 40 years old before he looked on geometry; which happened accidentally. Being in a gentleman's library Euclid's *Elements* lay open, and 'twas the 47 *El. libri I.* He read the proposition. "By G—," said he, (He would now and then swear, by way of emphasis) "By G—," said he, "this is impossible!" So he reads the demonstration of it, which referred him back to such a proposition; which proposition he read. That referred him back to another, which he also read. *Et sic deinceps*, that at last he was demonstratively convinced of that truth. This made him in love with geometry.

This account was written by John Aubrey, who was Hobbes's friend. Aubrey of course assumes that everyone knows which is the forty-seventh

proposition in the first book of Euclid; if we do not, we miss the explosive charge in the story. For the forty-seventh proposition is the theorem of Pythagoras about the squares on the sides of a right-angled triangle—the most famous theorem of antiquity, for which Pythagoras is said to have sacrificed a hundred oxen to the Muses in thanks. Hobbes, in an age which knew the theorems by their numbers, at forty did not know the content of this; and when he learned it, it changed his life.

From then on, Hobbes became a pioneer of the deductive method in science. In his time, his innovation was necessary; but soon the movement of science left it behind. For when Hobbes took over the deductive method, he took also Euclid's notion that we know intuitively what points are, what an angle is, what we mean by parallel. The concepts and the axioms were supposed to be simply self-evident, in geometry or in the physical world.

SCIENCE has not stopped there since Hobbes, but such subjects as ethics have. In Hobbes's lifetime, Spinoza presented his *Ethics* "*ordine geometrico demonstrare*," proved in geometrical order. The book begins in the Euclidean manner with eight definitions and seven axioms. This is a modest apparatus with which to attack the universe, for even Euclid's geometry of the plane needs more than twenty axioms. But Spinoza tackles it bravely and indeed profoundly, and it is not his fault that after a time we come to feel that we are standing still. The geometrical system of ethics has exhausted its discoveries. It no longer says anything new; and worse, it can learn nothing new.

Here is the heart of the difference between the two ways in which we order our lives. Both ways hinge on central concepts. In both we reason from the central concepts to the consequences which flow from them. But here the two ways divide. In the field of ethics, of conduct and of values we think as Aquinas and Spinoza thought: that our concepts must remain unchangeable because they are either inspired or self-evident. In the field of science, four



hundred years of adventure have taught us that the rational method is more subtle than this, and that concepts are its most subtle creations. A hundred and fifty years ago, Gauss and others proved that the axioms of Euclid are neither self-evident nor necessarily exact in our world. Much of physics since then, for instance in relativity, has been the remaking of a more delicate and a more exciting concept of space. The need to do so has sprung from the facts; and yet how the new concepts have outraged our self-evident notions of how a well-mannered space *ought* to behave! Quantum mechanics has been a constant scandal because it has said that the world of the small scale does not behave entirely like a copy of the man-size world. Swift in *Gulliver's Travels* had remarked something like this back in 1726, and it ought no longer to shock us; but of course Swift was a scandal too in his day.

IS IT true that the concepts of science and those of ethics and values belong to different worlds? Is the world of *what is* subject to test, and is the world of *what ought to be* subject to no test? I do not believe so. Such concepts as justice, humanity and the full life have not remained fixed in the last four hundred years, whatever churchmen and philosophers may pretend. In their modern sense, they did not exist when Aquinas wrote; they do not exist now in civilizations which disregard the physical fact. And here I do not mean only the scientific fact. The tradition of the Renaissance is of a piece, in art and in science, in believing that the physical world is a source of knowledge. The poet as much as the biologist now believes that life speaks to him through the senses. But this was not always so: Paolo Veronese was reproved by the Inquisition in 1573 for putting the real world into a sacred painting. And it is not so everywhere now: the ancient civilizations of the East still reject the senses as a source of knowledge, and this is as patent in their formal poetry and their passionless painting as in their science.

By contrast, the sanction of experienced fact has changed and

shaped all the concepts of men who have felt the Scientific Revolution. A civilization cannot hold its activities apart, or put on science like a suit of clothes—a workday suit which is not good enough for Sundays. The study of perspective in the Renaissance chimes with the rise of sensuous painting. And the distaste of painters for naturalism for fifty years now is surely related to the new structure which scientists have struggled to find in nature in the same time. A civilization is bound up with one way of experiencing life. And ours can no more keep its concepts than its wars apart in pigeon-holes.

All this is plain once it is seen that science also is a system of concepts: the place of experience is to test and correct the concept. The test is, Will the concept work? Does it give an unforced unity to the experience of men? Does the concept make life orderly, not by edict but in fact?

Men have insisted on carrying this test into the systems of society and of conduct. What else cost Charles I his head in 1649? And what brought Charles II back in 1660, yet at last exiled his family for Dutchmen and Germans? Not the high talk about the divine right of kings, and not the Bill of Rights, but their test in experience. England would have been willing to live by either concept, as it has been willing to live by Newton or by Einstein: it chose the one which made society work of itself, without constraint.

Since then society has evolved a sequence of central concepts each of which was at one time thought to make it work of itself and each of which has had to be corrected to the next. There was the early eighteenth-century concept of self-interest, in Mandeville and others; then came enlightened self-interest; then the greatest happiness of the greatest number; utility; the labor theory of value and thence its expression either in the welfare state or in the classless society. Men have never treated any one of these concepts as the last and they do not mean to do so now. What has driven them, what drives them, is the refusal to acknowledge the concept as either an edict or self-evident. Does this really work, they ask, without force, without corruption and without another arbitrary superstructure of laws which do not derive from the central concept? Do its consequences fit our experience; do men in such a society live so or not so? This is the simple but profound test of fact by which we have come to judge the large words of the makers of states and systems. We see it cogently in the Declaration of Independence, which begins in the round Euclidean manner "We hold these truths to be self-evident," but which takes the justification for its action at last from "a long train of abuses and usurpations": the colonial system had failed to make a workable society.

To us, the habit of simple truth to experience has been the mover of



William Blake



civilization. The last war showed starkly what happens to our societies and to us as men when this habit is broken. The occupation of France forced on the people of France a split in the conduct of each man: a code of truth to his fellows and a code of deceit to the conquerors. This was a heroic division, more difficult to sustain than we can know, and for which the world has still to thank Frenchmen. Yet those who lived in that division will never wholly recover from it, and the habits of distrust and withdrawal which it created will long hamstring the free life of France and of Europe.

This is the grave indictment of every state in which men are cautious of speaking out to any man they meet. The decay of the habit of truth is damaging to those who must fear to speak. But how much more destructive, how degrading it is to the loud-mouthed conquerors! The people whom their conquests really sapped were the Nazis themselves. Picture the state of German thought when Werner Heisenberg was criticized by the S.S. and had to ask

Himmler to support his scientific standing. Heisenberg had won the Nobel Prize at the age of thirty; his principle of uncertainty is one of the two or three deep concepts which science has found in this century; and he was trying to warn Germans that they must not dismiss such discoveries as relativity because they disliked the author. Yet Himmler, who had been a schoolmaster, took months of petty inquiry (someone in his family knew Heisenberg) before he authorized of all people Heydrich to protect Heisenberg. His letter to Heydrich is a paper monument to what happens to the creative mind in a society without truth. For Himmler writes that he has heard that Heisenberg is good enough to be earmarked later for his own *Akademie fuer Welteislehre*. This was an academy which Himmler proposed to devote to the conviction, which he either shared with or imposed on his scientific yes-men, that the stars are made of ice.

This nonsense of course is like the nonsense that Germans were taught to credit about the human races. The

state of mind, the state of society is of a piece. When we discard the test of fact in what a star is, we discard it in what a man is. A society holds together by the respect which man gives to man; it fails in fact, it falls apart into groups of fear and power, when its concept of man is false. We find the drive which makes a society stable at last in the search for what makes us men. This is a search which never ends: to end it is to freeze the concept of man in a caricature beyond correction, as the societies of caste and master-race have done. In the knowledge of man as in that of nature, the habit of truth to experienced fact will not let our concepts alone. This is what destroyed the empires of Himmler and of Warren Hastings. When Hastings stood his trial, William Wilberforce was rousing England to put an end to the trade in slaves. He had at bottom only one ground: that dark men are men. A century and more of scientific habit by then had made his fellows find that true, and find Hastings not so much a tyrant as a cheat.

### III. The Sense of Human Dignity

THE SUBJECT of this article is the evolution of contemporary values. My theme is that the values which we accept today as permanent and often as self-evident have grown out of the Renaissance and the Scientific Revolution. The arts and the sciences have changed the values of the Middle Ages; and this change has been an enrichment, moving towards what more deeply makes us human beings. With this theme before me, I have called this last section The Sense of Human Dignity.

Some people think that our values are inborn, as the sense of sight is, and they treat any heresy as an affliction which the sufferer would not have contracted had his habits been cleaner. Others accept the notions of value as absolute edicts which we must indeed learn, and if possible learn to like, but which we cannot usefully question. These people are

all anxious that we shall behave well and yet that we shall not question how we behave. Because they believe that there is no rational foundation for values, they fear that an appeal to logic can lead only to irreverence and thence to hedonism.

I do not share this fear and I do not need it to sustain my sense of values. To me, such a concept as duty is like the concept of mass. I was not born with a concept of mass and I did not receive it by edict; yet both my inborn senses and my education took part in the process of elucidating it as it grew out of my experience and that of others. I do not find it difficult to defend my concept of mass on these grounds and I see no reason why I should base the concept of duty as a value on different grounds.

There is, I think, another fear that moves people to resist the suggestion that the values by which

they live should be studied empirically. They grant that this study may indeed reveal what men do in order to prosper; but is this, they ask, what they *ought* to do? Is it not more often precisely what they ought not to do? Surely, say the righteous, it is the wicked who flourish, and they flourish because they practice what is wicked. So that if social science studies, as natural science does, what works and what does not, the laws which it traces are likely, they fear, to be very unsavory.

I doubt whether this dark view will bear the light of history. Is it really true that the wicked prosper? In the convulsions of nations, have tyrannies outlived their meeker rivals? Rome has not survived the Christian martyrs. Machiavelli in *The Prince* was impressed by the triumphs of the Borgias and he has impressed us; but were they, in fact,

either successful or enviable? Was the fate of Hitler and Mussolini better? And even in the short perspective of our own street, do we really find that the cheats have the best of it? Or are we merely yielding to the comforting belief that, because one of our neighbors flourishes, he is *ipso facto* wicked?

There is a grave error in this fear that the study of society must reveal a moral form of Gresham's law: that the bad drives out the good. The error is to suppose that the norms of conduct in a society might remain fixed while the conduct of its members changes. This is not so. A society cannot remain lawful when many members break the laws. In an orderly society, an imposter now and again gains an advantage; but he gains it only so long as imposture remains occasional—so long, that is, as his own practice does not destroy the social order. The counterfeiter can exploit the confidence of society in the value of money only so long as he himself does not sap this confidence. Destroy this, and Gresham's law really takes its revenge; the society falls apart to suspicion and barter.

If we are to study conduct, we must follow it in both directions—into the duties of men, which alone hold a society together, and also into the freedom to act personally which the society must still allow its men. The problem of values arises only when men try to fit together their need to be social animals with their need to be free men. There is no problem, and there are no values, until men want to do both. If an anarchist wants only freedom, whatever the cost, he will prefer the jungle of man at war with man. And if a tyrant wants only social order, he will create the totalitarian state. He will single out those who question or dissent—those whom Plato in *The Republic* called poets and in the *Laws* called materialists, and whom Congressional committees more simply call scientists—and he will have them, as Plato advised, exiled or *gleichgeschaltet* or liquidated or investigated.

The concepts of value are profound and difficult precisely because they do two things at once: they

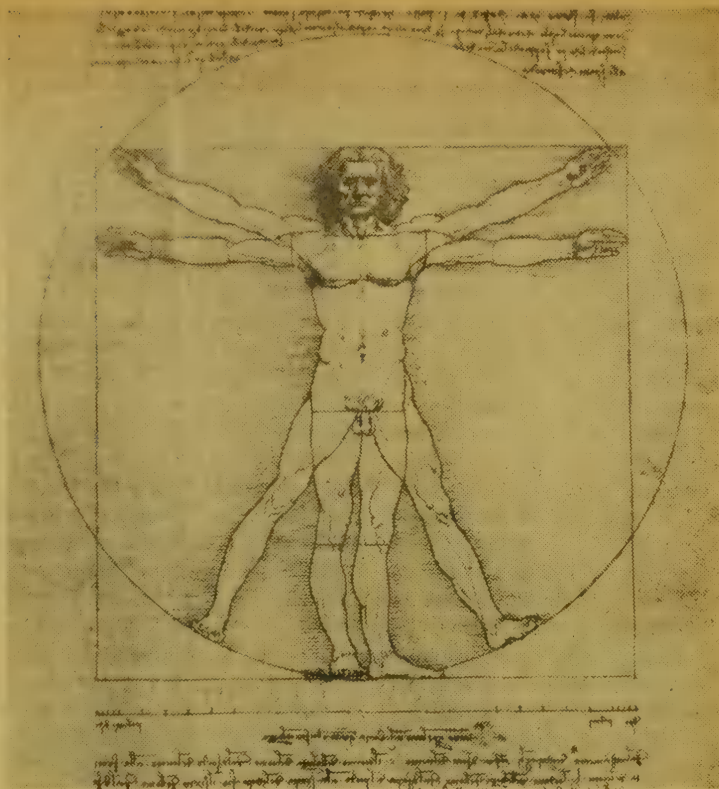
join men into societies and yet preserve for them a freedom which makes them single men. A philosophy which does not acknowledge both needs cannot evolve values, and indeed cannot allow them. This is true of a wholly social philosophy such as dialectical materialism, in which the community lays down how the individual must act (there is no room for him to ask himself how he *ought* to act). And it is equally true of the individualist systems which have for some time had a following in England—systems such as logical positivism and its modern derivative, analytical philosophy.

It is relevant to examine these last philosophies because they make a special claim to be scientific. In their reaction against the metaphysics of the nineteenth century, they have returned to the empirical tradition which goes back in British philosophy to Thomas Hobbes, to John Locke and, above all, to David Hume. This is a tradition which looks for the material and the tests of a philosophy in the physical world;

the evidence which it seeks is roughly that which a scientist seeks, and it rejects evidence which would not pass muster in science. Those who led the return to the empirical tradition—first Bertrand Russell and then Ludwig Wittgenstein—were in fact trained in scientific disciplines.

In his early writing, Wittgenstein held that a statement makes sense only if it can be tested in the physical world. Later, he came to look for the meaning of a statement in the way in which it can be used: the contexts and the intentions into which it fits. That is, his early view of truth was positivist, his later one analytical. Wittgenstein's followers have now enthroned his later analysis of usage into a philosophical method which often seems remote from any universal test, but their aim remains, as it was his, to make our understanding of the world tally with the way in which it works in fact.

Positivists and analysts alike believe that the words *is* and *ought* belong to different worlds, so that sentences which are constructed with



Leonardo da Vinci



is usually have a verifiable meaning, but sentences constructed with *ought* never have.

This is because Wittgenstein's unit, and Russell's, is one man; all British empirical philosophy is individualist. And it is of course clear that if the only criterion of true and false which a man accepts is his own, then he has no base for social agreement. The question how a man *ought* to behave is a social question, which always involves several people; and if he accepts no evidence and no judgment except his own, he has no tools with which to frame an answer.

The issue then is whether verification can be accepted as a principle if it is assumed to be carried out by one man. This is as factual an issue as that which faced physics in 1905. Einstein did not debate in 1905 whether space and time may be absolute, in principle; he asked how physicists in fact measure them. So it is irrelevant (and metaphysical) to debate whether verification can be absolute, in principle; the question is, how do men in fact verify a statement? How do they confirm or challenge the assertion, for example, that "The Crab nebula is the dust of a supernova which exploded in 1054, and it glows because some of it is radioactive carbon which was made in the supernova?"

This is a fairly simple speculation, as science goes. The positivist would break it into still simpler pieces and would then propose to verify each. But it is an illusion, and a fatal illusion, to think that he could verify them himself. Even in principle, he could not verify the historical part of this statement without searching the records of others and believing them. And in practice, he could not verify the rate of expansion of the Crab nebula, and the processes which might cause it to glow, without the help of a sequence of instrument makers and astronomers and nuclear physicists, specialists in this and that, each of whom he must trust and believe. All this knowledge, all our knowledge, has been built up communally; there would be no astrophysics, there would be no history, there would not even be language, if man were a solitary animal.

The fallacy which imprisons the positivist and the analyst is the assumption that he can test what is true and false unaided. This of course prevents him from making any social judgment. Suppose we give up this assumption and acknowledge that, even in the verification of facts, we need the help of others. What follows? It follows that we must be able to rely on other people; we must be able to trust their word. That is, it follows that there is a principle which binds society together, because without it the individual would be helpless to tell the true from the false. This principle is truthfulness. If we accept truth as an individual criterion, then we have also to make it the cement to hold society together.

The positivist holds that only those statements have meaning which can in principle be verified. Statements which contain the word *is* can be of this kind; statements which contain the word *ought* cannot. But we now see that, underlying this criterion, there is a social nexus which alone makes verification possible. This nexus is held together by the obligation to tell the truth. Thus it follows that there is a social injunction implied in the positivist and analyst method. This social axiom is that *We OUGHT to act in such a way that what IS true can be verified to be so.*

THIS is the light by which the working of society is to be examined. And in order to keep the study in a manageable field, I will continue to choose a society in which the principle of truth rules: the body of scientists. This is an obvious choice, for having said so much about the working of science, I should be shirking all our unspoken questions if I did not ask how scientists work together. The dizzy progress of science, theoretical and practical, has depended on the existence of a fellowship of scientists which is free, uninhibited and communicative. It is not an upstart society, for it derives its traditions, both of scholarship and of service, from roots which reach through the Renaissance into the monastic communities and the first universities. The men and

women who practice the sciences make a company of scholars which has been more lasting than any modern state, yet which has changed and evolved as no church has. What power holds them together?

IN AN obvious sense, theirs is the power of virtue. By the worldly standards of public life, all scholars in their work are of course oddly virtuous. They do not make wild claims, they do not cheat, they do not try to persuade at any cost, they appeal neither to prejudice nor to authority, they are often frank about their ignorance, their disputes are fairly decorous, they do not confuse what is being argued with race, politics, sex or age, they listen patiently to the young and to the old (who both know everything). These are the general virtues of scholarship; they are peculiarly the virtues of science. Individually, scientists no doubt have human weaknesses. Several of them may have mistresses or read Karl Marx; some of them may even be homosexuals and read Plato. But in a world in which state and dogma seem always either to threaten or to cajole, the body of scientists is trained to avoid and organized to resist every form of persuasion but the fact. A scientist who breaks this rule, as Lysenko has done, is ignored. A scientist who finds that the rule has been broken in his laboratory, as Kammerer found, kills himself.

I have already implied that I do not trace these virtues to any personal goodness in scientists. A recent study has indeed shown that, as a profession, science attracts men whose temperament is grave, awkward and absorbed. But this is in the main the scholar's temperament, which is shared by historians and literary critics and painters in miniature, and for all their private virtues, these men form today what they formed four hundred years ago: scattered collections of individuals. It is not their temperament which has made of scientists so steadfast and so powerful a society.

The values of science derive neither from the virtues of its members nor from the finger-wagging codes of conduct by which every profession reminds itself to be good.

They have grown out of the practice of science because they are the inescapable conditions for its practice.

Science is the creation of concepts and their exploration in the facts. It has no other test of the concept than its empirical truth to fact. Truth is the drive at the center of science; it must have the habit of truth, not as a dogma but as a process. Consider then, step by step, what kind of society scientists have been compelled to form in this single pursuit. If truth is to be found, not given, and if therefore it is to be tested in action, what other conditions (and with them, what other values) grow of themselves from this?

FIRST, of course, comes independence, in observation and thence in thought. I once told an audience of school children that the world would never change if they did not contradict their elders. I was chagrined to find next morning that this axiom outraged their parents. Yet it is the basis of the scientific method. A man must see, do and think things for himself in the face of those who are sure that they have already been over all that ground. In science, there is no substitute for independence.

It has been a byproduct of this that, by degrees, men have come to give a value to the new and the bold in all their work. It was not always so. European thought and art before the Renaissance were happy in the faith that there is nothing new under the sun. John Dryden in the seventeenth century and Jonathan Swift as it turned into the eighteenth, were still fighting Battles of the Books to prove that no modern work could hope to rival the classics. They were overpowered not by argument or example (not even by their own examples), but by the mounting scientific tradition among their friends in the new Royal Society. Today we find it as natural to prize originality in a child's drawing and an arrangement of flowers as in an invention. Science has bred the love of originality as a mark of independence.

Independence, originality and,

therefore, dissent: these words show the progress, they stamp the character, of our civilization as they did that of Athens in flower. From Luther in 1517 to Spinoza grinding lenses, from Huguenot weavers and Quaker ironmasters to the Puritans founding Harvard, from Newton's heresies to the calculated universe of Eddington, the profound movements of history have been begun by unconforming men. Dissent is the native activity of the scientist, and it has got him into a good deal of trouble in the last years. But if that is cut off, what is left will not be a scientist. And I doubt whether it will be a man. For dissent is also native in any society which is still growing. Has there ever been a society which has died of dissent? Several have died of conformity in our lifetime.

Dissent is not itself an end; it is the surface mark of a deeper value. Dissent is the mark of freedom as originality is the mark of independence of mind. And as originality and independence are private needs for the existence of a science, so dissent and freedom are its public needs. No one can be a scientist, even in private, if he does not have independence of observation and of thought. But if in addition science is to become effective as a public practice, it must go further: it must protect independence. The safeguards which it must offer are patent-free enquiry, free thought, free speech, tolerance. These values are so familiar to us, yawning our way through political perorations, that they seem self-evident. But they are self-evident—that is, they are logical needs—only where men are committed to explore the truth: in a scientific society. These freedoms of tolerance have never been notable in a dogmatic society, even when the dogma was Christian. They have been granted only when scientific thought flourished once before, in the youth of Greece.

I HAVE been developing an ethic for science which derives directly from its own activity. It might have seemed at the outset that this study could lead only to a set of technical rules: elementary rules for using test

tubes or sophisticated rules for inductive reasoning. But the enquiry turns out quite otherwise. There are, oddly, no technical rules for success in science. There are no rules even for using test tubes which the brilliant experimenter does not flout; and alas, there are no rules at all for making successful general inductions. This is not where the study of scientific practice leads us. Instead, the conditions for the practice of science are found to be of another and an unexpected kind: independence and originality, dissent and freedom and tolerance. These are the first needs of science and these are the values which, of itself, it demands and forms.

THE society of scientists must be a democracy. It can keep alive and grow only by a constant tension between dissent and respect; between independence and tolerance for them. The crux of the ethical problem is to fuse these, the private and the public needs. Tolerance alone is not enough; this is why the bland, kindly civilizations of the East, where to contradict is a personal affront, developed no strong science. And independence is not enough either; the sad history of genetics, still torn today by the quarrels of sixty years ago, shows that. Every scientist has to learn the hard lesson, to respect the views of the next man—even when the next man is tactless enough to express them.

Tolerance among scientists cannot be based on indifference; it must be based on respect. Respect as a personal value implies, in any society, the public acknowledgments of justice and of due honor. These are values which to the layman seem most remote from any abstract study. Justice, honor, the respect of man for man: what, he asks, have these human values to do with science? The question is a foolish survival of those nineteenth-century quarrels which always came back to equate ethics with the Book of Genesis. If critics in the past had ever looked practically to see how a science develops, they would not have asked such a question. Science confronts the work of one man with that of another and grafts each on each;



and it cannot survive without justice and honor and respect between man and man. Only by these means can science pursue its steadfast object, to explore truth. In societies where these values did not exist, science has had to create them.

There never was a great scientist who did not make bold guesses and there never was a bold man whose guesses were not sometimes wild. Newton was wrong, in the setting of his time, to think that light is made up of particles. Faraday was foolish when he looked, in his setting, for a link between electromagnetism and gravitation. And such is the nature of science, their bad guesses may yet be brilliant by the work of our own day. We do not think any less of the profound concept of General Relativity in Einstein because the details of his formulation at this moment seem doubtful. For in science as in literature, the style of a great man is the stamp of his mind and makes even his mistakes a challenge which is part of the march of its subject. Science at last respects the scientist more than his theories; for by its nature, it must prize the search above the discovery and the thinking (and with it the thinker) above the thought. In the society of scientists each man, by the process of exploring for the truth, has earned a dignity more profound than his doctrine. A true society is sustained by the sense of human dignity.

I TAKE this phrase from the life of the French naturalist Buffon who, like Galileo, was forced to recant his scientific findings. Yet he preserved always, says his biographer, something deeper than the fine manners of the court of Louis XV; he kept "*le sentiment exquis de la dignité humaine*." His biographer says that Buffon learned this during his stay in England, where it was impressed on him by the scientists he met. Since Buffon seems to have spent at most three months in England, this claim has been thought extravagant. But is it? Is history really so inhuman an arithmetic? Buffon in the short winter of 1738-9 met the grave men of the Royal Society, heirs to Newton, the last of a great genera-

tion. He found them neither a court nor a rabble, but a community of scientists seeking the truth together with dignity and humanity. It was, it is, a discovery to form a man's life.

The sense of human dignity that Buffon showed in his bearing is the cement of a society of equal men; for it expresses their knowledge that respect for others must be founded in self-respect. Theory and experiment alike become meaningless unless the scientist brings to them, and his fellows can assume in him, the respect of a lucid honesty with himself. The mathematician and philosopher W. K. Clifford said this forcibly at the end of his short life nearly a hundred years ago:

If I steal money from any person, there may be no harm done by the mere transfer of possession; he may not feel the loss, or it may even prevent him from using the money badly. But I cannot help doing this great wrong towards Man, that I make myself dishonest. What hurts society is not that it should lose its property, but that it should become a den of thieves; for then it must cease to be society. This is why we ought not to do evil that good may come; for at any rate this great evil has come, that we have done evil and are made wicked thereby.

This is the scientist's moral: that there is no distinction between ends and means. Clifford goes on to put this in terms of the scientist's practice.

In like manner, if I let myself believe anything on insufficient evidence, there may be no great harm done by the mere belief; it may be true after all, or I may never have occasion to exhibit it in outward acts. But I cannot help doing this great wrong towards Man, that I make myself credulous. The danger to society is not merely that it should believe wrong things, though that is great enough; but that it should become credulous.

And the passion in Clifford's tone shows that to him the word credulous had the same emotional force as a den of thieves.

The fulcrum of Clifford's ethic here, and mine, is the phrase "it may be true after all." Others may allow this to justify their conduct; the practice of science wholly re-

jects it. It does not admit that the word true can have this meaning. The test of truth is the fact; no glib expediency nor reason of state can justify the smallest self-deception in that. Our work is of a piece, in the large and in detail, so that if we silence one scruple about our means, we infect ourselves and our ends together.

The scientist derives this ethic from his method and every creative worker reaches it for himself. This is how Blake reached it from his practice as a poet and a painter:

He who would do good to another  
must do it in Minute Particulars:  
General Good is the plea of the  
scoundrel, hypocrite & flatterer,  
For Art & Science cannot exist but  
in minutely organized Particulars.

The Minute Particulars of art and the fine structure of science alike make the grain of conscience.

AS A SET of discoveries and devices, science has mastered nature; but it has been able to do so only because its values, which derive from its method, have formed those who practice it into a living, stable and incorruptible society. Here is a community where everyone has been free to enter, to speak his mind, to be heard and contradicted; and it has outlasted the empires of Louis XIV and the Kaiser. Napoleon was angry when the Institute he had founded awarded his first scientific prize to Humphry Davy, for this was in 1807, when France was at war with England. Science survived then and since because it is less brittle than the rage of tyrants.

This is a stability which no dogmatic society can have. There is today almost no scientific theory which was held when, say, the Industrial Revolution began about 1760. Most often today's theories flatly contradict those of 1760; many contradict those of 1900. In cosmology, in quantum mechanics, in genetics, in the social sciences, who now holds the beliefs that seemed firm fifty years ago? Yet the society of scientists has survived these changes without a revolution and honors the men whose beliefs it no longer shares. No one has been shot or exiled or convicted of perjury; no



one has recanted abjectly at a trial before his colleagues. The whole structure of science has been changed, yet no one has been either disgraced or deposed. Through all the changes of science, the society of scientists is flexible and single-minded together and evolves and rights itself. In the language of science, it is a stable society.

The society of scientists is simple because it has a directing purpose: to explore the truth. Nevertheless, it has to solve the problem of every society, which is to find a compromise between man and men.

It must encourage the single scientist to be independent and the body of scientists to be tolerant. From these basic conditions, which form the prime values, there follows step by step the spectrum of values: dissent, freedom of thought and speech, justice, honor, human dignity and self-respect.

Our values since the Renaissance have evolved by just such steps. There are of course casuists who, when they are not busy belittling these values, derive them from the Middle Ages. But that servile and bloody world upheld neither inde-

pendence nor tolerance, and it is from these, as I have shown, that the human values are rationally derived. Those who crusade against the rational and receive their values by mystic inspiration have no claim to these values of the mind. I cannot put this better than in the words of Albert Schweitzer in which he, a religious man, protests against mysticism in religion:

Rationalism is more than a movement of thought which realized itself at the end of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth centuries. It is a necessary phenomenon in all normal spiritual life. All real progress in the world is in the last analysis produced by rationalism. The principle, which was then established, of basing our views of the universe on thought and thought alone is valid for all time.

SO proud men have thought, in all walks of life, since Giordano Bruno was condemned to be burnt for his cosmology, about 1600. They have gone about their work simply enough. The scientists among them did not set out to be moralists or revolutionaries. William Harvey and Huygens, Euler and Avogadro, Darwin and Willard Gibbs and Marie Curie, Planck and Pavlov, practiced their crafts modestly and steadfastly. Yet the values they seldom spoke of shone out of their work and entered their ages and slowly remade the minds of men. Slavery ceased to be a matter of course. The princelings of Europe fled from the gaming table. The empires of the Bourbons and the Hapsburgs crumbled. Men asked for the rights of man and for government by consent. By the beginning of the nineteenth century, Napoleon did not find a scientist to plead for tyranny; that was done by the philosopher, Hegel. Hegel had written his university dissertation to prove philosophically that there could be no more than the seven planets he knew. It was unfortunate, and characteristic, that even as he wrote, on January 1, 1801, a working astronomer observed the eighth planet Ceres.

I BEGAN this presentation with the question which has haunted me, as a scientist, since I heard it in the



William Blake



ruins of Nagasaki: *Is You Is Or Is You Ain't Ma Baby?* Has science fastened upon our society a monstrous gift of destruction which we can neither undo nor master, and which, like a clockwork automaton in a nightmare, is set to break our necks? Is science an automaton, and has it lamed our sense of values?

These questions are not answered by holding a Sunday symposium of moralists. They are not even answered by the painstaking neutralism of the textbooks on scientific method. We must begin from a study of what scientists do when they are neither posed for photographs on the steps of space-ships nor bumbling professorially in the cartoons. But we must get to the *heart* of what they do; we must lay bare the conditions which make it possible for them to work at all.

When we do so we find, leaf by leaf, the organic values which I have been unfolding. And we find that they are not at odds with the values by which alone mankind can survive. On the contrary, like the other creative activities which grew from the Renaissance, science has humanized our values. Men have asked for freedom, justice and respect precisely as the scientific spirit has spread among them. The dilemma of today is not that human values cannot control a mechanical science. It is the other way about: the scientific spirit is more human than the machinery of governments. We have not let either the tolerance or the empiricism of science enter the parochial rules by which we still try to prescribe the behavior of nations. Our conduct as states clings to a code of self-interest which science, like humanity, has long left behind.

THE BODY of technical science burdens and threatens us because we are trying to employ the body without the spirit; we are trying to buy the corpse of science. We are hag-ridden by the power of nature, which we should command, because we think its command needs less devotion and understanding than its discovery. And because we know how gunpowder works, we sigh for the days before atomic bombs. But massacre is not prevented by sticking

to gunpowder; the Thirty Years' War is proof of that. Massacre is prevented by the scientist's ethic, and the poet's, and every creator's: that the end for which we work exists and is judged only by the means which we use to reach it. This is the human sum of the values of science. It is the basis of a society which scrupulously seeks knowledge to match and govern its power. But it is not the scientist who can govern society; his duty is to teach it the implications and the values in his work. Sir Thomas More said in 1516 that the single-minded man must not govern but teach; and went to the scaffold for neglecting his own counsel.

THE EXPLORATION of the artist is no less truthful and strenuous than that of the scientist. If science seems to carry conviction and recognition more immediately, this is because here the critics are also those who work at the matter. There is not, as in the arts, a gap between the functions (and therefore between the fashions) of those who *comment* and those who *do*. Nevertheless, the great artist works as devotedly to uncover the implications of his vision as does the great scientist. They grow, they haunt his thought, and their most inspired flash is the end of a lifetime of silent exploration. Turn to the three versions of *Faust* at which Goethe worked year in and year out. Or watch Shakespeare at work. Early in this essay I quoted from *Romeo and Juliet* the image of death as a bee that stings other people, but that comes to Juliet to drink her sweetness—

Death that hath sucked the honey  
of thy breath.

More than ten years later Shakespeare came back to the image and unexpectedly made it concrete, a metaphor made into a person in the drama. The drama is *Antony and Cleopatra*; the scene is the high tower; and to it death comes in person, as an asp hidden among figs. The image of the asp carries, of course, many undertones; and most moving among these is Cleopatra's fancy that this death, which should sting, has come to her to suck the

sweetness. Cleopatra is speaking, bitterly, tenderly, about the asp:

Peace, peace:

Dost thou not see my Baby at  
my breast,

That sucks the Nurse asleepe.

The man who wrote these words still carried in his ear the echo from Juliet's tomb, and what he added to it was the span of his life's work.

Whether our work is art or science or the daily work of society, it is only the form in which we explore our experience which is different; the need to explore remains the same. This is why, at bottom, the society of scientists is more important than their discoveries. What science has to teach us here is not its techniques but its spirit: the irresistible need to explore. Perhaps the techniques of science may be practiced for a time without its spirit, in secret establishments, as the Egyptians practiced their priesthood. But the inspiration of science for four hundred years has been opposite to this. It has created the values of our intellectual life and, with the arts, has taught them to our civilization. Science has nothing to be ashamed of even in the ruins of Nagasaki. The shame is theirs who appeal to other values than the human and imaginative values which science has evolved. The shame is ours if we do not make science part of our world, intellectually as much as physically, so that we may at last hold these halves of the world together by the same values. For it is the lesson of science that the concept is more profound than its laws, and the act of judging more critical than the judgment. In a book that I wrote about poetry I said,

Poetry does not move us to be just or unjust, in itself. It moves us to thoughts in whose light justice and injustice are seen in fearful sharpness of outline.

What is true of poetry is true of all creative thought. And what I said then of one value is true of all human values. The values by which we are to survive are not rules for just and unjust conduct, but are those deeper illuminations in whose light justice and injustice, good and evil, means and ends are seen in fearful sharpness of outline.

# FILMS

## Robert Hatch

IT WOULD BE a real help if clerical censors would withhold their proscription of a movie until a reviewer had committed his views to print. I have a notion that *Baby Doll* is a rather dirty picture, but I hesitate to say so in the wake of Cardinal Spellman's dogmatic statement that it is every citizen's patriotic and moral duty to shun the film. My objection, however, is that nothing really happens in *Baby Doll*; its dirtiness consists in the fact that it only teases with sex—and I think that this is not what outrages the eminent churchman.

In *27 Wagons Full of Cotton*, the one-act play from which the picture is largely drawn (it is not an original script, as Warner Brothers chooses to pretend), Tennessee Williams was telling a smoking-car story, or if you prefer a more respectable precedent, a droll tale in the manner of Balzac. Sex for Balzac was a strong and merry theme, however bizarre the circumstances by which it was accomplished, and no one expects a Williams character to enjoy a sound libido or to derive much pleasure from indulging it. But this difference aside, there is more than a passing resemblance between *27 Wagons Full of Cotton* and, say, "The Venial Sin" or "The Maid of Thilouse."

A middle-aged man has married a child wife who will not let him touch her. This and business reverses so exasperate him that one night he burns down the syndicate cotton gin that has robbed him of all his customers. The syndicate manager, easily guessing the identity of the arsonist, plans an apt revenge (he is a Sicilian among Southern wool-hats). Early the next morning he brings all his unginning cotton—twenty-seven wagons full—to his enemy's plant, and asks the child wife for a glass of lemonade. The husband is soon busy with this bonanza and the manager is soon busy with his wife. When the day's work is done, the manager announces that from now on all his cotton is coming here for ginning—and he is going to drink

lemonade. Either that or someone is going to face a jury. There are unpleasant details—the wife appears to be mentally deficient and the manager uses a riding crop to rouse her. But at least the story follows out the Balzac formula that business men should attend to business and leave young girls to their natural companions. Also it was played on Broadway (as part of a production two years ago called *All In One*) with a cartoon briskness and a rough candor that gave it a sardonic wit.

For the picture, Williams has complicated and "humanized" the tale. He has brought in eye witnesses to add to the cruelty of the husband's frustration; he has turned the wife's chastity into a calculated weapon; he has added a deranged old aunt for pathetic effect, and he has turned the manager into a male flirt. No one gets satisfied; but all the preliminary contacts and physiological reactions are made as explicit as possible in a public entertainment.

*Baby Doll* betrays again Williams' infantile attitude to sex. He is excessively interested in it and he cannot work it out to a satisfactory consummation.

Theme aside, *Baby Doll* is an extremely well-made picture. Elia Kazan has directed it with tight-focussed intensity; working almost exclusively in and around a ruined mansion on the outskirts of Benoit, Mississippi, he produces an atmosphere of hunger and heat, danger, revulsion and futility which must be precisely what Williams intended. Karl Malden and Eli Wallach play the husband and the manager; they are both persuasive actors, though in this respect Wallach has the harder task. He must change character at the very moment of achieving his revenge—and there is no intrinsic reason for him to do so. But he is able to imply a peculiar sense of humor that makes his unlikely abstention at least plausible. It also turns the last section of the picture into a slapstick comedy, which is not plausible.

Carroll Baker, in the title role, is a shocking slut with a gift for making the most neutral gestures suggestive. She doesn't do much—essentially she is acted upon by the others—but she is very much *there*, which is a sign of a good performance. Mildred Dunnock, as the addled aunt, is got up as though for a dramatic monologue. She squeaks and she dithers, but is somewhat at a loss to get into the picture. It's not her fault.

## TELEVISION NEXT WEEK

December 30 through January 4

(See local papers for time and channel)

### December 30

AT YEAR'S END—1956 (CBS). Special three-hour program reviewing events of the biggest news year since 1945. First hour will cover advances in the physical, biological and social science; second, a pictorial panorama of the ten biggest news events culled from two million feet of CBS film; third, report and analysis of world affairs by CBS correspondents flown in for this annual symposium.

NEWSYEAR—1956 (ABC). John Daly in a one-man, half-hour roundup.

THE BOING-BOING SHOW (CBS). Gerald McB's speechless communication is an adroit cartoon presentation of the pathos of aloneness. Beneath the sophisticated humor there is tenderness and humanity.

### January 1

A CHOICE of Bowls: Rose Bowl, NBC; Sugar Bowl, ABC; Orange Bowl, CBS Radio. See your sport page for forecast of best action.

### January 3

SNOW SHOES (CBS; Playhouse 90). Original comedy by Robert Barbash in which Barry Sullivan and Harpo Marx, a couple of ne'er do wells, gain title to a ne'er do well race-horse, and live happily ever after.

### January 4

MR. ADAMS AND EVE (CBS). Premiere of a weekly comedy series. Husband-and-wife team Ida Lupino and Howard Duff will portray exactly what they are—two movie stars going about their "normal" Hollywood business. Could this be funny?

A. W. L.



# MUSIC

## B. H. Haggin

IN 1949, with Toscanini approaching the end of his activity, it was exciting to hear in young Guido Cantelli's performances with the NBC Symphony something similar to Toscanini's operation in attitude, method and results. The performances, like Toscanini's, shaped the works strictly on the lines laid out by the composers' directions about tempo and dynamics in the score; the shaped progressions resembled Toscanini's in their purity of taste and style, their continuity and organic coherence, their clarity of outline, texture and structure. There were differences too: as against the power creating a continuous tension in the flow of a Toscanini performance, one heard in Cantelli's performances a youthful lyricism and grace. These qualities of youth the performances exhibited, but not the immaturity about which some critics pontificated to show their discernment ("That degree of musical culture and experience which can settle, almost instinctively, on proper tempi and sonorous values for such works as the Mozart are not yet his"): the performances certainly would change in time, but each as it was produced then emerged as a completely, satisfyingly achieved entity, "as fresh and glistening as creation itself." In performances of a Vivaldi concerto grosso and Strauss's *Don Juan* with the New York Philharmonic last year I heard disquieting monkeying with tempo, distentions, pauses; but the next week performances of the "Good Friday Spell" from *Parsifal* and Verdi's *Te Deum* flowed simply and naturally as before.

One of the things that was exciting to hear in Cantelli's performances with the NBC Symphony was their precision of orchestral execution and sonority, their brilliant orchestral virtuosity. If anyone argues that this was because he was conducting a virtuoso orchestra, the answer is that such an orchestra plays in that way only for a virtuoso conductor. One

heard in the performances the authority of directing mind and hand that was evident at rehearsals: the authority of the kind of knowledge of everything in the score and everything going on in the orchestra, of one's purpose and the means of achieving this purpose, that commands the respect and response of an orchestra. And Cantelli's technical and musical equipment, his fanatical personal dedication, won this respect and response not only from the conscientious musicians but from the hard-boiled specimens of the genus New York orchestral player in the NBC Symphony.

At the rehearsals in 1949 the demands of a fanatically dedicated and high-strung person, his handicap of not knowing a word of English, his awareness of having Toscanini's orchestra before him and Toscanini himself listening in the sixth row behind him—all these created tenseness in him and tense situations between him and the orchestra, which Toscanini's presence prevented from developing into anything worse. In the seasons that followed Cantelli and the NBC Symphony got to be increasingly at ease with each other; but there were rumors of his not getting on as well with other orchestras. And last April someone who had seen him almost every day during his few weeks with the New York Philharmonic told me what Cantelli had said at lunch immediately after the first rehearsal. It had been a rehearsal of Beethoven's Fourth Concerto with Backhaus; and Cantelli spoke of having spent the morning knocking himself out against the wall of the orchestra's indifference—an indifference which it hadn't even been ashamed to exhibit in Backhaus' presence. As a result of his experience with the orchestra last year, said my informant, Cantelli was attempting to get the Philharmonic to release him from this year's contract.

The destruction of this distinguished musician is a heartbreaking loss; and one's grief is the greater for the knowledge that Cantelli was killed on the journey to an engagement which he must have regarded as a waste of his energies and from which he tried to escape.

Some of the power that Clara Haskil exhibited in her recent performance of Mozart's Piano Concerto K.466 with the Philharmonic is heard in her playing of the first movement with the Vienna Symphony under Paumgartner on Epic LC-3163. But not all; and—one realizes when one listens to Schnabel's performance on Victor LHMV-1012—not enough. And entirely inadequate is Haskil's placid treatment of the finale that Schnabel makes a suitably impassioned conclusion of this dramatic work. On the reverse side, similarly, Haskil's playing in the first two movements of the Concerto K.488 is musically satisfying, even though it hasn't all the subtle inflection of Gieseking's in the performance on Columbia ML-4536; but her stolid treatment of the most incandescent of Mozart's concerto finales is again entirely inadequate.

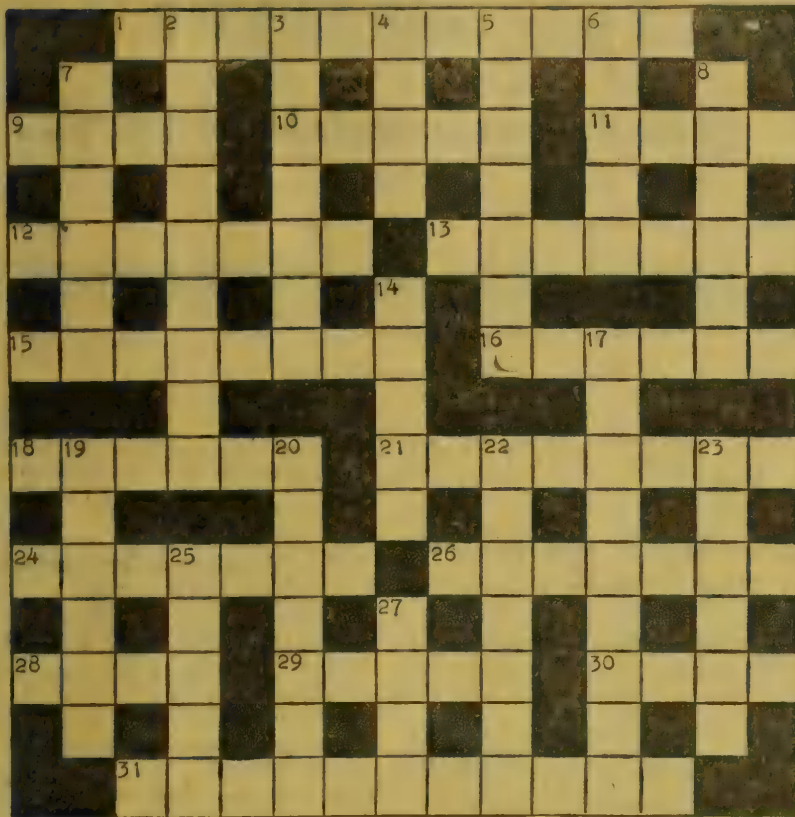
HASKIL and Geza Anda are the pianists in a good performance of Mozart's Concerto K.365 for two pianos with the London Philharmonia under Galliera on Angel 35380. On the reverse side is Bach's Concerto in C for two claviers, which I don't find interesting.

On Vanguard BG-562 are two other works of Bach I don't care for—the Concerto in A minor for flute, violin and harpsichord, and Max Seiffert's reconstruction in D minor of what he thinks was the original form for violin and oboe of the Concerto in C minor for two claviers. The melodic lines are clearer with the violin and oboe; and both works are played beautifully by I Solisti di Zagreb and soloists under Janigro.

Vanguard BG-560 has I Solisti's performances of the fine Vivaldi Oboe Concerto in D minor and engaging Bassoon Concerto in E minor that were issued recently on London TWV-91052—the first with an excellent oboe soloist, André Lardrot, the second with a less good bassoon soloist than Hongne of the London performance. The other Vivaldi works on the record are another fine oboe concerto, this one in F major, and three lesser pieces: the Concerto in G *Alla Rustica* for strings and Sinfonias Nos. 1 and 2.

# Crossword Puzzle No. 704

By FRANK W. LEWIS



## ACROSS:

- 1 William Wood might present a note on food for advertising purposes (9)
- 6 See 23 across.
- 9 The artist form is groovy! (7)
- 10 Sailor by himself, clinging to a rock, perhaps. (7)
- 11 Is the old a part of the New Year? Certainly! (3)
- 12 Think back about the head of government, Sir! (6)
- 13 See 5 down.
- 15 Crazy on the outside, like the middle, it might show control of paper. (8)
- 16, 3 down, 14 down and 27 down Querying the Prodigal Son about his type of yarn? (3, 3, 5, 5, 4, 3, 3, 4)
- 18 Inclined (perhaps by a quarter)? (6)
- 20 Indentations in line with suspensions? (8)
- 23 and 6 across Reels of keratin tubes? (9)
- 24 Can't be sweet, if Irish. (6)
- 25 It might not be difficult to see the purpose of one in the morning. (3)
- 28 To do roustabout work shows the kind of quality that takes sense to appreciate. (7)
- 29 When he goes out, is he hide-bound? (7)
- 30 A 12 probably does when he gets

- tapped on the shoulder. (5)
- 31 Wait to go to the city in New York. (9)

## DOWN:

- 1 Rather dictatorial, perhaps, on the farm. (5)
- 2 The French take a step up, but they might hold stock temporarily. (7)
- 3 See 16 across.
- 4 and 6 down Not some Yankee scheme for cheating you out of breakfast! (8, 4)
- 5 and 13 across He adds heat, which results in a sign of danger. (6-4)
- 6 See 4 down.
- 7 In favor of that which implies action, as the saying goes. (7)
- 8 Dispatch methods where one probably wouldn't expect a ticket. (9)
- 14 See 16 across.
- 15 Does one, when looking for a rat. (At one time it was on the arm!) (9)
- 17 Not a new adherent to the Stanislavsky method, according to the editor. (9)
- 19 Mixed up prose like 25. (7)
- 21 Not exactly the head cleaner. (7)
- 22 It used to account for people being strait-laced. (6)
- 26 Sounds like a lesson antithesis! How stupid! (5)
- 27 See 16 across.

(See solution to last week's puzzle at right)

## Detroit Labor Forum Meetings

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Friday, January 4, 1957

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Wednesday, January 23, 1957

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## SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 703

ACROSS: 1 STICK-IN-THE-MUD; 10 ANIM; 11 DISTEMPER; 12 LOGICALLY; 14 REPERCUSSION; 19 CABINETMAKER; 22 INAPT; 24 CATATONIC; 25 PRIVATE; 26 CHINA; 27 INCLINED PLANE. DOWN: 2 THINGS; 3 COME CLEAN; 4 INDULGENT; 5 TESTE; 6 EVENS; 7 UNPOETIC; 8 SALLY; 9 GROPING; 15 CHARTERED; 16 SKEPTICAL; 17 SCRIMPS; 18 ABRASION; 20 and 21 INDIAN OCEAN; 23 TRAIL; 24 and 13 CLEAN SWEEP.



Looking Ahead in 1957 . . .



## WHAT DO YOU BELIEVE?

Check your opinions here . . .

The opinions you hold are their own measure of the *value* of the information on which you rely. The fact that *your* view on a major issue corresponds to the prevailing view, for instance, can actually mean that you have been misinformed or "indoctrinated" by a slanted press.

Check your reactions to the following questions. If your answer in each case is "yes," then you're probably due for some sharp surprises in the months ahead. . . .

1. Does capital punishment deter the commission of crimes of violence?
2. Do you believe that the continued exclusion of China from the United Nations strengthens American security in the Pacific?
3. Are Americans the happiest people in the world?
4. Is the Western Alliance vital to American security?
5. Would nationalization, by the Arab countries, of Middle East oil resources, increase the danger of war?
6. Do you believe our auto industry is on the right track . . . in design? . . . in engineering?
7. Is it true that any unemployment occasioned by automation, and automated processes, will be only temporary in character?
8. Does the integration of school systems result in a lowering of educational standards?
9. Has American policy been consistently anti-colonial?
10. Should the specially gifted be sorted out from the less-gifted in the scholastic population and assigned to special schools?

These few are just some of the questions that the editors and contributors to *The Nation* will explore in the coming year. Their discussions and critical opinion on the topics of our times will become the focal-point of conversations across the dinner table, the country over. *Stimulating?* How can you possibly miss this "must" reading? Better send in your subscription *right now*.

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